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THE
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LIGHT: AN EPICEDÉ.

TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LOVE will not weep because the seal is broken
That sealed upon a life beloved and brief
Darkness, and let but song break through for token
How deep, too far for even thy song's relief,
Slept in thy soul the secret springs of grief.

thy song may soothe full many a soul hereafter
As tears, if tears will come, dissolve despair;
As here but late, with smile more bright than laughter,
Thy sweet strange yearning eyes would seem to bear
Witness that joy might cleave the clouds of care.

Two days agone, and love was one with pity
 When love gave thought wings toward the glimmerin
 Where, as a shrine lit in some sparkling city,
 Shone soft the shrouded image of thy soul :
 And now thou art healed of life ; thou art healed
 whole.

Yea, two days since, all we that loved thee pined :
 And now with wondering love, with shame of face,
 We think how foolish now, how far unfitted,
 Should be from us, toward thee who hast run thy race
 Pity—toward thee, who hast won the painless place ;

The painless world of death, yet unbeholden
 Of eyes that dream what light now lightens thine
 And will not weep. Thought, yearning toward those old
 Dear hours that sorrow sees and sees not shine,
 Bows tearless down before a flameless shrine ;

A flameless altar here of life and sorrow
 Quenched and consumed together. These were one,
 One thing for thee, as night was one with morrow
 And utter darkness with the sovereign sun :
 And now thou seest life, sorrow, and darkness done.

And yet love yearns again to win thee hither ;
• Blind love, and loveless, and unworthy thee :
Here where I watch the hours of darkness wither,
• Here where mine eyes were glad and sad to see
Thine that could see not mine, though turned on me.

But if aught beyond sweet sleep lie hidden,
• And sleep be sealed not fast on dead men's sight
For ever, thine hath grace for ours forbidden,
And sees us compassed round with change and night :
Yet light like thine is ours, if love be light.

•
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

February, 1887.

IBSEN'S NEW DRAMA.¹

IF proof were needed of the extraordinary growth of interest in the work of Henrik Ibsen, it would be found at the back of the title of the play which will be issued in Copenhagen as these pages leave the press in London. In his latest drama, *The Lady from the Sea*, there was printed for the first time the announcement that a German translation would appear simultaneously with the original. In the new volume it is stated that translations in English, French, German, Hungarian, and Italian will be issued in the same manner. The firm of Gyldendal, in Copenhagen, not accustomed to conducting business with this dazzling haste, has been actively engaged in supplying proof sheets to the length and breadth of Europe, and, it may be added to complete the picture, the English version appears simultaneously in New York as well as London. Outside France, there is no writer, with the doubtful exception of Tolstoi, whose successive publications create so intense a curiosity, or so impatient a demand. It seems paradoxical to say, in the face of such facts, that Ibsen continues, and will probably always continue, to be an unpopular writer. He tantalises and irritates, he awakens controversy, he stimulates speculation, and where he moves at all, he produces an agitation which is almost feverish. This agitation does not affect any national type, but individual instances of character to be found in all parts of the world. It is probable that those individuals will crave more and more impatiently to know what the fantastic oracle at Munich is saying, and will sustain his apparent popularity by a certain hungry demand for the earliest transmissions from the tripod. This position is helped by his own regularity. No magazine editor, with proffered gold from Ophir, succeeds in tempting Ibsen to contribute to "symposia" on current topics. No miscellaneous poems, no pamphlets, no manifestos of any kind break the absolute silence with which he surrounds himself. During each period of four-and-twenty months Ibsen is the least accessible of European authors. Then, early in December of the alternate year, the mephitic vapour begins to rise from the well of Cassotis, the journalism of Scandinavia shudders in prophetic paragraphs, the chasm of the Gyldendalske Boghandel is shaken, and suddenly, about a week before Christmas, the Pythian utterance, in four acts, and in prose, is communicated to Germany.

(1) *Hedda Gabler, skuespil i fire akter. Af Henrik Ibsen : Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.* Mr. Heinemann, who, with the sanction of the poet and his Danish publishers, issued a small edition of the original in London some days before publication in Copenhagen, having by this means secured copyright for Great Britain, has reserved all rights of translation.

and Italy, to Hungary and France, to the parts of Massachusetts about Boston. The whole proceeding has the regularity of an astronomical phenomenon. The author who, in these seductive years of enterprise, has the force to remain so true to a system of his own may well reap the reward.

• The new drama is the longest which Ibsen has published, with the exception of *The Wild Duck*. In comparison with the seven social plays which have preceded it, its analogies are rather with *A Doll's House* than with the rest. It attempts no general satire of manners, as do *The Pillars of Society* and *An Enemy of the People*. It propounds no such terrible questions in ethics as *Ghosts*; it is almost as perplexing, but not nearly so obscure, as *The Wild Duck*. In style it is a return to Ibsen's old realistic manner, without a trace of the romanticism which cropped up so strangely in *The Lady from the Sea*, and even in *Rosmersholm*; while the dialogue is more rapid and fluent, and less interrupted by long speeches than it has ever been before. In the whole of the new play there is not one speech which would require thirty seconds for its enunciation. I will dare to say that I think in this instance Ibsen has gone perilously far in his desire for rapid and concise expression. The *stichomythia* of the Greek and French tragedians was lengthy in comparison with this unceasing display of hissing conversational fireworks, fragments of sentences without verbs, clauses that come to nothing, adverbial exclamations and cryptic interrogatories. It would add, I cannot but think, to the lucidity of the play if some one character were permitted occasionally to express himself at moderate length, as Nora does in *A Doll's House*, and as Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*. None the less is the feat of combining a story with a play, and conducting both in meteoric bursts of extremely colloquial chat, one which Ibsen deserves the highest praise for having performed. And, on the stage, no doubt, this rapid broken utterance will give an extraordinary sense of reality.

As is known, Ibsen, like Euripides, does not present his characters to the public until their fortunes are determined. The heightened action of a third act in a "well-made" play is no luxury which he offers himself. But the Norwegian tragic poet cannot present a herald to his audience, or send Hermes down to tell the story in heroic verse. He has to explain the situation out of the mouths of his characters, and this he has an unrivalled adroitness in doing. We are never conscious of being informed, but, as we read on, the situation gradually and inevitably becomes patent to us. In the present case the state of affairs is as follows: A promising young man of letters, George Tesman, has gained a stipend, a sort of travelling scholarship, with the vague understanding that when he returns he will be appointed to the vacant Chair of the History of

Civilisation, presumably at the University of Christiania. He is now looked upon as the principal rising authority in that science, a friend or rival of his, of far more original genius, one Ejler Lövborg, having sunken into obscurity through drink and ill-living. Tesman, a sanguine, shallow youth, proposes to marry the beauty of the circle, Hedda Gabler, the orphan daughter of a late General Gabler. Tesman is himself an orphan, having been brought up by two maiden aunts, one of them a confirmed invalid. Hedda Gabler is understood to express a great desire to live in a certain villa. They marry, and they depart for six months on the Continent. A judge (*assessor*), Mr. Brack, who has been an intimate friend of both of them, contrives to secure and to furnish this villa for them during their absence. It seems a little rash that, having no income, they should launch into these expenditures, but it is excused on the score of Tesman's practical certainty of being made a university professor. And their affection is supposed to be, and on Tesman's side is, of so tender and idyllic a character that it is really cruel to disturb them about money. The reader takes it for granted that they are going to be disappointed of the Chair, and accordingly ruined, but that does not happen. Ibsen does not play these obvious old games of comedy.

It must now be explained that during the honeymoon of the Tesmans an event has occurred in the literary world. Ejler Lövborg, who was supposed to have become submerged for good and all, and who was hidden in a mountain parish, has suddenly published a volume on the progress of civilisation which surpasses all his previous writings, and which creates a wide sensation. It is whispered that a lady up there in the mountains, Mrs. Elvsted, the wife of a sheriff of that name, has undertaken his social restoration. Lövborg is once more a dangerous rival to Tesman, who, however, with generous enthusiasm, hastens to pay his tribute of praise to the new publication. The play opens on the morning after the arrival of the Tesmans at their villa, and the action occupies forty-eight hours, the scene never changing from the suite of apartments on the ground floor. It may be conceived from these brief preliminaries that action, in the ordinary sense, is not the strong point of the drama, the interest of which, indeed, is strictly psychological. It consists, mainly, of the revelation of the complex and morbid character of Hedda Gabler, attended by the satellites of Mrs. Elvsted, Brack, and Lövborg, the husband, Tesman, being in reality a semi-comic character, not much more subtle than Helmer in *A Doll's House*, but no whit the less closely studied.

Hedda is one of the most singular beings whom Ibsen has created. She has a certain superficial likeness to Nora, of whom she is, indeed, a kind of moral parody or perverted imitation. Hedda Gabler

is a spoilt child, whose indulgent father has allowed her to grow up without training of any kind. Superficially gracious and pleasing, with a very pretty face and tempting manners, she is in reality wholly devoid of moral sense. She reveals herself, as the play proceeds, as without respect for age or grief, without natural instincts, without interest in life, untruthful, treacherous, implacable in revenge. She is a very ill-conditional little social panther or ocelot, totally without conscience of ill or preference for good, a product of the latest combination of pessimism, indifferentism and morbid selfishness, all claws and thirst for blood under the delicate velvet of her beauty. A characteristic insight into her indifferentism is given by herself in the following dialogue, from the second act, between Hedda and Judge Brack, her old flame, to whom she has been cynically confessing how tedious she found her wedding journey:—

BRACK (*behind the arm-chair*)—You are not really happy,—that is what is the matter with you.

HEDDA (*looks in front of her*)—I don't know why I should be—happy. Or can you perhaps tell me?

BRACK—Yes,—among other reasons because you have got just the home that you were wishing for.

HEDDA (*looks up at him and laughs*)—Do you too believe in that story of the wish?

BRACK—Is there nothing in it, then?

HEDDA—Yes, to be sure,—there is something.

BRACK—Well?

HEDDA—There is *this* in it, that I used Tesman to take me home from evening parties last summer—

BRACK—Unfortunately,—I was living in the opposite direction.

HEDDA—That is true. You went in quite the opposite direction last summer.

BRACK (*laughs*)—Shame upon you, Mrs. Hedda! Well—but you and Tesman—?

HEDDA—Yes, well, we came by here, one evening. And Tesman, poor fellow, he was at his wit's end to know what to talk about. So I thought it was too bad of such a learned person—

BRACK (*smiling dubiously*)—Did you? Hm—

HEDDA—Yes, I positively did. And so—in order to help him out of his misery—I happened, quite thoughtlessly, to say that I should like to live in this villa.

BRACK—Nothing more than that?

HEDDA—Not *that* evening.

BRACK—But afterwards?

HEDDA—Yes. My thoughtlessness had consequences, dear Judge.

BRACK—Unfortunately, your thoughtlessnesses only too often have, Mrs. Hedda.

HEDDA—Thanks! But it was in this enthusiasm for Mrs. Falk's villa that George Tesman and I found common ground, do you see? That was the cause of engagement and marriage and wedding tour and all the rest of it. Yes, yes, Judge—one builds one's nest and one has to lie in it—I was almost going to say.

BRACK—That is extraordinary! And so you really scarcely cared for this place at all.

HEDDA—No, goodness knows I did not.

BRACK—Yes, but now? Now that you have got it arranged like a home for you!

HEDDA—Ugh—there seems to me to be a smell of lavender and *pot pourri* in all the rooms. But perhaps Aunt Julie brought that smell with her.

BRACK (*laughing*)—No, I think that must be a relic of the late Mrs. Falk.

HEDDA—Yes, it belongs to some dead person. It reminds me of flowers at a ball—the day after. (*Folds her hands behind her neck, leans back in the chair and looks at him.*) O, Judge—you cannot conceive how frightfully bored I shall be out here.

BRACK—Is there no occupation you can turn to, to make life interesting to you, Mrs. Hedda?

HEDDA—An occupation—in which there might be something attractive?

BRACK—Of course.

HEDDA—Goodness knows what sort of an occupation that might be. I often wonder whether— (*Interrupts herself.*) But it will never come to anything either.

BRACK—Who knows? Let me hear what it is.

HEDDA—Whether I could get Tesman to take to politics, I mean.

BRACK (*laughs*)—Tesman! No, don't you know,—such things as politics, they are not the sort of occupation for him—not the least.

HEDDA—No, I believe that is so. But could I not make him take them up all the same?

BRACK—Yes,—what satisfaction would that be to you? If he is not a success. Why would you have him do that?

HEDDA—Because I am bored, I tell you. (*After a pause.*) Do you think it would be absolutely impossible for Tesman to become a Cabinet Minister?

BRACK—H'm,—you see, dear Mrs. Hedda,—in order to become, that he must first of all be a tolerably rich man.

HEDDA (*rising impatiently*)—Yes, there you have it! It is this poverty that I have come into (*crosses the floor*). It is that which

makes life so miserable! So perfectly ludicrous! For that's what it is.

Hedda Gabler is a more pronounced type of the *fin de siècle* woman than Ibsen has hitherto created. She is not thwarted by instinctive agencies beyond her authority, like Ellida Wangel; nor drawn aside by overmastering passion, like Rebekka West; personal refinement distinguishes her from Gina Ekdal, and deprives her of an excuse; she is infinitely divided from the maternal devotion of Helene Alving. As I have hinted before, the only figure in Ibsen's rich gallery of full-length portraits which has even a superficial likeness to her is Nora Helmer. But Nora is intended, or else the play is a mere myth, to be a sympathetic individual. Whatever view we may take of her famous resolve and her sudden action upon it, we have to understand that ignorance of life and a narrow estimate of duty have been the worst of her defects. In her child-like or doll-like sacrifice of principle for her husband she has acted with a native generosity which it would be monstrous to expect husbands, at any rate, wholly to disapprove of. But Hedda Gabler has no such infantile unselfishness; no such sacrifice of self even upon a squalid altar. Curiously enough, when confronted with the terrible act, the destruction of Lövborg's manuscript, which she has committed purely to revenge herself on that personage, she deftly adopts Nora's excuse for the forgery—she has done it for her husband's sake. Here, and not for the first time, Ibsen seems to be laughing, if not at himself, at those fanatic disciples who take his experiments in pathology for lectures on hygiene. Here is the fragment in question:—

TESMAN—Let me have the manuscript, Hedda! I will rush round with it [to Lövborg] at once. Where is the packet?

HEDDA (*cold and motionless, supported by the arm-chair*)—I haven't got it any longer.

TESMAN—Haven't got it? What in the world do you mean?

HEDDA—I have burned it all up—the whole of it.

TESMAN (*breaks into a scream*)—Burned! Burned Ejlert Lövborg's manuscript!

HEDDA—Don't shriek so! The servant might hear you.

TESMAN—Burned! But, good God—! No, no, no,—this is absolutely impossible!

HEDDA—Well, it is so, anyhow.

TESMAN—But do you know what you have been doing, Hedda? It is a misapplication of goods found. Think of that! Yes, if you only ask Judge Brack, he will tell you what it is.

HEDDA—It will certainly be best for you to say nothing about it, —neither to the Judge nor to anyone else.

TESMAN—Yes, but how could you go and do anything so monstrous? How could such a thing come into your mind? How could it occur to you? Answer me that. Eh?

HEDDA (*suppresses an almost imperceptible smile*)—I did it for your sake, George.

TESMAN—For my sake!

HEDDA—When you came home yesterday and said that he had been reading aloud to you—

TESMAN—Yes, yes, well?

HEDDA—Then you acknowledged that you envied him the work.

TESMAN—O my goodness, I didn't mean that literally.

HEDDA—All the same, I could not bear the idea that anyone else should put you into the shade.

This is dangerously like a caricature of the similar passage in *A Doll's House*.

In depicting Hedda Gabler, Ibsen seems to have expended his skill on the portrait of a typical member of that growing class of which M. Jules Simon spoke so eloquently the other day in his eulogy on Caro. To people of this temperament—and it is one which, always existing, is peculiarly frequent nowadays—the simple and masculine doctrines of obedience to duty, of perseverance, of love to mankind, are in danger of being replaced by “a complicated and sophisticated code which has the effect of making some of us mere cowards in the face of difficulty and sacrifice, and of disgusting all of us with the battle of life.” In Hedda Gabler we see the religious idea violently suppressed under the pretext of a longing for liberty. She will not be a slave, yet is prepared for freedom by no education in self-command. Instead of religion, morality, and philosophy her head is feverishly stuffed with an amalgam of Buddhism and Schopenhauer. Even the beautiful conventions of manners are broken down, and the suppression of all rules of conduct seems the sole road to happiness. In her breast, with its sickly indifferentism, love awakens no sympathy, age no respect, suffering no pity, and patience in adversity no admiration.

By the side of Hedda Gabler are arranged five principal characters who possess a higher ideal of life, and are, at least, not so entirely subjugated by egotism as she is. In particular, Mrs. Elvsted, the blonde enthusiast whom Hedda so easily turns inside out, like the finger of a glove, is, with all her faults, a charming being. Without personal originality, she is formed to inspire others, and she is the feeble good genius who struggles with Hedda for the soul of Lövborg, and is worsted. From a very interesting scene in the early part of *Hedda Gabler* a fragment may be given, which displays at once the distinction between the two women—the one of devilish subtlety,

the other naïvely simple—and also exemplifies in other respects the character of Mrs. Elvsted, who has run away from home, where she was unhappy, that she may continue to watch over the interests of Ejler Lövborg in the city.

• HEDDA (*after a short silence*)—What do you intend to do next? What will you take up?

• MRS. ELVSTED—I don't know yet. I only know that I *must* live where Ejler Lövborg lives—if I *am* going to live.

HEDDA (*moves a chair nearer, away from the table, sits down close to her, and strokes her hands*)—Thea—how did it come about—this friendship—between you and Ejler Lövborg?

• MRS. ELVSTED—Oh, it came about little by little. I got a sort of power over him.

HEDDA—Ah?

MRS. ELVSTED—He gave up his old habits, not because I begged him to, for I never dared to do that; but he noticed that I was vexed at them, and so he left off.

HEDDA (*conceals an involuntary smile*)—So you restored him—as people say—you little Thea?

MRS. ELVSTED—Yes; at least that is what he says himself. And he—on his side—he has made a kind of real person out of me. Taught me to think—and to understand certain things.

HEDDA—Did he, perhaps, read with you as well?

MRS. ELVSTED—No, not exactly read, but he talked to me, talked about such an endless variety of things. And then came the lovely, happy time when I was able to take part in his work! Was allowed to help him!

HEDDA—So you did that?

• MRS. ELVSTED—Yes! When he wrote anything he always wanted me to be with him.

HEDDA—Like two good comrades, I suppose.

MRS. ELVSTED—Comrades! Yes, think, Hedda—that was the very word he used. Oh! I ought to feel so thoroughly happy. But I cannot. For I don't know whether it is going to last.

HEDDA—Are you no surer of him than that?

• MRS. ELVSTED (*gloomily*)—A woman's shadow stands between Ejler Lövborg and me.

HEDDA (*looks keenly at her*)—Who can that be?

MRS. ELVSTED—Don't know. Somebody or other from—from his former life. Someone whom I am convinced he has never really forgotten.

HEDDA—What has he said—about her?

MRS. ELVSTED—He merely once—in a casual way—referred to it.

HEDDA—Well! And what did he say?

MRS. ELVSTED—He said, that when they parted, she wanted to shoot him with a pistol.

HEDDA (*coldly, with self-command*)—Oh dear me! Nobody does that sort of thing here.

MRS. ELVSTED—No. And therefore I think it must be that red-haired opera-singer, whom he once—

HEDDA—Yes, I should think it might be.

MRS. ELVSTED—For I recollect hearing it said that she went about with loaded firearms.

HEDDA—Well—then of course it is she.

MRS. ELVSTED (*wrings her hands*)—Yes; but just think, Hedda—I have been hearing that that singer—she is in town again. Oh—I am perfectly in despair—

HEDDA (*glances towards the back room*)—Hush! Here is Tesman!

In *Hedda Gabler*, I believe it will be admitted that Ibsen has gone further than ever before in his disdain for the recognised principles of scenic art. In this connection, it is amusing to note that the situation on which his new play is based has a very curious resemblance to that of M. Henri Becque's much-discussed comedy of *La Parisienne*. As in that play, so in *Hedda Gabler*, the three central figures are a wife of seductive manners and acute perceptions, devoid of all moral sense; a husband, who is a man of letters in search of a place; and a lover, who is the sympathetic friend of the husband, and even his defender against the caprices of the wife. The difference between French and Scandinavian convention is shown, indeed, in the fact that while Clotilde is pre-eminently unfaithful, Hedda has no virtue left but this, the typical one. Through the tempest which has raged in her moral garden, *elle a sauré sa rose*. But in each play the tame lover, Lafont or Brack, endeavours to restrain the *tendresse* of the wife, Clotilde or Hedda, for an unseen or suspected second lover, Sampson or Lövborg, and to prevent a scandal in the interest of the husband. I do not push the parallel further than this, nor would I affront convinced Ibsenites by comparing so serious a work as *Hedda Gabler* with *La Parisienne*, which is doubtless a trifle, though a very brilliant trifle. But this accidental resemblance to the work of Henri Becque turns up again in the last act of *Hedda Gabler*, where all the personages appear in deep mourning, and irresistibly remind "the inner eye" of the lugubrious *mise-en-scène* of *Les Corbeaux*. Probably the reason why the name of Becque occurs to us once and again as we turn the pages of Ibsen's last drama is, not so much these superficial resemblances of situation as the essential identity of the theatrical ideal in these two dramatists. Each is fighting, in defiance of the Clement Scotts and the Francisque Sarceys, against the tradition of the "well-made" play;

each is trying to transfer to the boards a real presentment of life, or of a fraction of life. It is therefore curious, to say the least, to find them hitting upon forms of expression so similar. Unless my memory fails me, a piece of Becque's was acted at the Théâtre Libre in Paris on the same night, or nights, on which *Ghosts* was performed there. It must have been very interesting to compare work so like and yet so essentially dissimilar.

We are often told that a taste for Ibsen is not a spontaneous one. No one can nowadays deny that it has been very widely acquired. The new drama will not disappoint those who are prepared for the feast this writer habitually spreads. In these few words I have intentionally withheld any intimation of the manner in which the elements of dramatic interest are mingled, and still more any statement of the mode in which the tragic excitement is heightened in the last act, which is one of the most ingenious and extraordinary that Ibsen has written. Readers who begin with the third volume of a novel never deserve to be encouraged, but for the enjoyment of Ibsen's plays, in particular, a patient attention is required from the first scene to the last. What the moral of *Hedda Gabler* is, what "gospel" it preaches, and what light it holds out to poor souls tossing in our sea of "hysterical mock-disease," I will not pretend to conjecture. Doubtless there will be scarcely less discussion over the ethics of Hedda's final resolve than there was over those of Nora, when she slammed the front-door so vigorously eleven years ago. These are matters which, I conceive, interest the great magian at Munich less than they do his disciples. He takes a knotty situation, he conducts it to its extreme logical conclusion, he invites the world to fight over it, and then he retires for another two years of solitary meditation.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

So much has been written of late about the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, that I should hesitate to add to the mass of writing which has been offered to the public on this subject were it not that I have just read an article in the *Contemporary Review* for November, 1890, entitled "Stanley and Emin Pasha."

It contains certain statements which are misleading, and others which are entirely untrue.

I think I am in a position to speak with more certainty and correctness upon the points which form the subject of this article than any one, inasmuch as I was with Emin Pasha from the day when he first saw Mr. Stanley till the time when he parted from him. I was, moreover, for eight months the only Englishman with Emin Pasha in his province, and know thoroughly the state of affairs which existed in Hatalastiva.

Dr. Peters begins by saying, "The accusation of being partial cannot certainly be raised against me. I have ever been as much a sincere admirer of the explorer of the Congo River as of the man who under Gordon organised the Equatorial Province of Egypt."

I cannot agree with Dr. Peters that he is to be considered impartial, for ever since his return to civilisation he has attacked Mr. Stanley and the expedition in general with mosquito-like persistency and venom.

In Germany Dr. Peters referred in such a manner to our relations with Emin Pasha as to justify Herr von Hoffmann at a public dinner given to Dr. Peters in Berlin in speaking of "the forcible abduction of Emin by Stanley." This expression, which is so absolutely contrary to the facts, elicited considerable cheering.

Dr. Peters has further drawn attention to the immense results he was able to achieve with his small caravan, as compared with the work done by the Emin Relief Expedition with its larger body of men. While reading of his utterances in Germany and his general attitude towards the Relief Expedition we have been forcibly reminded of the fable of the frog and the bull. I do not think therefore that Dr. Peters may be considered to be an impartial observer.

I propose to take those statements of his which I can prove to be incorrect and answer them one by one.

Dr. Peters writes:—"According to what Emin told me, the first time Stanley arrived at Mwata Nzige, he was almost in a ruined condition. Emin thought that Stanley would not have been able to return if he had not given him food and help."

Now the object of our expedition was merely to carry ammunition.

to Emin Pasha and to conduct him to the coast if he wished it. This was all he had asked for—ammunition.

The day after our meeting at M'sabe, by Mr. Stanley's orders, I myself handed over to Emin Pasha, thirty-three cases of Remington ammunition, each weighing sixty pounds, and several thousand percussion caps, as a first instalment of the relief we were bringing. These cases of ammunition were deposited by Emin in his store-houses at M'swa station.

If we were able after reserving sufficient ammunition for ourselves to hand over such a large amount to Emin Pasha, how could we be said to be "in an almost ruined condition"? On their arrival at the lake for the third time the Expedition had so much ammunition that we had to destroy a vast store, as Emin did not wish to hand it over to his rebellious soldiers.

During the three weeks we were with Emin on the lake shore, it is true he gave us food in the shape of cattle and sheep, and a few little luxuries such as honey, salt, oil, or vegetables. But this was merely because, at his own request, we were staying in a place where there was no food. Kavalli's village on the table lands, where we could have got plenty of native provisions, was only two days' march distant.

It is true, we were in a very tattered condition with regard to our clothes, and Emin gave us a small quantity of country-made cotton cloth; still we could have managed easily to do without it, for though tattered clothes are not comfortable they are not of vital importance. Emin also gave Mr. Stanley some Mudi natives as carriers, and though they went empty-handed to Yambuza, they quickly became sick in the forest, and when Mr. Stanley reached the Rear Column, there were only about twenty who could carry loads.

This was all the help we received from Emin. Without doubt he would have been only too glad to assist us further, but, poor fellow, he was unable to do so; he had no power in his own province, and no men he could call his own.

Dr. Peters goes on to say:—"When Stanley arrived at the Mwata N'zige for the second time, he at once announced to the Pasha that he had with him orders from the Khedive to evacuate the Equatorial Province." On reaching Emin Mr. Stanley handed him a letter from the Khedive, a translation of which Emin himself gave me, and it was this letter which it was my duty to read to the soldiers in every station. In it I find the following words:—

"And now there has been constituted a force under the direction of Mr. Stanley, who is known in all parts of the world for his pre-eminence as a traveller. This expedition is now ready to start for you . . . to bring you, your officers and soldiers to Egypt by the road Mr. Stanley considers is most preferable, and easiest to march on. Therefore, I command you by this my order, sent by the hands of Mr. Stanley, to make known all these things, and that, after the arrival of this, you will communicate them to your officers and soldiers,

and read before them my sovereign greetings with the intention to inform them of this. At the same time I give to you, to your officers and soldiers, full liberty to rest where you are, or to do your best to come out with the expedition which is now sent to you. If, however, any one, officer or soldier, wishes to rest in the country, he is free to do so, but he does so on his own responsibility, and must not in future expect any assistance from this government. And now make them understand all this distinctly, and communicate it word for word to all your officers and soldiers, in order that everyone may make up his mind. This is our Sovereign Order."

Now from this it will be seen that the Khedive leaves it entirely to Emin and his people themselves to decide what they wish to do. The only command the Khedive gives to Emin is that he should make his officers and soldiers fully understand their position by reading them his letter word for word.

It was in order that his people might understand their position that Emin asked Mr. Stanley to allow me to remain with him, and it was whilst carrying out Emin's wishes that I was made prisoner. It was the very fact that the Khedive absolutely gave no order to Emin and his people which first made the soldiers distrust the letter, for they said to me, "Had Effendina written that letter himself he would have ordered us to come out and not have left it for us to decide." How then in the face of the Khedive's own letter can Mr. Stanley have told Emin he had orders from the Khedive to evacuate the Equatorial Province? In addition to the Khedive's letter I was ordered to read out in each station a proclamation to the soldiers from Mr. Stanley. This proclamation explains to them the object of the expedition and why it was promoted, and concludes with the following words:—

"I send one of my officers, Mr. Jephson, to read to you this message, and that you may know he comes from me, I lend him my sword. I now go back a little way to collect all my people and goods, and bring them here. After a few months—Inshallah—I shall return to hear what you have to say. If you say 'Let us go to Egypt,' I will then show you a safe road, and will accompany you and not leave you until you stand before the Khedive. If you say 'We shall not leave this country,' then I will bid you farewell and return to Egypt with my own people, and give the Khedive your answer.

"May God have you in his safe keeping."

This letter was translated by Emin for me into Arabic, and I read it out to the people in each station. So I ask again how possibly could we have told Emin the Khedive *ordered* him to evacuate the Equatorial Province?

If, in the face of these documents, Dr. Peters can circulate such a gross perversion of the facts, I leave the public to judge how his other statements are to be relied upon.

The Khedive, in his letter, says that if Emin and his people decided to remain in the Province they might do so, but in that case they were, in short, no longer his soldiers.

Let it therefore be clearly understood that if Emin decided to remain where he was, he dismissed himself and his people from the

Khedive's service, and was therefore perfectly free to accept any offer which might be made him from outside.

Emin told Mr. Stanley he considered that his position in the Equatorial Province would be untenable if he was unable to have constant supplies, in the shape of ammunition, sent him.

Mr. Stanley therefore, desiring only to help him in whatever course he wished to pursue, said that if he made up his mind to throw up the service of the Khedive by remaining in the Equatorial Province, he was empowered by the King of the Belgians to offer him certain pay and help if he would hold the Province for the Congo Free State.

This proposition Dr. Peters contorts as follows:—"In the name of the King of the Belgians Stanley requested Emin not to obey the Khedive's orders, not to evacuate Equatoria, but to hoist there the flag of the Congo State." He states what is distinctly and positively untrue, that Mr. Stanley, after giving Emin one order, requested him to disobey it a few days afterwards. Mr. Stanley gave no order whatever: he merely laid before Emin and explained to him three plans by which he could assist him, and frankly offered to do his best to help Emin to carry out whichever he chose as best for himself and his people.

The story of Mr. Stanley's three propositions was told to me by Emin himself, and I wrote it down in my journal at the time. They were made to Emin after we had been on the Lake shore together, and after it had been decided by Mr. Stanley, at Emin's request, to leave me with him.

Emin told me, on hearing the three propositions, he had asked Mr. Stanley if he might tell me about them. Mr. Stanley replied that he would rather that I were not told until I had gone round the Province and had ascertained what were the wishes of the people; for he considered that our first duty was to the Khedive, who had given £10,000 towards Emin's relief. Mr. Stanley, Emin told me, seemed to think that if I knew of the three propositions he was empowered to make, I might be disposed to favour the third as the best, and so, without meaning it, be tempted to neglect our duty to the Khedive.

As a matter of fact Emin, contrary to Mr. Stanley's wishes, told me of the three propositions a few days after they were made.

On Mr. Stanley's asking Emin what he thought of leaving the Province and accompanying him to Egypt, he made no definite reply, but said he must first ascertain what were the wishes of his people.

The proposition made by the King of the Belgians he unhesitatingly rejected, as he considered his Province was too far removed from the influence of the Congo Free State, and it would probably be years before help could reach him from that quarter; meanwhile he would be no better off than before,

Mr. Stanley then unfolded a third proposition, which was made

owing to certain letters Emin had written to Sir John Kirk in which he offered his Province to the English. This proposition has, with the exception of one point, been stated correctly by Dr. Peters :—It was: that such people as were willing to accompany Emin should be conducted by us to Kavirondo, and settled in that country, which at that time had not been declared to be within the sphere of British influence. After assuring Emin's position there, Mr. Stanley proposed to hurry off to the coast and send supplies of men and goods to Emin, who would establish himself firmly and develop the country.

A salary would be given to Emin by a gathering of merchants and philanthropic men who were interested in the civilisation of Africa.

This plan Emin at once admitted met his views, but he asked Mr. Stanley whether he had any guarantee for what he said. Mr. Stanley answered he had no written guarantee, but that Emin might rest satisfied that he was not making this promise without authority. Among the letters which we brought Emin was one from the Rev. Horace Waller, a well-known philanthropic gentleman—now a director of the British East African Company—who had formerly been the companion of Livingstone and Sir John Kirk. Mr. Waller told Emin that whatever propositions Mr. Stanley made to him, he might safely consider would be backed up by people in England.

Dr. Peters states that Mr. Stanley brought with him an agreement with the British East African Company, stamped and sealed in London, ready for Emin's signature. This is absolutely false, for the British East African Company did not exist until many months after we had started into the heart of Africa. Emin, however, considering that Mr. Stanley's assurance was sufficient, gladly embraced this proposition, and said it was the thing of all others which most appealed to his sympathy, for it would enable him to carry on the work he loved, and to which he had already given up so many years of his life. He told me he had written to Nubar Pasha only three months before, saying that he considered the best and wisest plan which could be adopted for the good of his people was that they should move to some country within reach of the coast, where they could settle down comfortably with their wives and families. He could thus carry on the work of civilization, and it would moreover be better for the government, as the back pay due to his people amounted to between £300,000 and £400,000, and how could such a sum be raised if the people returned to Egypt.

During the first days of my stay with Emin, we eagerly discussed this plan together, and both agreed what a magnificent scheme it was for furthering the march of civilization in Africa. So enthusiastic was I about it that I promised to stay with Emin for a year when we reached Kavirondo and to help him in his pioneering work.

This was before I knew the state Emin's Province was in, and what his people were like.

I find in my book *Emin Pasha*, page 302, the following words, which show what a change my ideas underwent when I knew more about his people :—

"I had had much hopes about bringing Emin's people out with us, and settling them in a country near the Victoria Lake. Emin had written of it to Nubar Pasha, and many of his people desired it; it seemed that it would have been the best thing for Emin's people and the best for Egypt as well This rebellion had, however, put a stop to all thoughts of carrying out Emin's scheme, nor would I now, knowing what a lot of brigands Emin's people were, ever help to turn them into a new country among a lot of helpless natives. Every place they went to with their thin veneer of civilisation and all the vices and idleness of the Turks they ruined. They would have turned any beautiful country into a hell upon earth."

This Expedition has often lately been spoken of as a commercial speculation; merely an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence, simply because it was suggested that Emin's work of many years should not be thrown away, but as he had been abandoned by his own government he should be enabled to carry it on under the control of a British Company. On these grounds it has been condemned. There are people in this world, and I suppose there ever will be, who always attribute an interested motive to every unselfish and disinterested deed.

Everyone however knows now how Emin was driven from his country by the rebellion of his own people, and the approach for the second time of the Mahdi's forces.

Further on, Dr. Peters writes :—

"When camping at Busagala, west-south-west of Uganda, they received the messages of the Christian King M'wanga, imploring their help against the Arab party. The chief of this Uganda mission was a certain Marco, who later spent two months in my camp and in my immediate neighbourhood, and to whom I gave several details regarding Stanley's departure. Stanley refused to help the Christians, remarking that he was too weak to do so. It was then that Emin Pasha offered to go to Uganda alone with his own people if Stanley would permit it. But Stanley had Emin put under watch, and threatened to proceed against him by force, should he attempt to carry out that idea."

The whole of this statement is false, and even supposing such a request had been made to go to the help of M'wanga, how possibly could we have done so with our few men, and all Emin's helpless women and children?

Our object was not to go to Uganda; we had promised only to relieve Emin and his people, if they wished it.

As to Mr. Stanley having put a watch on Emin Pasha and threatened to proceed against him by force, why he was without soldiers and had no power to help his own people much less to go to the help of M'wanga; where would have been the use of putting a watch on him? Dr. Peters then goes on to point out how Stanley

and Jackson both failed to do what he himself accomplished with fifty men only. Again we are reminded of the fable of the Frog and the Bull.

There was never any question of our going to Uganda, it was entirely out of our province.

Again quoting Dr. Peters' words:—

"As for Stanley, having reached the south end of the Victoria Nyanza at Usambiro, he could not make up his mind to carry out the promise he had held out to Emin, viz., to bring him around the east coast of the lake to Kavirondo, and establish him there as agreed . . . Emin understood then that he had been taken out of his own country under pretences or promises not to be realised afterwards. He had lost what he possessed, and now was forced against his inclination to accompany Stanley to the coast."

This statement is absurd, for how could we establish Emin in Kavirondo when he had no people? With the exception of some five or six soldiers, Emin's refugees consisted merely of women, children, and Egyptian clerks. Stanley's promise had been given only on condition that a sufficiently large number of Emin's people should follow him.

Dr. Peters concludes with the following words:—

"I shall not personally take part against Stanley; but in the interest of truth I must add that what I heard about Stanley's personal behaviour, not from Emin, but from the missionaries on the Nyanza, could not diminish the naturally bad feeling between the two parties.

"One day two Catholic missionaries came from Ukumbi to Usambiro to pay their respects to Emin. They found the whole party at dinner, Stanley at the head of the table with half a bottle of wine served in European fashion, but all the others at the table without wine and living on negro fare. Such a glimpse of the social intercourse among the members of the Expedition speaks volumes, and it would be perfectly useless for me to add a single word."

The wildest imagination never conceived anything so absolutely devoid of truth. At Usambiro we were all the guests of Mr. Mackay. We had our meals at his table, and all lived in exactly the same way. Mr. Mackay himself sat at the head of the table and served us.

Dr. Peters, after saying he will personally take no part against Mr. Stanley, betrays his true feelings when he repeats a series of ridiculous and untrue stories solely for the purpose of prejudicing the public mind against the expedition.

Happily the character of Dr. Peters is too well known in England for any article written by him to carry much weight. As to his remark that, knowing the difference between the two men, he is not surprised that Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha did not get on well together, I have nothing to say. With personal likes or dislikes I do not propose to deal, but I consider it my simple and bounden duty to refute statements which, from my own personal knowledge, I know to be absolutely untrue.

A. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

SCIENTIFIC SINS.

By many writers it appears to be taken for granted that, at least in this country, the accepted notions of duty derived from Christianity and social tradition are fairly consistent, beautiful, and right. The moral maxims recognised may call for stricter practice or for a sound ethical theory, but not for much rectification. My object is to discuss how far customary verdicts on certain kinds of conduct harmonise with what seem the natural results of an unprejudiced and rational inquiry. In a few of these cases I believe that acts or omissions are too indiscriminately condemned, while in others I believe that society and Christianity permit what is utterly wicked.

But some indication should first be given of the ethical position adopted; which, to begin with, is purely secular. That evolution of organic beings has occurred, enormously influenced by natural selection, is taken as almost proved. But however evolutionists may conjecture that the idea of morality, or particular applications of it, arose among us, the belief is still cherished that an absolute and eternal difference exists between moral goodness and moral badness, and that evolution has merely evolved beings who more or less clearly recognise this difference. As to a test for that which is morally binding, we have no possible test ultimately but our own intuitions. Moral qualities belong properly to motives, feelings, states of the mind. Conduct itself, if not viewed as an index to feelings, is good or bad in the wholly different and non-moral sense, in which, for example, sunshine is, namely, according to results; while if we view it as an index to feelings, its moral quality varies with the knowledge and beliefs of the agent. When, therefore, I speak of a mere piece of conduct as in itself morally wrong and condemnable, my meaning is that the act or omission, as the case may be, assuming the agent to have, in the fullest sense of the words, a thorough knowledge of every pertinent circumstance, would imply in him a morally wrong and condemnable state of mind. By duty, spoken of objectively, must be understood the avoiding of such acts or omissions.

I do not accept unreservedly the formula, "Greatest happiness of the greatest number," but merely say that I imagine moral qualities of necessity have reference, directly or indirectly, to some happiness of some second being. Even if virtue is itself in any sense an end, co-terminally with happiness, its essence still is the desire for another to be happy. To increase the woes of others, actually to inflict injury on another being, is *prima facie* wrong, and calls for justifica-

tion. If a person cannot honestly hold that, *mutatis mutandis*, and all things considered, a given act would be justifiable towards himself, he cannot consistently hold that he himself is justified in committing it. I cannot bring myself to feel that every being's happiness, though of course of some importance, is even theoretically of equal importance, *e.g.*, the happiness of the heartless oppressor, and that of the innocent or noble-minded oppressed. This view may or may not be rational. But if any differences of the kind exist at all, surely they depend rather on moral worthiness than, as many seem to think, on mere intelligence or affinity with ourselves. If specific acts are to be classed as always and absolutely right or wrong, we must regard a similar thing done under different essential circumstances as a different kind of act, *e.g.*, murder and justifiable homicide. Definite and emphatic moral rules, many of them rarely or never to be broken, are indispensable to social welfare. But in framing, though not always in obeying, rules, the consequences of conduct are what have to be reckoned with, and therefore the broadest and most far-reaching view possible has to be taken. There is a strong presumption in favour of any widely-accepted moral rule, and the great majority of customary verdicts on interhuman conduct I do not for a moment question. Though often we can only forecast the immediate and direct results of an action, we should carefully remember never to overlook tendencies. The more beings injured by an act, the greater its immorality.

In speaking of "scientific" sins I merely imply that an honest attempt has been made to reason in a logical and catholic spirit, with what help may be obtained from scientific truths or probabilities. There may well be doubts as to the ethical conclusions which some have drawn from evolutionary science, but hardly as to the necessity that questions of ethical practice should be viewed in the light of evolution.

This, in faint outline, is the position taken. But for a good deal of what follows, the only thing necessary is that practical regard for the happiness and suffering of other beings should be consistently recognised as at least part of our duty.

From the above purely secular standpoint, purely religious sins, or sins against God, as a matter of course are not *scientific*. But bearing in mind the sacred feelings that may be wounded by wanton attacks on supposed religious obligations, and the danger of unsettling in others the whole sense of duty, I have no intention of saying more about them. Turning to the question of truth, I cannot but think that though on the whole truth is insufficiently prized, the error of overprizing it is quite common. There are many who seem positively to worship truth, as if truth were the essence of all goodness. Certainly the importance to society of reliance on one

another's word is difficult to exaggerate, and in many cases—as, for example, in giving legal evidence—it would be rash to defend any departures whatsoever from the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else. But, nevertheless, one may well ask whether truthfulness is right when it simply helps another to do wrong. The duty of lying is a painful and uncommon duty; yet when information is desired for some notoriously base, cruel, wicked purpose, the duty of lying is one that has to be seriously considered. Concerning the discovery and spreading of truth or knowledge in general, the proposition that truth is invariably beneficial in the end, is neither self-evident nor proved by induction; while the notion that even if a knowledge of the truth is harmful, truth should still be “shouted from the house-tops,” is distinctly immoral. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Christianity on the whole is a blessing to the world, by holding in check the evil and consoling the afflicted, the person who nevertheless exerts himself to prove that Christian belief is unfounded, even were he absolutely certain on that point, would not be excused by saying, But it is unfounded. And quite probably his motives are anything but noble, since it always gratifies our pride to obtain an argumentative triumph. Scientific truth, as a general rule, may be highly desirable, but not simply because it is true; and many are the sickening crimes which men have perpetrated in quest of it.

Pride, although usually unbecoming and dangerous, has not in itself the nature of a wicked feeling. The important points are, that pride should not be allowed to interfere with any duty, or even to show itself offensively; and that no such self-satisfied feeling should be harboured as might deaden our aspirations to improve. Certain forms of pride are probably of much value to society, as the feeling of shame at the thought of being dependent on others; while some perhaps verge on the noble, as the feeling that a mean act is beneath one.

There can be no such things as duties owed to self, although many duties owed to others require to be performed more or less upon ourselves. To talk of owing duties to oneself is like talking of owing oneself money. Even if it really means anything to say that there is an obligation upon me to pay money to myself, there is just as much sense in saying that “myself” can release “me” from the obligation. Conceivably, the fiction of duties to self, by which I mean duties of seeking one's own happiness, may have a certain utility. It may slightly tend to make people more prudent, and may thus benefit both themselves and those about them. But on the other hand, it affords a ready and high-sounding excuse for aggravated selfishness. Besides which, such epithets as “low” and “grovelling” are not wholly undeserved by the “happiness morality,” if we make our own happiness a part of our duty. Let us rather say boldly that we seek our own happiness because we like

it, and that what we mean by duty is just the limitation which the claims of others place upon our right to follow egoistic inclinations. Considering, however, the extreme interdependence of human interests, we may safely lay it down that, as a duty, not to ourselves, but to other people, we must avoid serious imprudence in our own affairs. This will apply with treble force to those who aid in perpetuating the race. Presumably, the person who neither has nor is likely to have children, may enjoy, if he pleases, greater liberty in matters affecting his health and welfare than the parent or probable future parent.

Although to sacrifice simply and solely one's own greater but more distant good for a good that is nearer and smaller is, in the agent himself, a case of stupidity and not of wrongness, we must not infer that inducing such foolish conduct in another is not wrong—a point we are too ready to overlook when it suits us. No doubt, for a general, working rule, we practically must adopt the principle that a straightforward and voluntary exchange is legitimate, being usually beneficial to both parties. When, however, by the exchange one party will palpably, even though knowingly, injure himself, a question of morality arises for the other party. This taking selfish advantage of the folly of another enters largely into such acts as seduction and the sale of intoxicants.

Christianity and society pay scarcely any attention to many of the indirect effects of conduct. The sins of charity supply a notable instance. To give under such circumstances that poverty is increased and actual harm ultimately done may soothe the social or the Christian conscience; but the rational conscience can hardly be so easily quieted. The Christian can loudly denounce what he calls doing evil that good may come, but might sometimes more usefully attack the doing of what in appearance is good when, in fact, evil will come. Another notable, though barely recognised, indirect sin is the buying of, and so helping to keep up the demand for, commodities cruelly obtained.

One form of wrongdoing which is not only widely tolerated, but often held to be a duty, consists in the infliction of useless punishment. Perhaps most people would admit in words, that the only legitimate object of punishing is to deter. But the admission involves what to many is a hard saying, namely, that greatness of temptation is a ground for increasing the penalty—unless, indeed, the temptation be so great as to form a ground for remitting the penalty entirely. Unless we consistently recognise this as an important principle in punishing, we are constantly in danger of inflicting either penalties insufficient to deter and therefore useless, or else an equally useless surplus of penalty. Neither can be a moral act, in a world where happiness is not over-abundant.

The sins of patriotism are too often lightly treated, though here the fault is, certainly not with Christianity. Patriotism is probably associated in many minds with resistance to oppression. Yet oppression can be hated without our caring in the least what country the oppressed belong to, while, on the other hand, patriotic enthusiasm is ever liable to result in wrongdoing, unless the world itself be taken as our native country. Not that cosmopolitanism is without its dangers. We need to take a thoroughly practical, and especially evolutionist, view of cosmopolitan patriotism. That spirit of nationality, which on the face of it seems so contemptible, and which, no one can deny, has embittered countless quarrels and shed oceans of blood, may have its use in the process of evolution; since, by helping to keep distinct, and in competition with each other, different groups or stocks, it helps to make possible the survival of the fitter races. But nothing approaching to race hatred or competition in arms is essential for the purpose. Non-intermarriage and commercial competition are presumably the most that is needed. It may freely be admitted that in ordinary cases a person will do most good in the world by devotion to the interests of his own country, if by "country" is understood the now existing State under which he lives, just as a citizen of London will be more profitably employed in looking to the interests of London than to those of Glasgow or New York. No doubt, also, a certain *esprit de corps* is highly beneficial to nations, somewhat akin, perhaps, to the feelings of University men, who, while proud to see their own University flourish, would hardly wish it to flourish at the expense of learning in general. Very different, however, and surely a mark of small-mindedness, is that sort of patriotism which busies itself in raking up the past—a past with which we of to-day have had nothing to do—and asking how it came about that the boundary of such and such a governmental area is here and not there, or that such and such branches of the human race took a step in the direction of abolishing war by becoming united under one government. Patriotism is admirable when it means solely the subordination of self to country; but the moment it subordinates the interests of mankind at large, preferring war to arbitration, and practically saying, "Our country, right or wrong," it becomes mischievous, barbarous, wicked.

Considering the enormous value popularly set on patriotism, it seems strange that a man may, nevertheless, plot and scheme against the security of his country, and his crime be less reprobated than if he only sinned against one individual. Political offenders—sometimes—may be high-minded men, as may other offenders; and their aim—sometimes—may be to banish tyranny. But just as if political crimes could not be committed from the meanest motives, from selfish ambition, or to gain the applause of a clique, from envy, race

hatred, and malice, or even from sordid avarice, yet a man may work day and night to endanger unoffending fellow-citizens, to plunge his country into bloodshed and ruin, and his crime is thought lightly of the moment the magic words, "political offence," are uttered. To be sure, experience has shown that a very considerable degree of latitude in political speech and action is essential to freedom and progress, more especially under non-representative governments, where no constitutional means exist for effecting changes desired by the community. We must, therefore, be cautious in *classing* as crimes opposition to the powers that be. But granting that given acts are pronounced criminal on account of their danger to the State, that classification of offences which simply marks off political from non-political, seems not only unsatisfactory, but positively vicious. Even if we assume, which is rather to beg the question, that political crimes are never unconnected with oppression or maladministration, still, by lumping together political offences in general as venial, we, of course, include the oppression or maladministration itself, being a political affair, as well as the resistance to it. But we surely do not need to encourage the idea, on the one hand, that political power may be lightly abused; or on the other, that while breaches of the ordinary laws protecting individuals are heinous, the attempt to paralyse the very power by which these laws are enforced is not. The important point is, not whether an offence is political, but whether the end aimed at and the means employed are such as civilisation should tolerate. I have nothing to say one way or the other about the actual present practices of civilised executives, who have their difficulties to contend with. And certainly I am not without sympathy for some political offenders. But we must really remember that the lives and interests of a whole community are not less sacred than the life and interests of an individual; that it cannot be right and proper at the same time for one country, if it can, to punish a criminal, and for another to shield him from punishment; and that the only legitimate object with which we can punish at all is, not to requite moral guilt, but to deter from pernicious acts.

In addition to a certain cruel form of sexual immorality to be dealt with immediately, it might be interesting here to touch upon several absurdities in current opinions and arguments respecting sexual irregularities. But I merely enter a mild protest against what appears, from at all events a secular standpoint, the hardly wise indiscrimination of the average Christian moralist. Without necessarily condoning any unchaste act, or, for that matter, thought, whatsoever, the moralist may yet make a broad distinction between various forms of irregular sexual conduct, the more to excite opprobrium where the evil to others is glaringly great—for instance, in cases of seduc-

tion, whether of maid, wife, or widow. If seduction were abolished, and the first step in vice were never taken by any hitherto pure woman, there could be no subsequent steps, such as prostitution, for the moralist to declaim against. Is there not, therefore, some reason in holding that the real way to diminish, not only seduction but prostitution also, is to mainly concentrate our indignation on the baseness of the seducer? Albeit at the same time we must work soberly towards a state of things in which no woman shall have only a choice between prostitution and semi-starvation. If the Christian replies that on religious grounds all impurity is as bad as it possibly can be, nothing more can be said. But, of course, if we lump together on a common level as about equally hateful everything describable as irregularity, the man who sees, as he contends, little harm in any one form of irregular conduct, is likely to make light of all other forms, becoming too often—what he otherwise might not have been—the author of lifelong misery to some second party.

Concerning birth relationship, other than that between parent or ancestor and offspring, there is nothing here to affect the question of duty. Naturally we see and know more of our relations on an average than of other people; and we frequently select our dearest friends from among them. But this does not make it obligatory to place the interests of a mere kinsman before those of another; and often we act wrongly in so doing. Poor relations, merely as such, have no greater claim on us than have other unfortunate people; who, if more deserving, may quite properly get more help. At the same time this matter, like others, requires to be viewed in the light of evolution. In earlier stages of social development the tie of kinship has probably been of great use, by supplying a bond of union to primitive communities. And even now the tie, with its ramifications, may have a considerable tendency to knit society together. The only thing, therefore, that we can safely aim at is to accelerate the process of enlarging the narrower feeling into a broad and enlightened sentiment of universal brotherhood. We may readjust, but on no account should lessen in quantity, our social ties and obligations.

The relation of parent and child is wholly different, since here one person is responsible for another's existence. What, then, about filial duties? Only I prefer to put it, not, What ought the child to do? but, What has the parent a right to expect? Parentage does not of necessity confer a claim to any sort of return whatsoever from offspring, although parental kindness easily may. If a child is brought into life really with a view to the child's happiness, and in addition is furnished with every essential to make life pleasant and profitable, the child is certainly placed under a debt of gratitude. Otherwise parentage may simply establish a claim for damages

against the parent. The same principles apply as in other cases where something which may or may not be a blessing is forced on a person. Of course moderate parental authority over the young is a necessity ; and by all means let filial affection and respect and good offices be rendered ; only let parents deserve before they demand.

Many suicides indisputably show that life is not always a boon. To the number of those who find life intolerable and purposely die, we must add those who live on, not from love of life, but from fear of death. Nor must we fail to remember how many more, if not actually regretting that they were born, would have no wish to enter the world again. Yet, although it is a commonplace to question whether life is worth living, the parent seems rarely to question whether every child ought really to feel grateful for the life bestowed.

This whole matter of assuming parental responsibility is one in which Christianity and society conspicuously fail to teach man his duty. Christianity can pride itself on its tenderness for the "little ones," yet apparently cares nothing whether they are brought into being under such conditions that every day of their life they are cruelly wronged. I have no object in trying to establish this charge against the Bible itself ; nor do I forget that here and there an independent spirit in the Christian Church may recognise ethically this very obvious form of wickedness. But Christianity as understood and received, or, let us say, the typical Christian teacher, appears to have no conception of any such thing appertaining to wedlock and duties, and most solemn ones, of *not* having children. He practically if not sometimes avowedly, makes light of parental responsibility. His teaching is much the same in principle as if he said, Pay your debts if you conveniently can ; but contract as many as you please which you know you can never pay. So long as men and women are lawfully wedded, they can entail by their self-gratification any quantity of misery on others. They can inflict disease or delicate health or their own evil dispositions on their offspring. They can bring forth helpless infants to be "exposed" in the streets in cold and wet as a bait for alms. Before the smallest prospect is visible of providing decent nurture and training, they are perfectly free to have children dependent on them ; children, to be huddled, both sexes together, in squalid dens, where morality and religion are well-nigh impossible ; to grow up, unless killed off by neglect, into stunted coarse, ignorant youths ; and while still immature, to be launched with no start in life, on a glutted labour market, the men, goaded by hunger, a constant menace to social order, and the women with frequently no choice but the choice between prostitution and the brink of starvation. When a parent who might decently rear a small family, calmly ignores the claims of his existing offspring, and so increases

his family that, as often happens, one of his earlier children simply dies of poverty, how can he be logically acquitted of the barbarous manslaughter of his own child? But the Christian teacher, though his work may lie in the thick of such scenes, has no stern rebuke for the unscrupulous parent. No Christian indignation is roused that parental responsibility is thus unfeelingly trifled with, and a heritage of want and misery and temptation handed on undiminished for the benefit of others, as if it were a precious legacy. This, perhaps grossest, form of sexual immorality might really almost be a Christian virtue. Yet surely the more our heart is touched by the wail of distress from our fellow-creatures, the more keenly must we feel the downright wickedness of bringing a fresh human being into the world, if he will not have at least a reasonable chance of leading a good and a happy life.

It by no means follows from the responsibility of every parent to his child, that the selfish rich man is excused for not finding truly beneficent work of some kind for much of his wealth. But if the negative as well as the positive duties of parentage were enforced by laws backed up by a strong public feeling, the worst of the poverty in the world would naturally dwindle away, while exceptional misfortune might then be more safely relieved. And the point is, that whether or not this cure for poverty be adopted, we need hardly dispute that no other exists. Unless we shut our eyes to the conditions of life; unless we forget that but for some sort of parental prudence and forethought in the past, the whole race might at this moment be grovelling in abject poverty; unless we ignore the facts that wages fall with increased competition for them, that mankind have an indefinite capacity for adding to their numbers, and that almost every form of human weal and woe tends to be inherited: there is but one conclusion open to us. The only just, and in the end only possible, remedy for half the ills that flesh is "heir" to, including the great bulk of extreme poverty, is to lay upon those responsible for introducing a fresh life into the world the whole primary responsibility of providing that the life bestowed shall be a blessing to itself and no injustice to others. If the destitute, the delicate, the weak in mind, the inert, the melancholy, the morally bad, have unlimited licence to reproduce themselves in each succeeding generation, the world cannot but be well stocked with want and misery. In these circumstances we can really do little but resign ourselves to the bitter processes by which natural evolution works. On the other hand, if those only help to perpetuate the race who seem reasonably fitted for the task of creating, training, and starting in life the coming generation, there is at least room for hope that immense progress will rapidly be made.

And here again a word about evolution. If the attempt of man

consciously and rationally to control the evolution of his race can be shown to be necessarily self-defeating, we must bow to the inevitable. But the evolutionist cannot pretend that complacent reliance on natural, or rather non-artificial, processes affords a cheering prospect. Is not happiness, so to speak, only an incidental means by which evolution works, the end being quantity of animate existence? Do we know that nature will ever dole out more than such balance of happiness over misery, or such dread of death, as will make men think it on the whole just worth while to go on living? that is, unless happiness, or what conduces to it, is made by man himself a condition of the perpetuation of the species. And be the contention of Mr. Carlill¹ specially remembered, namely, that many of the lower animals, creatures *less* evolved than man, have a greater balance of pleasure than man has. Anyhow, it can scarcely be said that man at the present time is a triumph of happiness, so long as the question can still be seriously raised, Is life worth living? If, then, in all the æons that have passed since sentient life began to evolve, there has been reached so far only a being who is hardly quite sure whether on the whole he is glad he exists or not, the prospect of the race, if nothing can be done to accelerate the development of happiness, is not very brilliant for the next few millions of years.

It seems often to be taken for granted, that if there is more happiness altogether among men than suffering, human life in its *ensemble* is a thing which moral considerations must prompt us to promote. But is this position beyond dispute? What are we to say and feel when one person suffers, and some one else has the compensation? Surely this question of the distribution of happiness should profoundly modify our optimism, and make us, if we seek to promote human life, as Mr. Herbert Spencer would have us do, at least promote it with a little discrimination.

One would think that in present circumstances, to do something to raise the average quality of life was a far worthier task than merely to increase its quantity. But even if increase of numbers were the great or only thing to be aimed at, would not about the first step be, judiciously to enforce parental responsibility? Imagine two races of men, the one wise and the other foolish. From among the offspring of the one, disease, weakness, indolence, and predisposition to crime are largely eliminated, and the children are such in number as the several parents can rear and train and start in life. Each generation, by keeping in hand a fair amount of working capital, is enabled to make further accumulations, and takes care that if the population is increased, the means of support are increased proportionately. In the other, the conditions are more or less

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1886.

reversed. The high and indiscriminate birth-rate, by keeping parents and children living from hand to mouth and often in want, forbids any far-sighted attempt to widen the limits of subsistence, and cannot but largely expend itself in feeding an exorbitant death-rate. We can readily see that the former race, though at first its numbers might be somewhat reduced, could soon, if it thought fit, outstrip the latter.

There are some who imagine that parental prudence, by lessening the fear of want, would diminish healthy competition, and so injuriously affect the race. This, I trust, is an illusion. What I contemplate is a state of things in which keen competition would still go on, only that—in some degree—for the bitter and often irrational struggle for a bare existence, we should have a more or less rational competition for the privilege of parentage.

Seeing that philanthropy and the art of medicine are ever doing more and more to keep the unfit alive, how can we continue to rely for progress solely upon the old, unreasoning methods of natural evolution? How can we expect any marked advance, unless, while sympathy and medical skill perform what should be their heavenly task of saving the weak, reason steps in and says imperatively to the saved, You must not show your gratitude by handing on your infirmities to others? It were truly a disheartening thought, that the more the medical art—let alone sympathy—flourished, the less hopeful should become the outlook for mankind, simply because of the persistent ignoring of an elementary duty. Yet what is already the explanation of many of the ailments of civilized man, if it is not the constant preservation of the diseased, the weak, the unfit, with no humane provision for the well-being of those to come?

But Christianity and society, alas! have no tender mercies for future generations. To inflict irreparable injury on the man of the future, is not wickedness for them. Only towards those who may happen to be now living, is the principle of the golden rule to be applied. We may hear it openly contended that our business lies only with our own times, as if the untold millions of the future had no such thing as rights. When, however, we recollect that our influence over them is in many respects, not less, but enormously greater, than over the people of the present, extending not only to their whole social and economic condition, but to the very formation of their flesh and bones, their minds and dispositions, we may readily appraise this kind of talk. It is just a mean device for shirking disagreeable duties, for disregarding the interests of those who are not here to protect themselves, whose welfare lies at our mercy, but who cannot benefit us in return. The fact probably is that with the average philanthropist, though he may not consciously mean badly, the murmur of applause from the thoughtless or thriftless of to-day

is far dearer to his heart than the real welfare of another generation. Anyhow, many a one who passes as a friend of humanity might almost better be described as a traitor to the cause of mankind, giving countenance, as he does by his benefactions, to the strange notion, that it matters little or nothing in what fashion the men of to-morrow are formed. Had Christianity, for the past thirty or forty generations, lent only a little of its influence over the sexual relations to the task of judiciously enforcing the responsibilities of parentage, ever aiming at the reduction of hereditary evil to a minimum, who can say what progress in goodness and happiness Christian countries might have made?

In regard to this matter of parental responsibility, some excuse may possibly be made for Christian morality, on the ground that only in recent times have social and economic problems been much understood. Not so with the attitude of Christianity towards non-human sentient creatures. There is no special knowledge needed here. Hundreds of years before Christ was heard of, good men had propagated far and wide the gospel of mercy to the lower animals. Yet Christianity seems utterly hardened against every sentient being except man; and the way in which animals, and especially wild animals, are still treated with its tacit consent, is a disgrace to the whole religion. Not that the Christian may not sometimes be naturally humane. What I say is, that by received or popular Christianity, the whole question of duties to the lower animals, of cruelty, sport, humane usage, is treated as no essential part of morality, but is merely introduced or omitted at the caprice of the individual moralist. Not only the sham Christian, but the most devoted follower of Christ, can pass over the whole subject with silent contempt.

Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals* affords a general support to these assertions. But in case exception should be taken to them, let us glance at a few typical specimens of Christian literature. Plenty more could be adduced in support if necessary.

Take first that "treasury of piety," the English Prayer Book. We hear enough in its pages of imploring mercy on ourselves; but does the Prayer Book Catechism inform the Christian child that he himself must show mercy on the helpless creatures beneath him? No. It teaches him his duty to his neighbour and to God, but not his duty to the lower animals. Take again the *Catechism of Christian Doctrine*, approved by the Roman Catholic Bishops of England and Wales. There is nothing in its pages to show that the Christian world is at fault in considering that mercy, duties, virtues, vices, have reference solely to our relations with God and man. Take another well-known manual, simply brimming with piety—the *Garden of the Soul*, by Bishop Challoner. Does the Bishop in his list of sins or his "Examination of Conscience," or under "The Ordinary

Actions of the Day," take cognizance of cruelty to the lower animals? He does not. The Christian's "business" may be catching rabbits in gins, which crush their legs and hold them for hours in torture. His "recreation" may be fox-hunting, pigeon-shooting, cock-fighting. What of that?—so long as he does "all to the glory of God"!

We have lately been told by Dr. Cunningham Geikie in *The Young Man* that "to imitate Christ must be the sum of Christianity." With this definition, not many, probably, would wish to quarrel: at all events other divines have said much the same thing in different words. What, then, does imitating Christ—the sum of Christianity—mean?

It happens that on just this subject we have a book so highly reputed that upwards of sixty translations of it have appeared, "the most popular religious work," so it has been said, "in Christendom," namely, *The Imitation of Christ*, by (perhaps) Thomas à Kempis. Now, does this famous book, with its spirit of intense piety, breathe of necessity a spirit of tender compassion for every feeling thing? Does it insist that without such widened sympathy a man cannot be fitted for union with God? By no means. I do not believe that one solitary sentence unmistakably shows that the grossest ill-usage of non-human creatures by the imitator of Christ is even a venial offence.

Another book that may be mentioned is Dr. Vaughan's *Characteristics of Christ's Teaching*. The chapter specially devoted to mercy has not the slightest reference to all the cruelties of men to the lower animals; and we may take it as tacitly admitted that Christ Himself was unconcerned about such trifles. One book more, *The Manual of Prayers*, by that saintly, gentle, self-denying man, Bishop Ken. Although the *Manual* is intended for school-boys, who certainly are not noted for their abhorrence of cruelty, the examination of conscience contained in it says not one word about the whole category of sins of cruelty to lower animals. And concerning these forms of self-examination, which the devotional press has poured forth in abundance to prepare the Christian for confession or communion, their evidence on the point in question is conclusive. Notwithstanding the countless crimes of every variety perpetrated daily in our midst on dumb creatures, of which the five thousand convictions obtained in a single year by the R.S.P.C.A. represent but an infinitesimal proportion, I believe the large majority of these compilations have practically not a suggestion of any such thing as a sin against a lower animal. Such, at all events, is the case with more than two-thirds out of the sixteen that I have looked through. And the Christian pulpit, if anything, is a shade worse, with what may almost be termed its conspiracy of silence on the whole subject.

Even by Christian writers of broad sympathies, consideration for non-human creatures is frequently treated, not as a solemn and urgent duty, but as a sort of exuberance of goodness, and cruelty as a something objectionable, but a something distinct in its nature from sin and wickedness. And one reason for this half-apologetic tone is not far to seek. The sympathetic Christian is too well aware that if he insisted on the rights of lower animals, and denounced the customary sins against them, many, perhaps most, of his brother Christians would simply laugh at him for his pains.

Not only negative, but positive, evidence of the heartlessness of Christianity as a religion might easily be collected in abundance. Not long since a certain story-book fell into my hands, called *The Home of the Wolverine and Beaver*, which is highly offensive from the humane point of view. When the young hero catches fish he "flings them" on the ice, there to "flap about" until they freeze to death. He is initiated into all the horrors of that art of trapping with the gin, which, even from a sporting standpoint, has been declared a "diabolical system." A simply revolting account is quoted, without any symptom of disapprobation, of a certain farmer who thought it "fun" to hamstring three wolves, and in that helpless condition to set his dogs to tear them to death. In fact, the book seems quite admirably calculated to harden the heart against suffering inflicted on the lower animals. And who are the publishers of this tale? Not any commercial firm, whose one aim is to make profit, but actually the Society for Promoting *Christian Knowledge*! Could such a book be published by such a society, and be marked for *young people* in their catalogue, unless the society's religion were destitute of pity for dumb creatures? Equally bad, if not worse, are some of the works supplied by St. Anselm's Society, the very *raison d'être* of which is to disseminate "good books." Witness, for example, *The Gorilla Hunters*, and, of all books in the world, a book on *Pigsticking*.¹

What cares Christianity, with its patron saint of the chase, about insuring a painless death to animals that have to be killed? Is it thought incongruous that a pack of staghounds should be owned as a regular institution by the "Supreme Governor of the Church" of England? Is the Christian world shocked at the cruelties² inflicted on cod and other fish in bringing them to market for the ultra-pious to fast on? Christianity cares for none of these things. Its attitude towards the whole subject is one of cold and heartless indifference, and this in a world where the enormous majority of hideous

(1) This book may not be so specially recommended as some, but is, nevertheless, put forward as "worthy of attention."

(2) See *Lancet*, Aug. 17 and Aug. 31, 1889.

tragedies are perpetrated on dumb animals. Their wrongs may cry to heaven¹—if there is such a place—unheeded.

It has been remarked with surprise, that those nations over which the Church has most power seem specially destitute of humane feeling. But why need we wonder? Were not "hunting and hawking" the "favourite pastimes" of a certain holy and much-praying saint,² still honoured by the Christian Church? May not the clergyman—"wholesome and godly example for the people to follow"—enjoy his day's shooting with as much zest and callousness as if targets of flesh and blood and nerves existed solely for his amusement? Is not the Sunday bull-fight of the Spaniard "sanctified" by the presence of the "consecrated Host" and the minister of Christ? And are not its ghastly scenes a fit commentary on that sarcasm of the Apostle, "Doth God take care for oxen?"²

As was long ago observed by Locke, young children are peculiarly addicted to acts of gratuitous cruelty. Yet Christianity can urge us to "become as little children," while forgetting to teach that the "little children" must be merciful. It can sanction that sublime notion that a "soul" confers privileges without obligations. The great sportsman, the notorious fox-hunter can be reckoned an exemplary follower of Christ. So long as grace is said reverently over meals, it matters not whether feeling creatures have been boiled slowly to death for food. The lady, for whose vanity young orphan birds have died of starvation, may devoutly kneel to implore mercy on herself. In short, the love that Christianity inculcates is not universal sympathy, but something much more akin to honour among thieves.

Surely this Christian gospel is put to shame by the "Yin-chi-wan" of the heathen Chinaman, a moral treatise no more than 541 words in length, which yet can find space to plead earnestly for the dumb animals. A morality which does not teach that mercy, where practicable, is due to the meanest sentient being, that we must be ready, rather than be cruel, to give up a great deal, is not fit to be called a morality. No particular hostility to Christianity is here intended. But really the Christian must excuse an outsider, who, under the circumstances, treats with scant respect the moral code of Christianity, and seeks a code which reason and sympathy can approve.

Barring exceptions, and most honourable ones, with which, however, I am not here concerned, the whole relations of our race to the lower animals are wicked in the extreme. From the wanton child who beats an insect slowly to death, or the young lady who thinks it a brave thing to impale a struggling worm on the hook, to the Irish farmer who saws the horns from his living cattle, or the patrons

(1) Edward the Confessor.

(2) 1 Cor. ix. 9.

of the chase who can watch with enjoyment while a hunted creature is torn to pieces, the same grim picture is presented. Not only the lowest and least sensitive animals are treated as mere inanimate objects, but vertebrates and mammals also. Look at the average sportsman. When even the basest of human beings has to be despatched, is not indignation roused by a bungling execution? Would his executioners, if he had to be shot, first make him run, in order to try their skill in marksmanship at his expense? But this is what the sportsman does when he takes the lives of innocent animals. Instead of making assurance doubly sure, that death, if inflicted, shall be instantaneous, he wilfully puts the bird on the wing and fires at only the running hare, deliberately increasing the chance of cruel mutilation and a lingering death in the fields, that better "sport" may be afforded for him. He can even mock at his victims with talk about "law" and "fair play." And the same callous indifference to non-human suffering is ever reappearing in the dealings of ordinary human beings with wild, and often with domestic, animals. There is no chivalrous forbearance to hurt the truly weak. Such words as "tyranny" and "oppression" have no magic sound when only dumb animals are oppressed. There could hardly be invented a crime against them which is not somewhere practised, for perhaps the most trivial advantage.

If we make the slightest pretence of being moral, then in all avoidable cruelty we must see a deadly sin. Either moral obligation altogether is nothing but a baseless fiction, or every feeling thing has at least something of the nature of rights; and whatever considerations in the case of our fellow-men may induce in us *more* altruistic zeal—

More, did I say? But why more? The whole style of man's treatment of the lower animals is so thoroughly immoral, that really a person of independent mind might seriously put to himself the inquiry, Since men thus habitually maltreat other beings, why be over-scrupulous in my dealings with men? Be this reasoning right or wrong, we could hardly blame a person who should find the bulk of his sympathies irresistibly transferred from the strong to the weak, the ill-users to the ill-used.

Possibly the evolutionist will suggest that any considerable cultivation of zoophily might be self-defeating and mischievous, since, by interfering with life-sub-serving pursuits, it might tend to the non-survival of those classes who most practised it. No doubt, where human life can be efficiently subserved only at the expense of the lower animals, we have here a valid reason for placing limits to our altruism towards them, just as, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, we should place limits, on the same grounds, to our altruism towards men. But may we not treat consideration

for dumb animals as if it were simply a branch of the beautiful? The fine arts are not life-sub-serving; their pursuit clearly diminishes the energy available for the mere perpetuation of our animate existence. Yet, however the evolutionist may account for the fact, their increasing cultivation can hardly be described as self-defeating and mischievous. If, then, a reasonable cultivation of the fine arts may safely be encouraged, may not a reasonable degree of zoophily be encouraged with much greater safety, seeing that, far more than music or painting, it must tend to make men just and considerate to one another?

If the evolutionist, however, should hold upon principle, that moral obligation has reference to our own species alone, at least let him face bravely the following problem. Suppose—which, for anything I know, is perfectly possible—that in the progress of evolution towards heterogeneity, different races or castes of men should branch off into distinct species. Would it then be all right and proper for a man of the white species to take hungry hounds and hunt down for amusement his yellow cousin, as all round us men do now to their second or third cousins of the fox and hare species? And at what point might the high-caste man begin with a good conscience to use low-caste men as live bait for beasts of prey?

To return to the question of Christian morality, we could hardly select a couple of practical duties more urgently needing to be kept earnestly before us than the two duties of unselfish parental forethought and consideration for dumb animals. In the one is involved the well-being of the whole race of mankind; in the other, the sparing or mitigation of cruel sufferings to almost billions of innocent creatures. And official Christianity passes over them both. If any one believes that the fault is with incapable or dishonest expounders of Christian principles, let him answer so grave a charge, and preach the religion in all its primitive perfection. Otherwise let us, once for all, admit that, whatever were their merits, Christ and His Twelve were not fit to be the moral teachers of the world.

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ERNEST M. BOWDEN.

FINLAND

NOTHING strikes one more forcibly in reading the lives of some of the world's greatest artists than the difficulty they experienced in obtaining suitable materials in which to embody their immortal creations. What strenuous and painful efforts Benvenuto Cellini, for instance, was forced to make to induce even his most generous patrons to dole him out a little gold and silver to coin in the mint of his genius! Plated bronze, magniloquently termed, "silver," was the most precious metal they cared to part with for the purpose; and even the historic block of marble over which Bandinelli broke his heart, and which Cellini's hands would have fashioned into such a Neptune as the world has never yet beheld, was denied him, and given to a mere architect.

Nature, in her dealings with heroic peoples, seems as close-fisted as royal patrons were wont to be towards their favourite artists; and the noblest deeds in the world's history were performed upon barren hills, by the banks of tiny rivulets, and on Liliputian plains that would scarcely be missed out of the vast estate of a modern American corn-grower or Russian noble. It is thus that the malarial swamps, dreary wastes, and snow-clad mountains of ancient Media were metamorphosed, by the energetic tribe that once dwelt there and produced Zarathustra, into a country of ideal order, the source of the brightest and purest religious light that ever burned in Pagan antiquity; it is thus that in more modern times the Dutch have worked out their political and religious ideals under most adverse conditions, stamping the indelible mark of order upon a heap of mud snatched from the ocean's embrace; it is thus that the English have engraved many a thrilling page of the world's history and their own upon a haze-enveloped island of ooze. The Finns of Suomi¹ have been in this respect to the full as unfortunate as more celebrated peoples; and dreary endless tundras, lonely lakes, rocky islands, immense pine forests and Serbonian bogs constitute the unpromising materials out of which they have had to fashion and shape the prosperous country to which they have given infinitely more than its name.

Finland is one of the most singular countries in Europe, a place scarcely yet quite ready for human habitation. It was covered once—geologists say eighty thousand years ago—by an immense ice-cap which scattered drift and boulders and glaciated stones throughout the length and breadth of the land, and these souvenirs of that dreary epoch are still painfully visible on the hills, in the woods, and

(1) The Finnish name of the country usually called Finland.

on the well-tilled fields of stunted corn. After the Glacial Period the land again subsided, its lower levels remaining a considerable time under water, from which it is now emerging at the rate, in some places, of over a yard a century. Hence it is that the numberless stacks and skerries and islets that bestrew the gulfs and channels, hundreds of which are sometimes clustered together over an area of five or six miles, are gradually diminishing in number. Finland is still, therefore, in process of formation—a province of the lately Unshapen Land; its hills are frequently mere granite rocks, its valleys lonely lakes, its rivers sluggish sheets of water with a scarcely perceptible motion; its lakes flow gently, communicating with each other, and might be aptly called rivers. Even the simple elements there have a tendency to commingle and combine in chaotic confusion; and as the water is continually yielding up its land, so the land is, to a very great extent, saturated with water. A tenth part of all Finland is completely under water; and about a quarter of the land is composed of morasses and bogs.

Yet, for all this, the country has a charm and beauty peculiarly its own, not to be matched in Europe, nor to be painted in language. The majestic waterfall of Imatra, the picturesque banks of the river Vuoksen, the great lake Saima with its thousands of nestling green islets, once seen are never to be forgotten; for they range themselves under no categories of sights and sounds of common experience. A Finnish landscape is stamped with its own peculiar *cachet*, as different from all that we are accustomed to as a rustic scene on the planet Mars. You move closely forwards in a Finnish forest, wrapped in a profound silence unbroken by aught save the sighing of the wind in the topmost branches of the pines or firs, when you suddenly catch a glimpse of a lake, set like a huge sapphire in the dark green of the dense foliage; it looks like an orifice that leads straight down to hell; its waters have never been caressed by the wanton breeze, its mirror-like surface has never been ruffled but by the rare gambols of the playful perch or the rapid movements of the solitary plungeon swimming about in search of his prey. The murmur of running water next strikes your ear, and wending your way to the spot whence it proceeds, which you fancy close by, you see but the soft soil carpeted with moss and purple heather. All at once, between the trunks of the pines, at a stone's-throw from where you are walking, you descry the birches that line the opposite bank. You are on the edge of a slope, and far down below you the seething water is darting little arrows of dazzling light through the dense foliage above. You descend the incline holding on with one hand to the trunks and with the other to the branches of the trees, and, standing at last on the brink of the torrent, you perceive high above your head a thin strip of ethereal blue, and on both sides an impenetrable wall of foliage interlaced with trunks of trees. Pushing on

for a considerable distance farther between the serried rows of trees, you at length reach the fringe of the forest, on leaving which the scene is metamorphosed as by the touch of a magic wand, and a most varied and wonderful landscape opens out before you—numberless lakes studded with tufted islets, promontories, rapids, green fields, and crested hills. At a single glance your eye takes in immense masses of light and shade: the sombre hue of the firs in the marshy valley, the dark green of the pine forest, and, high above all, encircling the base of the hill as with a leafy crown, the tender foliage of the birches.¹

But one misses something in Finnish scenery—it would be difficult to define what—the absence of which intensifies the feeling of utter loneliness that comes over the solitary traveller there. It sometimes seems to be that harmonious confusion of vague sounds which captivates the senses, changes all mental faculties for the moment into a sole organ of receptivity, and makes you part and parcel of inarticulate nature. A Finnish forest seems devoid of these magic sounds, its silence is sadness, its solemnity overpowering. This solitude is the result not merely of impressions of the present, but also of the lack of memories of the past. There is absolutely nothing in Finland to remind you of the history of humanity; no ancient monuments or hallowed ruins, no footsteps of an extinct race or faint traces of a forgotten civilisation. An autumnal night spent in a Finnish forest, the Arctic winds attuning the trees to dismal moaning, would endow a person of ordinary imaginative powers with a sixth sense, and enable him to feel the presence of those evil spirits whom the Finns were once wont to fear and worship. The spell would be strengthened rather than broken by the half-human note of a solitary bird, once perhaps a love-sick maiden metamorphosed by a maleficent old sorceress. Nor does the forest need the aid of the eerie northern twilight, or of the ghostly mists that clog the evening air, to let loose strange shadowy shapes—

“That shift and vanish, change and interchange
Like spectres.”

Nature in Finland would seem to have been much more chary of the useful than the beautiful, and the material resources of the country are to a far greater extent than elsewhere the work of the hands of man. Abundance of fish in the rivers, gulfs and lakes, and of pastures in many of the islands, plenty of game in several districts of the interior, extensive forests of stately pines and graceful larches, quantities of iron ore deposited at the bottom of lakes, a soil that with the utmost care of the husbandman will at the best of times but barely repay the money and labour expended in tilling it, and a treacherous climate that very often destroys in a night the produce

(1) Cf. Runeberg in an interesting paper published in the *Helsingfors Mågnblad*, 1832.

of a year¹—these are the scanty materials out of which the Finns have built up one of the most thriving countries in the world.

The Finn is as interesting a specimen of humanity as his country is of inanimate Nature. He belongs to a race which was active and civilized before the Greek or the Indian, the Jew or the Persian was heard of; a race, one of the branches of which worked in metals, built Babylon, practised the arts of magic there, and enacted laws in favour of women's rights long before the first Semitic king took his seat on the throne of that historic city.²

I confess I never see an individual of the Basque people—who are supposed to be the sole remnant of a Neolithic race of men—without feeling the same reverent curiosity that animates me when I view the remains of a plesiosaurus or a megatherium. I have a feeling that the vicissitudes of his ancient race, though they do not touch his consciousness, must in some mysterious way help to modify his character and psychological condition. Something of the same feeling is awakened within me when I meet a Finn; it is difficult to shake off the notion that his character and habits of thought are in some undefinable manner affected by the sad fate of his people. His dreary natural surroundings have likewise left their mark upon him; and this twofold influence seems distinctly visible in his pensive features, knitted brows, inflexible facial muscles, his introspective gaze, taciturnity, and lack of common curiosity. The Finns, after having cleared forests, worked mines, created religions and composed epic poems in Asia, wandered into Russia, and settled in the country

(1) Two nights' premature frost are enough to destroy the crops completely and bring about a famine.

(2) This comparison will seem paradoxical only to those who have never made a special study of the subject. In reality it is the commonly accepted theory of authoritative philologists, founded on a careful study of the Accadian, of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and Finnish languages and civilisations. Thus the grammatical structure of the two languages is identical and the lexicographical points of resemblance are also numerous and striking. The names of the ancient tribes *Akkadi* (literally mountaineers) and *Sumeri* (dwellers on the river banks) at once remind one of the Finnish tribal names, *Akkavak* and *Suomi* (which have the same meanings). The old Accadian word *urud* (copper) is radically identical with the Finnish *rauta* (iron). Accad. *ma* (country) is the Finnish *maa* (country); Accad. *sa* (a field) is the same as Finn. *sia* (a space); Accad. *til* (to complete, fill) is identical with the Magyar *tele* (full); Accad. *uzu* (flesh) has the same origin and the same meaning as the Magyar word *hús*; Accad. *nab* (light) is at bottom the same word as Magyar *nep* (day); Accad. *mar* (a road) = Magyar *mor* (a road); Accad. *ar* (a nose) = Magyar *orr* (a nose), &c., &c. Among all the languages of the Touranian family the Finnish and Magyar, or Hungarian, are the two that exhibit the most striking resemblance to ancient Accadian. If we take the personal pronouns, v.g., we find that the first person singular in Accad. is *nu*, in Finnish *ma*; the second person in Accad. *nu*, in Finn. *sa*; the third person in Accad. *na*, *ni*, in Finn. *ne*; the first person plural Accad. *ne*, Finn. *me*, &c., &c. The religious system of the Accadians seems, so far as it is known to us, in all essential points identical with that of the Pagan Finns; the same charms, spells, and incantations practised under exactly the same circumstances, the same worship of spirits, and the same demonological naturalism. From the fragments of imperfectly understood laws that have come down to us from pre-Semitic Babylon, it seems clear that the ancient Accadians, like the Pagan Finns accorded the mother a more important rôle in the domestic rites than the father.

watered by the Volga, whence in time they were driven to the desolate fastnesses of the north, where frost gods and the spirits of strange diseases wandered about and had power over men.

Constant communion with Nature tends to make men democratic, and no people in the old world or the new—not excepting the sturdy Norwegians—are more frankly democratic than the Finns. The constitution of their country, which they, unfortunately, did not frame, and which they are powerless to alter, recognises a class of nobles, the great majority of whom are untitled; but the proudest nobleman of them all is as democratic as the shoemaker of Helsingfors or the fisherman of Åland. Nor is this the result of agitation or “educational suggestion,” or of other artificial measures; it is the outcome of the history and character of the people. Even their literature, which is very far from barren, knows none of those great master-minds whom one might call the tyrants of a period of poetry, philosophy, or art, and whose dazzling genius eclipses that of less distinguished men. And the moral and mental gifts that would have been needed to equip such heroes seem to have been fairly distributed among the crowd.

One of the most instructive sights of the country is an ordinary Finnish farm in the interior, say in Satakunta or Savolaks, or in Ostrobothnia, on the verge of the dreary country of the Lapps, which is in truth—

“A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy.”

It is generally a spacious oblong building, one storey high, resting on a foundation of unhewn stones, frequently on a rock of solid granite. Round about are grouped the outhouses, which are of the essence of all Finnish farms; the cowhouse, the forge, the stable, the pigsty, the granary, the little house for artificially drying the corn, and the bathhouse (for the Finn’s notions of cleanliness are extremely advanced, and in summer even the poorest peasant takes a “Turkish” bath about six times a week, in winter once or twice). The cornfields, which are not divided by fence, ditch, or hedgerow from the wide plain of rolling fern that stretches away to the forest, are studded over with stones and boulders that look, at a distance, like petrified sheep and oxen. The house is divided into three or four rooms always kept scrupulously clean, from the rafters of which the winter’s provision of bread is hung up to dry. This bread consists of round flat cakes more easily broken with an axe than with human teeth, with a hole in the centre of each through which a thong or cord on which they hang is passed. These cakes are generally made of barley flour, but they sometimes contain an admixture of Iceland moss or the powdered bark of the pine. Among the other staple articles of consumption are dried salt fish, herrings, and cheese. Whenever meat is to be found on a Finnish farm, it generally assumes the form of mutton which has been parboiled,

salted, and smoked, and which, its appearances are grossly deceptive, may prove a toothsome viand. No house is without a few books and newspapers, among which you can always find a Bible, or at least a New Testament and a hymn-book. But besides these farmhouses, which are tenanted by middle-class farmers, the traveller occasionally comes across a solitary wooden cabin standing in the dreary plain scores of miles away from the next house, like a frail boat on a storm-tossed ocean. For the Finn has no aversion to solitude; he likes to be alone with nature and his conscience. Like Thoreau he feels that, our planet being still in the Milky Way, it would be folly to complain of loneliness. And this love of peace and quiet is no less characteristic of the nation than of the individual. Moreover, it has been strengthened by bitter experience of the results of launching out into the ocean of politics—sanguinary wars, famine, and pestilence, which have often reduced the population of Finland to a couple of hundred thousand souls. This experience lies at the root of the desire which they have always manifested to keep aloof from wars, rebellions, and political intrigues which were the main elements of the history of northern countries in the Middle Ages.

Christianity was grafted upon Finnish Paganism by English bishops from Sweden; "civilization" was forced upon the people by Swedish Karls, and for several centuries afterwards Sweden and Russia made Finland the battle-ground on which they fought out the momentous question which of them should have the privilege of misruling a people who only asked to be let alone. Finland remained for many centuries politically united to Sweden, until, in 1729, Russia annexed the province of Wyborg, transferred the land-owners there into tenants, and parcelled out the land among a few Russian nobles, who worked uncommonly hard to deserve that peculiar species of renown which Professor Teufelsdröckh so lavishly decreed to Zaehdarm.

Sweden could no more reconcile herself to the loss of a Finnish province than France can brook the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Hostilities therefore broke out again and again, and the final war of revenge was still undecided in 1808, when the Russian Emperor Alexander I. issued a proclamation to the Finns calling upon them to recognise the protectorate of Russia and to send a deputation of the four orders of the population¹ to St. Petersburg to discuss the lines on which the country should be governed in future.

The conviction that Sweden's part in European politics was played out disposed the Finns to close with this offer, while their misgivings that Russia might afterwards avail herself of the precedent to abolish the Diet or transfer the sittings to St. Petersburg, caused them to hesitate to fulfil the conditions. It was only when the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army had given them repeated and official

(1) Nobility, clergy, burghers and peasants.

assurances that their fears were unfounded, that the deputation repaired to the Russian capital. The Emperor acted upon the advice they offered and convened the Finnish Diet, which, in his capacity of Grand Duke, he solemnly opened in 1809 in the little town of Borga, a few miles from Helsingfors. Here the elected representatives of the Finnish people took the oath of allegiance to Alexander, who, on his side, issued the following manifesto:—

“Having, by the will of the Most High, taken possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, it has seemed good to us to confirm and ratify the religion, fundamental laws, and the rights and privileges heretofore possessed, conformably to the Constitution, by each and every one of the Estates of this Grand Duchy, and in particular by each of the inhabitants thereof, great and small, promising to maintain them intact and inviolable and in full force and operation, in faith of which it has pleased us to give this document signed by our own hand. Given in the town of Borga, 15/27 March, 1809.”

The controversy which is now being carried on between Finnish jurisconsults and Russian fire-eaters of the Komaroff type turns upon the question whether Alexander, as autocratic master of Finland, spontaneously granted the nation their present constitution, or whether his solemn confirmation of Finland's ancient privileges was the result of some such agreement between him and the Finnish nation as was made between the English people and the House of Hanover. If the former supposition is correct, then the Emperor's promise, which has been solemnly renewed by all succeeding Tsars, is, it is contended by Russian patriots, no more binding than the bond of an infant of twenty years would be in an English law court. The desire to put the British public in possession of sufficient data to enable them to form an opinion on the merits of the case is my excuse for quoting from one or two other documents similar to the above.

In his speech from the throne, delivered in French at the opening of the Diet in 1809, the Emperor said:—“It was my wish to meet you in order to give you a new proof that I am truly solicitous for the welfare of your country. I have promised to maintain your constitution, your fundamental laws: your assembling here is a guarantee of my promise.”¹ This is scarcely the language of an autocrat spontaneously conferring privileges upon a people towards whom his relations were but those of a victor to the vanquished. At the same time it must be admitted that his language was occasionally more sentimental than precise, as for instance when, thanking the Estates for taking the oath of allegiance to himself, he made use of the following expressions:—“In promising the inhabitants of Finland to maintain their religion and their fundamental laws, I was desirous

(1) The original text is as follows:—“J'ai désiré vous voir pour vous donner une nouvelle preuve de Mes intentions pour le bien de votre patrie. J'ai promis de maintenir votre constitution, vos lois fondamentales; votre réunion ici vous garantit ma promesse.”

of showing them the value I attach to their sentiments of trust and affection."¹

The Diet duly discussed the questions submitted to its consideration by the Emperor—viz., the organization of the army, the customs, the monetary system, and the creation of a governing council, which was to serve as connecting link between the Grand Duke and the Finnish nation. Its labours terminated, the Grand Duke prorogued the Diet in person with a speech, in which the following passage occurs:—"This brave and loyal people will bless Providence, who has brought about the present state of things. Placed henceforward in the rank of nations under the empire of its own laws, it will remember its past rulers only to cultivate relations of friendship as soon as they are re-established by peace." On the 27th March, 1810, the Emperor and Grand Duke issued a manifesto concerning the Finnish army, in which we find the following passage:—"From the moment that the destiny of Finland was confided to us by Providence, We resolved to govern that country as a *free nation*, in the enjoyment of the rights which its constitution guarantees."²

But the political union of the Grand Duchy of Finland with the Empire of Russia was far from putting an end to Alexander's cares and anxiety. The invasion of his own realm by Napoleon left him little leisure to devote to Finnish affairs; but that he did not wholly neglect that country is evident, among other indications, from a manifesto published in 1816, in which he declares that—"the constitution and laws which underlie the customs, education and spirit of the Finnish nation could not be restricted or abolished without undermining these," and adds that he has "ratified and confirmed that constitution and these laws in the most solemn manner."

The Diet was not convened any more by Alexander I. nor by his successor Nicholas, who, however, made the same solemn promise to maintain the Finnish Constitution intact. Still, the country was not governed from St. Petersburg by Russians, who, as a rule, knew much more about the laws and institutions of Great Britain and France than about those of the Grand Duchy, but by the Finnish Senate consisting of native Finns, and the department of the Secretary of State for Finland.³ But the power of the Senate was too limited, and its knowledge of the needs of the nation too meagre, to allow it to work with success for the public welfare, without the co-operation of the representatives of the people. A period of agricultural and commercial stagnation, or rather retrogression, set in which lasted

(1) "En leur promettant de maintenir leur religion, leurs lois fondamentales, J'ai voulu leur montrer le prix que J'attache aux sentimens de la confiance et de l'amour."

(2) "Du moment que la Providence nous a remis le sort de la Finlande, Nous résolûmes de gouverner ce pays comme une nation libre et jouissant des droits que sa constitution lui garantit."

(3) This department is exactly the same kind of institution as the Norwegian Ministry at Stockholm.

until the Diet met again in 1863; bad harvests became frequent, famine decimated the population, and the financial condition of the country, whose monetary unit was still the silver rouble, became alarming.

Alexander II. inaugurated a new and more prosperous era for the Grand Duchy. In 1863 he summoned the Diet to meet him in Helsingfors, the new Finnish capital, whither the University of Åbo had been lately transferred, and in a speech from the throne gave the people to understand that the unconstitutional procedure that had been adopted occasionally in the past would not be repeated in future, and expressly promised that no loans should ever again be negotiated without the consent of the four Estates, unless a foreign invasion or some other national calamity rendered it impossible for them to assemble. "In maintaining intact," he continued,

"The principle of a constitutional monarchy which is inherent in the habits of the Finnish people, and of which all their laws and institutions bear the impress, I desire to introduce into a new bill, a right more extensive than the Estates at present enjoy in reference to the raising of taxes, and also a right of motion such as they possessed in ancient times, reserving to myself the right of taking the initiative in all matters that have to do with changes in the fundamental law."¹

The present Tsar,² on the death of his father, solemnly confirmed all these rights and privileges of the Grand Duchy, and on the 24th January, 1882, conferred upon the Estates the new right of initiative in all legislative questions which they were competent to discuss, with a few inconsiderable exceptions.³

The immediate and palpable results of this frank adoption of the principle of constitutional monarchy were numerous and beneficial. In 1860 Finnish silver and copper coins had been struck for the first time, silver remaining, as before, the sole standard of value, until 1879, when the Grand Duke gave his assent to a bill establishing a gold basis, and in the following year the first gold coins issued from the Finnish mint. The Diet voted large sums of money for the construction of a network of railways to be exploited by the Finnish Government. The benefits of education were put within the reach of the poorest citizen of the Grand Duchy. The possession

(1) "En maintenant le principe Monarchique constitutionnel inhérent aux mœurs du peuple Finlandais, et dont toutes ses lois et ses institutions portent le caractère, je veux faire admettre dans ce projet un droit plus étendu que celui que possèdent déjà les Etats quant au règlement de l'assiette des impôts, ainsi que le droit de motion qu'ils ont anciennement possédé, Me réservant toutefois celui de prendre l'initiative dans toutes les questions qui touchent au changement de la loi fondamentale." This was the last time that the Diet was opened by the Grand Duke in person, and the last occasion on which the French tongue was employed in official communications.

(2) On the 14th March, 1881. The formula is almost identical with that used by Alexander I.

(3) In his speech from the throne, read on the 24th January, 1882. It was the first speech from the throne in Russian. Cf. Documents illustrating the political position of the Grand Duchy of Finland, page 64. Helsingfors, 1890. These Documents are published *in extenso* in the languages in which they were originally written or spoken.

of the land was, without fuss or bustle, or judicial robbery, transferred to the peasants who were able and willing to till it; a new impetus was given to agricultural pursuits by the foundation of technical schools throughout the country: schools of agriculture, schools of forestry, schools of engineering, &c., &c.; enterprise and industry on the part of the peasantry were encouraged by valuable prizes given for progress; a new penal code was drawn up, the prisons were reformed, in a word the land and the people were materially and morally regenerated.

It is difficult for one who has never been to Finland to realise even approximately the wonderful comparative prosperity that has resulted from that quarter of a century of constitutional self-government. Having resided in the country on two different occasions, and paid several shorter visits to it before and since, I have had a very favourable opportunity of gauging the progress made; and taking into consideration the measures introduced and passed by the Finnish Diet, excluding those which were forced upon the country by Russia (censure, passport system, &c.) one might, without exaggeration, assert that if Birmingham be the best-governed city in the United Kingdom, Finland is assuredly the best-governed country in Europe. It would be impossible, within the limits of a review article, to bring forward in detail even the salient facts on which this assertion is based, but I shall endeavour to describe a few of them.

Drunkenness was, during that half century, the bane of Finland, as it was and still is the ruin of Russia. But it had always been looked upon as a necessary evil engendered by climatic conditions, and which no amount of legislation or voluntary effort could ever completely uproot. Stimulants, people maintained, were absolutely indispensable to the inhabitants of northern countries, and it would be as bootless to endeavour to suppress drunkenness as to try to abolish huge stoves and warm fur clothing in winter. The Finnish Diet, however, fearlessly tackled the Hydra with very simple weapons: local option for the country districts, control and restrictive measures for the cities, encouragement offered to all societies doing battle with intemperance; and the rapid spread of education and instruction. The country communes used the power vested in them to forbid absolutely the sale of alcoholic liquors in the rural districts, the first and second transgressions being punished by fines and the following by imprisonment. The result is the nearest approach to total abstinence that has ever yet been made by any country of ancient or modern times. You might now travel on foot from Terrioki to Tornea, from Repola to Geta, without once meeting with or hearing of a single drunken man, and, if you were dying of exhaustion the chances are that you could not purchase a thimbleful of what one of our own intemperate temperance preachers once called liquid fire and distilled damnation. At weddings and burials alcohol

is still served to the guests, but the peasants are now accustomed to sobriety and keenly conscious of the results of intemperance, and they generally act upon the principle embodied in their own proverb, that he who does not look ahead will soon have to look backward. In nothing is the difference between the Finnish and Russian character so distinctly visible as in the matter of self-restraint tested by these liquor laws. I once paid a protracted visit to the eastern province of Finland, in which there are some colonies of Russian peasants, and was highly amused at their restiveness under the temperance régime; they were perpetually lamenting their sad fate, and had made frequent efforts to induce the Russian government to interfere on their behalf to relax the rigour of the liquor laws; but the only result they obtained was permission to open a beer-shop in which the sale of spirits was forbidden.

In the eight towns in which the sale of alcohol is not prohibited the governors are invested with the right of according licenses to keepers of public-houses, but the total number of such houses and the maximum of spirits which the distilleries are allowed to put upon the market are fixed by the Diet. Thus the maximum output of a distillery must not exceed 150,000 *cans* (about 82,000 gallons). These licenses are sold by auction, the highest bidder, *ceteris paribus*, receiving the license. Of course, in addition to this premium, the ordinary excise duty must be paid, which amounts to about 1s. 8d. a gallon. The sale of liquor being thus localised in the thinly populated cities of the Grand Duchy, drunkenness is comparatively easy to deal with; the Government, however, not content with punitive, has also recourse to preventive measures, among which I may mention the obligatory closing of all public-houses on fair and market days and popular holidays.¹

Several private societies take the matter up where legislation and the Government are forced to leave it, some endeavouring to bring about total and universal abstinence in the cities as well as in the country, among factory hands as well as among peasants; others content with the less ambitious aim of extracting from what they regard as an evil the greatest possible amount of good. Of the temperance societies little need be said, except that they are distinguished by the traits that characterize the Finnish people generally, and make much less fuss, and do far more lasting work, than similar societies in other countries. "A good bell," says the Finnish proverb, "is heard afar, but a bad one is heard still farther." They endeavour by means of cheap restaurants, attractive refreshment-rooms, cosy coffee-houses, well-lighted reading-rooms, and well-stocked libraries, to keep the tempted in the path of duty and self-

(1) For instance, in Helsingfors all dramshops are closed on the 30th September and 1st October, the days of the annual fair.

interest; they appeal, however, in all cases to the reason rather than to the emotions, and their success is proportionately lasting.

The other societies deserve a detailed description, but want of space prevents me from doing more than giving a concise account of one, the members of which do excellent work in the cause of temperance without precisely preaching total abstinence. They started with a capital of 30,000 Finnish marks (about £1,250), with which they purchased several public-houses in the poorest quarters of the city, where poverty, cold, and other hardships intensify the force of ordinary temptations to intemperance. Without making these houses a whit more attractive than they were before, they kept them scrupulously clean and neat, guaranteed the absolute purity of the liquor sold, and supplemented the glass of spirits with bread-and-butter, appetizing slices of smoked salmon, ham and tongue, cheese, boiled eggs, apples, &c. They next made arrangements with the city authorities for the services of a staff of policemen, one of whom is always present to maintain order and decorum. The liquor and entables are served by women, whose courtesy and self-respect would do credit to the first lady in the land. I should not venture to enter a public-house of this category in any of the big cities of Russia without first providing myself with a loaded revolver, and even then I should not be free from serious misgivings as to what might befall me before I came out. I visited several of these Finnish dram-shops in Helsingfors at night when they were crowded with labourers, who had come in after their day's work was done, and stood and sat in their soiled smocks eating and drinking; and I felt as safe there as in the arm-chair of my study. The self-respect and dignity of these typical specimens of the lowest class of Finnish society struck me as admirable. Taking my stand behind the counter, I noticed a workman approaching the woman and offering the price of a glass of spirits, which he held out his hand to receive, and I was astonished to see her smile a courteous refusal. He reappeared, however, in a few minutes along with a new batch of visitors, but, seeing that she recognised him, he slowly walked out. In reply to my inquiry, she told me that she could detect by his look, the moment he entered, that he had had quite enough liquor already. I confess I had carefully observed the individual on both occasions, but could not perceive the faintest indications of incipient inebriety; her eyes, however, were sharpened by the knowledge that a single glass of spirits served to a man who had already had enough would be followed by instant dismissal. The society's inspectors visit every one of these shops three or four times a day, and not at stated hours.

This society is not a purely benevolent body; that is to say, it is not supported by voluntary subscriptions, does not squander large sums of money on an army of officials, nor imitate the angels in the effusive joy with which it hails the repentance of a solitary sinner.

It is in the first place a business concern, each shareholder receiving exactly six per cent. on his share, but never a fraction more of the seven hundred per cent. which the capital yearly brings in, and which is all spent in bettering the condition of the poorer classes of the population. Observing that the working men of Helsingfors were wont to spend their Sundays in drink purchased on the Saturday night the society in order to provide them with genuine but innocent amusement, obtained possession of a rocky island called Hög-holm, situated at about a quarter of an hour's row from the city which exhibited no more hopeful signs of vegetation than the moss that grew between the fissures. Rich soil was conveyed thither from other distant islands, and a quarter of a million of Finnish marks judiciously expended, with the result that Hög-holm is now a fine park with scores of landing-places for the workmen's boats, charming walks, beds of flowers, artificial grottoes, and a zoological garden. Thousands of workmen come hither of a Sunday in their own boats, taking their wives and children with them to spend the day in innocent amusement. Here they cook or heat their dinner at one of the primitive little fireplaces in the ground provided for this purpose, eating it on the grass in the pleasant shade of the tall trees. Another island with abundant vegetation—Fölisö—was also purchased by the society, and transformed in a comparatively short time into a magnificent pleasure-garden for the working men and their families.

The society next opened a palatial people's library with well-ventilated reading-rooms, whither the workmen flock in thousands in autumn and winter to read journals, reviews, and books. The librarians—mostly females—are always ready to assist the visitors with advice as to the best works to be read on a given subject. I always saw numbers of men and boys reading here, and frequently domestic servants taking home books to peruse after their day's work was over. The society also gives an annual subscription to an excellent institution known as Mary's Asylum, which from 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. receives little children of the poor between the ages of four and seven, provides them with food and lodging and teaches them to read, write, and mend their clothes. Another annual subscription is paid to a night refuge for the homeless, and another to purchase prizes for the pupils of elementary schools. The society also supports a "Household School," in which young girls are lodged, and taught to sew, to mend clothes, to wash, cook, and generally to keep house; besides which it supports, at its own expense, two other schools for poor children, older than those who are received into Mary's Asylum. Another sum is set apart to defray the travelling expenses of such workmen as would be likely to profit by a visit to the various international and industrial exhibitions of the world, and another for the support of a most useful school in which the children

of the poorest members of the population are taught trades as well as the ordinary branches of elementary instruction, and are kept there from about six o'clock in the morning until seven or eight in the evening. In this way numbers of boys, who in other European cities imperceptibly or rapidly drift into vice and crime, are moulded into useful members of the community. The society also contributes a large sum, more than the whole of the original capital (forty thousand Finnish marks a year) to the support of a reformatory for children of criminal propensities. These are some of the forms assumed by the good which this organization extracts every year from what it considers the evil of moderate drinking. And with all this, there seems to be an acknowledged fact that no country in Europe or America has approached nearer the goal of total abstinence than Finland.

The noble sacrifices which the Diet has made in order to educate all classes of the population up to a comparatively high standard have met with the success they deserved. During the fifty-four years that the country was governed without the co-operation of the Diet, elementary instruction was caviare to the million in Finland. At the present moment there are probably not five thousand persons in the Grand Duchy unable to read and to write, and a large percentage of those who are inscribed in that category are not Finns. Russia, as is well known, also made considerable strides in the same direction during the late Emperor's reign, but many of the primary schools then opened have since been abolished by his more logical successor. And yet were the number as large now as it was a few years back, it would require to be increased fivefold before the proportion of primary schools to the population would be as considerable as in Finland. Another interesting difference between the two countries lies in the circumstance that whereas scores of educational establishments exist only on paper in Russia, there are numerous agencies at work in Finland, educating and instructing the children of the poorer classes of the population, which are passed over in silence in the official statistics of education. Among these I may mention an interesting body of men, whom one might describe as wandering schoolmasters, in some respects akin to the Irish hedge-schoolmaster of sixty years ago, but infinitely superior to that pedagogue, inasmuch as they have all been properly trained and their qualifications duly tested. The wandering schoolmaster is still indispensable in Finland, where a single parish is sometimes scattered over a dozen islands. Another category of useful men who silently render enormous service in the work of educating the people are the clergy, who never admit boys or girls to Confirmation without first assuring themselves that they can read and write, and, when necessary, teaching them.

The Finns have a way when they undertake a work of any kind,

important or the reverse, of carrying it through with a thoroughness that to an Englishman is positively refreshing; and their elementary schools bear witness to this trait as loudly as any other institution of the country. The course of instruction and the method of imparting it to children is most carefully thought out and brought into harmony with the latest dictum of pedagogical science. This is true of all the primary schools, rural or urban, although their external appearance, like their annual budgets, differ considerably, seeing that the schools are maintained by the commune, not by the State. Those I visited in Helsingfors were model buildings with vast corridors, spacious and well-ventilated class-rooms lighted by electricity, extensive playgrounds, an immense hall for gymnastic exercises in winter, and all the orthodox paraphernalia of modern pedagogy. The masters whom I saw (and I never visited the schools with the inspector or any other official who might naturally be prejudiced in favour of the establishment) were among the most intelligent and kind-hearted instructors of youth I have ever met. One of them, M. D., whose class I heard examined, is a graduate of the University of Helsingfors, and studied for several years afterwards at German universities. He converses fluently in the principal languages of Europe, elegantly in Finnish, and yet he is cheerfully devoting his labours and his life to the important but modest work of educating children from off the street for a pittance of probably £100 or £150 a year. He left his class to its own devices once for a quarter of an hour to test the discipline of the boys, many of whom were barefooted lads from off the streets, no one remaining to keep them in order during his absence. I was astonished to find that those boys who, seen half an hour previously in the playground, were as wild and disorderly as the French *Chambre des Députés* during a ministerial crisis, were now as grave, self-possessed, and dignified as Red Indians smoking the calumet of peace. "Do you employ corporal punishment?" I inquired of the master. "No," he replied; "we find that it answers better to appeal to the boys' honour and to rely on their sense of responsibility." And if what I saw that evening may be taken as a fair test of the results, the system has very much to recommend it. On the whole it is no exaggeration to say that the primary schools of Finland—certainly those of Helsingfors—would lose nothing, and might possibly gain by comparison with the corresponding educational establishments in England and the United States.

The knotty problem of the land, which, in Finland as elsewhere, bristled with difficulties of a formidable character, was tackled in the same spirit and solved in the same quiet way in harmony with what seems just and reasonable in the tendency of the age. Ever since the union with Sweden the Finnish nobility had enjoyed privileges which practically amounted to an exclusive right to possess land, and

so handicapped the peasants that it was treated as a prohibition to them to purchase it. Moreover, since the annexation of the eastern province of Finland to Russia, the land there had been divided among a few Russian nobles who rarely visited or cultivated their estates. The Diet began by levelling upwards, conferring upon the peasantry the privileges possessed by the nobles, which was merely another way of abolishing them. The next step was to facilitate the purchase of small estates by advancing loans to the peasants at a low rate of interest. These measures were followed up by a financial operation, the mere possibility of which was the result of protracted negotiations: the purchase of the land possessed by Russian nobles, and the sale of it by the Government to peasants willing to purchase.¹ The result of these measures—which to many persons may possibly seem half-hearted—was highly gratifying. There are now only 1,148 estates of over 200 acres in Finland; while there are 11,039 of from 50 to 200 acres, 56,468 of from 11 to 50 acres, and 44,941 of less than 11 acres. The proportion of rich landlords to peasant proprietors is considerably under one per cent.

The redistribution of the land, however, was but a condition *sine quâ non* of progress, the first step towards national prosperity. Economically the Grand Duchy was still on the very verge of ruin; the most primitive methods of agriculture were in vogue throughout the country, trees and rubbish being burned on the land as a substitute for manure, and the peasant at first could scarcely obtain as much as one per cent. on the money and labour he expended. Education is the panacea to which the Finnish Diet invariably has recourse against all the evils that afflict the land; and in this case technical education was the form in which it was prescribed. So rapidly was the remedy applied that Finland, whose population is smaller than that of many a Russian government and less dense than European Russia, actually possesses more agricultural schools than European and Asiatic Russia combined; and agricultural schools constitute but one of the numerous categories of technical schools opened since 1863. There are thus sixteen agricultural schools, one of which belongs to the higher type of educational establishments, what in Russia is termed an academy, and eighteen dairy-farming schools, of which one bears the same relation to the other seventeen that a university bears to a grammar-school. Among the other special educational establishments, the object of which is to enable the people to turn the meagre gifts of nature to the best account, one should not forget the School of Forestry with a very efficient staff of teachers, the Institute of Forestry, which receives the pupils who have passed through the

(1) The price paid by the Finnish Government was 17,000,000 of Finnish marks. The peasants paid 6½ per cent. a year, of which one per cent. went to pay off the capital, remainder being interest. Later on the Government paid one per cent. out of the Treasury, so that the annual charge on the peasants is now but 5½ per cent., of which 4 per cent. is interest.

school, the Grooms' School, in which those who intend to devote themselves to improving the breed of horses receive theoretical and practical instruction in all matters bearing upon this calling; the cattle-breeders' school, two schools of horticulture and two farriers' schools.¹

It would be a grave mistake to consider these measures as the results of grandmotherly legislation; the people themselves take as lively an interest in the improvement of agriculture as their representatives in the Diet, and have done much more to help themselves than the Government has ever been able to do for them. No Government institution has conferred more solid benefits on the peasant population than the Agricultural Institute, a powerful organisation consisting of a number of specialists experienced in all branches of agricultural lore, whose knowledge is ever at the service of the peasant, the forester, the dairyman, the gardener. The advice of the institute is eagerly sought and gladly given on every possible subject that has even a remote bearing upon agriculture: the choice and purchase of agricultural machines, the site and style of farm buildings, outhouses, &c., all plans and estimates for draining marshes and reclaiming waste land; improved methods of making butter and cheese, the advisability of cultivating some foreign plant, or shrub, or flower. But a better idea may be formed of the scope and resources of the institute from a simple classification of its members than from the most detailed description of the duties it is called upon to perform. It is at present composed of one agricultural engineer, one Governmental agronomist, eight provincial agronomists, ten assistant agronomists; one expert to give instructions in flax growing and flax scutching, two Governmental and two provincial (male) teachers of dairy-farming, and eleven provincial (female) teachers of the same subject; two masters of forestry, one lecturer on arboriculture, six teachers of horticulture, two controllers of grain and seed, three instructors in the art of ploughing and one inspector of the fisheries. This body, which exists and works continually, not merely on paper, renders inestimable service to the population, replying to thousands of questions, and diffusing that precise kind of knowledge of agricultural and other cognate matters which is chiefly wanted in the country. Nor does it confine itself to answering questions; courses of popular lectures on agricultural subjects are organised on the rocky islands of the west, on the hyperborean plains of the north, where a Russian or a German would no more think of ploughing than of planting vines. Moreover, there are five central agriculturo-chemical and seed stations in various parts of the country,

(1) It is instructive to compare this abundance of technical schools in Finland with the paucity of such establishments in Russia, where, according to the latest statistics, published a few days ago in the *Novoye Vremya*, among all the directors and controllers of factories, works, &c., in the Russian Empire, ninety-six per cent. have received no technical instruction whatever.

where, for a nominal sum, the peasants and farmers can have their soils analysed, made of the composition and agricultural value of the soils they till, of the manure they employ, of the fodder they give their cattle, &c., &c. Here also they can have their seeds analysed and weighed, and their purity and money value determined; here also they may watch practical experiments in gardening, forestry, dairy-farming, &c. Moreover, as the Finnish peasant is everywhere both able and willing to read, the Government subsidizes two agricultural journals, which are thus circulated throughout the length and breadth of the country, and in both of which special attention is devoted to the peculiar needs of the poorer class of peasants, who also receive gratis numerous little pamphlets on the current questions of practical agriculture, printed at the cost of the Government. The degree to which these efforts of the Government are appreciated by the people is evident from the way in which they are seconded and supplemented by private enterprise, which has founded several agricultural societies with ramifications throughout Finland, and thousands of energetic and zealous members. These bodies are in daily contact with the agricultural schools on the one hand, and in constant touch with the peasantry on the other; so that the Government frequently learns from them the pressing needs of the population, and employs them as channels for such assistance as it considers advisable to offer.

These private bodies support a number of trades' schools, and pay the services of teachers of trades in many of the ordinary schools; they also maintain ambulatory instructors, who travel about from district to district, from island to island, visiting the sparse population of secluded and almost inaccessible country places, and teaching them carpentering, smithcraft, fish-curing, horticulture, &c. These societies are also continually distributing leaflets and arranging for lectures on all agricultural questions likely to interest the peasants; they organise periodical exhibitions of dairy and garden produce, &c., distribute improved seeds and fruit-trees, improved breeds of cattle, exhibit and test new agricultural machines, offer prizes for progress, study the question of domestic industry, and introduce such new forms of it as seem likely to give profitable occupation to the peasant in his home during the long night of northern winter. These societies make it a point to contribute, as far as possible, to the reclaiming of waste land; they therefore examine marshes and shallow lakes, give gratuitous estimates of the cost, and frequently advance loans for the work.

The Government, besides doing the same things on a larger scale on its own account, offering prizes for success in pisciculture, keeping eighty stallions in various parts of the country for the improvement of the breed of Finnish horses, &c., &c., has devised several ingenious ways of financially helping the peasants without demoralising them.

Thus two capital sums have been set aside, amounting to about £32,000—a large sum for a little country like Finland—one of which is employed in assisting dairy farmers, the other in helping agricultural farmers. The loans in the former case are usually advanced to three or four dairy farmers, who form an association and convert the milk of one or two parishes into butter and cheese, allowing all the peasants who contribute the milk to receive a proportionate share of the profits. The result of this measure is extremely gratifying to the Government, for Finland now exports large quantities of butter and cheese to Russia and to England. Finnish butter is annually exported to the value of about fourteen millions of Finnish marks; and their excellent imitations of Cheshire and Gruyère cheese are driving the genuine kinds out of the Russian markets.

The loans for purely agricultural purposes are advanced in sums varying from £60 to £400, to private individuals as well as to associations of farms. The terms are repayment in fifteen years of the capital and four per cent. interest, the amortisation not to begin until the sixth year, when the improvement effected usually manifests itself in an increase of income. The plans and estimates of the work are always made by the Government agronomist, and at first only half of the loan is advanced, the remainder being given as soon as it appears from the report of the Government agent that the first half has really been expended in the work of improvement.

Besides this there is a special fund of two million marks (£80,000) which the Government employs in order to assist in forming an agricultural capital in the various communes. Every commune can receive a loan of not more than 15,000 marks for twenty years without interest, all the peasants of the commune jointly guaranteeing the repayment of the loan, which takes place during the last five years in five equal instalments. The commune, on receiving the money, usually advances it in the form of small loans to individual peasants for the purpose of effecting improvements, no one peasant ever receiving more than four hundred marks unless the Government agronomist approves the projected improvement, and then the maximum amount is one thousand marks. The term of the loan is seven years, the rate of interest being $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., of which $2\frac{1}{2}$ go to form a commercial agricultural fund, and the remainder to defray the expenses of overseeing and directing the work of improvement.

The circumstance that Finland cannot seriously lay claim to be regarded as an industrial country will seem to many persons a sufficient reason why she should refuse to invest any money or labour in the attempt to become one. But on the other hand, she was scarcely destined by Nature to score any great success in agriculture, and if she is nevertheless succeeding in spite of considerable odds, she is surely justified in making an attempt, in spite of similar odds, to create native manufactures and industries. This, of course, implies

protection; and protection to that extent has been adopted by the Government, whose natural predilections lie rather in the direction of fair trade. The satisfactory result of this policy may mean absolutely nothing as argument against the principle of free trade, but as a practical encouragement to the Government to persevere it has had considerable weight. Thus the linen industry is in a very flourishing condition, the linen of Tammerfors being deservedly celebrated throughout Eastern Europe; Finnish paper is exported to Russia and abroad, and hundreds of Finnish steamers have been built of late in the old capital of the Grand Duchy. Four years ago there were 4,500 factories and works in the country, with an annual output of 109 millions of Finnish marks.

One of the questions likely to prove in the near future a fertile source of misunderstanding between Finland and Russia is that of the customs. Both countries were fairly satisfied with the agreement in force from 1858 till 1885, which allowed Finnish raw materials to enter Russia duty free, in return for which Russian goods were, with one or two exceptions (such as sugar, tobacco, and alcohol), allowed free entry into Finland. On the 13th September, 1885, however, an imperial ukase suddenly appeared, like a bolt from the blue, imposing very heavy duties on Finland's twelve staple exports to Russia, thus ruining several nascent industries,¹ and leaving the privileges enjoyed by Russia in Finland unchanged. As the law now stands, with the exception of one or two articles on which the duty is extremely light,² Russia can export anything and everything duty free to Finland, whereas the Grand Duchy can export nothing duty free to Russia, for its twelve chief exports are subjected to the operation of the new law.

This sounds extremely unfair, and it is certainly not what one would have expected from Russia, whose apparently chivalrous treatment of Finland for seventy-five years, might have served as an example to countries far more liberal and enlightened than either Spain or Austria. On the other hand, one should not, in common justice, lose sight of Russia's point of view. In former years she was in a position to admit this free interchange of commodities without apprehending any serious material loss, seeing that the import duties levied upon foreign goods in Russian ports were practically as low as those imposed in Finnish ports. Since that time, however, Russia has gone on increasing those duties, many of which are actually one hundred and some one hundred and fifty per cent. higher than then, while in Finland they are still as low as ever.

(1) Thus the immense ironworks of Dahlebruk, in the government of Abo, had to close, and the linen industry was severely crippled.

(2) To give an idea of the great difference made by Finland between Russian and foreign dutiable goods, I may instance tobacco, which pays in Finland a duty of £4 per 100 kilogrammes (1 cwt. 3 qrs. and 2½ lbs.) if it comes from any country but Russia, and only £1 7s. if it is of Russian origin.

The Russian Government is now determined to abolish the custom *cordon* that exists between the two countries as a step in the direction of their ultimate assimilation, or "closer union," as patriotic Russians ironically term it. This would mean the total destruction of the chief manufactures of Finland, which depend upon foreign countries for their raw material; but it would also involve the utter ruin of Finnish agriculture, and of all those admirable institutions which have made Finland what it is. Agricultural machines, &c., without which the land would not be worth a fraction of its present value, would immediately rise in price, and become wholly inaccessible to the farmer, who would be completely ruined in consequence.¹ The Russian peasantry, with their rich black loam soil, that often yields two harvests in a year, is suffering untold hardships owing to the cost of living, which has been so enormously increased by the protectionist policy of the Government. It may well be doubted whether the country will ever recover from the effects of this suicidal policy. But even if it does, that is no reason why Finland should be ruined in like manner. An unwieldy giant like Og, King of Bashan, might with a light heart ford a broad river eight or nine feet deep; but it would savour rather strongly of murder if he forced an ordinary mortal to do likewise.

The Finnish Government, spurred on by the Diet, has also exerted itself to its utmost to encourage the foreign trade of the country by judicious applications of the principle of reciprocity. Thus, as late as 1887, a commercial treaty was concluded between Finland (represented by the Russian Ambassador and a Finnish Senator) and Spain, lowering the duties on Spanish wines in Finland and on Finnish timber and other commodities in Spanish ports. Another treaty was concluded on similar lines betw Sweden and Finland. As an indication of the progress of Finland's foreign trade, it may be mentioned that in 1868 the duties on foreign goods amounted to five and a half millions of Finnish marks, whereas now they are about sixteen millions. Twenty-three years ago the foreign trade of Finland amounted to two and a half millions of pounds sterling; now it is twelve millions. Most of this trade is carried in Finnish bottoms, the commercial fleet, which in 1863 was ridiculously small, now consisting of 2,130 vessels, of 270,000 tons, many of which were built in the country.

This progress is due in great measure to the increased facilities of communication in the country itself, to effect which the Diet grudging no sacrifices. The network of railways may seem very inconsiderable to an Englishman or an American, but it is in reality very large for

(1) To give an idea of what this would mean to Finnish agriculture, which is so extremely sensitive to the most moderate fluctuations of prices, I may say that the peasants of European Russia alone pay an annual tax merely on their scythes of about £300,000, which it is now proposed to increase by fifty or even a hundred per cent..

a country like Finland, where the population is so extremely sparse that the inhabitants of the thirty-six cities taken together do not amount to a quarter of a million. In 1868 there were but sixty-eight miles of railway in the Grand Duchy; at present there are one thousand and thirty-five miles, and three hundred and twenty-five miles more in process of construction. In Russia, with its big cities and large export trade, many of the railways are worked at a loss. In Finland, where they are exploited by the State, they bring in a yearly profit of two millions of Finnish marks. With the extension of railways, the importance of the canals is rapidly decreasing. The canal of Saima—a wonderful construction, that would have done honour to an Egyptian Pharaoh—is of itself worthy of a visit from England.

The public credit of the country is excellent. Last year a foreign loan bearing interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was without difficulty converted into a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan. The Government, which in 1868 had but sixteen millions (Finnish marks) to spend on the needs of the country, disposes of fifty millions in 1890; and during the past ten years the deposits in the savings banks have increased by three hundred per cent.

Thus from whatever point of view we study the institutions of the country, however rigorous the test we apply, Finland, in spite of its barren soil and adverse climate, is still fully abreast of the most civilized countries of the world. If the general diffusion of knowledge be accepted as a criterion of moral progress—and few will maintain that it is not—in no other country are the teachings of the university and the discoveries of the laboratory and observatory more rapidly or more effectually brought within the reach of the fisherman and the ploughboy than in Finland, where the bulk of the population seems to be leagued together for that special purpose. The poorest rustic in Savolaks or Ostrobothnia reads his daily paper and takes an intelligent interest in literature, an interest which has been manifested on occasion by large pecuniary sacrifices cheerfully made for its encouragement and endowment. The rough, hardy peasant who visits Helsingfors or Abo in his picturesque boat, to dispose of his fish, fruit and dairy produce, may be daily seen reading his newspaper, review or book, after his morning's work is done and before beginning to ply his subsidiary calling of smith, tailor or shoemaker, and the questions which those rustics sometimes discuss among themselves would prove to be beyond the comprehension of many a well-to-do French or English farmer.

It might be rash perhaps to assert that among the criteria of a nation's civilization, security of life and property deserves a prominent place; but it is certainly quite safe to affirm that in no other European state, not even in Sweden and Norway, are life and property so secure as in Finland. The confident matter-of-fact way

in which trunks, parcels and portmanteaus are left for hours in the public streets of cities without anyone to look after them, could not fail to edify an Englishman or a Belgian, whose portable property often seems to disappear by magic. On arriving at Helsingfors or Abo, by sea, I have myself occasionally left my trunk on the quay for a couple of hours till the departure of the next train, meanwhile taking a drive in the country around; and although on one occasion my portmanteau was not even locked, I never lost anything. In the country districts the houses are for the most part unbolted, unbarred and unlocked. More than once in my excursions I have come up to a house, the occupants of which were miles away at the time, and yet not a door of it was bolted or barred. Then again it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of seventeen, or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of fifty or sixty miles through dense forests and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market, in town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds.

Finnish honesty is proverbial. In trade, the Finns, as a rule, are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically, quixotically so. A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by doing so he loses a customer whom the partial truth, a slight *suppressio veri*, would have secured him. "This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago, in reference to an article that cost about £15, "and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it." "No, sir, I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere. "Here's your fare," I said to a peasant in the interior who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his droschky, handing him four shillings. "No, sir, that's double my fare," he replied returning me half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen, from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

Tried by that crucial test, the position of women, Finland deserves a place among the foremost nations of the world. Women are looked upon not as terrestrial houris created to minister to man's pleasures, but as his companions, friends, fellow soldiers in the battle of life, and they are treated with all the respect, and allowed all the liberty, consonant with this view of their mission. The schools, technical and other, the university, the Government offices, the railways, post and telegraph offices, are thrown open to them; women who are *femmes soles* possess and exercise the right of voting for members of the municipal councils, and public opinion in Finland is very

strongly in favour of according them a voice in the election of representatives to the Diet, and the Diet itself is only kept from giving effect to the general desire by the knowledge that Russia would never tolerate the innovation. The old respect for woman which inspired the laws of the Accadians of Babylon, and characterised the Finns of Pagan times, still manifests itself in the conceptions and institutions of modern Finland.

Humanity is an indispensable element in all true progress, and it would be difficult to suggest a less fallible test of this quality than the manner in which a country treats its criminal classes. Judged by the Penal Code still in existence rather than in force, and which may be described as a disgraceful relic of the barbarity of the Dark Ages, with its maxim of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, Finland would, indeed, stand condemned. But the responsibility is by no means hers. During the half-century that the Finnish Diet was prevented from assembling to legislate for the country, there was no body competent to amend the old code or frame a new one. As soon as the representatives of the people met together in Helsingfors, a committee was formed to draw up a new penal code in harmony with the humane views of the nation. A new code, however, entailed the necessity of constructing new prisons, the cost of which would prove a very serious item in the national budget. The Diet unhesitatingly accorded the necessary sums, and the members of the late Prison Congress who visited the prisons of Finland, know that no better institutions of the kind are to be found in Europe. That of Sörnääs, near Helsingfors, cost eight millions (Finnish marks). I have had a fair opportunity of seeing it work, and my impression is that in all material respects it is equal to the famous model prison of Louvain in Belgium.¹

Meanwhile the labours of the committee were brought to a successful issue, and a new penal code was framed which has much in common with the late Italian code. It is less sentimental, however, based much more on recognised principles and less on probable theory. It was approved and signed by the Viceroy of Finland, Count Heyden, and the Emperor, as Grand Duke, ordered it to be published and promulgated, and to come into force on the 1st January next year. Thereupon the ultra-patriotic press of St. Petersburg and Moscow, which, hundreds of times before, had reproached the Finns with the barbarity of their laws, now coolly declared that they saw no reason why Finland should not wait until Russia had completed her code—an event which may possibly take place twenty or thirty years hence. They also

(1) I never experienced the slightest difficulty about visiting Finnish prisons; there are no formalities to be observed, no previous notice, no written orders. I simply presented myself at the gate, asked to see the Director, and was at once shown all over the place. The prison of Sörnääs has at present a most humane and enlightened Director in the person of M. Leisten, a gentleman who might be described in Carlyle's words as possessed of an iron hand in a velvet glove.

picked out a few paragraphs of the laws touching upon high treason, criticised and grossly misinterpreted them, and condemned them as subversive of all law and order. Their attacks were so virulent and persevering that the Emperor's advisers, to avoid being accused of a lack of combative patriotism, obtained a ukase, which was published a few days ago, to the effect that the new Finnish penal code should not come into operation until it had been thoroughly examined and amended by a mixed commission of Russian and Finnish jurists.

But far more precious than the most humane penal code ever yet framed is that sincere respect for justice and fair play which is the most solid ground of all social institutions; and in this the Finns are in nowise behind the Teutonic nations. The Russians are blessed or cursed with a whole library of hopelessly contradictory criminal and civil laws, not one of which has ever yet been consistently enforced. In France laws are tempered by the code of "honour," and by juries who conscientiously acquit a notorious murderer, an example which certain organs of New Journalism would like to see imitated by English juries. In Finland law is law. It may be unjust, but until repealed it has to be observed, and is observed accordingly. "Can I have a shot at an elk?" I asked a Finnish peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game. "No, sir, it's against the law." "What is the penalty?" I asked. "Two hundred Finnish marks," he answered. "All right; will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?" "No, I won't; it's against the law, and I am not going to break it."

Is cleanliness a sign of moral progress? If so, Finnish civilization must in truth be of a very refined kind. Russians can scarcely be accused of too pronounced a partiality for Finland, and yet this is what a Russian journalist, M. Janshieff, says about the cleanliness of the Finns:—

"From morning till night they are continually washing and scrubbing. I am told that in the country districts there is an official who at a stated hour every day goes about from farmstead to farmstead beating a drum and seeing that the pigs are washed. This statement I had no opportunity of verifying, but what I did see and can bear witness to is that every day, without exception, the floors, stairs, and window-sills were washed, and the tea and dinner service washed with soap. And as for the quantity of water used by a Finn to wash his sinful body, it surpasses the bounds of the credible."¹

Another fair test of a people's moral advancement is the greater or less purity and simplicity of their religious conceptions. Bossuet once maliciously said of Malebranche, who suffered from a physical defect that was painfully visible, that he was called to the priesthood alike by nature and by grace. It may, without any malice, be asserted of the Finns that they were predestined to become members of the Lutheran Church by their character and natural sur-

(1) Cf. *Russian Journal* (of Moscow), 23rd October, 1888.

roundings. Their conception of life is that of most northern peoples, who regard it as an unceasing struggle. They are perpetually at war with the elements, and are as frequently vanquished as victors. Their powers of endurance are taxed to the utmost, their combative energy continually called into play, their self-reliance developed to its furthest limits. "He who endures, wins everything," is a popular Finnish proverb. And the end of all this silent suffering and self-sacrifice is but the preservation of life and strength to go on toiling, creating, enduring. This is the soil that produced a truly lofty conception of duty, the idea of life as a perpetual warfare, the consciousness of the obligation of living for others. The climate of Finland is destructive of all species of the human butterfly and parasite. "Better die than beg"—"The lazy man dies of cold"—are some of the proverbial sayings that embody this truth. The Finns, like the Old English, take even their pleasures sadly. Their very songs tell their unwritten story as plainly as the rustling leaves of the forest proclaimed that of King Midas. In vain one listens for the light, gay ephemeral melodies of the sunny south floating on the balmy breeze,—fit accompaniment to the humming of bees, the warbling of birds, and the lulling rustle of silken leaves. The national musical instrument—the *kántela*—is too heavy to accompany such gay trifles. The origin of this instrument is described in an ancient song as follows:—

"Hollow falsehood they speak who claim
That of Wäinämöinen's moulding
Finland's music—the *kántela*—came;
That at first from a fish's spine,
Fast in his hands the jawbones holding,
Laid he its length and line.¹

"Sorrow carved it, and carking care
Pressed and pinioned its parts together,
Anguish sharp did its belly pare,
Dreary pain on its back was spread,
Strings that span it ill-fortunes tether,
And trouble hath shaped its head.

"Therefore never it can resound,
Vibrate never with notes of gladness,
Never with thrills of ecstasy bound;
Cheer no soul with its soul's escape,
For sorrow hath made it and chorded sadness
Sits in its tuneful shape."²

(1) According to another tradition the hero Wäinämöinen made the *kántela* out of the heart of a solitary birch that was deploring its sad lot; the pegs of gold and silver fell from the bill of a cuckoo; for chords he took the tresses of a beautiful maiden who was waiting for her lover. When he sounded the chords the music was so melodious that all the living creatures of the earth, air, and water, and the very spirits of those elements came to listen; and it drew tears from everyone of them, and first of all from Wäinämöinen himself.

(2) The Finns are one of the few non-Aryan races whose language is soft and melo-

Face to face with sad, silent Nature, man grows silent and gloomy in turn and loses, if he ever possessed, the sense that would enable him to enjoy gay trifles, pomp and show. Languid music, the blaze of wax tapers, and the smoke of fragrant incense had no hold on the Finn, appealed to no sense within him. His religion is therefore severe, solemn, gloomy and mysterious like the nature around him; and is admirably symbolised in the vast, cold, sombre pile reared aloft in the Middle Ages when Finland was yet Catholic, and which still stands as the Cathedral Church of Abo.

But if not poetical the religion of the Finns is at least natural. It admirably harmonises with their character and instincts, and is one of the main influences that mould their lives. And yet there is no trace of fanaticism in their composition. The Finns tolerate Roman Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Presbyterianism and Bouddhism, if the members of these churches care to come and settle in the country. Thus the Salvation Army has been welcomed with open arms, and a Hallelujah lass offers you a copy of the *War Cry* openly on the streets of Helsingfors or Wyborg, a couple of hours' journey from St. Petersburg, where she would be thrust into prison and ignominiously expelled from the country. Toleration is, however, not enough for the holy Orthodox patriarch, which, like Pope Leo XII., holds that toleration is mere cruelty to those in whose favour it is exercised. "What!" exclaims the Chauvinist press of St. Petersburg and Moscow, "the holy religion of which his sacred Majesty is at once a member and the head is only tolerated in beggarly Finland! Here surely there must be something radically wrong!" As a matter of fact, the Orthodox confession is much better treated in Finland than any other, and is in many respects better cared for than in Russia itself. In the eastern provinces of the Grand Duchy, on the borders of Russia, there are a couple of thousand Finns who have for several generations professed the doctrines of the Orthodox Church. These people are compelled by force to remain in that church, and the Finnish Government has been obliged to threaten them with the severest penalties of the law if they dared to become Lutherans. To save appearances a statute was then enacted forbidding both Lutherans and Greek Catholics to change their respective churches, but the Russian patriots, many of whom, like the late Count D. Tolstoi, are Atheists, are now agitating for a law forbidding only Greek Catholics to interpret Christianity otherwise than the Tsar, and indirectly encouraging the members of all other churches to embrace Ortho-

dious, whose idiom is terse and picturesque, whose poetry is as true to nature as that of Homer or Firdosi. Under conditions seemingly very adverse to the production of epic poetry, the Finns have given the world a collection of remarkable epic songs which will stand the test of time as successfully as they have passed through the more trying ordeal of translation. Many of the verses of these songs are medallions marvellously fashioned by that intensity and sincerity of feeling which is essential to the highest kinds of poetry. They frequently condense the history of an epoch into a single line.

doxy. Then again, the Russian Government only pays a yearly salary to a fraction of the entire number of Orthodox priests in the Empire; while the Government of Protestant Finland is compelled to support the Orthodox clergy in all Finnish towns—"because," explains the official document, the number of Orthodox parishioners is too small to allow them to pay a clergyman of their own confession." And this, though the Lutheran clergy are left to shift for themselves. The Finnish Government is also compelled to provide at its own expense Orthodox religious instruction for the Greek Catholic boys and girls who frequent Finnish schools, even though there be but one such boy or girl in the parish or district, and the nearest Orthodox *pope* lives 300 miles away. But all this is too little, and the saints of the Orthodox Church refuse to be comforted. Sure of unending bliss in Paradise above, they are curiously impatient for a foretaste of it in Finland here below.

There is no room for doubt that in this case, as in most others, the Orthodox Church is merely a stalking-horse from behind which deadly aim is being taken against Finnish liberties. The Roman maxim, *Divide et impera*, has also been frequently applied of late, but with very pitiful results. At first an attempt was made to foment dissensions between the two racial elements of the State, Swedes and Finns, but they both joined hands and declared themselves Finns and fellow citizens competent to govern their country without any assistance from without. The next move which revealed the extraordinary ignorance prevailing in Russia on all matters connected with Finland, was an attempt to stir up class against class: the Russian press shedding crocodile tears over the lamentable economical and political position of the downtrodden Finnish peasant, and broadly hinting that under Russian rule he would live in a land overflowing with milk and honey. These tactics had proved singularly successful in the Baltic Provinces a few years ago, when the untutored Letts enthusiastically hailed the Russians as their benefactors, and were impatient for the reforms which would, it was promised, include an equitable redistribution of land. The "reforms" have come to pass since then, and the Letts are painfully picking up ideas on Russian good faith, and feeling like the ill-advised horse who invited man to espouse his quarrel. But the Finnish peasant is shrewd and practical, and he is very well aware that he has an important share in the government of his country. Moreover, unlike the Russian, he never was a serf, and has consequently no particular quarrel with the rod that was never lifted up against him.¹ When,

(1) The following paragraph taken from the *Novoye Vremya*, is sufficiently characteristic of the terms of equality existing between all classes of the Finnish population:—
"The Finns are a coarse, stubborn people, who cannot brook superiors. In the army, for instance, the lopaidee recruit marches off to his regiment in his huge boots reaching up to his knees, with his scarf wound in endless coils round his neck; and when he gets

therefore, a few weeks ago the semi-official *Novoye Vremya* expressed the hope and belief that after all the Finnish peasantry would be glad to see Finland absorbed in Russia, the whole country resolved to record its solemn protest against any such calumny, and would have done so had the Government not interfered to prevent it.

Russia's grievances against Finland are likewise extremely trivial when not highly ridiculous. Last year, for instance, when negotiating the conversion of a foreign loan, the Finnish Government undertook to pay the stipulated rate of interest regularly, even in time of war, and irrespective of the nationality to which the bondholders belonged. This promise, which may possibly be judged ill-advised, but was certainly honest, raised a perfect storm of abuse in Russia, some organs of the press demanding the immediate incorporation of Finland in the Empire, and others angrily maintaining that it was a crime little less heinous than high treason to allow Finnish finances to be in a more flourishing condition than those of the Orthodox subjects of the Tsar. Another time the slumbering indignation of the patriotic Slav is aroused by the thought that the Finn still prints the date on his railway tickets according to the new style, and stubbornly refuses to give up the Gregorian Calendar and loiter behind the age as Russia does.

I have stated that Russian ignorance of Finnish affairs is incredible. The following is a case in point. The *Novoye Vremya*, the semi-official organ of the Russian Government, which is believed to influence even imperial majesty itself at times, lately published a most indignant article on the crying injustice perpetrated for the last eighty-nine years by Finnish laws which still impose enormously high duties on Russian vessels touching at Finnish ports, while Russia makes no distinction whatever between Russian and Finnish vessels. This assertion, which might easily have been verified, was indignantly commented upon by the entire Russian press; and yet it was false—so false, indeed, that it had not even the proverbial grain of truth to leaven it. What is still more curious, however, is the circumstance that some months previously a Russian specialist “conscientiously” prepared and read a learned paper before the powerful “Society for the Promotion of Russian Navigation,” on the same theme, in which he deliberately stated that Russian vessels touching at Finnish ports were compelled to pay dues *several hundred per cent.* higher than Finnish vessels. And yet it is notorious—in Finland at least—that since the 2nd of May, 1816, all Russian vessels that enter Finnish ports enjoy exactly the same rights and

there deems it his bounden duty to stretch out his long muscular paw to the officer who receives him, and is seriously offended if the latter, happening to have been trained up in the Russian military traditions, refuses to shake the proffered hand.”—*Novoye Vremya*, 2nd March, 1890.

privileges as Finnish vessels.¹ And yet the *Novoye Vremya* has never retracted its misleading statement.

It must be admitted that the Finns on their side show an almost equal degree of ignorance, if not precisely of Russian affairs, at least of the Russian character. They feel that they have right on their side, and are confident that right triumphs in Russia as in Finland. Hence the calmness, the objectivity, with which they discuss the question of their nation's existence, the striking absence of that rancour and vindictiveness which, in conversation about Russia, is common to the Pole, the Baltic, German, and even the Orthodox Little Russian. They never hint at shouldering the musket and dying in the last ditch. The Tsar has no more loyal subjects than the Finns, and he has more than once acknowledged this. True, they do not pretend to regard him as an individual of a super-human race, to please whom they are prepared to change their religion, perjure their souls, and sell their own fathers. I have frequently conversed with Finnish peasants, merchants, seamen, representatives, journalists, and nobles, and from none of them have I ever heard a disloyal word. "We have reason to be deeply grateful to Russia," one of them remarked, "and we are grateful. We might be as happy under her wing in the future as we have been in the recent past. All we need is the continuation of peace and liberty, which have inflicted no injury on Russia and have conferred inestimable benefits upon us."

And thus Finland, in the person of its prominent citizens, men like Senator Mechelin, Professor Donner, Dr. Lille, are putting forth all their erudition and their logic, and triumphing over the Pan-Russian party all along the line, little dreaming that they are but rehearsing the part of the lamb in the fable, who likewise triumphed over the wolf—in argument. The truth is that Finland has been fed like one of the victims of the Mexican god Tezcutlipoca, and the time is drawing near for the consummation of the sacrifice. All true friends of Russia will regret that it is taking place by order of the Emperor, who, eight years before, took God to witness that he would treat the Finns as a free nation, and govern them in conformity with their constitution, and whose sweet insinuating voice is still audible, inviting the Bulgarians to imitate the Finns, and trust themselves and their country to the disinterested love of Russia and the honour bright of her Tsar.

In this country there are hundreds of politicians—mostly Liberals—whose unreasoning optimism may still prompt them to ask what real harm would accrue to Finland if it were transformed into a Russian province. This is not the place to answer that question, but the reply has frequently been given by liberal-minded Russians, who unanimously condemn the present policy of their Government

(1) Cf. *Novosti*, 26th February, 1890.

in Finland. Those who are even superficially acquainted with the present economical state of Russia will readily understand all that is implied in the words, "incorporated in the Empire." For those who are not, the following brief summing up, taken from a recent number of one of the best-informed and most patriotic organs of St. Petersburg, may possibly prove helpful:—

"The most respected students of Russian life bear witness to the fact that so far from the people becoming, as in West European countries, better fed, better housed, better instructed, and more civilised year by year, it is painfully evident that the unmistakable process of decomposition has set in among the Russian peasantry, the drying up of the material and moral sap, the process of demoralization. . . . Neither in Europe nor in any civilised country of the whole world is there a people to be found poorer than the Russian people, more grossly ignorant than the Russian people, who dwell in more primitive dwellings than the Russian people, or who till the ground with more primitive implements. Even such pagan countries as China and Japan, with their well-informed inhabitants and high standard of agriculture, have far outstripped our Russian people. . . . Our peasant, with his plough and wooden harrow, that seem to have been handed down from the Age of Bronze, and with his benighted ignorance and carelessness, loses three-fourths of the possible harvest. . . . Among the peasants epidemic diseases are continually raging to such an extent that competent medical authorities declare that they carry off as many lives yearly as if cholera were perpetually in our midst. The terrific mortality among children is accounted for by the custom of giving infants sour black bread wrapped up in a rag to suck—a barbarity not practised even by the non-Russian tribes on the Volga. The astounding lack of elementary civilization among the people manifests itself in the frightful spread of drunkenness and syphilis. It is notorious that these two scourges were the main causes of the degeneration of Australian and other savages. In Russia among our own people, painful though it be to make the admission, something extremely suggestive of this process is now taking place. We will say nothing of drunkenness, in which, to use an expression of Dostoevsky's, our people 'is rotting away.' Things much more horrible still may be in store for our people from syphilis. Spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia, it has in many places infected the whole population. Dr. Maslovsky, for instance, writes from the Government of Tamboff:—'In some places every man, woman, and child, or nearly every one, is infected, and it is impossible to prevent this spread of syphilis by any conceivable measures.' How can you cure a disease so catching when all the members of the peasant family eat out of one platter, sleep in one bed, and when the same coat and the same felt boots pass from one member of the family to another? The zemsky doctors of the Government of Kursk, at the Fourth Medical Congress, resolved that—'recognising the fruitlessness of the efforts made to stay the spread of syphilis, the Governmental zemstvo be requested to release all zemsky doctors from the obligation of making any.' . . . From the effects of drunkenness, insufficient nourishment, heavy work out of all proportion to their strength, and disease, even the physical type of the Russian peasant is obviously degenerating. More than ten years ago Professor Janson, in his *Comparative Statistics*, called attention to the lamentable fact that the Great Russian race was degenerating, even if compared with the non-Russian tribes of the Empire. And thus the erstwhile powerful, gifted branch of Slavonic colonisers, the founders of a mighty empire, are degenerating into a weak effete race of beings, devoid even of the capacity for progress."

And this is the race with which the Tsar declares it desirable that Finland should be joined in closer union.

E. B. LANIN.

(1) *Nedelya* (The Week), 9th November, 1890.

"CHEZ POUSETT": A LITERARY EVENING.

THE eighteenth was a coffee-house century in London as well as Paris. During this nineteenth century the coffee-house has dropped out of London life. But in the French capital it has gone on thriving, and it—or the beerhouse, its equivalent—is to-day nothing less than a Parisian institution. Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and many others sat and ruled the empire of letters and, in thought and speech, controlled the spirit of the time, over their cups of *café noir* at the Procope not much more than a hundred years ago. Men quite the peers, in talent at least, of a Diderot or a Voltaire, sit now over "*demis*" of Munich beer at Pouset's in the Faubourg Montmartre, and pour forth wit, sarcasm, scorn, poetry, and transcendental philosophy (too often also grossness, meanness, malice, envy and all uncharitableness), which elements, mixed and beaten up together into a "clotted heap," form a rich feast for the intellect.

Not long ago the editors of an American magazine put into execution this idea. They united the cleverest of their contributors at a supposed unceremonious and *entre soi* repast, the while a stenographer sat behind a screen, fixing on his tablets for subsequent publication every flash of *esprit* and fancy, every side-light of experience, knowledge, feeling, emitted under the usual *pendant*- and *après-dinner* influences by the divers gifted guests. The result as it appeared in print was interesting—moderately. It is a pity that such a stenographic "chiel" could not be introduced some night at Pouset's between the hours of twelve and two or three. He might very well be stowed away between the legs of one of those old oak tables in what has been called the *coin des littérateurs*. And then, though somewhat cramped, perhaps, with regard to the disposal of his own legs, presumably longer than the table's, the chiel would be situated admirably for the "taking" of those oft-quoted "notes." More than "moderately" interesting would these be, as the *littérateurs* who pass habitually the small hours at the big typical *brasserie* near the Place de Châteaudun are anything but mediocrities.

In default of any "chiel," stenographic or otherwise, the following random notes dictated by the memory of one who for years past has sat metaphorically at the feet of the Pouset geniuses and sat literally, though not perhaps always quite comfortably, upon the meagre stamped-leather cushions of the old oak Pouset chairs, must suffice.

I.

... Midnight, on a balmy spring evening, one of those Paris evenings when the soft air seems filled with a sort of impalpable silver dust. People bubbling about here, there, and everywhere in the streets and babbling as they go, light-hearted, merry, French. A woman—pretty—strolling carelessly along between two men, looks round her with a little satisfied sigh and says: "Comme il fait beau ce soir! . . . Il fait bon vivre. . . ."

Flights of the neat little open cabs, with their gleaming fire-fly eyes, are in busy circulation, mostly occupied by couples. From the theatres, the café-chantants, the lounges—from the Champs Elysées and from the Bois de Boulogne—everyone is returning to eat and drink and be merry in the fashionable ~~nocturnal~~ restaurants and cafés.

Let us float along with the tide and look about us as we go.

Three illuminated points in the Rue Royale . . . Weber's, with its customary little knot of male and female swells in the upper room to the left, which they for years past have affected, no doubt because it is of too exiguous dimensions to admit of more than a picked and chosen few. Larue's, resort of a somewhat cheaper gaiety, on the right-hand corner of the broad straight street opposite the Madeleine Church; the Madeleine showing, on this exquisite May night, so whitely pure and peaceful in the moonlight of Verlaine's verse:—

"Le calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres."

And on the other corner, Durand's, which always has been and always will be consummately "correct."

Down the boulevards. . . . Hill's, where will be gathered in less than two hours hence some of the worst characters of either sex that the Paris pavement supports. The Grand Café, not particularly decorous, and yet, rather particularly dull. Then, further on, past the portals of the Grand Hotel, the Café de la Paix. Divided, so to speak, into compartments like a train: third class, the room at the back, where persons of the category termed expressively "riff-raff" play at cards with much noise for little money; second class, the front part, devoted to dominoes and the mildest refreshments; first class, the supper-rooms on the Place de l'Opera, overflowing about this hour with a *jeunesse dorée*. To pursue this railway metaphor to the bitter end, the private rooms upstairs where people of a fairly smart description occasionally find themselves when they wish to vary their venue from Bignon's or the Maison d'Or, might be likened to Pullman cars. Yes, really, "la Paix" is not dissimilar from a rambling ramshackle train, making night

hideous with its clatter and crowded to excess, as it pants its way along the rails of folly and vice, with travellers paying far too much for their tickets.

Further down, other cafés. . . Cabs and *coupés* by the hundred line the sidewalk in front of them, and crowds of orderly "consumers" sit at the little round-topped tables on the "terrace." Julien's, of the big and blazing order, highly "modern" in the worst sense: debauchery at wholesale prices, a sort of "stores" for the dispensing of adulterated drinkables, eatables such as had best be left uneaten, and—the rest. Immediately alongside of Julien's, in obedience perhaps to the law of contrasts, stands the old-established "Napolitain," one of the best of Paris cafés, where the company is generally on a par with the ices and liqueurs. Close by the Vaudeville Theatre, opposite, is Lucien's, now Mercier's, which will always, one supposes, be better known by its official title of Café Américain. A name which embodies a satire upon a nation, great only in regard to the number of its population and to the extent of its territory, but which, with its obvious shortcomings, has perhaps done something to deserve that a café such as this should take its name.

Several hundreds of yards onwards one arrives at the next batch of boulevard cafés. Why, in Paris, should cafés thus stick together in clusters? One might imagine they fear solitude, and long wildly to be always in each other's company, when one sees how, from one end of the boulevards to the other, extensive café-less patches are succeeded by spots where two or three or more of the places are huddled one on top of the other. Here, on the Boulevard des Italiens, is a sort of spurious Pousset's; a branch, an offshoot, not the Pousset's, only an exoteric *succursale* of the establishment whose esoteric centre is in the Faubourg Montmartre. To this latter place it is now quite time to repair. The other cafés along the boulevards—Zimmer's, the Café de Suède, Café Garen, Café des Princes—are neither worth going to nor speaking of.

II.

From twelve to half-past, a good time to arrive at Pousset's. Vacant seats are few, but celebrities many. Inside and outside, the café is packed. And when one reflects that to each one of those "consumers," who has his place taken by other "consumers" the moment he departs—corresponds at least one and generally more than one big mug of Munich beer, one can readily conceive why a special train runs daily from the Bavarian capital to Paris, freighted solely with the produce of Löwenbräu, Spatenbräu, and other Braüs claiming doubtless to be equally good. A great German victory,

greater than Worth or Sedan. French patriots may, and do, declaim and rave. The only answer to their objurgations is, that if German beer is not to be drunk in France, then France must fabricate beer of her own at least as good if not better, which she doesn't, and can't do.

On making good one's entrance into the famous *brasserie* of the wits, one pauses and looks around with some bewilderment. Such crowding, such clattering of glasses and plates, such Babel noise of tongues, such apparent general confusion; such rushing of white-aproned waiters to and fro, bearing aloft foaming tankards of the topaz-hued liquid all a-glitter under the bluish glare of electric light! The decoration of the room, with its dark tones of old oak and Spanish leather, dim faded hues of tapestry hangings, freshness of faïences here and there on the walls, and richness of hand-painted stained-glass windows, is, in its elaborately designed effect of mediævalism, harmonious and pleasing to the eye. But attendants and company too, are as un-mediæval as could possibly be imagined. At first sight, a motley crew; a gathering, at least, as composite as can be seen in the street outside.

The situation of Pousset's, for a place which from the first has had its aspects of *chic*-ness, is un-*chic* to a degree. The Faubourg Montmartre, by night especially, is one of the nastiest thoroughfares in Paris. The Strand, only worse; if worse than the Strand, in the hours of darkness, be conceivable to the mind of man. That Place de Châteaudun, too, at the corner of which Pousset's stands is not improper only, but *bourgeois* in its commonplaceness of impropriety. Yet people for years past have patronised Pousset's who perhaps would hesitate to honour it with their presence were it situated in any better part of the town.

Notwithstanding Pousset's vogue among fashionable and literary circles, persons neither fashionable nor literary, nor anything else that is mentionable to ears polite, will often force their way into the place from their native gutter without. They do not, of course, here find themselves in their element. Visibly they don't enjoy having to be on their good behaviour, and are generally inclined to vote Pousset's (as the writer once heard said by a gentleman of essentially Faubourg-Montmartrean appearance who was turned ruthlessly away one night from the temple of old oak and stained glass) a "sale boîte," fit only for "des sales artistes." Pousset's is not sufficiently democratic for the denizens of the "Faubourg du Crime."

Fashion at Pousset's—that is represented by, here and there, seated in the more comfortable corners, a certain number of men and women (men *with* women, *cela va sans dire*) whose smartness is genuine enough—It has been a *première* to-night at one of the best theatres. So Pousset is attracting not only several of the critics,

but also a batch of first-nighters, who stand or sit and look about them as if they were come to seek a sixth act to the evening's performance. . . . Quite a theatrical night, indeed, at this beerhouse. Appropriately accompanied, here are several well-known ladies of the boards. Ensconced at one of the tables near the door, that woman with the small pretty features, melting eye, and delicate porcelain complexion. . . . She is charmingly dressed in white and Nile-green silk, with a bonnet of the kind that any lady would immediately and very truthfully pronounce "a love." It is Mlle. du Minil, of the Français, with her good and respected mother—a mother of that monumental type which actresses, French actresses at any rate, seem to revel in. That other attractive face, straight proud little nose, delicate Cupid's bow mouth, brow fresh and smooth beneath the *bancaux à la vierge*—Mlle. Depoix of the Gymnase, or is it the Vaudeville now? . . . I forget. Here, again, a somewhat interesting female visage, sharp expression, keen eye, and somewhat Gavroche air generally—Mlle. Augustine Leriche. It isn't her expression only that is sharp. . . . *Pour plus amples détails*, inquire of the lady's lady-friends.

Histrions of the other sex also are here to-night, more numerous, if less delightful. Those two little shrivelled old men, sitting huddled up together, as like as two twins. . . . Twins they are. . . . *Ils s'y sont mis à deux*, as Scholl said, *pour nous embêter davantage*. Anxious roving black eyes, wizened smooth-shaven visages, long black locks thrown back with that displeasing careful carelessness, one of the surest marks of a nature filled with vulgar conceit—the "frères Lyonnet," who for forty years past have been singing, reciting, attending at all funerals of eminent artists, and otherwise thrusting their little joint individuality upon a public which has long since tired of the same. And now they are stranded, high and dry, upon two stamped-leather seats at the *brasserie Pousset*, with none so kind as to do them—a *demi* or even a *quart* of Munich beer. Not long ago they brought out a volume of *Souvenirs*. Amusing, but not exactly in the places where amusement was meant. "Reminiscences" of that kind are what readers generally wish to forget.

• A heavily-lined closely-shaven face, with grey hair showing beneath the brim of a quite extraordinary hat. . . . Georges Richard. . . . Plays he has written, theatres he has directed; or rather these latter have directed him, towards the Bankruptcy Court, if current report is to be believed. Was it he or some other fellow-creature bearing the same by no means unusual patronymic, who perpetrated that most pathetic apostrophe in a five-act drama in verse to "*cette table qui t'a vu naître*"?

. . . . A singularly pretty boy, with another pretty boy. Both nicely

clothed, scarfed, and hatted (a thing rare enough in Paris to be "made a note of" when "found"), and both completely conscious of these facts. Pretty boy No. 1: young Samary, whose full smooth face with the peculiar bright-eyed expression, recalls instantly to mind his late clever sister Jeanne. She held at the Français a more prominent position than he, one fears, ever will do. But one imagines that life, for George Samary, contains other successes than those to be won at the Comédie Française. Pretty boy No. 2: his name escapes me for the moment, but I know he is a recent *prix de comédie* of the Conservatoire, and is looked on by admiring friends—of the female gender more especially—as the Delaunay of the future.

A face bearing every mark of intelligent perceptions and sympathetic power: Antoine's, the young and brilliantly successful manager of the Théâtre Libre. His companion's face, Mévisto's, one of the cracks of the Théâtre Libre troupe: coarse, and rather sneering just at present (the pair are probably talking about a friend), but not without a certain look of power. Enter to Antoine a gentleman fresh from England. The new-comer promptly sits himself down to prawns along with a *demi* of beer, and relates a tale of one of Antoine's English *confrères*. Antoine, the manager of the Théâtre Libre, considers the anecdote amusing. Perhaps there are anecdotes about Antoine that might be considered amusing by the English actor in question.

Playwrights like poets are an irritable genus, and several of them, *entre parenthèses*, are here to night at Pousset's. That young one—so young, but already so fat!—is Gandillot, the author of *Les Femmes Collantes*, the farce hailed with such Comanche yells of delight by Sarcey several years ago, when it was first produced at the Théâtre Déjazet. "Ce petit Gandillot," Sarcey wrote—though why "petit," seeing the gentleman is very nearly as large around the waist as M. Sarcey himself—"ce petit Gandillot ira loin." *Ce petit* has not since betrayed any very special anxiety to realise that prediction. He may "go far" yet, but if so, he will have to do it pretty quickly. Along with Gandillot is a man much bigger than he: speaking not literally, but figuratively: Henri Becque.

Henri Becque: a name to conjure with in the Paris of to-day. Becque's face at once makes you think of his plays. Massive and full; a firm clear glance, from under strongly-marked brows; a mouth, soft and sensitive yet not exactly weak, under a stiffly-clipped moustache; but the chin, that pasty chin, in which all the strength of the rest of the countenance appears belied! His chin gives Becque away; to use one of those Americanisms now thriving lustily, like any other weeds, in the fair but ill-kept garden of our English speech. *Desinit in piscem* applies to both the visage

and the pieces. They begin, these pieces, most effectively, powerfully; progress most happily, and then fall away to nothing at the close. Genius, yes, but the poor man cannot keep it up for more than two acts out of five. This sort of thing must be trying to the temper; and Becque is querulous and complaining. At this very moment he is saying, in his raspingest voice, vinegary things to Gandillot, who listens with one ear and, with one eye, glances indifferently assent. "*Becque est arrivé en se plaignant*," somebody lately said: "he has complained his way into success." Smart enough, perhaps, but not true. People are constantly saying untrue things about other people in Paris as occasionally also in London. If the things were always smart things it wouldn't so much matter.

III.

Not fashionables, however, not actresses and actors, not dramatists, not even prawns and beer, are the chief attraction at Pousset's. These things are either not worth having, or else may be had in equal perfection elsewhere. One must remember that what one has come for is the presence and the conversation of the literary geniuses and artists.

These are easily distinguishable among even the large crowd gathered together here to-night. Unmistakable, at all times in all places, is the stamp of superior intellect, that sets apart those marked with it from the ordinary unideaed herd, like shepherds' dogs in the midst of a flock of sheep.

Almost every night that score of men come to take up that little quarter of their own in the corner, where half-a-dozen tables are set end to end against the handsomely tapestried wall. They split themselves usually into little groups forming part of one great whole, as the nebulae do in the Milky Way; and then, to the accompaniment *obligato* of beer and smoke, and ham and sourcroust and prawns (to such Germanic uses are Parisian palates now put), they, night after night, hour after hour, up to two or three A.M., sit realising Lee's line on Alexander, slightly altered:—

"Then they will talk—ye gods! how they will talk!"

Most admirable among the talkers—in various respects most remarkable among all the beerhouse's divers habitués—is the gentleman known to letters under the name of Catulle Mendès. Singular he is as to looks. A face filled to overflowing with beauty of the finest kind. Beauty of feature, hue, expression . . . Long soft light hair, thinning but slightly—at fifty years of age!—over the crown of the head, but unfecked with the least thread of grey. Smooth brow; large eyes veiled by drooping lids; a nose quite admirable in shape, its Hebraism apparent only in a slight

peculiarity of the nostril's curve. A rounded gentle contour of cheek and chin, framed by a beard as graceful as the swaying frondage of the fern. A countenance like that of Fra Angelico's Christ. And yet suggestive, most horribly, of that corruption which is the soul of Mendès's art. A certain blasphemous but witty quatrain on Mendès has been circulating in Paris for years past, which however must be left to be supplied by the imagination of English readers not accustomed to the audacity of French wit, and not prepared, because it is witty, to pardon it for being outrageous.

Mendès's art, to other artists, is of course a more interesting question than Mendès's morality. And one has to confess that his art is superb. The great faculty of distinguishing and appropriating the special note of beauty in the art of all other men ~~is in~~ Mendès developed to excess. "Il fait," as some one once said of him, "du bon n'importe qui." *Du bon* Gautier, *du bon* Hugo, *du bon* Leconte de Lisle, *du bon* Verlaine. . . . *Du bon* anybody and everybody, both in prose and verse. Those scrofulous little stories of his in the *Echo de Paris* are, in point of mere workmanship, masterly and unique. — Altogether, with his extraordinary passion for beauty, and his utter natural obliviousness to anything like that which the modern world calls moral sense, Mendès seems a figure from the days of classical decay.

One is reminded as one hears him speak of that old saying of the "golden mouth." The grace, facility, fluency, freedom of his utterance and expression are quite delicious to hear. He does not talk, but wreathes together, by the hundred, words, as one might wreath the loveliest flowers. Around and about every subject that they touch, his caressing supple periods, like convolvuli, entwine themselves in graceful adornment. At this moment he is expatiating on Théodore de Banville, and dwelling, with luxurious wealth of term, upon that poet's peculiar "exteriority." Says Mendès: "Banville is exactly what a fruit would be if it were all smooth satin rind, with nothing at all beneath." Villiers de l'Isle Adam achieved something still better in this direction, when he defined Henry Fouquier, the *chroniqueur*, as a Zero. "And not even the line which circumscribes the Zero. But the empty space circumscribed, the inner nothingness, the interior blank and void."

Of Villiers, it may be truly said that he was faithful to Pousset's unto death. Only a few days before he succumbed to a variety of ills, among which pennilessness was doubtless the worst, he came as usual to the *brasserie* and drank three *quarts* (that is a French word, not an English) because he hadn't enough in his pocket to pay for two *demis*. Villiers was the author of some tales highly admirable in their way, and of verses among which these, through the sheer force of their expressiveness, have remained present to my mind—

"Ses crimes évoqués sont tels qu'on croit entendre
La crosse des fusils sonner sur le palier."

The poet here is not referring to his friend Mendès, as certain uncharitable persons might perhaps be inclined to suppose, but to some imaginary female with whom, of course, Villiers is in love. Her iniquity morbidly attracts him, as the unspeakable idiocy of the "catoplébas," that animal so stupid that it ate off its own feet, attracted the hermit in Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine*. Villiers' powers as a conversationalist were stupendous. His knowledge seemed surpassingly various and vast, for his memory was like the tablets of the Recording Angel, from which no line, no letter, once inscribed, can ever thenceforward be effaced. To request Villiers to recall some verse or couplet out of, for example, *Poèmes Barbares* or *La Légende des siècles*, was not prudent: he would immediately proceed to recite the whole. In his vague quavering monotone, he would render the light and shade effects of a whole long piece, his elocution reminding one somewhat of those great, melancholy yet beautiful frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes, that seem to live with a sort of dream-life of their own. As to whether Villiers was or not really crazy, it is not easy to decide. If he was, it is perhaps a matter for regret that so many other people should be "sane."

. . . A bald pate, pug-nose, small, twinkling black eyes, and rough, rather long black beard: decidedly this other gentleman looks so like the great Greek sage, Plato's tutor, as to set one thinking for a moment of the doctrine of metempsychosis. Ponchon's genius—he has genius, of course, every one of the men who are gathered here to-night in the literary corner at Pousset's has that—lies in the strange originality of his thought, combined with his terseness, freshness, power of expression. The most difficult of Hugo's rhythms he swings with all the dexterous force of a David twirling his sling. And Stupidity is the great Goliath, which Ponchon's verse hits full in the centre of the forehead every time:—

"Car je le dis et le répète
On n'est pas bon quand on est bête. . . ."

That is a small instance of the vigour of his satire.

It was to Ponchon that Verlaine addressed that little beer-house ode:—

"Bois pour oublier!
L'eau de vie est une
Qui porte la lune
Dans son tablier. . . .
L'injure des hommes
Qu'est-ce que ça fait?
Va, notre cœur sait
Seul ce que nous sommes."

"*Bois pour oublier.*" . . . One cannot tell whether Ponchon has succeeded in attaining the latter desideratum, but judging from the quantity of little round pieces of felt on the table before him, each separately representing a *demi* already absorbed, with more *demi* still coming, one perceives he is at least persistently putting it to practice the former part of his friend's poetic advice.

And here is Verlaine himself, sitting beside him; Verlaine, the finest French poet of the time. Bald, like Ponchon, but with a beard more closely cropped. A somewhat rough-hewn but expressive nose; ardent eyes, set slightly sideways in the head like a faun's; an eager, sensitive, contorted mouth. . . . Verlaine seems sad. I have never seen him otherwise, unless indeed he was either scornful or enraged. He raises to his seamed and wrinkled brow a withered and slightly trembling hand, and stolidly stares awhile at the big glass of beer before him. "A quoi penses-tu?" Ponchon asks. The other looks around, and replies in undertones: "A subject. . . . A young man erect in the cart nearing the guillotine. . . . As it passes, a young woman standing by the way looks up at him. . . . Their eyes meet; he smiles. . . . In one long glance she gives herself to him, gives herself body and soul. Strangers a minute before, in that brief instant they live and love the love of years. . . . She runs along a few steps with the cart; takes from her bosom a flower and casts it up towards him, then falls back again among the seething crowd. He catches it, kisses it, and thrusts it down into his breast. Not many seconds later, his head is in the executioner's hand. . . . But the flower—that yet lies against the heart, now still for ever."

. . . Ponchon remains a moment silent.

. . . Jean Richepin, not far off. A somewhat Lucius Verus head, with its curled fleecy shock, black, but besprinkled here and there with snow. Bold features, yet a certain delicacy and fineness about the profile. Richepin since his Sarah Bernhardt days has married and settled down and appears but rarely at the *brasseries* he used so assiduously to frequent. If he is here to-night at Pousset's, it is doubtless for no other reason than to be sketched by me. There is a rather puffed-up look about Richepin's face. His verses are rather puffed-up too. He is very full of "sound and fury," though not otherwise idiotic, and writes things he entitles *Les Blasphèmes*. Richepin prides himself on immense, almost brutal power. But at bottom he is sentimental. Sentimental, kind, and weak. He has written an admirable book, *Madame André*, the story of an ardent, erring young poet, graceful, delicate, frail, and gentle as a woman, yet full of spirit, scorn, and pride. "Jean Richepin" is, in real life, that young poet's name. . . . One asks oneself if Sarah, who knows men and who assuredly knew this one, would not, if consulted upon the point, concur in my apparently paradoxical estimate of the real character

of the truculent blasphemer. "Richepin . . . un mouton qui veut se faire croire enragé . . ." That, or something like that, is what I fancy I can hear the *voix d'or* saying. Yet, I confess I like Richepin; I have liked him ever since I read his *Madame André*.

Armand Silvestre, with the graceful smile and somewhat debased expression of the eye . . . A poet, but devoting the whole of his time and talent to the concoction for high pay of bestially dirty stories in the worst of the Boulevard prints. Grosclaude, a wit of the spasmodic order, whose sole end and object in existence is to make the *Gil Blas*'s readers smile and the diners at club tables roar. Capus, a young writer distinguished for peculiar astringency of *esprit*, yet afflicted with a sincere lyric sense (he quoted to me once in the streets at three o'clock in the morning the whole of Victor Hugo's *Abeilles*, with a feeling which "l'aïeul" himself would have approved), which foible of course Capus carefully conceals. Montjoyeux, another journalist, the type of the irresistible Don Juan. All is fish that comes within the net of Montjoyeux' delightful, graceful da Vincian smile. Not effeminate, not exactly feminine even, but one of those men who appear to have stolen from women whatever is subtlest and finest in their femininity, for the sole purpose and with the sole design of penetrating more surely and more quickly to the very centre of their hearts. Montjoyeux, born with and exerting constantly to the full the great Cleopatra instinct, to charm all, always, among the opposite sex. I can see him as I sat with him one Sunday going to Asnières by train, a white rose in the button-hole of his grey frock coat. On the seat in front of us was a girl, timid, only slightly pretty, and quite respectable, although alone. Some governess perhaps, or some *première* in a nice Rue de la Paix kind of shop. My companion, who knew, naturally, that just then he was looking his best—and Montjoyeux' best is no uninteresting or unattractive thing—bent slightly forward with his air of being so ready to respectfully adore, and mutely tendered her his flower . . . She, poor child! blushed suddenly to the whites of her eyes, sat holding Montjoyeux' rose in the palm of her little hand, and on arriving at her destination got out in her confusion on the wrong side of the train. Poor girl, poor child! . . . Who knows how long and how much she may have dwelt since then upon that little incident in the train, when a man who to her eyes must have seemed as loveable as a god of Greece looked straight down for one moment into the core of her little heart, and smiled, gently, at what he saw there! Oh how much there is, how much in life—if one only comes to think of it—how much that is singularly, strangely, infinitely pathetic! What act, what glance so trivial and slight but that, as by a passing gleam of the "light that never shone on land and sea," it may reveal to us some-

thing of the secret magic, the deep mystery, of humanity's nature and fate!

. . . Other figures in Pousset's literary corner: Jules Case, a young man of partly English parentage, author of *Bonnet Rouge*, one of the best albeit least-known books of the day in France; Rodolphe Darzens, a long-haired poet of the sensuo-mystico-symbolic school,—he is much more "sensual" in appearance than he is either of the other things; Gustave Guiches, a small, vivid, gracious face, Dresden China-like in its delicacy of complexion and distinctly marked with genius, genuine if slight; Paul Bonnetain, acute expression of countenance, quite the air of being somebody, and yet so narrowly escaping the being nobody after all; Octave Mirbeau, bold, virile and contemptuous in glance and port, the strongest "temperament" among all the young novelists and free-lances of the present; Henri Mercier, next door to nothing as to results, but as to potentiality simply a giant; an ever-seething volcano of science, lyrism, satire, passion, poison, and in one word—which must be a French word, English possessing no equivalent—a *raté titanesque*.

"Le Café des Ratés," indeed, is what a very clever English friend of mine suggested that Pousset's should be called. But this would hardly be correct, for the real *ratés* among the geniuses at Pousset's are but few. The majority of them are doing their own work their own way, which means, if anything does, fruition. True, these are the least powerful and least gifted of the lot; in accordance, no doubt, with the fatal law that the greater the genius the less the chances of its coming fully to light. But what then? Is not genius, in the main, self-sufficing; a kingdom, a world, a Heaven, and also, alas, a Hell, unto itself?

. . . *Va, notre cœur sait
Seul ce que nous sommes!*"

—Paul Verlaine's view, the right one.

IV.

. . . The sitting perforce is drawing to a close. Final despairing cries for *demis* or even for *quarts*, for *finés*, for whiskeys (pronounced here "veeskee"), and especially for *kümmel*, are unavailing to attract the notice of harassed *garçons* intent on claiming the settlement of the evening's accounts. "Messieurs, trois heures; on ferme!" shouts a "gérant," the size of his voice in inverse ratio to that of his frame. But still the talk goes on at the literary tables, more fragmentary, more spasmodic now, but perhaps also more brilliant; like quartz broken up very small; the smaller the pieces, the more they shine.

"Ohé, Verlaine, l'homme aux vers de dix-neuf pieds et demi! Prête-m'en deux, je ne peux plus me servir des miens."

"Tout homme a dans le cœur un *Mirbeau* qui sommeille."

"Cochon, vous-même," *Mirbeau* replies with a ready indignation.

"Je suis allé à Londres, j'ai vu un homme qui a de grosses joues et de grands cheveux et qui parle bien. On m'a dit qu'il était 'Wilde' . . . J'ai répondu: 'Il en a l'air; mais pourquoi alors qu'on le laisse se promener dans les rues?'"

"Une chronique, dix chroniques, mille chroniques, et pas un mot! Est-ce qu'on a le droit d'écrire sans jamais faire des mots? Rabelais a fait des mots, et c'est pour ça qu'on en parle encore."

Thus Grosclaude, the man of *mots*, about one of his "chronicling" confrères.

Cet être que vous voyez là—cet être franco-américo-anglais," remarks Mercier, meaning—so kind of him!—the author of the present lines, "vient de me dire qu'il ne lit plus que les proverbes de Salomon et les poésies de Mossieu Browning. Quel goût, ces étrangers! Se préoccuper de bêtises comme ça quand on a les vers de François Coppée et la prose d'Emmanuel Arène!"

"Pardon!" exclaims another Arène, answering to the 'little name' of Paul, "pardon! ne me rappelez pas à la triste réalité des choses . . . Ne me faites point songer qu'un autre—et quel autre, un homme de politique!—me fait l'injure de porter mon nom. Il serait nécessaire que je pusse dormir cette nuit en paix."

"Balzac—un grand poète né sans voix . . . Une lyre énorme sans cordes."

"Un tel? C'est une canaille . . . Je le connais, je suis comme lui."

"Il est pourri, c'est vrai . . . Mais ce qu'il fait est d'un art! . . . Que voulez-vous . . . Il faut du fumier à la racine des fleurs."

"Allons, allons, dépêchons-nous, on ferme! Ça va finir mal—comme une pièce de Henri Becque."

"Becque? ne vous gênez pas pour lui . . . Il est parti depuis une heure."

"Eh bien, suivons son exemple."

And now the symposium breaks up. Outside, the cool greyness of the morning streets, with, just perceptible in the fleecy sky, the first warm suggestion of a brilliant day. Cabs, of a kind, are still to be had near Pousset's. So some of the literary revellers are driven to baccarat at the clubs, others to supper at the Américain upstairs, others again—a prudent few—home to bed.

EDWARD DELILLE.

ON THE BLACK SEA WITH PRINCE FERDINAND.

DURING the last six months Bulgaria has passed through one of those periods of adversity which from time to time afflict the lives of states as well as of individuals. No more critical epoch has occurred in the history of the young principality since the perilous days of the Regency. A career of steady development and progress which had won the admiration of Europe was rudely interrupted by the discovery of a military plot, recalling in most of its features the infamous and only too successful conspiracy of 1886; a stain has attached to the reputation of the best army in South-Eastern Europe, and a blot has been thrown once more on that ingrained tendency to treacherous intrigue which forms one of the darkest features in the Bulgarian character. Once more it has been proved that in Bulgaria those conceptions of duty, fidelity, and devotion which come with a higher mental and moral culture, have not yet been able to regenerate the inveterate habit of mind, engendered by long subjection to an alien tyranny, which holds all methods fair as against the existing Government, and looks upon disappointed ambition, or the desire for revenge, as excusable motives for plunging a whole nation in the tide of revolution. The energy and vigilance of Prince Ferdinand's administration has succeeded in averting a catastrophe which would have cost Bulgaria the sympathy of Europe, and might easily have led to a general war. The nation has returned to its path of progress and improvement, and the Panitza plot has passed into the region of history. But it will be long before the melancholy retrospect of the present year—the first revelations of a conspiracy; the arrests which followed in rapid succession; the long-deferred court-martial; the facts which were disclosed, and still more, the facts which were concealed; the sentence; the period of suspense which followed, and last of all, the tragedy in the grey light of dawn by the camp of Sophia—will cease to sadden the memories of those who have at heart the welfare of Bulgaria.

It was therefore with a feeling akin to despondency that, towards the close of the past summer, I found myself again approaching the Bulgarian capital. It was a time of gloom and anxiety; the Prince was still absent; not a single Cabinet minister remained at Sophia; and the Bulgarian Government, as though playing its last card, had addressed a vigorous and almost menacing note to the Porte, pointing out the unsettled condition of affairs in the principality, and demanding the recognition of the Prince as well as a restoration of the rights of the Bulgarian Church in Macedonia. Vague rumours were pre-

valent as to what might be the consequences of an unfavourable answer. The Russophil section of the European press, and more especially certain French newspapers professing to have special correspondents at Sophia, teemed with awful disclosures concerning the reign of terror in Bulgaria; arrests, proclamations of martial law, and even executions, so we were told, were of daily occurrence; and notwithstanding my boundless incredulity with regard to the statements of these enlighteners of public opinion, I could not help fearing that beneath so much smoke there must be a little flame.

It was a relief to find that all was quiet at Sophia. There were no barricades in the thoroughfares, no patrols of gendarmes, no squadrons of cavalry at the street corners; such soldiers as were to be seen were mingling with the ordinary crowd, and the picturesquely-clad peasants, as they drove their teams of patient oxen along the highways, seemed altogether unconscious of the heroic sentiments ascribed to them by the imaginative in Paris and St. Petersburg. There was evidently no revolution in progress at Sophia, and I was free to concentrate my attention on the altered appearance of the city.

Was this indeed Sophia? What had become of the narrow crooked streets, the mountainous pavements, the piles of refuse, the dogs, the wood-built, low-roofed, rickety sheds with open unglazed windows, and abundant store of tin cans, and rude earthenware, and spades, and children's rattles, and sheep-bells, and black bread and still blacker sausages, and strings of onions, and rolls of lard, and Turkish delight, and highly odorous fishes? All had vanished; the old Turkish town was no more, and in its place had arisen a new city in the "European" style, with tall substantial houses, and broad straight boulevards planted with acacia trees. Everywhere the work of construction was going merrily forward, and the scaffoldings were thronged with busy masons, chiefly Macedonian immigrants, for the Bulgarian peasant, being a landowner in a small way, will not condescend to the vocation of an artisan. The clearing away of the Turkish town has been carried out under the direction of M. Petkoff, the energetic Mayor of Sophia, who has built some villages in the environs to shelter the evicted inhabitants. M. Petkoff lost an arm while fighting at Slivnitza; and the citizens reflect, not without a shudder, how dire would have been the destruction could he have set himself two-handed to the work. An Englishman who knew Sophia well in former times, and who lately revisited the city, assured me that he could find nothing to remind him of the once familiar place save the beautiful prospect of Mount Vitosh; fortunately this cannot be improved away, though the lofty mansions arising on every side somewhat obstruct the view. One is reminded of those mushroom cities in the far West, which appear and disappear again in a single

year; but the Bulgarian solidity of character and caution in financial enterprise precludes, I hope, any fear of a catastrophe resulting from what seems a rash and somewhat feverish speculation. Among the important buildings in course of construction is a handsome *établissement* of baths. Sophia possesses natural springs with valuable therapeutic qualities; and with its advantageous position on the highroad from east to west, and its pure mountain air, it may yet become a formidable rival to the watering-places of Central Europe. Already the capital of the youngest state in the peninsula has thrown down the glove to Athens and Bucharest; it has long since outstripped Belgrade. Such energy and enterprise seem strangely out of place in the indolent and apathetic East.

Amid all this activity and bustle in the direction of material improvement there was a calm and even a torpor in the political world at Sophia which struck me at first as very remarkable. Events which still continued to furnish a theme for rhetorical diatribes abroad seemed almost forgotten at home. In the East nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. A revolutionary attempt had collapsed; the Government had, so to speak, shown its teeth; and nobody spoke or thought any longer of Major Panitza. Many exaggerated statements have been made concerning the sympathy felt in Bulgaria for this deluded man, whose wounded vanity rendered him the tool of a band of treacherous associates, determined to make him their victim as soon as he had served their purpose. The revolutionists in the pay of Russia had long been seeking for an instrument to carry out their nefarious designs. In Major Panitza they found an officer whose professional *amour propre* had been mortified by what he considered the slowness of his promotion, and whose almost fanatical attachment to Prince Alexander prompted him to listen to any scheme which might result in the restoration of his former military chief. I have reason to know that he had frequently been assured by Prince Alexander that the latter neither could nor would return; but blind ambition, working on an impetuous nature, seems to have urged him to the belief that the Prince might accept a *fait accompli* and reappear in Bulgaria as soon as Prince Ferdinand had been disposed of. Nothing could be farther from the views of the Russian party than such a result as this, and accordingly a plot was formed within a plot. It was determined to assassinate Major Panitza immediately after the deposition of Prince Ferdinand.

The details of this inner conspiracy and a list of the conspirators are in the hands of the Bulgarian Government, and the name of Major Panitza's intended murderer, a brother officer, is also known. The Zankoffist party and the Panславists, with whom Panitza had nothing to do, were concerned in the second plot, which had a distinctly Russian colouring; but this branch of the question was not

submitted to the court-martial, which was only concerned with the guilt or innocence of those brought before it. A large amount of evidence implicating Russia is in possession of the Government; this, however, has been withheld owing to difficulties, external as well as internal, which would result from its production. It is enough to say that as soon as Major Panitza was disposed of, the Russian candidate for the Bulgarian throne was to be announced; that candidate has been already selected, though it cannot be proved that his selection has been confirmed by the Czar; he is a personage whose Orthodox faith, considerable abilities, and relationship to an august family mark him out as eminently fitted to carry out the Muscovite programme; he is fully aware of the brilliant career which has been planned for him, and he has, it would seem, already surrounded himself with the nucleus of a court. The friends of Russia in Bulgaria may have lamented the failure of Major Panitza's plot, but it cannot be pretended that they feel any regret for the fate of one who, had he succeeded, would have been their first victim. With regard to the army, of which I shall speak more fully hereafter, any sympathy which may have been felt for this unfortunate officer has been largely exaggerated. Major Panitza was an excellent soldier, brave, energetic, and intelligent; but he also had faults—I will not say more—which had greatly estranged the affections of his comrades. It is a suggestive fact that not a single soldier in the peloton told off for the execution missed his aim, and the body fell pierced with twenty-one bullets. Only among the small band who hope against hope for Prince Alexander's return has any trace been manifest of exasperation, or a desire for revenge. It was strange, and, indeed, instructive, to find that an event over which foreign journalists were still going into hysterics had been half forgotten in Bulgaria. If once it be admitted that the State, for the preservation of its existence, or the maintenance of military discipline, is entitled to take human life, the Bulgarian Government needs no justification in this matter.

In a few weeks' time it was announced that Prince Ferdinand had arrived at Viddin, where he had first landed on Bulgarian soil, and here he now celebrated the third anniversary of his accession to the throne. The absence of the Prince from Bulgaria during what appeared to be a critical period in the national history has given rise to some unfounded conjectures; and it may be well to state briefly the actual facts. The condition of the Prince's health had long rendered it desirable, and even necessary, that he should subject himself to the usual course of treatment at Carlsbad. The court-martial and the events preceding it had detained him in Bulgaria during the early season; the summer was passing away, and it was important that he should again be in the country for the anniversary

of his accession (the 14th August) and for the general election which was soon to follow. When the sentence of the court-martial was delivered, the Prince was at Varna, and it was there that he expected to have signed the death-warrant; but the appeal to the Court of Cassation followed, and a further delay was caused by the Council of Ministers. At length the Prince started on his journey, determined, however, to sign the warrant himself before leaving the country; his Royal Highness having decided that under no circumstances would he leave the painful duty to M. Stambouloff as Regent, not only because of the rumours which would inevitably arise as to a disagreement between him and the Prime Minister, but also because, owing to the solidarity of their interests, it was highly important not to expose the latter to any unnecessary odium—a consideration which weighed more with the Prince than the thought of any revengeful attack which might be made on himself. With regard to the necessity for carrying out the capital sentence, the Prince and M. Stambouloff were always of one mind; they are equally determined as to the fate of any future conspirators. If it had been his duty, the Prince would have returned to Sophia; he would even, if necessary, have superintended the execution; he had, I once heard him say, undergone more unpleasant things than that. But as no question of duty was involved, it will easily be understood that he preferred to remain at a distance from the sad scene, feeling, and wishing it to be understood that he felt, no vestige of animosity towards an unfortunate man, whose infidelity in a conspicuous military position had brought upon him a penalty which others more guilty than he had escaped. The warrant reached the Prince at Lom Palanka, on the Danube, and was signed by him on board the yacht *Krum*, strangely enough on the same table at which I am writing these words.

Three years is a long period in the life of a young nation which has scarcely reached its "teens," and the celebration of the third anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's accession suggests some interesting reflections. When, some six months after his arrival in Bulgaria, I first met Prince Ferdinand at Tirnova, I should hardly have dared to predict that after the lapse of two years and a half I should find him still in this country, strengthened and confirmed by a successful administration of three years. He had embarked on what seemed an almost hopeless adventure; he was confronted with the hostility of a Power which knows no scruple in the prosecution of its designs; he had come into a country honeycombed with the workings of Oriental conspiracy; he had to deal with an army tainted with mutiny, and with a hierarchy which had sold itself to the enemies of Bulgarian freedom. All Europe stood aloof; even Austria-Hungary scarcely ventured to utter a word of encouragement; in England the undeserved misfortunes of Prince Alexander had excited a

natural indignation, which seemed to exclude all sympathy with his successor ; and when, in the pages of this Review, I asked for a favourable judgment upon the new Prince of Bulgaria, I felt like an advocate with a losing cause before a prejudiced tribunal. Events have justified the opinion which I then ventured to express, and Prince Ferdinand has held his ground amid the snares and pitfalls of political life in a distracted and still half-civilised country. He has learned, and is still learning, to accommodate himself to the peculiarities of the Bulgarian character ; he has mastered the Bulgarian tongue ; he has found means of acting in harmony with a Minister of autocratic disposition, whose great ability, courage, and patriotism render him indispensable to the national progress. He possesses not only diplomatic tact in reconciling hostile elements, but he also knows how to yield at the proper time—a lesson which all constitutional sovereigns must sooner or later learn ; while his energy, industry, and tenacity of character enable him to grapple firmly with innumerable difficulties. Prince Ferdinand's devotion and self-sacrifice are beginning to meet with their reward. The internal development of the country, its excellent financial condition, the spread of education, the construction of railways, the improvement of the capital, the negotiation of treaties of commerce with foreign Powers, the practical recognition now accorded by the latter to the existing *régime*, the recent diplomatic success with Turkey—all point to advancement at home as well as abroad ; one by one the magnates of Europe have sounded the note of praise, and last, but not least, the Man of Blood and Iron, who once so brutally expressed his indifference to the fate of the young principality, has uttered words of approbation and encouragement. There is no resisting the logic of facts : Bulgaria under Prince Ferdinand has been a success.

• On the day after the celebration of the anniversary at Viddin the Prince arrived at Sophia. It was more than a year since I had last seen his Royal Highness, and I feared that the anxieties of the last six months, as well as the ailment from which he had suffered, might have seriously told on his health. I found the Prince looking somewhat fatigued, but full of courage and good spirits. When I told him that several special correspondents had assembled at Sophia he laughed heartily, and said he supposed they expected grave events to occur on his return. It was a relief to him, he went on to say, to find himself again upon Bulgarian soil, for nowhere else did he experience the same sense of security. I learned from the Prince that he was about to spend the next few weeks at the monastery of Rilo, in a wild and romantic district near the Macedonian frontier ; and I gladly accepted his Royal Highness's invitation to accompany

him thither. But I must leave a description of our sojourn at this picturesque spot for another occasion.

The general election took place on the day after our return from Rilo, and as I had heard much of the manner in which elections are managed in Bulgaria, I determined to repair to the polling-booths in order to witness the voting. It was a Sunday morning, and the town was filled with peasants, some of whom had come to attend mass, others to exercise their electoral rights. A considerable crowd was gathered around the entrance to a small courtyard which opened into one of the principal streets; as I approached, M. Stambouloff, the Premier, and two other Cabinet Ministers came out. The people received them respectfully, but without any demonstration, and I noticed that the Ministers, notwithstanding the threats which have been so freely launched against them of late, were unprovided with an escort. All who entered the courtyard were commanded to deliver up their sticks and umbrellas to the gendarmes at the gate; the wisdom of this precaution will be admitted by those who remember the active part the cudgel has played in former Bulgarian elections. That weapon, indeed, has come to be euphemistically termed the "Constitution of Tirnova," owing to the valuable services it is believed to have rendered to the cause of political liberty. A low building with half-a-dozen open windows stood in the centre of the courtyard; in the windows were officials who accepted papers from the crowd of voters outside. On the papers were lists of names written *ad libitum*, for no candidates are proposed, and everyone can vote for all and as many duly qualified persons as he likes. In this way M. Stambouloff and others have been returned at the head of the poll in more than half-a-dozen constituencies, and the Government are left with a good supply of vacant seats for any of their supporters that want them. It was interesting to see the peasants crowding round the windows to record their suffrages. Their faces showed no sign of animation or excitement, and many of them, no doubt, had been duly advised in the selection of their representatives. A scuffle, however, between some rustics in a corner of the yard suggested a feeling of thankfulness that the cudgels had been left outside.

The votes are rapidly counted in Bulgaria, and before sunset telegrams began to arrive from the country districts announcing, in almost every case, an overwhelming success for the Government. The Opposition had only succeeded in retaining a handful of seats. Late in the evening a large crowd surrounded the palace, cheering loudly, and calling for the Prince, who spoke a few words from the balcony. Though the Prince as a constitutional sovereign could say no more than that he accepted and endorsed the decision of the nation, it is evident that the result of the

elections has greatly strengthened his position as well as that of his Prime Minister. The result of the Bulgarian elections has given occasion to Russophil French journalists to renew the outcry which they raised against the tyranny of M. Stambouloff during and after the Panitza trial. These loud-voiced champions of free popular suffrage, forgetting to set their own house in order before they look abroad, profess to believe that the art of controlling elections has been invented by M. Stambouloff. That art, which has nowhere reached a higher development than in France, has also long been practised in the constitutional monarchies of South Eastern Europe. In Servia it was perfected under King Milan; in Roumania it is so thoroughly understood, that rival parties think it far more important to contrive to be in power during the elections than to set forth tempting programmes to catch the popular vote. The unsophisticated Bulgarians, in the first years of their liberty, were unversed in the methods of electoral coercion; but even as they had received their ultra-democratic constitution from a Russian governor, so they were instructed in the art of terrorism by a Russian general. The days of General Ehrenroth and his *sopajees*, or cudgellers, are not so remote that Russia and her sympathisers can afford to criticise Bulgarian elections from a safe standpoint. That government influence has been brought to bear M. Stambouloff himself would be the first to admit; but he can at least claim that the scenes of violence which disgraced former elections have been absent on the present occasion. He has acted throughout on the principle that prevention is better than cure; and in circumscribing the liberty of the press and forbidding public meetings he has rescued the Bulgarian peasant from his worst enemy, the professional agitator. The peasants, whose strong common sense enables them to discern their best friends, are ready enough to vote for a government which has secured them many material advantages; but, as might be expected in a newly-liberated country, they are hardly yet on a level with their political responsibilities, and are only too ready to be led astray by the fluent preachers of sedition who come amongst them from the towns. So long as the enemies of Bulgaria seize every opportunity of proclaiming the existence of disorder within her boundaries, it is obviously better to thwart opposition at the outset than to meet force by force at the polling-booths; as soon as the country is relieved from external pressure it will be time to see to the development of free institutions in the normal way.

The elections were over; all was tranquil, and, in a few days, Prince Ferdinand, whom I had the honour to accompany, set out on his projected journey to the shores of the Black Sea. It was near midnight when we left Sophia in a special train of unusual length, to which several vans were attached containing horses, carriages, and a

great amount of luggage. The Prince's saloon-carriage, built on a plan designed by his Royal Highness, is a perfect specimen of a comfortable and elegant house on wheels. It is mounted on bogie-trucks, and contains an open-air verandah, a sitting-room furnished as a study with bookshelves and library-table, two bed-rooms, a compartment for the aides-de-camp, and another for the Prince's personal attendant. During the journey, Prince Ferdinand, whose energy seems inexhaustible, remained at work over official documents till far into the morning. At daybreak we were shunted on to the branch leading to Yamboli, where, at nine o'clock, we found a considerable crowd awaiting us, headed by a deputation of citizens. Leaving Yamboli, we followed the newly-constructed line to Bourgas, the opening of which in the present year marks an important era in the commercial history of Bulgaria. The line, which is some seventy miles in length, has been constructed without contract and with marvellous cheapness; the whole cost is said not to have exceeded £250,000. But, owing to the absence of skilled labour in the construction, the expense of maintaining the permanent way in order will probably be high for some years. The railway passes through a vast undulating plain, destitute alike of trees and human habitations. This fertile district, desolated again and again in the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent, has now become a dreary solitude, and the scanty Mahometan population continues to emigrate, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Bulgarian Government to induce it to remain. When will the day come when fanaticism will cease to triumph? It seems as far off in England as in Bulgaria. The only living creatures we beheld were a number of camels with their drivers advancing slowly over the trackless greensward, and a flight of wild swans descending into one of the lagoons by the sea.

In a couple of hours we had reached Bourgas, where the *Ceres*, one of the finest vessels of the Austrian Lloyd Company, lay awaiting us in the harbour. I cannot say that I noticed any great alteration in the aspect of the unpretentious little port, which the Bulgarian Government hopes to transfer into an Eastern Marseilles. Extensive works will have to be carried out before Bourgas can boast of a fairly commodious harbour, and difficulties have arisen with regard to their inception, for which the authorities are not altogether undeserving of blame. But though much remains to be done in this direction, the inauguration of a line which connects the two capitals and the railway system of Bulgaria with the sea, and opens up a great portion of the interior, is a notable event, and one which, coupled with the conclusion of a commercial treaty with England in the present year, ought to give a marked stimulus to British trade with Bulgaria. British commerce has hitherto laboured under exceptional disadvantages in this country, but now that it has been put on

a par with that of other nations, while facilities for the introduction of sea-brought merchandise into the interior have been so greatly increased, the favourable moment ought not to be lost. Austria-Hungary is England's principal rival in the Bulgarian market, and there is cause for reflection in the fact that this year, for the first time, Austrian imports exceed those from the United Kingdom. It is not that the Bulgarian peasant prefers the inferior and, in the end, more expensive Austrian wares to the British; he is, on the contrary, an excellent judge of how to spend his money to the best advantage. But Austrian manufacturers study the wants of the Balkan peoples; Austrian commercial travellers, most of whom speak the vernacular, swarm in the Peninsula; there is, moreover, an exhibition room established at Sophia for the display of Austrian wares. Some three years ago I met with one English commercial traveller in Bulgaria; since then I have never come across another. English manufacturers fail to ascertain the requirements of the peoples of these countries, and to provide them with the patterns to which they are accustomed; and yet one might as well expect them to speak the English tongue forthwith as to like English patterns at first sight. In truth there is a lamentable ignorance in England with regard to commercial matters in Bulgaria, and it is to be regretted that the Chambers of Commerce have not seen their way to follow the suggestion of Mr. O'Connor, her Majesty's able and energetic representative at Sophia, by appointing an accredited agent in the country from whom information of all kinds could be obtained. With regard to Austrian competition, it has been shown by a calculation of freights made by Mr. Vice-Consul Dalziel of Rustchuk,¹ that England suffers nothing through her greater distance from Bulgaria, as goods can be brought to Rustchuk from London *via* Braila at a cost equal to the minimum rate at which they can be brought *via* the Danube from Vienna and Pest, or *via* Varna at a cost considerably lower than similar articles coming from the Austrian and Hungarian capitals. If English manufacturers would only take the trouble to acquaint themselves by means of properly qualified travellers with the requirements of their Bulgarian customers, and would combine to establish depôts for the display and distribution of goods in various parts of the country, British commerce ought to be able to maintain an undisputed supremacy in Bulgaria.

It was a perfect autumn day; the tranquil surface of the Black Sea reflected the blue of the sky above, and a wondrous mirage caused the distant town of Anchialos to appear suspended in the air, like the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, while the island of Sozopolis seemed balanced amid the clouds over the glassy water.

(1) See Consular Report for 1889, No. 752, which also contains a valuable and interesting description of Bulgarian industries, &c., by Mr. Vice-Consul Blech.

Quite a flotilla of boats and rafts was in readiness to convey the servants, the baggage, and the horses and carriages on board the *Ceres*; while the Prince and his suite embarked on a smart gig, rowed by eight sailors in white summer costume, and steered by the captain, resplendent with epaulettes and cocked hat. As we swept through the clear still water, we could see the coral and seaweed on the bottom many fathoms beneath us, while innumerable jelly-fish—pink, purple, yellow and pale transparent blue—floated lazily and aimlessly to and fro, as though the sunshine and the calm and the splendour of the sea and sky had all been provided for their special delectation. We had déjeuner on deck beneath an awning, the prefect and other authorities of Bourgas being invited to the repast, which was served *à la viennoise* in most sumptuous fashion. Early in the afternoon the *Ceres* got under weigh, and turning her head northwards steamed in the direction of Cape Emineh, where the long range of the Balkans sinks into the sea. Behind us was Sozopolis—the ancient Appolonia—perched high on picturesque rocks, and encircled by undulating downs, on which numerous windmills, whitewashed apparently, gleamed brightly in the sun; then came the bay of Bourgas, with spreading lagoons in the background; next, to our left, the maritime towns of Anchialos and Mesembria, while behind them in the distance rose the blue range of the Balkans, descending gradually in a wavy line to the bold headland of Emineh in front of us. The coast is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks, whose loyalty, the Prince assured me, is much in contrast with the restless spirit so often shown by their countrymen under alien rule. The Greek Metropolitan of Sozopolis, who loyally supports the Government, is a man of high cultivation and intelligence, and exercises a beneficial influence over the Hellenic population under his care.

The sun was already setting as we sailed beneath the lofty isolated cliff of Cape Emineh, from the summit of which an ancient monastery looks out over a vast expanse of sea. The Balkans retain their rounded outline to the last, and numerous ravines, some richly wooded, others dotted with clumps of trees, descend to the coast, offering a tempting field for exploration to the lover of nature. The colour of the distant mountains had deepened into the richest purple; the sea was tinged with a pale silvery grey, while the western sky was aglow with a splendid conflagration of crimson and violet and gold. I have never in any part of the world seen anything to equal the magnificence of an autumn sunset in Bulgaria. The shadow of night fell rapidly, but the evening star, shining with almost supernatural brilliancy, traced a path of light over the scarcely perceptible ripples of the tranquil sea. We were called away from the contemplation of this beautiful scene by the summons to dinner in the saloon, and the meal was hardly concluded before the stoppage of the engines and

the roar of ascending rockets made us aware that we had arrived at our destination. On reaching the deck we found ourselves beneath a starry sky, and at no great distance from a gently-rising shore, which seemed thickly planted with trees. A long procession of boats with flaming torches was advancing to meet us; the woods on the shore were illuminated by thousands of lanterns; rockets were darting through the air, and the music of a military band came floating to us across the water. It was a strange and interesting scene, such as one would hardly expect to witness on this remote and solitary coast. We left the *Ceres* amid a blaze of electric light and fireworks, the captain, a type of the well-mannered and agreeable Austrian, again taking the rudder-lines; and, threading our way through a number of barges manned by wild-looking, bare-legged natives, we landed at a little pier covered with red cloth, and found the authorities of the Varna district assembled to pay their respects to the Prince, and an escort of the Varna regiment drawn up on the shore.

We had landed in the garden, or rather park, of Sandrovo, Prince Ferdinand's marine residence, and we proceeded to follow a winding path which leads upwards through the woods to the little monastery in which the Prince has taken up his abode until the adjoining château, once the property of Prince Alexander, is ready for his reception. The path was lined with soldiers holding torches, who cheered as the Prince passed onwards. In less than ten minutes we entered an enclosure laid out with flower-beds, and planted with trees from which hung numerous lanterns; around we saw a series of low, red-tiled, cottage-like buildings, with picturesque verandahs so thickly grown over with convolvulus and other climbing plants as to present the appearance of a sylvan arcade. In the centre was a quaint fountain, and the sound of running water mingled with the murmur of the waves which beat at the foot of the cliff on which the monastery stands. The cells of the monks—the holy fathers have long since departed—have been transformed into comfortable chambers, and I found myself installed in a commodious little apartment, in which I slept soundly after the fatigue of the journey.

I was awakened by the rays of the morning sun, and was tempted to rise at once by the beauty of the view which revealed itself through my window. A lovely picture of blue sea and distant mountains seemed set in a framework of jasmine, convolvulus, and other flowers; in the foreground was the broad bay of Varna; beyond it the numerous promontories of the indented coast; on the horizon the wavy Balkans, descending to the precipice of Eminen. Leaving the monastery I ascended the hill behind it, on the summit of which the château of Sandrovo commands a magnificent prospect to the east, the south, and the west, being sheltered towards the north by a range

of vine-clad hills. This handsome structure, which was built by Prince Alexander, has now become the property of the Bulgarian Government. Hundreds of workmen are being employed in laying out the grounds and constructing terraces, for it is the Prince's intention to create an extensive park after the English model. But the natural beauty of the site is such that there is little need of artificial adornment; the hill-sides are clothed with luxuriant vineyards and orchards, or rather a combination of both, the fruit trees being interspersed with the vines; the almond and the fig grow abundantly, and even the precipitous face of the cliffs is covered with vegetation. The vineyards are the distinctive feature of Sandrovo; they are admirably cultivated, and the phylloxera is unknown; but the wine-making here, as elsewhere in Bulgaria, is conducted on the most primitive system. The vines at this season are laden with magnificent clusters, green, yellow, and purple; and it is possible to spend a very agreeable half-hour amid the kindly fruits of the earth in this modern Eden. "There is a devil," says the Turkish proverb, "in every berry of the grape": if this is true, Sandrovo must be a veritable pandemonium.

In the afternoon we bathed on the sandy beach, and we had hardly left the water when we noticed several dolphins sporting in the sea some three hundred yards away. One of the Prince's aides-de-camp, Captain Stoyanoff, secured one of them by a well-directed shot from a Berdan rifle which he took from a soldier of the escort. The huge animal, for I believe it ought not to be called a fish, was towed ashore by some boatmen; it proved to be nine feet in length, and was declared to be a female, which, though fully developed, had not yet increased the number of the finny tribe. As I looked upon its broad back I reflected that it might have made a comfortable seat for Arion, while the great single fin, if grasped by the hand, would have enabled the poet to maintain his balance, provided he sat, like a criminal going to Tyburn, with his back to the animal's head. It was a little harder to understand how he manipulated his lyre—*ille sedens, says Ovid, citharamque tenet pretiumque vehendi cantat*; and I suspect he must have fallen off a good many times before he leaped ashore on Cape Matapan. I know not whether any experiments have been made in taming the dolphin; to steer a domestic dolphin over the Black Sea would be an ideal pastime in the sultry summer weather. Dolphin shooting, however, was not the only sport available; quail and partridge abounded in the vineyards and cornfields, and hares were plentiful on the hills. One day we witnessed a vast flight of pelicans apparently making their way from the Sea of Azov to the lagoons on the Bulgarian coast, but they carefully kept beyond range of the Berdan rifle.

I must not pause to describe the incidents of our pleasant life at

Sandrovo. We had meals in the refectory of the monastery, a wood-built structure perched on the cliff like Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat. The band of the Primorski regiment played every evening beneath the trees, as we sat enjoying the balmy air and looking out over the wide bay to the lights of Varna in the distance. The weather at first was perfect; but before our departure a change took place which enabled the ill-famed Euxine to assert its traditional character and deserve once more the reproaches of the melancholy exile of Tomi. We made several excursions into Varna, the road leading through a district richly planted with vineyards and fruit trees. Amid the foliage peep forth sundry villas and garden houses, whither the gilded youth of Bulgaria is wont to resort in the summer time, to taste the pleasures of a country life and sport with Amaryllis in the shade. If Bourgas is to be the Marseilles of Bulgaria, Varna will be its Cannes. As a place of trade, however, its importance is by no means diminishing; the cheapening of the rates on the railway to Rustchuk, which has now been acquired by the Government, and still more, the construction of a projected line from Kaspichan to Sophia and Küstendil, opening up the whole of North Bulgaria, will enable it to maintain its place against the competition of Bourgas. The Prince was cordially received at Varna, although the population of the district consists mainly of Greeks, Turks, and Gagauze, that is to say Turcophone Mahometan Bulgarians; among the various functions at which his Royal Highness presided was the opening of a Jewish synagogue, where an interesting service took place, and a choir of children sang much through their noses, as all such choirs, Occidental and Oriental, invariably do. A dinner was also given to the Prince by the officers of the Varna regiment, the road through the camp being lined by a double row of soldiers bearing torches. Near the camp we saw the British cemetery, where many a brave soldier, defrauded of a death amid the ecstasy of battle, lies resting in a premature grave.

We left our charming abode at Sandrovo with regret, and proceeding by train as far as Kaspichan, we drove thence over the open downs to the camp of Shumla, where the Prince was to hold a review on the following day. It was a tempestuous evening with blinding rain and a high wind; and the scene as we drove through the camp amid double lines of bonfires and torch-bearers, while the troops on either hand cheered loudly, was wonderfully striking and impressive. Dinner, at which the Prince presided, was served in the "club," a large wooden structure in which officers of all regiments mess together: a system of separate messes rivalling each other in luxury would not harmonise with the simplicity of Bulgarian life. I spent a portion of the evening in the hut of Colonel Petroff, the chief of the staff, where I met Major Savoff, the commandant

of the camp, a young but distinguished officer, who led the left wing in the Servian War. The youth of its officers is an interesting feature in the Bulgarian army: the Slivnitza campaign was directed by men of an age at which few British officers have obtained their captaincy. When the Czar, shortly before that campaign, withdrew his Russian officers, he had little idea of what stuff the Bulgarian subalterns were made. It was midnight, and the rain was falling in torrents when I waded through the mud to my hut, a structure somewhat resembling those at Aldershot, and ordinarily occupied by two young officers. It contained two beds and a couple of deal tables, but no chairs; there were primitive arrangements for washing, and the only ornament was a photograph of a young Bulgarian girl, which suggested some interesting conjectures. Fortunately the rain did not succeed in penetrating my abode, to mar the pleasant memories of a night in a Bulgarian camp.

At dawn we were astir, the troops having got under arms before daylight, and at six o'clock we were in the saddle. The weather began to clear, and the troops, as the Prince rode down the lines, looked remarkably smart and soldier-like in their neat great-coats and caps of Russian pattern. After going through several manoeuvres in a highly creditable way—the steadiness of movement and absence of noise was especially noticeable—the whole force under the Prince's orders, consisting of three regiments of infantry, five batteries of field artillery, two mountain batteries, and one squadron of cavalry, disposed itself for an attack on an imaginary enemy occupying a range of heights towards the north. The advance was flanked with cavalry on the right, and covered by artillery fire; the skirmishing was done admirably, the men taking intelligent advantage of every vestige of cover, and firing after careful aim: there was no firing for mere firing's sake. Ball-cartridge was used throughout the day. The artillery practice could be judged of easily, as hoardings had been erected on the hills marking the enemy's position; the shells fell with accuracy, and the shrapnel seemed to burst exactly over the enemy's head. While the troops were returning to the parade-ground after the attack, Prince Ferdinand utilized the time by riding into Shumla and inspecting the Turkish schools; the little Ottomans cheered lustily on his arrival and departure, and the Prince promised a liberal donation towards the repair of the school buildings. Shumla is still a thoroughly Turkish town, and shows no trace of "Bulgarisation." On our return to the camp a march past of the troops took place, the infantry, contrary to our custom, showing the way to the artillery and cavalry. I was much struck by the admirable *physique* of the men, which cannot, I think, be rivalled in any European army; it was this that conquered at Slivnitza,—the Bulgarian troops going into action

after long forced marches, and capturing one position after another, while, owing to a defective commissariat, they were literally starving. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of *physique*, even in these days of scientific warfare.

A banquet followed, during which Major Savoff eloquently proposed the health of the Prince, whose reply, delivered in excellent Bulgarian, was received with great enthusiasm. It was interesting to watch the faces of the Bulgarian officers with their strong stamp of character and individuality; here there is a total emancipation from the iron rule of "form," which amongst us makes every military man the ditto of his fellow. Many of these men are peasants' sons, owing their position solely to their own industry and ability. It was evening when we left the camp for the railway station, and our train travelling at a pace rarely attempted on Bulgarian lines, brought us into Rustchuk in three hours. Notwithstanding the darkness and the rain, a great crowd had assembled on the platform; and there was much cheering and excitement as we drove off to the palace, a commodious building which the municipality presented to Prince Alexander not long after his election.

Foremost among those who welcomed the Prince to Rustchuk was Mgr. Gregory, the Metropolitan. This eminent ecclesiastic now cultivates friendly relations with the existing Government, and his present attitude may be taken as fairly representing that of the Bulgarian hierarchy in general. What a change has been brought about during the past year may be seen by comparing what occurred during the last session of the Holy Synod with its proceedings in the previous year. Recently we have seen the prelates approaching the Prince with a loyal address, and claiming his protection for the Orthodox church; we have seen them accepting the hospitality of his Royal Highness, and forming a group with his Cabinet Ministers round the throne when he opened the Sobranje. On the former occasion we saw them making themselves particularly disagreeable, until they were chased from Sophia by M. Stambouloff, who treated them almost as Elijah treated the prophets of Baal. What is the cause of the change? The fact is that all hierarchies, from the shore of the Shannon to the delta of the Danube, possess something of the wisdom of the serpent, and as a rule know how to temporise when occasion requires. It is well to see how the cat will jump, and the Bulgarian bishops may be pardoned if they doubted whether the people would continue to tolerate a Government receiving lukewarm support from Europe and exposed to the hostility of Russia. Most of them had been engaged, during years of Turkish domination, in fostering the cult of the great Orthodox Czar; they largely shared the veneration they endeavoured to instil; and they could hardly be expected,

at a moment's notice, to renounce Russia and all her works. Another motive was added to these mixed sentiments of prudence and blind veneration. Since the liberation of Bulgaria the hierarchy has daily been losing its influence. All hierarchies flourish while resisting the domination of another creed; it was thus that priestly influence increased in Ireland under Protestant Ascendancy while it has diminished since Emancipation and the Church Act. Under Turkish rule the Orthodox church was the only organisation of the subject race, but when a native Government was established at Sophia the bishops found themselves no longer at the head of the nation, though the curious phenomenon of an Episcopal Prime Minister was at one time witnessed in the person of Mgr. Clement. A parallel to these strained relations between Church and State will be found in the other newly-liberated countries of the Peninsula. In their efforts to maintain their ground, the Bulgarian bishops have incessantly been in conflict with the Government of the day. But M. Stambouloff is "bad to beat"; and a single instance will suffice to show how brusquely he can deal with his spiritual foes. Shortly after Prince Ferdinand's accession the Exarch, yielding to pressure from Russia, gave orders that the Prince's name should not be mentioned in the church prayers. The command was obeyed by a portion only of the parish clergy, who, it must always be remembered, are a distinct caste from the hierarchy, and are more in sympathy with the people. Last summer M. Stambouloff made up his mind that forbearance must have a limit; he paid a domiciliary visit to Mgr. Gregory, and extracted from the latter a rescript of the Exarch—who had but recently assured the Bulgarian Government of his cordial friendship—bidding the bishops to support the cause of Russia. M. Stambouloff's action was rapid. He telegraphed to the Exarch, that unless within twenty-four hours an order was issued directing that prayers should be offered for Prince Ferdinand in all Bulgarian churches, the stipend of his Beatitude—some £5,600 a year—should immediately cease to be paid. Need it be said that the order was forthcoming within the appointed time? But M. Stambouloff's success in inducing the Porte to issue "berats" to the Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia has been his crowning triumph, and the hierarchy are beginning to perceive that it is time to become loyal.

Next morning amid torrents of rain the Prince laid the foundation stone of a monument to the Bulgarians who had fallen in the great war. The civil functionaries presented a melancholy spectacle in their soaking bedraggled dress suits—how sad it is to see the frightful garb of Western civilisation supplanting the picturesque costume of the East! We afterwards crossed the Danube to Giurgevo, on the Roumanian shore, where Prince Ferdinand welcomed his mother, the Princess Clémentine of Coburg, who arrived by special train from

Vienna *viâ* Bucharest. It was a pleasure to witness the reception of this august lady by the people on our return to Rustchuk. Crowds of young girls with bouquets and wreaths of flowers surrounded the landing-place, and their eyes brightened with evident affection as the Princess passed among them and accepted their gifts; the officers of the guard of honour came forward and kissed her hand with deep respect, and the people around gave loud cheers of welcome. It is impossible to overrate the services which the venerable Princess has rendered to her son's dynasty; her tact, amiability, and generosity in aiding every good work have won all hearts in Bulgaria. Princess Clémentine left in the afternoon for Sandrovo, where a family party was to meet in a few days; and immediately after we embarked on the yachts *Krum* and *Alexander* for our journey up the Danube. The former, which is the smaller vessel, was occupied by the Prince, who has always refused to go on board the *Alexander*, a large and handsome boat, inasmuch as the latter served as a floating prison for his predecessor after the kidnapping plot. It was a dismal prospect as we sailed out amid the darkness and the rain upon the vast wilderness of waters. And yet there was something fascinating and impressive in that fierce swelling current, sweeping onwards to the sea with the majesty of irresistible force and power.

I must cut short the description of our journey up the Danube. At Sistova, which was gaily illuminated, M. Stambouloff came on board, and after a long conference with the Prince remained to dinner. On the following day we pursued our course in the rain, and at midnight we anchored off Viddin, a town distinguished for its ugliness. Next morning we rose before dawn; the rain had departed, and the splendour of the sunrise promised us a magnificent day. We landed, and driving for four hours through an undulating country, clothed with oak forests and overlooked by blue mountain ranges, we arrived at Koula, near the Servian frontier, where a new camp has been formed under the directions of Prince Ferdinand, who greatly interested himself in its construction. Here the Prince reviewed a force consisting of four regiments of infantry, three batteries of field artillery, and a squadron of cavalry. The manœuvres somewhat resembled those at Shumla, and concluded with an attack on the position of an imaginary enemy. The troops looked exceedingly smart on parade, but the skirmishing was inferior to that at Shumla, probably owing to the unavoidably limited time allowed for the attack. The final assault, however, was delivered in splendid style, the men advancing at the double with a terrific "hurrah"; and I understood, for the first time, how it was that the Servians so seldom awaited the Bulgarian bayonet charge during the Slivnitza campaign. A banquet followed, at which Major Botcheff, the commandant of the camp, made an interesting and loyal speech; the Prince's reply was received with great enthu-

siasm, and the officers afterwards bore his Royal Highness on their shoulders to his temporary quarters.

The reception accorded to Prince Ferdinand by the officers at Koula and elsewhere suggests a few words upon a vital question—the loyalty of the army to the existing *régime*. I should rather say, the loyalty of the officers, for the soldiers, whose discipline is admirable, will follow whither their officers lead them. Are the officers loyal? The Bulgarian army was built up under Russian auspices and formed on a Russian model; the greater number of the present officers were trained in a military school under the influence of the Russian propaganda, and many of them are peasants' sons, whose early opportunities for the cultivation of an enlightened patriotism have been few. When the Russian officers were withdrawn, the intended result—the disorganisation of the Bulgarian army and its destruction by the Servians—did not follow, for young men of ability stepped into the vacant posts and led the soldiers to victory; but the rapid promotion thus gained engendered boundless jealousies and ambitions leading to revolutionary enterprises, with the sad result that most of the names distinguished in the Servian war have disappeared from the Bulgarian army list. Grueff, Bendereff, Demetreff, Filoff, Panoff, Panitza, and many others, have paid the penalty of their folly with exile or death. Their example should at least serve to strengthen the wavering—*pour encourager les autres*. Many of the officers who now hold the highest positions are undoubtedly good patriots and devoted to the Prince; but perhaps the best guarantee for the fidelity of the others is the obvious reflection that a return of Russian influence would mean a return of Russian officers, who would occupy all the best posts and block the road to promotion. The strongly-developed egoism of the Bulgarian character must be our ground for confidence until higher motives are supplied by the gradual formation of honourable and patriotic traditions.

It was midnight when we returned to Viddin, and at dawn we continued our journey up the river. The weather was magnificent; the hills on the Bulgarian shore glowed red with the foliage of the *rhus cotinus*; the oxen and buffaloes stood in herds by the shore, and here and there groups of peasants were assembled, who sent us a cheer across the water. As we watched the changing landscape, the Prince spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty and diversity of Bulgarian scenery; it was one of his chief consolations, he said, amid the difficulties and discouragements with which he is surrounded. "It is ever fresh," he said, "ever varied." "The incapacity," he went on to say, "to appreciate the beauty of nature is one of the chief causes of the *ennui* in which so many people spend their lives." Speaking of the Bulgarian character, the Prince observed that beneath an exterior of selfishness and egoism, it often conceals a great natural delicacy and refinement of feeling, which, in the

progress of civilisation, will be able to assimilate a high degree of culture. "The Bulgarians," he continued, "have certain glaring faults, but they have also many characteristics full of hope and promise for the future; they have all the qualities which make for national greatness, together with a capability of high moral and intellectual development." At Turnu-Severin, on the following day, Prince Ferdinand welcomed on board his sister, the Duchess Maximilian Emmanuel of Bavaria, who had come to join the family party at Sandrovo. The steamers turned their heads down stream, and at Lom Palanka I bade farewell with deep regret to their Royal Highnesses, and started at midnight for a drive across the Balkans to Sophia.

If the impressions recorded in these pages should seem to any to be tinged with optimism, I can only say that the better I know the Bulgarians the more I am struck by the singular tenacity and ability with which, under a Prince who thoroughly understands the position of a constitutional ruler, and a Prime Minister of rare courage and resource, they continue not only to maintain their position, but to advance from success to success both at home and abroad. The latest step taken by M. Stambouloff—the admission of two Conservatives to his Cabinet—augurs well for the future, and the Prime Minister, by working harmoniously with his new colleagues, will do much to dispel the charges of intolerance brought against him. I must not conclude without saying a word as to the attitude of Russia. The attitude of official Russia during the past year may be described as "correct." That of demi-official Russia has been as incorrect as heretofore. It is instructive to compare the terms which Russia, through an agent who declared himself authorised, offered to M. Stambouloff last year with those which were conveyed this year by one who also stated that he spoke with official sanction. Last year's proposals began with a stipulation for the removal of Prince Ferdinand; this year's terms are as follows:—(1) Prince Ferdinand to be recognised, (2) the independence of Bulgaria to be guaranteed, (3) Russia to support Bulgaria in Macedonia. In return, the Czar is to obtain (i.) the supreme command of the Bulgarian army, (ii.) the port of Bourgas as a naval station. That Prince Ferdinand on any terms should be recognised by Russia appears a marvellous concession of principle, which would seem to show that she can find no other way out of a difficulty of her own creation. To be sure, it would be hard to say how long Prince Ferdinand could remain on the throne once Russia had command of the army. Naturally his Royal Highness prefers the *status quo*. To all these proposals he has but one reply:—*J'y suis, j'y reste.*

ANIMA NATURALITER PAGANA :

A QUEST OF THE IMAGINATION.

It is a commonplace with critics that the creative faculty in literature is well-nigh exhausted, and that all works produced nowadays are merely variations on old motives and modifications of old ideas. There is, it would seem, nothing harder than to "sing unto the Lord a new song." Yet it might be plausibly argued that to understand what is really old requires as powerful an imagination as to invent what is really new. Perhaps, indeed, both tasks are impossible, if "new" in the one case and "understand" in the other be taken in the strictest sense. But no one will lay such a heavy burden as is here implied on the word "understand," unless he has a strong spiritual motive. It is just because so few have more than a merely speculative interest in the problem of understanding the mind and the art of the ancient Greeks, that the difficulties involved in that problem have seldom been sufficiently realised.

But we can easily conceive a mind to which that question would be of the greatest practical moment. Let us imagine a modern pagan who is out of sympathy with the tendencies of his age, and is at the same time unready to make useless attempts to counteract them. The decadence of Greece, the defeat of paganism, and the victory of Christianity are to him a painful subject. He feels impatient at the thought that, when the Spirit of humanity was standing on the brink of the abyss, about to project herself into the dark which she knew not—in *tenebras*, in *ignotum*—there was no god near at hand to pluck her back into the familiar light, no divine voice to whisper in her ears, as she bent forward,

"Why wilt thou cast the roses from thine hair?"

He is one of those in whose ears the music of the *Zeitgeist* has a sound as of jangled bells, but he is not of a militant nature, and is disposed only to search out a retreat quite in the shade, where rays from the "world" never come through. He seeks a road which does *not* lead to the end of the world. Such blind sheltered lanes, leading nowhere, may perhaps be found in some regions of higher mathematics, where breathing an air unstirred by emotion a worker may well-nigh lose the sense of his own existence. But men are born mathematicians, and I know not if any one ever arose and followed Archimedes or Mr. Cayley for the sake of winning a spiritual retreat. More comprehensible, but akin, is that happy "imaginary portrait"—one of the most captivating of Mr. Pater's sketches—of Sebastian van Storck, realising the aloofness demanded by his strange temper in the waste acosmic places of Spinoza's metaphysics, with its geometrical methods. But such retreats as these,

free from time and space, or perhaps dealing with space of unworldly dimensions, are only for the rare spirit, *rara avis in cælis*. The imaginary man of whom I speak is of more human temper. He would not freeze his emotions but only direct them in a way where they should not meet the Zeitgeist and his noisy company. Such a nature, needing for its life a bright atmosphere, and, although disliking its spiritual environment, yet averse to the "bleak blown spaces" of Senancour and Amiel (which are so essentially modern), might naturally seek in pagan Greece a home for the imagination. But can he get there? It must soon become clear to him that grave difficulties beset the realisation of the old Greek spirit in its purity and the appreciation of Greek art, even for one who is naturally pagan, and feels belated in the dispensation under which he has been brought up. He has more joy in Sophocles' hymn to Dionysos than in any modern poem, but how shall he ever understand that the lord of the vine is the choragos of the stars, or how taste with a Bacchant rout the savour of his sweetness on the mountains? He may know every curve on the broken marble limbs of the horsemen who rode on the frieze of the Parthenon cella, but how could he feel what their models felt on the day of the great Panathenaic festival? The statue of Aphrodite which Melos gave us may be dearer to his soul than any mistress, but will the goddess ever open his eyes to behold the light that was in hers?

"Who shall discern or declare
In the uttermost depths of the sea
The light of thine eyelids and hair?"

Is it possible to emancipate the imagination from the effects of the great ecumenical change which transformed the mind of man—effects like shadows, perceptible, or operative without our knowing it, in every nook of the intelligence? Is it possible to dull the ubiquitous echoes of the voice which "shrunk" the stream of Alpheus?

Of course a man, whose nature were so thoroughly and incorrigibly pagan as to resolve and seriously attempt to sweep all modern things clean out of his mind in order to build a haunt for the imagination in the past, would be regarded as beyond the verge of madness. Nevertheless it may be interesting to inquire, as a mere matter of speculation, whether such a quest is doomed to fail or destined to succeed; and the problem clearly touches on questions which have some importance for all students of literature, and especially for classical scholars. We hear a good deal, now and then, about the necessity of placing oneself at the ancient point of view, or of thinking oneself into the Greek mind. But how far is this psychologically possible? In some cases it is easy enough to recognise that the Greeks looked on such and such a matter in such and such a way, whereas modern civilisation regards the same thing

otherwise. But this is by no means equivalent to the realisation of the Hellenic temper. To understand fully the æsthetic sense of the Greeks, and to look at the whole world through their eyes, is the ideal of our imaginary pagan. But a certain approximation at least to this ideal must be recognised as desirable by every student of Greek art and literature. And thus the problem on which it is proposed to offer a few remarks in this paper has some concern for others than the "homeless" one who stands like Goethe's Iphigenie on the shore of the barbarous Tauri, "das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend."

Of characteristics of Greek art which render its appreciation in any real sense by the modern mind possible only after a careful training of the imagination, two are specially obvious. These are temperance and cheerfulness (*σωφροσύνη* and *εὐφροσύνη*). It is true that all art exacts a certain measure of self-restraint, but much of the best modern art expresses the passions of a soul which does not care to control itself. Temperance was the note of the Greek spirit; whereas the modern spirit is naturally extravagant, and if gravitation to "the Infinite" is kept within due limits, that repression is due to our familiarity with classical models. As an example of the attitude of the uneducated imagination to classical self-restraint, I may take a familiar modern poem in "classical" as opposed to "romantic" style. The ordinary reader finds the sentiment in *Rose Aylmer* jejune, perhaps almost ridiculous; he expects the passionate consecration not of a night, but of a year at least, if not a life, of memories and sighs. Some adventurous German philologist, I believe, has not hesitated to "emend" it; for of course the High-Dutchman understands emendation better than self-repression. It requires a training in Greek art to apprehend the beauty of the severe expression of the mere truth in perfectly fitting words. For most of us the charm of self-restraint in works of the imagination is an acquired taste; while the rapture of passion, sweeping along uncoerced, as it were, into boundless room, evokes at once an answer in the "romantic" soul. Mr. Swinburne's expression of emotion,

"I shall never be friends again with roses,
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long,"

touches immediately any imagination susceptible to poetry. But Landor's lines—

"A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee,"

leave the natural modern man cold.

This instance is from a modern poet who made classical literature his model. We may now go to a Greek tragedian for another instance of classical beauty, which can be appreciated only by the educated taste. When Hippolytus, in the play of Euripides, is about

to die, and Artemis, who had been his invisible companion in the chase, and for whose sake he had incurred the wrath which brought about his death, leaves him without any display of emotion, he says to her,—

μακρὰν δὲ λείπεις ῥαδίως ὁμιλίαν,

(*Thou lightly leavest a long companionship*). In a modern drama such words would imply a reproach, and the spectator or reader would be disposed to censure them as a blot on the passage. But to the educated æsthetic faculty this verse is one of the felicities of the play. It does not convey a reproach, but a simple acquiescence in the fact that the "gods live easily," and that grief for mortal friends lies lightly on them. This is the Greek *σωφροσύνη*.

Now the modern man may train himself to take pleasure in the temperance of Greek art, but he must remember that this vital difference between the Greek and the modern temper has wide effects in language and in small details, which with all watchfulness and subtlety he can hardly hope to follow. He will find it still more difficult to understand and appreciate another mark of the Greek mind and the art which it informed. The spirit of self-restraint was accompanied by cheerfulness. The Greeks were content with limits, and cheerful within them; as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, they were not "sick or sorry." But it may well be questioned whether it is possible for us, for the most pagan nature among us, to look upon the true face of their mild Euphrosyne. We too have the cheerful, we have literature animated by various forms of cheerfulness. But this only increases our difficulty in realising the Greek mood; for we have to keep it uninfected by the somewhat grotesque cheerfulness of Rabelais on the one hand, and by what Bacon calls a "devout cheerfulness" on the other. The humanists who revived the memories of antiquity, and awakened the world and conducted it out of darkness into a new light, did not succeed in reinstating the Greek Grace. She whom they set on the throne of Euphrosyne had gone through much tribulation, and, if the tears were wiped away, the memory thereof could not be effaced. The joyousness of Rabelais, who would fain have been physician to all men and solaced their troubles with his prescription *Buvez !* is quite different from the spirit of Pindar, when he says,—

ἄριστος εὐφροσύνα πόνων . . . ἱατρός,

(*Euphrosyna is the best physician of labours*). And the difference might be said to lie in this: Pindar's physician had no rival, while the great shadow of "the good physician" lay across the path of Rabelais. Shakespeare was another who brought forth the fruits of humanism. Regarding the cheerful side of his world, bright enough in the comedies, we soon become aware that it is not warm with the gracious cheer of the Greeks. "Dost think because thou art virtuous we are to have no more cakes and ale?" This is

thoroughly human; but the words themselves hint that not far off from the inn are lurking the pale shadows of protesting virtues. Or, again, "My little body is aweary of the great world." Notes like that, light enough, but signs that Melancholia has passed by that way, sound again and again in the gayest music. It must be owned that Milton's genius has succeeded in producing a poem to Euphrosyne in which no trace of the malady of the spirit can be found, when once Melancholia has been driven out of doors. But it is necessary to drive her out first, and we know that she will certainly return. To take another instance from Milton, the apology for "the perpetual fountain of domestic ~~pleasures~~," in the Fourth Book of his great epic, shows the need which the new temper felt to justify itself; the shadow was still there. Nor has it yet disappeared. Gautier believed that it was his mission to banish as something uncanny the three dominant pale spectres, Virginité, Mysticism, and Melancholy—"trois maladies nouvelles apportées par le Christ." His *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is typical of a certain pagan mood of the modern mind. But the Spirit of the book does not walk in the same ways or with the same gait as the true Euphrosyne. The step of Gautier's Grace is light, but it is fantastical; it is not set to the Greek measure, and the woods of Arden, where she wanders, are haunted by melancholy men.

These instances of cheerfulness and temperance will illustrate our distance from Hellas. When we reflect, that, not only we ourselves have been brought up and live in an atmosphere wholly different from the Greek and inhabited by a music that is acquainted with emotions which to the Greeks were utterly unknown, but our forefathers, who made us what we are, have for centuries past been thinking things which never entered the thought of Plato, and feeling things of which Sophocles and Pericles never dreamed, we can apprehend the magnitude of the task awaiting him who would really cross the ages in the little bark of the mind. We no longer, indeed, look up to the ideals of our ancestors who fought, and loved, and prayed in the days of Barbarossa or Saint Louis; *Ritterthum und Pfaffenrei* no longer possess the world. But these ideals brought forth their fruits, and they are psychologically affecting us still. They conditioned the growth of the forces which overthrew them, and they formed the minds which struck into new paths. The problem is, how far can we emancipate ourselves from the fatal constraint of heredity? Can we feel the charm of the true *Εὐφροσύνη*, when those, whose blood is in our veins, regarded, in their most tolerant moments, the works of the Greeks as "beitere Sünden"? Will the authentic Charis be able to reveal herself to us, seeing that the eyes of our ancestors were dazzled by the glories of ladies benedict—

"Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys"?

This is the question for the modern pagan : can he annihilate the thoughts and emotions, the dreams and fancies of more than two thousand years, by a supreme feat of imagination? Will not some magic herb, like that which "transhumanised" Glaucus, be needed to transmodernise him?

But the difficulties are by no means exhausted. There is a modern art amongst us, which deals in various ways with Hellenic subjects. Out of the stories of Greek myth modern poets and painters have constructed new "classical" worlds, not, however, really classical, but transmuted in their cradles and tempered into romanticism. In spirit, if not in letter, the legends told and painted by the new artists are as unlike the old, as the Arcadia of the Renaissance is unlike the Arcadia of geography. But it is from the new vessels that we drink in our early childhood. By the time we can read Greek literature for ourselves, our imaginations are dyed with romantic colours; the poetry of Homer and Euripides is laden with imported qualities; the light of antiquity comes to us through painted panes. If we do not take good heed, the impression produced by Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters*, a poem trembling with modern emotion, will imperceptibly adulterate the nature of our pleasure in the passage of Homer's *Lotophagoi* with the melancholy languor of the afternoon. When Morris sails to Colchis in the *Argo* he is as modern as when he transports us to the lund east of the sun and west of the moon. Keats is as little classical as Shelley. The Sappho, of whose soft cheek he dreams in a sonnet, is not the lover of Anactoria, but a fancy of his fantastic brain. And all the romantic transfigurations of the subjects of Greek literature are so many obstacles to our apprehending its true qualities. When we read the few fragments of the poetess of Mytilene which time has spared, perhaps against our will lines of Mr. Swinburne ring in our ears, we see

"The lost white feverish limbs
Of the Lesbian Sappho, adrift,"

and the imagination is immediately coloured with modern sentiment.

Again, we are constantly translating and reading the written translations of others. We must translate, to begin with, in order to master the language, and we never quite give up the habit of putting Greek mentally into English. Moreover, we sometimes read the renderings on which good scholars have spent time and love. But the world of translators, from Chapman to Mr. Lang, is not Greek any more than the world of Keats. This is a hard saying, but it may easily be proved. In the first place, the translators themselves had not performed the mighty feat of imagination, spoken of above; their minds, like those of others, were conditioned by their environment and their forefathers. In the second place, even if they had thoroughly freed

their imaginations from the mental fetters which history has laid upon her children, they have no instrument at their command to work upon the imaginations of others. Even if the words of Homer and Pindar conveyed to them exactly the same significance that they conveyed to the ears of those who heard the story of Troy recited in Chios, or the tale of Jason and Medea sung at Cyrene, they would be unable to reproduce that significance in a modern language.

For when we go beyond material objects and natural relations, the Greek and English words do not correspond. "Father" corresponds to *πατήρ*; "lion" corresponds to *λέων*; but "virtue" is not the equivalent of *ἀρετή*, and "grace" is not the equivalent of *χάρις*. In one direction the Greek words mean a little more than the English, and in another direction they mean a little less. And the really equivalent parts of the connotations are affected by their association with the parts which do not cover. And in literature these "little" differences are all important; it is the subtle flavours of words that determine the flavour of a work. It does not, perhaps, matter much whether we read in Greek or in English that Darius had two sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus; but whether we read of *ὕψηλαῖς ἀρεταῖς* or of "sublime virtues," makes all the difference in Helicon. There are some words which are opposed by virtue of their whole history to Hellenedom and ought never to pass between our eyes and a Greek page. Such are *righteousness*, with its savour of the Old Testament, and *meekness*, with its savour of the New. Yet "righteousness" occurs more than once in a brilliant version of Pindar; and the author of the *Data of Ethics* has chosen the name of a peculiarly Christian virtue to render Aristotle's *πραότης*. This is almost as unfortunate as it would be to translate Pindar's *καρπὸς φρενῶν* by "fruits of the spirit," a phrase from the Litany charged with Christian emotion. Such an epithet as *knightly*, suggesting a mediæval ideal, would be clearly out of place in the translation of a Greek work.

It may be said that these are extreme cases, and that the reasons which render them unsuitable equivalents for Greek words of cognate meaning cannot fairly be urged in the vast majority of cases. But it is just the extreme and most obvious instances that are least dangerous. It is those cases where the differences are more subtle; which, if not attended to, must imperceptibly tend to place the modern mind at a totally false standpoint. For every word of spiritual significance has its history; and whether we know that history wholly or in part, or not, the emotion which it awakens in us is a result of that history. Every word has been in some way affected by the society in which it has been thrown, and has been refined or corrupted by the communications which it has held. A language reflects the light and the shadows which have fallen from generation to generation on the people who speak it; a breath of

their joys and their pains passes into the words they utter. It would be an instructive page in history which traced the associations that have gathered round the "world." Long companionship with the flesh and the devil, new vistas in astronomy, wider views of history, have all contributed their portion to a complex of associations united in that monosyllable. "World," therefore, has no Greek equivalent. How could one render in Greek Wordsworth's complaint that "the world is too much with us late and soon"? To find an equivalent for "old world pine forests" might not appear so hopeless; but *ἀγύγιος* does not really convey the same impression as "old world," which implies a new world. There is nothing in Greek which could express the delicate suggestiveness of Othello's "world of kisses." And, conversely, if we use "world" in thought or speech as a counter for any Greek word, we unconsciously impede the imagination from reaching the Greek point of view. "Heart" might be taken as another example. Except in a physiological sense the Greek had no word for "heart," which expresses a faculty of emotion which was differentiated after the rise of Christianity and the entrance of the Germans into Christendom. In the same way, if we wish to render *χάρις* or *θαλερός* or *ἀρετή*, we have no words which are not either inadequate or charged with meanings of which Hellas was innocent.

And thus we are led to the strange conclusion, that the better a translation is from one point of view the worse it is from another. Versions which affect literary polish are those which are most likely to mislead, because they substitute in a more pronounced or more insinuating manner a modern for a Greek atmosphere. Professor Jebb's translations of Sophocles cannot be surpassed; but they are really works of English literature. They are efforts of modern art which deserve to be mentioned in a history of English literature as much as the *Pericles and Aspasia* of Landor. But they do not represent Sophocles, and, as has been shown, they could not represent him, because words have histories, and in a work of literary merit, especially, words assert their significances. It is impossible not to add and not to take away. Rossetti's translation of Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" and the original poem do not give exactly the same quality of pleasure; the English version has beauties that are not in the French, virtues that are all its own. And yet it is very faithful. But so it is with all beautiful translations of beautiful works; the quality of the beauty undergoes a change. Professor Jebb has certainly resisted far more than other translators who regard translation as a fine art the temptation to introduce echoes of modern and Christian literature. It is tempting to render the *ὅττι καλὸν φίλον ἐστὶ* of Theognis by "A thing of beauty is a joy"; but the phrase immediately transports us from the society of the Charites to the romantic ways in which the

shepherd boy of Keats strayed and dreamed. It is tempting when we read in the *Phædo* the saying about the initiated,

πολλοὶ μὲν ναρθηκοφόροι, Βάκχοι δὲ τε παῦροι

(*many wand-bearers, but few Bacchants*), to recall the "parallel" from the New Testament: "Many are called, but few are chosen." Yet it might be held that if one would enter into the Greek spirit and keep the imagination pure, such a parallel should be conspicuous by its absence from the thoughts.

These remarks may be illustrated further by some instances from well-known translations. In the legend of Castor and Polydeukes told by Pindar in the Tenth Nemean Ode, the prayer of Polydeukes when he sees his brother dying begins thus: "ὦν με too, O lord Zeus, lay the end of death,"—

καὶ ἐμοὶ θάνατον ἐπίτειλον, ἄνα.

It seems that the first two words (καὶ ἐμοί) suggested to the mind of Mr. Ernest Myers a certain passage in Genesis, and that he was not proof against the temptation to introduce an echo of it in his prose version. At all events he renders thus: "Bid me, me also, O king, to die with him." Perhaps the echo is not deliberate, but certainly it is unfortunate, for we are thus dragged from the scene in Laconia to the bed of a Hebrew patriarch; in the presence of the Tyndarids, those two strange young heroes, attached to each other by bonds of comradeship as well as of brotherhood, we are compelled to remember Esau and Jacob. And a little further, in the same tale, Zeus begins his reply to Polydeukes with these words:—

ἔσσι μοι νιός.

Unwarily doubtless rather than intentionally Mr. Myers renders, "Thou art my son," thus unfortunately suggesting a certain passage in the Bible.

For another example I go to a poetical work, Mr. Browning's translation of the *Agamemnon*. We read there how the robbed vultures

"Lament the bedded chicks, lost labour that was love."

The Greek expression, *δεμνιοτήρη πόνον ὀρταλίχων ὀλέσαντες*, reminded the English poet of the title of Shakespeare's play, and he could not resist introducing the allusion at the cost of transporting our thoughts from the gloomy palace of Argos to the "nice" world of gallants and ladies in Navarre.

The most judicious will not go out of his way to woo echoes like these; but, though it is easy to avoid collocations of words, he cannot avoid words. The sad song of the Theban elders, when they learn part of the truth about their king, can only open with the words, "Alas, generations of men!" and with that word "generations" a

foreign sound as of psalms, coming from places which the feet of Sophocles knew not, seems to ring through the streets of Thebes.

Translations then are inevitably delusive, and the best, the most so. I need not dwell on the element of metre which forms more than half the charm in any poetical work, and which it is absolutely impossible to reproduce. In no language but Greek could there be achieved the effect of that song of the Theban elders in the *Œdipus Tyrannos*, to which reference has just been made. Worsley's *Odyssey* has been highly praised; but it should be observed that its metre alone disables it from reproducing the effect of Homer. The peculiar quality of the Spenserian stanza is so potently romantic that it determines the whole tone of a composition. And thus the tale of Odysseus is enveloped by its metre in an atmosphere of dreamy indolence, touched with melancholy; the continuous flow of the Greek hexameters is divided into monotonous sections, each falling away in a sort of long withdrawing languor.

I have dwelt thus long on the difficulties of translation, because they illustrate the psychological hindrances that guard and bar the way to the true land of Greece. When he looks steadfastly into the face of these dragons, which the merciless will of history has set to baffle modern curiosity, even the most paganly minded amongst us may be forced to own that they are too strong for him. Let us fancy a man who has resolved for the sake of that quest to renounce the heritage that history has given him, and to use all his efforts to educate his imagination for living in the old Greek world. Standing, as it were, in a palæstra, he will strip off all superfluities of modern righteousness. He will say "Rejoice!" to the Kingdom of Heaven, that he may himself rejoice like a Greek. He will cast clean out of mind those who have fasted and prayed in the wilderness; the *selva selvaggia* of mediævalism will fade, in his consciousness, into less than the shadow of a dream. He will shed no tear of pity for her who was unmade by Maremma, and the Love that moved the sun and stars will leave him cold. By the strange ways of the spirit, where Hamlet went darkling, he may not dare to pass. To Melancholia, the vague one, above all, he must say, "Avoid!" and he will flee too from the ladies of Leonardo who know "the stars at noon." The dark men of Rembrandt will be banished from the borders of his study. He will not gather "flowers of evil," or strew rose or rue or laurel on him who sowed them, or visit Don Juan in the shades. He has forbidden himself to walk on the banks of willow-wood, or to look in Venus' eyes for the gaze of Proserpine. He will not search in the waste garden for the flowers of Ilonka Világosi, or inquire for the unknown shore where the waves left Ophelia's posy. He will refuse to see the "music" of Giorgione or hear the music of Beethoven. All these prohibitions he may observe fully, and a million more of the same kind; but however pagan be the quality of his mind, however

jealously he supervise the workings of his imagination, however strictly and nicely he weigh all his thoughts, straining to live continually in the presence of Greek ideas and in the light of Greek beauties, we cannot expect that the temper of a modern pagan will really forget itself to the temper of the Greeks. For such a man is a fugitive, and this fact is fatal to him. He renounces his environment, and the mere fact that he has made a renunciation, however willingly, unfits his mind for achieving its desire. Dissatisfaction with the spiritual life that encompasses him is his starting-point; but from such a starting-point no road leads to the house of Euphrosyne. Though he know it not, the things which he eschews will attend him.

But it is hisible that what is denied to a pagan of the present age may be in store for a pagan of the far future. As man travels farther from the East, in one sense, he is travelling nearer it in another. Politian knew more about ancient Athens than Alcuin; Wachsmuth and Dörpfeld know far more than Politian. The comprehension of the Greek spirit is a problem for the future, a task for many generations. A new method of historical psychology, a new method of historical æsthetic, must be instituted in order to solve the problem. The gradual growth through the ages of various emotions, and their delicate modifications, must be wrought out; a gigantic work, demanding a liberal grant of time, and needing the subtlest of brains. To define the infinite stages which lie between the world which conditioned the *μεγαλόψυχος* of Aristotle and that in which such a character as Daniel Deronda could be conceived; to determine in detail the innumerable phases which mediate between Phœdra and Anna Karenina; to show how from the imagination which found nothing sweeter than the smile of Sappho's friend (*καὶ γελᾶσας ἰμέροεν*), was fashioned cell by cell, in the course of the ages, the imagination which dreamed of the smile of Beatrice,—

“un riso

tal che nel fuoco faria l'uom felice.”

—here is a work for which the hundred hands of history and grammar may be enlisted to hew wood and to draw water.

When historical methods of æsthetic have been perfected, there may be some chance of sifting out the Greek ideas in comparative purity; and it may be possible for the imagination, in some measure, to grasp the Greek world. The processes of analysis are slow, and our race shall have seen many generations of historians pass, and shall have celebrated many a grammarian's funeral, before the most skilful navigator can touch the shores of “Hellas” and behold the smoke curl upwards from the hall of Euphrosyne, even then only in the distance. Yet the time may come when the patient work of multitudes will have made a road to a region whither the clipped wings of the most ardent pagan Hellenist cannot bear him now.

J. B. BURY.

A CANADIAN PEOPLE.

Is Canada to vanish from history? Is she to lose her identity, her individuality, her possibilities, by absorption into the United States? Are Canadians to become a mere memory, and those who might have formed one of the greatest peoples of the future in America to rank merely as the outvoted inhabitants of the northerly portion of a gigantic Republic?

The decline and fall of Empires has been a favourite thesis because the historian can found his superstructure of personal explanation and assertion on foundations of recorded fact. The reverse process, the genesis and rise of nations, is less congenial to those who, like myself, would rather deal with facts than "futures." Yet there come upon all communities of men occasions when, in their course, they arrive at cross roads, and on the sudden choice of their forward route depends their whole future. In such cases it must needs be that anticipations of the future are put forward.

Canada, all authorities are agreed, has arrived at such cross roads this year, and the critical decision has to be taken between that downhill road which leads to annexation to the United States and that uphill road which leads to the great safe table-land of self-reliant nationality.

Apart altogether from any questions of political relations or allegiance—nay rather in spite of these—the destiny of Canada is not altogether in her own hands. Alien nations control her: she is not free to choose except in subjection to a variety of external circumstances. One of these, over which Canada has and can have no direct control, has arisen beyond her borders and already exerted a remarkable influence in forcing Canada to a particular and sudden decision. Canada, with her population of six millions, has a great neighbour immediately to the south, with a population of sixty millions.

Originally over all North America enterprising colonists from Europe formed settlements. British influences gradually absorbed the supreme power until the great and lamentable change which brought about a cleavage in the political allegiance of these North American Settlements more than a century ago. Marvellous was the growth of both resulting groups; but while the Republic to the south swept Europe of its surplus residuum of population, the Monarchical Province to the north took no such vigorous steps to fill up its back country. Population means trade and industry, and

the United States, with a large area in mild and genial latitudes, stepped rapidly along with an initial population of five millions. Canada, with an initial population of two hundred and fifty thousand, has also steadily gone ahead ever since, but never with any prospect of getting up to or even gaining upon her gigantic southern neighbour. The thirteen original States, overrunning all the country to the west and south, came to the conclusion that the country to the east and north would soon be theirs as well. The citizens of the United States came to regard the annexation of Canada as a manifest destiny—a mere matter of time. Even in those early days, however, they were counting without their host. The battles of Queenston Heights and Chateaugay early proclaimed the Loyalists invincible. Canadians in the settled districts on the Atlantic and along the St. Lawrence, were receiving much specific assistance from the old country. Two great British corporations, the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Companies—at first separated and subsequently in combination—were speedily establishing administrative dominion over all the back country of Canada, westwards right across the continent, and northwards right away to the Arctic Circle. The initial value of securing all these wide territories to the British Flag became amply evident later on; and will remain for ever a credit and a pride to the pioneer administrators of those two great corporations.

Over this period history records isolated threats, in various Canadian centres, of secession to the United States. Such a cry arose when friction or troubles vexed the residents in some particular portion. In British Columbia or in Nova Scotia, in Manitoba or Quebec, the threat was heard. But in each case a calm contemplation of the possible results proved that there was no visible gain in such exchange of allegiance. The spirit of the United Empire Loyalists always prevailed.

Meanwhile statesmen, and conspicuously among them the late Earl of Carnarvon, were devising constitutional methods of binding all the Canadian settlements together for their mutual benefit. As I know personally, among the most cherished of the tasks undertaken by Lord Carnarvon was this consolidation of all Canadian interests, this inauguration of a union which should give present strength and assure a political future to a Canadian people. For his sympathetic, wise and energetic work in this cause Canadians in time to come will ever have reason to look upon the late Lord Carnarvon as one of the fathers of their nation.

Political confederation firmly established the idea of possible union among the then scattered settlements from Cape Breton to Vancouver's Island. But the full realisation of the idea seemed almost beyond hope until two Canadians stepped forward to solve

the material difficulties. The maritime provinces with their active life round from St. John by Yarmouth, Halifax, and Sydney to Prince Edward's Island, and so by the St. Lawrence settlements, by Quebec and Montreal, to the inland settlements up past Ottawa and along past Toronto to Hamilton and the American frontier, might well combine for their mutual good. But what about all that great area away beyond the lakes and over the prairies and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast of British Columbia? How could that be organized or developed or brought within the pale of confederation? Moreover, did not Americans proclaim it to be a land of ice and snow fit only for the production of furs?

At this very crisis there came the irresistible influence of one who, as a foremost and most trusted administrator of the Hudson's Bay Company, had wide personal knowledge of this whole fur-bearing area. Sir Donald A. Smith, convinced of the value for agriculture and many another industry of all this great region in the north-west, convinced by his exceptional personal knowledge that all this great country was fit for prosperous settlement, found in Sir George Stephen an exceptional financial ally. The idea was mooted that these valuable areas must be opened up to settlement by the means of a great arterial railway system, and the task appeared so gigantic that it was tacitly settled it could only be undertaken by the new Dominion Government. The great national railway was planned on paper, work was resolutely commenced in several portions, but the enterprise soon began to drag; the Government machinery became clogged; failure, absolute failure, loomed in the near future. At this crisis, the greatest probably in all Canadian history, the redoubtable Hudson's Bay administrator, Donald Smith, came forward with his friend George Stephen. A private syndicate was formed, sufficient means were boldly subscribed, the Government handed over all its responsibilities, and, in the end, but fully five years before the contract date, the energy and business abilities of this small syndicate of Canadians had completed from Atlantic to Pacific the much-needed arterial railway system.

The old provinces along the St. Lawrence at once felt a new stimulus; there was the impulse of the possible developments to follow on the opening up of all this great North-West. It is related of Jaques Cartier that when he first interviewed the Indians where now stands the great city of Montreal, these Indians touched the brazen hilt of his sword and the silvered accoutrements, indicating by signs that those metals were to be found away beyond, up the Ottawa river. For three centuries those Indians were never believed. And yet now rich silver and nickel mines have been discovered along the north of Lake Superior, precisely in a bee line with that indicated by the Indians at the Hochalega interview in the year 1534;

and some £12,000,000 of gold has already been taken out of British Columbia. From the very first the enormous crops gathered from a mere "scratching of the prairie" proved that a wheat age would speedily succeed to the fur age, and the farmer successfully supplant the trapper. It is said that with the time comes the man, and Canada certainly produced at this crisis the sagacious Sir John A. MacDonald, who, with a national policy which meets with wholesome opposition and criticism, has, with the aid of such able lieutenants as Sir Charles Tupper, on the whole, satisfied the bulk of Canadians, and certainly given evidence of the strength of the rapidly growing conviction that to the north of the States are found all the elements necessary to the existence of a prosperous, industrial, self-contained people.

The High Tariff Policy, it must be remembered, was adopted in Canada avowedly in self-defence against the United States, and many and earnest were the regrets and fears expressed at the time by Canadians, lest this policy, claimed to be indispensable to avoid being overwhelmed by the Americans, should in any way injure the closest political and commercial relations with the mother country. Throughout this period the United States have from time to time entered upon reciprocal trade relations with Canada. Each time, however, the United States have, when the stipulated limit of time arrived in each particular arrangement, refused to renew the agreement. Somehow the public mind never became convinced that on the whole there was advantage in such arrangements.

In the United States, and in a special degree since things have reassumed a normal condition after the great war, the Protective spirit has overborne all opposition. Such a policy always finds its foundations in the pride of a nation as a whole, and in the self-interest of a variety of individual citizens. Americans, it goes without saying, probably exceed all other nations in national pride. They are proud of their rich country, proud of their inventions, proud of their personal qualities and abilities. Again, the United States were founded by and were replenished by men forced to make their own living. Special, almost abnormal, power was exercised by the need of the individual, by this great factor of self-interest. Moreover, the enormous fortunes amassed by individuals under the Protective system have given individuals a quite disproportionate amount of political power. A Protective Tariff precisely satisfied these two fundamental characteristics of the people, and will probably long retain a firm hold on the sympathies of the majority.

It is too often forgotten, however, that such a policy was possible because the United States in area, fertility, and resources of all kinds and descriptions was equal to the whole of Continental Europe, but inhabited even now by a population hardly exceeding that of France. The people were engaged in opening up this vast area ;

and their foreign trade touched them but little. The one universal specific for depression—for bad times—whether for the individual or the industry was “go west.” But a most wise resolution was come to: from the very first the American citizens decided that Free Trade should reign, unrestricted and absolute, over all this vast area. No State may levy customs’ duties on the products of other States.

The culmination of Protection has now been reached in the McKinley Bill. The Legislature of the United States has set up an external customs tariff, averaging, perhaps, 60 per cent. *ad valorem*. This marks the zenith of the sun of Protection, which must now travel down to its setting with more or less speed. The tariff itself is commonly described in America as merely the price demanded by many of those engaged in manufacturing industries for their lavish financial help in the late Presidential Election; and it must be remembered that the process of polling—on behalf of two rival parties—the electors among 60,000,000 people, cannot be carried through without an enormous expenditure. It is not so much a question of bribery as of cost of organisation, and it occurs once in four years for the American people, constituting a very heavy tax on American profits. The McKinley Tariff was, then, the price paid to certain classes for their financial aid in working the political machine of their party. But recent elections have proved that this price has broken up the party; and it is absolutely certain that at the next Presidential Election tariff reform will be the cry of both sides. Mr. Blaine, it will be remembered, did his best to check the suicidal action of his Republican friends in forcing forward this McKinley Bill. Recent elections have made the party regret they did not follow his sound advice. The Democrats are more than ever in favour of tariff reform. As Mr. J. Bigelow has pointed out to me, the Americans have a tendency to deal with only one big question at a time, and they decline to take up two at once. Slavery claimed all their attention till it was settled. Since then Currency has occupied the field, but now the Tariff question is distinctly to the fore, and public opinion will not allow it to recede until it has been finally disposed of. At the same time, such is the strength of the spirit of Protection, so firm are its roots in the pride of the nation and the self-interest of the individual, that tariff reform will hardly achieve the results expected by Englishmen. Generally, then, the effect of the McKinley Bill in the States will be the doom of excessive Protection, and the bringing into favour once again of Free-trade notions, which will, however, only find partial realisation in measures of reciprocity and in material modifications of the excessive tariff now set up.

But in Canada far greater and more permanent results seem likely to follow. The McKinley Tariff is universally regarded as an ulti-

matum from Americans to Canadians: "We will freeze you out, until you come and knock for admission into the States." The Canadian reply is as unexpected as it is forcible: "We don't want admission, and we thank you for retiring in our favour from the different markets of the world where North American produce finds a ready sale." Most noticeable all through Canada did I find this feeling on my recent visit. Everywhere the question was: "Where can we sell our goods now the Americans won't take them?" Then, too, Canadians, if they come to analyse their present trade, would light upon many significant details. Thus they would find that already, per head of population, their external trade is of an annual value of £8, as compared with only £4 in the United States; and they would see that, as they have already done in shipping, so in foreign trade, they may take rank among the leading nations of the world.

They will see that in regard to the *export* of Canadian produce the average annual value exported has been as follows:—

IN MILLIONS STERLING.

To	1868-72.	1873-7.	1878-82.	1883-7.
United Kingdom	4.2	7.0	7.4	7.6
United States	5.0	6.0	6.4	7.2
Other countries	1.2	1.6	1.9	1.5

Thus it is seen that over these years, while the percentage of the total of exports has decreased in the case of the United States, it has increased in the case of the United Kingdom.

An analysis of imports shows that Canada obtained, say, 47 per cent. from the United States, 38 per cent. from the United Kingdom, and 15 per cent. from other countries. It also is clear that Canada imports six million pounds' worth of manufactures from the United States which directly, in great degree, compete with her own manufactures. She also obtains one and a half millions' worth of goods which are produced in other countries, from which she could obtain them direct—such as wool, sugar, tropical fruits, drugs, skins, and tobacco. She takes two and three-quarters millions' worth of goods she can and does produce herself—such as coal, breadstuffs, kerosene, timber, fish, &c.

With the other countries—such as the United Kingdom, Europe, the West Indies, Australia, China, and Japan—the interchange is chiefly of goods which do not directly compete. Even the manufactures are of diverse kinds. Canada would certainly seem to have her

best natural markets, both for demand and supply, in these other over-sea countries which already take more than half of her external trade.

The one present obstacle is the lack of direct steamship communications; and here again the McKinley Tariff has had a very remarkable effect. It has aroused widespread attention in Canada to all proposals for establishing direct steamship communication of first-class character, in reference both to speed and accommodation. The present Dominion Government had long ago, and wisely, determined to propose various measures for granting subsidies for steamship lines from Canada to Europe, the West Indies, China, and Australia. I had the greatest satisfaction last year in assisting to win the consent of the Imperial Government and Parliament to the granting of an Imperial subsidy for the Japan mail service, which it is calculated will save seventeen days over the present route *via* Suez, which takes forty-two days, a saving of vital importance to English commerce. And now definite proposals are in process of acceptance for establishing at once a fast Atlantic steamship service between England and Canada, and a fast Pacific service between Vancouver and Australia. Naturally large subsidies are asked for in establishing such services, and, without doubt, with a sufficient subsidy behind them, the shares of the undertaking will be willingly taken up by the British public. Beyond all this certain large facts should be remembered. If we regard prospects of traffic on the Pacific we find that the external trade of China and Japan has increased from £16,000,000 in 1870 to £80,000,000 in 1890, while the foreign trade of Australasia has increased, over the same period, from £17,000,000 to £153,000,000. The trade between North America and Australia has grown steadily, and even rapidly, to £4,000,000, while that with China and Japan already exceeds £10,000,000. Thus the prospects of freight and passengers for these new quick steamers on the Pacific are decidedly promising, and, if they are run with due regard for the convenience of passengers, there is no doubt but that the route will become exceedingly popular, especially with the richer classes of Australians, Americans, and Canadians.

As for the proposed through Mail Service, soon to be inaugurated, between England and Transpacific ports *via* Canada, the saving of time, the variety and interest of the journey, and the absence of Red Sea and Indian Ocean heat will assuredly attract a very great number of passengers.

On the whole then, the chief present need in rapidly opening up Canada to settlement and development is fast Ocean Steamship Lines. These can only be established on promise of large Government subsidies. To a certain degree these promises had already been made, but the direct effect of the McKinley Bill has been to

rouse men of all parties and in both Houses of the Dominion Parliament to side with the Government whose motto is "Canada for the Canadians." And it seems probable that in the next session (in January) of the Canadian Parliament definite proposals will be gladly accepted for subsidies sufficient to meet all these patriotic purposes.

In all this Canadians will understand they will have the warm sympathy of the old country. They have been properly grateful for this in the past, and certainly at many a crisis practical aid has been ungrudgingly given. Canadians know well, and the financial and commercial world relies on this more than anything else, that any who attack the integrity or independence of Canada have to face the armed strength of the whole British Empire. The mother country, as in the Trent affair or the Riel troubles, showed herself prompt to vindicate the integrity and the honour of the Empire. In industrial development even the aid and guarantee of the taxpayer of the old country has been freely accorded. No one ever notices now the records in the Finance accounts which tell that millions sterling has been guaranteed or advanced for Canadian purposes, as, for instance, the construction or completion of the internal water or rail communication in Canada. All importers, whether of food or raw materials, would very willingly see the United Kingdom take most of its North American produce—wheat, meat, cattle, farm produce, timber, minerals, &c.—from Canada direct. This would represent an import trade alone of an annual value of fifty millions or more. British goods would be bound to go back in repayment. In every respect the old country will heartily welcome all that assists the growth of Canada.

Canada can trust not only for defensive purposes to the cordial support of the United Kingdom, but also in every other purpose. The fundamental idea of the Canadian Constitution, which provides for practical independence in close alliance with a great and powerful Empire, seems far better suited to safe industrial and commercial progress than the constitutional idea of the United States. The absence of the quadrennial Presidential Election, for instance, not only relieves Canadians of many a direct tax on their profits, as for instance the 10 per cent. party levy made on all the Government salaries before each Presidential Election, but also relieves Canadian affairs of that nightmare of severe party conflict which haunts and weighs upon every political act or scheme in the United States; and of the consequent hurtful political uncertainty which hovers over American affairs for three years out of every four.

Canada has been gradually growing up to national manhood, and in so doing she has pushed aside one by one the several temptations

that could only have led to ultimate absorption in the United States. The McKinley Tariff has now come as a final effort on the part of the United States to compel Canada to yield up her independence. It has found Canada stronger—stronger than she herself or anyone else was aware—in the determination to carve out her own future for herself. The McKinley Bill that was to force the union into being, can now, as a matter of fact, be described only as the coffin in which annexation will be buried beyond redemption. Canadians claim Canada for themselves and their heirs; they have come to the main cross-roads of their progress as a nation, and without hesitation they prefer to the left-hand road that leads to national annihilation, the right-hand road which conducts them to all the possibilities of brilliant and useful national existence. The Canadian people will keep Canada for themselves, basing their independence on close and cordial co-operation and union with an empire which, by all the ties of descent, blood, institutions, religion, and material interests, is one and indivisible, and will so remain, for all the future of that empire and of the Canadian people.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.



THE IRISH LEADERSHIP.

RECENT events have converted Mr. Parnell's record in the Divorce Court into a very secondary matter, though not into the entirely private concern that he wishes us to think it. The relations of personal morality to political trustworthiness are an almost academic question, since the Irish problem has to be settled on very different issues. But as so much heated discussion has passed on the moral question, a few words may not be out of place, though they now have nothing to do with the great political *crux*.

Violent and foolish things have been said by extreme men on both sides. To assert that all sexual vice disqualifies a man for public affairs is mere puritanical extravagance; which would strike off from the service of their fellow citizens—Wellington, Nelson, Palmerston, Garibaldi, and Gambetta. To say that a life of notorious infamy ought not to affect our confidence in a politician, is a cynical outrage on good sense as well as decency. Many great and noble servants of the State have been loose in life. It has stained their memory, and has often diminished their service. Cæsar, Charlemagne, Henry of Navarre, and Frederick the Great would have been all the stronger had they been as pure as Alfred and Cromwell. But it would be pedantry to assert that because they had been loose they ceased to be statesmen.

On the other hand, judicial conviction of scandalous and systematic vice, with every circumstance of fraud and ignominy, must qualify or destroy the confidence and enthusiasm which a public leader should command. No one will pretend that Wilkes or Byron could now lead a parliamentary party. The partisans of Zola have made merry over the "puritanical outburst" (as they please to think it) which has just shaken the two islands. But they as little know the facts as they recognise moral principles. Though many eminent public men are thought to have led irregular lives, it would be difficult to name, even in France or Russia, a leading statesman whose vices were judicially proven in a long and public story of treachery, trickery, and ridicule. It may be doubted if even in any Continental country a man could continue to hold office whilst his name was become a laughing-stock in a thousand newspapers revelling in all the "stench of the Divorce Court."

The truth is that we cannot lay down absolute doctrines in the matter. There are forms of personal viciousness which may not destroy our confidence and respect for a public man. There are other forms and other cases which must and do destroy it. We must judge the whole life, the entire character, the situation all

round. And amongst the circumstances which kill confidence come foremost—judicial proof, treason to friends, vulgar escapades, the disgust of decent people and the laughter of idle people. The grounds of moral judgment are not the same as the grounds of political judgment. That vice is proved against a man in a court of law, that the circumstances surrounding the vice have covered him with ridicule, make little difference to the moral judgment, and may even tend to mitigate the moral penalty. But they make all the difference to the political judgment and they vastly increase the political penalty. A man who is made a public laughing-stock cannot be a leader of men, even if he were an angel. And a leader, who, dragged into a criminal court, has been steeped in all that is disgusting and ridiculous, must expect to forfeit the confidence of the public, though his moral offence may not in the light of conscience be blacker than that of men who retain it.

This is a simple matter of fact which no moralizing whatever can affect one way or the other ; and which the development of popular institutions indefinitely tends to increase. We may protest as much as we please, but in these days no man can retain the confidence of the people who is pilloried as at once odious, vicious, and ridiculous. Whatever it was in the past, whatever it may be under despotic systems, the people will not now hold by a man whose name is covered with public disgrace. It is idle to plead that he is no worse morally than some of his contemporaries, that he is a useful public servant, that to reject him is to inflict a disproportionate penalty. We have made the masses the ultimate arbiter ; and one of their most rooted resolves—and a very good one too—is this, that they will not trust a notorious profligate.

Questions of political confidence are not to be crudely decided by a standard of personal morality ; they are brought to the test of social morality, and of that that ~~reads~~ instincts of the people are perhaps at present as good judges as we are likely to have. On one side and on the other, attempts are being made to judge this matter as if it were a simple case of personal morality. Religious zealots, who hardly know what social morality is, have been clamouring for an absolute rule that a definite moral offence shall disqualify a statesman once for all. On the other hand, some professors of “a higher morality” have been asking us to absolve a vicious politician on the principles by which a Catholic priest in the confessional might claim to grant absolution to a penitent. Professors of “the higher morality” are justly regarded with a curious suspicion. They have been known to insist that a man who had run away with a married woman was morally bound to continue to live in adultery. And not very long ago, they asked us to see in a shameless swindler the destined saviour of France. All this unwholesome sophistry is a natural result of

attempting to ape the Catholic discipline. It is no question of absolution that we have before us, any more than it is a question of moral casuistry. It is a question of practical good sense. Will the people continue to put trust in a man who is publicly disgraced? And we may confidently answer that when the disgrace has reached a certain degree of infamy, when it is known to be of a certain quality of meanness, they will not continue their trust as soon as they know the truth.

This ought to have settled the matter at once, if the acrimony of this Irish struggle had not disturbed the common sense of so many minds. It is perfectly certain that no man who stood in the position of Mr. Parnell on November 18th could expect to remain leader of the English nation. But a few Englishmen and a great many Irishmen seemed to think that Ireland stood above all ordinary rules, and that nothing had happened to prevent Mr. Parnell remaining the leader of the Irish nation. Neither he nor his followers seemed to understand that, if he did, the Home Rule alliance of England and Ireland was at an end. Slowly, reluctantly, courteously, after the longest possible delay, and with the utmost care to avoid the semblance of dictation or one irritating word, Mr. Gladstone informed the world of what was and is a palpable fact. He avoided all censure, anything like a summons, or even advice; he even abstained from expressing his own opinion on the moral question. He stated a fact, which was specially forced on his knowledge, and which every day makes more and more certainly true. Mr. Gladstone stated an obvious fact, which he knew better than others, and which he was bound to make known. The fact was and is, that if Mr. Parnell remained the Irish leader, the cause of Home Rule would be indefinitely adjourned. Lord Salisbury may cynically advise his followers "to put their money on Mr. Parnell"; but the mass of English Home Rulers will not have him, and Mr. Gladstone simply took record of their resolve.

It is idle to rehearse Mr. Parnell's "unparalleled services to the cause": it is worse than idle for "the higher morality" to murmur—"Go, my son, and sin no more!" Mr. Gladstone is not an irresponsible dictator, as Mr. Parnell once was, and he cannot compel British voters to give back to the Irish leader the confidence which has been abused and dragged in the mire. It is as certain as the rising of the sun, that to continue the alliance with Mr. Parnell would lose to the Home Rule cause forty or fifty seats. In the torrent of calumny which besets Mr. Gladstone all sorts of contradictory accusations are poured out on him. But Mr. Gladstone is right when he stated a simple fact. Instead of recognising a certain fact, Mr. Parnell turned round on his English allies with the insolent mendacity of Robert Macaire in a play, or the Tichborne

Claimant in the witness box. He has exhausted every trick of the detected impostor, and has torn to shreds every work of his political career. His best friends suppose that his brain is disturbed: and it is certain that his whole nature and mind seem violently transformed. Thoughtful Home Rulers have carefully abstained from joining in the legend of the personal grandeur of Mr. Parnell. For ten years he has certainly shown himself a consummate tactician, of great sagacity, and marvellous self-command. He now chooses the part of the half crazy firebrand, the conspirator wildly fighting for his own hand. Which is the true Parnell may be a matter for ultimate judgment. But for all questions of practical politics, the actual Parnell has completely effaced the historic and legendary Parnell. He may still live to ruin Ireland. But whilst he lives as the leader of Ireland, British friends of Ireland can do nothing. Even if the Divorce Court story were as utterly forgotten as a *feuilleton* in the *Figaro*, Englishmen and Scotchmen can have no more to say to the frantic partisan who, solely to help himself, flings to the winds truth, decency, his colleagues, and his country; and opens in both islands the fountains of hatred which it has cost long years of labour and sacrifice to close. If Irishmen choose to stand by the desperado who is seeking to revive the scenes of '98, they must bear their sufferings as they best can. Englishmen and Scotchmen can do nothing until Irishmen have another policy than that of revenge, and a leader whose hand a decent man can touch.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

“THE RAKE’S PROGRESS” IN IRISH POLITICS.

ALL through this grim winter month there has been a sound of bitter lamentation in the air. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Star*, the *Speaker*, and Liberal orators of many kinds, have refused to be comforted, because the light of their eyes and the hope of their hearts have been taken from them. United in their common woe these fellow-mourners have mingled both their tears and their complaints. Very deep have been the imprecations against the serpent whom the Liberal leaders unconsciously nourished in the bosom; and very pathetic the sorrow over the work of destruction in which the serpent has been busily engaged. Was it for this, we are asked, that the work of reconciliation had been so heroically carried out; that the English and Irish democracies had put aside old enmities; had fallen on each other’s bosom; had vowed vows of friendship; for this, that Gladstone—doubtless remembering Michelstown—had shed the infirmities of age and renewed his youth, and that the whole Liberal party, casting behind them divisions and searchings of heart, had once more gone solid for their great leader? In every note of the gamut of indignant passion we were asked if the Punic faith, the unabashed lust, the arrogant self-seeking, the all-consuming ambition of one man, should be allowed to break down the lovely and costly fabric that had been raised by the patient labour of noble and devoted statesmen; if the wild boar of the wilderness should be free to destroy the fence and root up the vine-tree which had been the joy and admiration of the hearts of its patriot planters?

As I read these dithyrambs, somehow or another the pious tear, which ought to have come as a tribute to all this wickedness and waste, stood obstinately locked up in the lachrymatory gland. My heart remained cold and unmoved, as it has sometimes done when I have seen actors with great words on their lips, and my memory went wandering back over the past years, provoking critical questions as to what in sober truth had been the real inner nature of this alliance, this work of faithful hands, this joy of generous hearts.

Was it truly a loveable and beautiful thing, worthy of the tears of good men; or was it simply the child of base lusts, the child of a mean compact—passion, on the one side, gold on the other?

As I asked myself this uncharitable question, I thought of many things. I thought of an old man, to whom heaven had given the faculties and vigour of three of his fellow men, many noble instincts, and a capacity for noble ideas; upon whom heaven had showered all the qualities—the broad sympathies of the intellect—not of the

heart—"he has no heart," once said a woman who knew him very intimately—the power of burning words, the splendid dialectic skill, the playful scorn, the intensity of conviction and purpose for the moment during which they were needed, the happy buoyant confidence in himself, however low and tideless the waters, if only the cause for which he pleaded had the elements of latent popularity—in truth all the gifts that strike the imagination of masses of men and make captive their allegiance. And then I thought of all the clay that was mingled with the better metal; of the vanity that pervaded every part of the nature, of the necessity that had become paramount to fill the first place, of the deep but subtle unscrupulousness that had turned to its own purposes each and every good gift and made the man's moral course uncalculable; of the years and the years that had gone by since he had held frank communion with his own soul, had stood alone with it, naked in the secret chamber, all disguises stripped from it, all sophistries scorched up in that one moment of pure flame—the man and the naked soul, seeing each other and knowing each other, for what they really were.

As I thought, some of the vivid details came back to me. The election fought in a sort of sullen neutrality, neither to justify nor condemn coercion, no frank view, and no frank speech; the election of the fateful words, asking that the Liberal party might be saved from all Irish temptations by a sufficient majority—words that, I think, should satisfy the bitterest enemy of that old man, could they stand alone upon his gravestone; the calculations that all went wrong, the disappointed hopes, the party that could only hold their grasp of power on one condition, that the Irish opponents should be converted into fast allies. Banishing all thought of what makes truth and honour, steadfastness and duty, and looking at the political field as our modern form of battlefield, the field where force and fraud grimly struggle for the mastery, looking at what passed simply with the eye of one who watches the disposition of contending generals, I thought with admiration of that sudden and resolute handling of the Liberal troops on that memorable occasion. No other leader but Mr. Gladstone could have dared it in thought, or so nearly carried it through in execution. And then I thought of all the little characteristic touches; the humble wish that the Tory party should take the work in hand; the self-denying promise of help and co-operation; the declaration that he himself, the new leader, would so readily stand on one side; the gloze to the conscience in the public suggestion that victory, leadership, had no entrance into the realm of motive, that duty's call alone was imperative. How near to success was the lion-like spring! Lion-like it was—all the strength, courage, desperation of the monarch-beast thrown into it. Had there been a few more Harcourts, a few more English Persignys,

or Fialins, as Kinglake used to say, to force through the *coup d'état*, a few more copper captains—brazen-throated—to marshal the bewildered hosts, a few more Spencers of docile and confiding soul; had there only been quicker phases in the irresolution of a Trevelyan, a quicker access of the not very virile nostalgia; had there been less of real grit in John Bright, less personality in Mr. Chamberlain, less disinterestedness in Lord Hartington, less vigour in the press, the battle might have gone differently, and the old lion have seized his prey. Then I thought of how the defeated leader had borne him since the year of the missed spring. Truly, with courage and unconquerable resolution. As Mr. Parnell said the other day, he had fought alone and carried his party on his back. Into men who were known to dislike and dread the course to which he had pledged them, he even poured a semblance of his energy and belief. Let it never be supposed that Mr. Gladstone does not believe in his causes, *which he believes in them*. He is far too great an orator not to be drawn with his whole nature into the great causes. Great orators of Mr. Gladstone's type are irresistibly drawn to the great causes, or the causes that have great elements in them. A great cause is to the great orator what the open sea is to a strong swimmer. There and there alone he feels that his power is at its highest and best—there is room on every side of him, there are the forces that call out his own force. Years and years ago Mr. Gladstone was predestined for a Home Ruler and Nationalist. It was written—even at the moment he was talking about the further resources of civilisation at the Guildhall and signing the arrest of Mr. Parnell—that he should live to plead for a free Ireland. The fate was on him, and its fulfilment was only waiting for the favourable conjunction of political circumstances. When the hands of the clock should reach the hour at which it was politically expedient, Mr. Gladstone would become Nationalist, and would throw his whole being into the cause. It was not a moral necessity. Mr. Gladstone, so to speak, has no moral nature. What he has is an oratorical nature—a nature which has many resemblances to the moral nature, but is essentially distinct from it. Test Mr. Gladstone's career at any point, and to those who know how to look, the difference will make itself clear.

But as I thought of the courage, the untiring energy, that moved the unwilling and kindled into flame the willing, dark shadows fell upon the picture. Forms of evil things, a people drunk with lawless power, crowds bribed by self-interest, the cowardly midnight crime, the leaders that stirred passion, the leader of leaders sitting at home silent and acquiescing, with eyes that lightly passed over all that he did not care to see, and only watched the rising of the flood that brought him nearer once again to the power snatched out of his hands. And I wondered, as I looked, how the man's soul had been changed

within him; I wondered how the lust of dominion had driven all better things out from before it, until the man's nature had become as a house, swept and garnished, to receive it, and it alone.

Back into the remoter years my thoughts plunged, following the story of that soul, passionate and rebellious against its own true instincts, like the soul of a fallen angel. I thought of that moment when the first great temptation came; when, as the head of an enthusiastic party, in the rapturous moment of newborn success and power, with old rivals gone from the stage they had once occupied, Mr. Gladstone undertook to deal with the troubles of Ireland, and to bring that unhappy country into sisterhood with the Anglo-Saxon race. It was the great moment, the turning-point of his life, and fraught with great temptations. Two roads lay before him. On the one hand he might stand on the old tried principles of free trade and individual endeavour; he might stand impartially between all rights, sacrificing none; he might remove all obstacles to ownership and give help for the acquisition of such ownership: or, on the other hand, he might satisfy instant wishes; he might make a dazzling gift; he might construct a new and highly complicated system, on new principles drawn out of a fertile brain; he might bind the Irish party to his chariot, fill every Irish imagination with a sense of what great things could be done for them by the English Parliament, and be the idol of the Irish heart. It was the old story. The one road was steep and difficult. It was prosaic and homely enough. It offered no great rewards at the end of the session; no pæans of praise to the great thinker and daring architect; but it sacrificed no great principles, it followed the lines of reason and right; it did not hold out one class as a prey to the other; and in the end, if manfully followed, it meant happiness and peace for all concerned. The other road was strewn with all the honours and all the attractions. In five months' work the evils of centuries were to disappear, unhappy Ireland was to become happy Ireland, and the leader of the Liberal party was to touch the pinnacle of his fame.

The evil genius prevailed. Mr. Gladstone turned his back on the steep unthankful road, and took with greedy hands the honours that awaited him. All gifts must be made at the expense of somebody, and the landowners were the persons selected for furnishing the needful material of reconciliation. In an evil hour for all Ireland—for from that hour Ireland has been drunk with passions that have injured her and will injure her far beyond the value of Mr. Gladstone's gifts—the landlords were submitted to legislation, such as had never yet fallen on free men in a free country, legislation that in the judgment of sober-thinking persons was not provoked by any special fault of their own. I am no special lover of landlords. Those who live in country districts know their usual pettiness. And

men these Irish landlords were, with all the frailties and faults of men, capable of many weaknesses, neglects, and errors of judgment, of narrow and limited perceptions, of unbusinesslike traditions; but still not harder or harsher than their fellow men, not more intent upon their self-interest, nor more unscrupulous about the means of advancing that interest. As I thought of all the evil days that have fallen on Irish landlords since Mr. Gladstone opened the sluice-gates, I thought also of the Harcourts and Laboucheres and of all the other blatant ones in the Liberal ranks who, after the fashion of certain creatures of the French Revolution, live by denouncing those whom it is profitable to denounce. I wondered in what way these men were morally superior to the Irish landlords, on whom they so confidently executed justice, and if they had been Irish landlords themselves, whether they would have taken as rent the humblest fraction of a shilling less in the pound than these same landlords,—unless indeed political necessities, to which we all bow, had made it desirable to play the Sir Munificent. I thought of the comfortable income that probably flows in upon all such eloquent orators on Irish landlordism, of moneys safely invested in industrial concerns, investments about which no Royal commissions are held, no great Acts of Parliament are passed, no commissioners are appointed to clip the incoming, but whose snug returns drop into the banker's account, silently and graciously as the dew from heaven, returns which cause no moment's anxiety from quarter day to quarter day, and never lead to a shot from behind a hedge, or the finding of a picture of a coffin amongst the morning letters. And I thought how entirely it belonged to the eternal fitness of things that these men, with their happy unbroken flow of yearly income, about which they asked no questions, about the origin of which they knew and cared to know nothing, knowing nothing of the workers to whom they were as much indebted as the landlord to his tenant, should sit in moral judgment upon the Irish landlord, and decree for him the exact portion of the good things of this world which he was morally fit to receive. And as I thought of these things, my mind went forward a little, and I saw with a smile the Socialist in his own good hour making a mouthful of the Harcourts and Laboucheres, unkindly culling, as he did so, from their speeches all the choicest denunciations, and only changing "landlord" into "investor," and "tenant" into "worker." But my mind left the contemplation of the copper captains, and went back to the central figure. I thought of the various Land Acts passed by Mr. Gladstone. I thought of the praises poured upon him for the depth and the height of his wisdom, for the strong clear sight, that had swept over the whole field, and ordered and constructed the minutest part. I thought of all the eloquent speeches, the royal substantives, and the glittering adjectives that marched so fittingly by

their side, gracious messages, generous gifts, healings of sorrow, marriages of justice and reconciliation; and then I thought of the sentence which the silent years had written upon the statesmanship and the generosity. Are these crumbling ruins of to-day all that remain of the statesmanship? Act has succeeded Act, and gift has succeeded gift, and the end of it all is that the men of both parties who are honest about the landlords see no outlet out of the hopeless tangle and mess but some form of state-purchase; and those who are not embarrassed with honesty, no outlet but that of leaving the Irish to confiscate in their own fashion what remains. And the generosity? What is the return for the generosity? That as long as Mr. Gladstone remains a useful instrument, so long as he is the best channel through which supplies can come to the Irish people, so long he will earn cheers and thanks. As soon as his hand is closed, as soon as party exigencies put limits on the gift, as soon as the tool ceases to be of further use, then he is simply "a grand old spider," who is playing his game with "poor ould Oireland."

To-day he is Mr. Parnell's "grand old spider"; to-morrow he will be the same insidious creature of Mr. O'Brien, or any one else who asks what he cannot get. That is the tenure on which every modern politician holds his position. So long as he can give, cheers *ad lib.* When he is of no use for giving, then he is of no use for cheering. It is right and meet it should be so. Those who corrupt and debauch a nation or a class by giving, justly end by being thrown where the flavourless salt is thrown.

As I thus thought, both the statesmanship and the generosity seemed to me to be in nearly equally bad plight. Whatever comes of the Parnell fight, "the generosity" of the Liberal party has, for all practical purposes, gone into the dust-hole. It may still find an occasional refuge in *Pall Mall Gazette* or *Star* articles, but it is hardly woven from that tough material which will stand the rough work of discussion which is now beginning in Ireland. "Generous! what did it cost Mr. Gladstone, Sir W. Harcourt, and other distinguished gentlemen, to take from the Irish landlord and add to the tenant? Will they suffer themselves in one shilling of their own income? We acknowledge their fine words, but have we not paid for them in substantial votes? Have not our eighty votes been ever faithfully ready to put them into place, and to restore to them the lost enjoyment of the good things that now fall to others. Let us be business-like and plain-spoken. They have carved up the Irish landlord for us; we have done our level best to open for them the gates of the politician's heaven. The account is balanced. We will love each other in public; as long as the love brings equal profit in the partnership."

But darker and darker became the shadows that fell upon that

Irish picture, as I looked back on the past years. Given a public man of quick inventive brain and enormous grasp of detail, given a sore and dangerous place in the public life, and given all the vanities that infest our human nature, and I admit at once that he would be a strong man, morally and intellectually, who, standing in the place of power, had sufficient courage and sense of responsibility not to take into his hand the enchanter's rapturous wand. Deep, very deep in the human breast lies the belief in remedies. "Can you not do some wizard's trick for me; can you not mutter some cabalistic words for me?" we all cry in our distress. And at once the politician plays upon our weakness, and becomes our medicine-man. So it was with Mr. Gladstone. Beginning with 1870, he played with remedies—very innocently as some might think—and in doing it achieved the steady demoralisation not only of the Irish people but of himself. Weakly, with all his old principles, that in words he still delighted to honour, tossed to the winds, he went in for the theatrical regeneration of Ireland on the stage of Parliament. Once entered on that road, more and more steps had to be taken, more and more scruples had to be thrown away, more and more material was wanted to secure the gratitude and achieve the reconciliation.

The fiend, who leads gently at first, drives furiously in the later stages. The Mr. Gladstone who at one moment had said to the landlords that the Land Act would be not only for the advantage of the tenant, but for their advantage also; who, at another moment, after the Commission had reported, had spoken of them with all consideration and respect, had spoken of them as having stood and passed through their trial; who put Mr. Parnell into prison for rebelliously continuing the land agitation after the passing of the second "gracious message"; who spoke in the words—*plus* his own vehement eloquence—in which Mr. Balfour now speaks of the Land League methods, was to become the Mr. Gladstone whom we have known in the last years, the condoning and apologetic Mr. Gladstone, the Mr. Gladstone who has acted with, leant upon, taken counsel with the Irish party, centred his hopes and plans upon them, as his left wing, and through it all—as if soul and conscience had been extracted from him, and only the intellectual machinery left—has been unconscious of a right and wrong, and of any responsibility falling upon him as a man who was influencing thousands of minds around him. The lawless war, the advice of the Irish leaders—with whom he was acting—to the people to think of their wants first and their rent after, the blood-stained persecution of the men who stood out, the writing of a new set of commandments in the light of greed and passion, the crime which was always present, sometimes lurking in the shadow, sometimes breaking into vivid light, as in

the case of the girl Bridget Flanagan, shot by the murderer's mistake in her bed, these things have all passed day after day before the eyes and conscience of the leader, and have left no sign or trace upon the unresponding marble of that nature. For him they have been meaningless, except as war incidents in the great campaign towards power. They have passed by him and over him, like the sun of summer and the wind of autumn, and left him, as they found him, maturing his plans, and consolidating his alliance. The oratorical conscience, so sensitive to the wrongs—abroad or at home—by which a nation could be inflamed against the political rival who held power, so ready to champion the rights of those whose enthusiasm was necessary to win the triumph, has remained to impressions, that were not politically useful, like a dead thing that neither saw nor understood. Half apologies, reluctantly muttered, blessings in the form of half-condemnation we have heard; but never through it all have we heard one great protest, one passionate rebuke, one fiery pleading with his friends and allies that all such things should cease, that all the mean, sordid surroundings of the movement should be stript from it, that the vile instruments of bribery and coercion should be broken, that the new Ireland should be born again in an atmosphere of truth and honest endeavour, of good faith and tolerance with all men. Truly the oratory of the politician has its appointed times and seasons. It knows when to break in flood upon the land, and when to refuse to trickle from sealed lips.

And yet what a moment it was! Never in the history of the world, never in the life of man, had there been given the chance of nobler work. It was a supreme chance, for which a great man might have humbly prayed through long years to be worthy. To have stretched out the hand to Ireland, to have seen and frankly said that she was right—if so she chose—to lead and to possess her own life in the fullest measure; to have persuaded the English people, with their strong masterful character, yet abiding sense of justice, that all sense of English interest must fall into the second place before this primary claim; and yet at the same time to have held passion and greed in check, like wild beasts bitted and curbed; to have made the condition of the English alliance the putting under foot of all violent and aggressive methods; to have sought patiently the settlement of land difficulties on principles which involved the injury and persecution of no man; and thus to have steadied and strengthened the Irish character where it required steadying and strengthening, saving it from the overpowering impulses of the moment, and the readiness to use those evil weapons which lie so near the hand,—to have done this, would have been in real truth to have raised Ireland to her feet, and to have brought her after her

many years of suffering into the one path which leads to peace and happiness. A great man, a man with real pity for suffering, and yet unbending reverence for right in his nature, might have done this thing. That Mr. Gladstone should do it, had been made impossible by Mr. Gladstone himself.

As I thought over all this time of storm and grievous failure, I asked myself, where could one have found the man to carry through such a task? Had it been possible to fuse the iron probity, the clear intellectual vision of a Fawcett, with the passionate service of a Gordon into one man, even then such man had been none too strong for the task. Young in political life, impulsive, untrained to see that short cuts in disregard of the rights of others bring no nation nearer to the goal, and sore with the sense of past weakness and of past wrong, doubtless the Irish members would for a time have resisted such leadership; but the Irish heart is very open to real sympathy, very open to the pleading of great ideas, very ready to be led by courageous leadership, and in time they would have yielded, as we all yield at last, to the touch of real greatness. The present ugly and squalid crisis shows how powerful for good Mr. Gladstone himself might have been. Pushed by that all-powerful nineteenth century magician, Mr. Arnold Morley, at whose touch all virtues, all "resistances" pass into solution—and warned that elections would be lost unless Mr. Parnell were disowned, Mr. Gladstone dismissed the Irish leader. Never was there a more summary exercise of authority, a scantier exercise of ceremony. Mr. Parnell is not invited to confer with Mr. Gladstone; the difficulties are not put before him; neither he nor the Irish party are presumed to have any volition in the matter; but Mr. Parnell is simply told through a third person in a letter that is published within—how many hours?—of the date on which it was written, that he must go, or, failing that, Mr. Gladstone will become "almost a nullity,"—a threat which sounds terrible, but perhaps loses some of its significance, at least as regards moral influences, when we remember the part that Mr. Gladstone has played in the past.

Yet, to that imperious summons, the majority of the Irish members—though the affirmation of their allegiance made at Dublin and repeated in London was still fresh on their lips—bowed their heads. By them, within twenty-four hours, Mr. Gladstone's fiat of deposition was accepted as fate. Leaving on one side "the crocodile emotions" of Mr. Tim Healy, we may feel sure that with many of the party it was a real sense of patriotism that influenced their conduct. But it was "a movement to the rear," rapid and, I think, undignified, in the truer sense of the word, as the world has hardly ever seen. Never did men "execute themselves" with fewer searchings of heart

or less compunction. We may say of them in presence of Mr. Gladstone, what the old singer of sweet songs—I hope I quote rightly—said about the wicked in presence of One greater than Mr. Gladstone, "at thy rebuke they flee, at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid." Are we to feel wholly amazed at the bitter scorn which has burst forth from Mr. Parnell? It is impossible to admire Mr. Parnell's course of action; it is impossible to admire the speeches he has been making; they are stained throughout with pride, self-love, and recklessness; but the weakness shown by Mr. Gladstone in presence of the English section, who clamoured for the sacrifice of the Irish leader to their passion for what is outwardly respectable, and the weakness of the Irish party in presence of Mr. Gladstone's weakness, are, up to a certain point, an excuse for the man who is fighting his old allies so fiercely. If his pride and temper have helped to rend the Irish party in twain, so also has Mr. Gladstone's easy capitulation to those who bawl in the market-place, and so also has the self-effacement of the Irish party in presence of the black looks of Liberal allies, ravenous for the land of promise which lay before them. Mr. Parnell's nature has many black depths in it; but the stirring and bringing of these depths to the surface has been the work of the light heart with which he was flung overboard, and the pettiness of the feelings which bubbled up so readily against him. When the lion has been struck by the bolt and crippled, then is the moment for the jackals to find courage. Masterful as are the passions of Mr. Parnell, I can believe that if Mr. Gladstone and the hungry Liberal leaders, if his own party had behaved to him with dignity and respect in the hour of his humiliation, the better side of the man would have prevailed over the worse side, and he would have resigned the leadership. I know but little of Mr. Parnell's character, but it is easy to surmise that firmness and dignity on Mr. Gladstone's part, and firmness and dignity on the part of his own followers, would have been answered by patriotism and self-surrender on his part. I have seen a man, in whom the self-sacrificing spirit was strong, bear himself like a self-willed demon, when stung by the pettiness of his fellow-actors; and I can easily understand how Mr. Parnell, when he felt himself kicked by the toe of Hugh Price Hughes—to whom alone, by-the-bye, amongst all the actors, are congratulations due for knowing his own mind—communicating its impulse first through Mr. Gladstone, and then through his own followers, when he felt panic and meanness on all sides of him, made the great choice:—"Evil, be thou my good."

What is, must be. None of the actors in the play could have played essentially different parts. Our actions at every great crisis are all written for us by our actions in the meaner and humbler moments

of life. Those who have long served the passions and lower instincts of their nature will not spring up heroes, when earth and heaven are in the throes of conflict, and heroes are wanted. God, nature, life—use what name you will—is very just to us. Only the great things can be done where the heart has remained great through the years that have gone before the supreme moment. How should Mr. Gladstone, who in his political wisdom has leant on the wrong doing of his Irish allies; how should his Irish allies, who have mistaken greed and self-interest for patriotism, and the lawlessness of a crowd for the awakening of a nation; how should a certain political Non-conformist section, who, so long as their own special interests were advancing, have been as the dumb dogs of the fold that never barked; how should the Irish Catholic clergy, that have gone with the stream of passion, and kept their influence at the price of giving it away; how should Mr. Parnell, whose secret thought has been to use Mr. Gladstone up to the utmost point, at which he could extract service from him, and then cast his broken and outwitted instrument on one side; how should any of these men have found the true path at the moment when there was supremest need of such finding? We look back at the tragedy of errors of the last month—if I am to dignify it by the name of tragedy—and it seems as if by a sort of perverseness each actor in it had done just what he should not have done. Had Mr. Gladstone, setting aside that baleful idea of votes, before which all our leaders, clinging to their peculiar cult, fall flat on their faces, pointed out firmly and temperately to those who clamoured for Mr. Parnell's demission, that it was not for him to dictate to the Irish, that not without hypocrisy could he object to the sexual relations of a man, for whose appointment he in no way was responsible; that if he were to object on such grounds to carry on relations with Mr. Parnell, he might next have to object to carrying on relations with the French or American President, or the Sultan of Turkey; the good sense of the country would have rallied to his side, and the discussion would have helped many honest-minded people to see that the movement against Mr. Parnell was one of those gross and noisy movements which satisfy very unspiritual cravings for outward respectability, but do little to help us to mend our own lives or raise our morals to a higher level. Had the Irish members simply remained constant and unmoved, answering all admonitions with a suave *non possumus*, they would have remained masters of the field, and probably relieved Mr. Gladstone of all his difficulties. They would have enabled him to point out to Hugh Price Hughes and his legions that the Irish had their own ideas on the subject; that he was not the keeper of their consciences; and that those who willed Home Rule must will for the Irish both

to-day and to-morrow free action in such matters. The storm, which only wanted courage and clear ideas to disperse it, would have been almost forgotten in a month. But our leaders take great pains not to meet any storm—whatever it may be—with courage and clear ideas. How to scud harmlessly with bare poles before it is rather their pre-occupation. Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone reigns; Mr. Hugh Price Hughes governs; and the Liberal-Irish alliance threatens to be a derelict on the stormiest of seas.

One thing is worthy of remark, for it throws a sinister light on the past. If Mr. Gladstone can give orders to his allies, if he can put his foot down in the interests of morality, if he can dismiss an Irish leader on half a sheet of note-paper, might he not have given the same order, or used the same half-sheet of note-paper, when Bridget Flanagan met her death? And if not, why not? Why is Mr. Gladstone a moral agent on the one occasion and not on the other? Bitterly as the action of the Irish members is to be regretted in carrying on their senseless and destructive land-war, bitterly as it is to be regretted even more for the sake of the Irish people than of the landlords themselves, yet we must admit for them great excuses. As I have already said, unused to liberty of any kind, young in parliamentary action, stung with all the sorrows of their past, bred up upon the tradition of hatred to men and things English, untrained in looking deeper than the immediate cause of their sufferings, uncritical, as those who remain strong Catholics generally are, and possessed with the vehemence and impulsiveness of Irishmen, it was, in one sense, only too natural that they should plunge into this wild and senseless war against the landlords as a class, and betake themselves to bad weapons in what they thought their holy cause. But can these excuses be righteously pleaded for Mr. Gladstone? Were the long parliamentary experience, the varied and rich training of his life, the familiarity with all the best traditions of English public action, were all these things to count for nothing, and only to leave him at the end of all he had seen and known and experienced, as little reliable in his moral impulses as the youngest, rawest, most hot-headed Irish member, drawn from some second-rate provincial Irish town?

Then all my thinkings began to draw to a close. I had travelled in mind over many years, and from the old years had passed to the new time. I had gone back and seen the great political sower of time scattering the seed which is only now beginning to show to men the fruit which it bears. I had seen the sowing of the seeds of an overweening self-confidence, the confidence of a man in the power of his own brain, pitted against the great principles, the *ύβρις* of the

leader, which in all ages has reared itself to its fall, the lust of power, and the unfair use of power; I had seen the seed rise above the ground, put forth stalk and flower, and then begin to ripen the endless harvest of seed reproducing seed, which follows from the first sowing; I had seen a great man, when he came to the parting of the two ways, take the first wrong steps; I had seen him follow the evil beckonings of a false guide; I had seen him treading the path on which he had entered with steps that became ever and ever rasher and more reckless; I had seen moral scruple after moral scruple thrown away; I had seen the good that was in that man's nature grow weaker and less able to resist, and the evil grow paramount. In the same way I had seen a people more and more abandoning themselves to the intoxication of passion, misled by those who prophesied falsely, and yet loving to have it so, entrusting their own self-interest in the highest place, glorifying the weapons of violence, by which that interest was to be secured; and through it all dreaming that by these sorry paths they were climbing to nationhood. And then the question which first set me thinking, first set me wandering back to old days, rose up once more in my mind. Has this Liberal Irish alliance been a true and beautiful thing? Has it deserved to live? Has it been founded by the one side or by the other on noble meanings? Has it been consecrated by real sacrifice and sense of duty? Has it been baptized with that fire of heaven, without which great causes are lost in the slime of intrigue and personal rivalries? Or has the ending of the first chapter—and it is only the first chapter—in a storm of disappointed calculations, and bitter reproaches and recriminations, been the true ending of an unholy thing, which may go to its burial without tear or regret from honest men?

Each person must answer such question for himself. Let the dead past bury its dead. Lovely or unlovely, we must now look beyond what the years, that are gone, have brought us. It is the present which calls to all men. What shall we do with the present that is standing before us, and the future shaping itself out of that present? We are not all of us politicians. We are not all of us bound to the chariot of these two great parties, only able to see their right and their wrong, only able to share in their victory and their defeat. Some of us there are who hate them both with a pretty nearly equal hatred: hate their loud professions of virtue, their intrigues and manœuvrings against each other, their treacheries and their buying of the bodies or souls of men; some of us there are who simply desire with great earnestness to see what is right and true, and then to do it; some of us who refuse to do justice with one hand and injustice with the other, because we are pledged to one faction, and not to another faction; some of us who desire

equally to do justice to the great body of the Irish, justice to the men of Ulster, justice to the tenant, justice to the landlord, to depart for nobody and for no cause one hair's-breadth from what we believe to be the truest human justice. Are we, who so desire, to be powerless? Are we to count for nothing, because we refuse the association of party? We are few, and the great parties are strong; but is that a reason for us to sit down and see the battle fought out without taking part or share in it? I say that no man who wills the just thing and wills it strongly knows the full measure of his own force. Force does not go with the hundreds of thousands or the millions, and never in the history of the world has so gone, except for brief seasons. There is no such mysterious thing on the face of this wide earth as moral force. No man can tell you exactly in words what it is, and no man can measure it or place limits upon it. I am almost willing to believe that if a man had put his own interests, vanities, and ambitions behind him, so that neither morally nor intellectually he served his own passions, had trained himself to see in a clear, untroubled light,—if such a man should will what was to him the justest thing, I believe that in such a man there would be a force that, in the end, would be greater than in those blind, vaguely swaying crowds that we call parties. Were I an Emperor in Russia, or a party leader in England, that is the one man with whom I would make no terms. I would set myself to get him under lock and key as quickly and as securely as I could; and even when I had got him there, I should feel he was the one man who could still injure me. There would be a something radiating from him which neither my walls nor my doors could altogether imprison. Now, in these bad days, none of us are likely to will in that true and pure fashion. The old unregenerate self is too strong in us all; but I say that if in England and in Ireland there is a mere handful of us who will take our stand on the purest conception, which we can form, of what is just to all concerned, without giving thought, or shadow of thought, to parties or sects, or to the exigencies of parties or sects, without going to the right hand or to the left hand, for any person or any thing, then I say that to us there will come a force, however few we may be, which there cannot be in men who allow passion or interest to dictate their course, or, serving a cause that is true in itself, either serve it with wrong weapons, or with disregard of justice to those to whom they are opposed.

With a full sense of the difficulty of the task, let me sketch out what seems to me the truest conception of what is right for us to do in this tangled and desperate affair.

1. We should concede to Ireland the complete destiny of her fortunes. If she wills Home Rule, then Home Rule; if separation,

then separation. Only second to the desire of the individual to order his own life in his own fashion is the desire of a nation to order its own life. These desires are sacred, and at all seeming risks must be respected. It is political cant to found Home Rule upon the desires of the Irish people, and at the same time to draw a line, and say, "but never separation." English interests have no concern in the decision of such a matter. We must do what is right, and then await consequences with untroubled hearts.

2. We must claim the same respect for the wishes of Ulster, or a part of Ulster, as we concede to the larger part of Ireland. The thing which is sacred in these matters is human desires, not boundaries. It is political cant to talk of obeying the desires of Catholic Ireland and at the same time coercing Protestant Ulster. Ulster also must choose her own fortunes, and if necessary be supported with the whole strength of this country.

3. We must recognise the sharp rending of flesh from bone which is involved in a great measure like either Home Rule or Separation. Interests have grown up, ties have been formed, lives lived, in virtue of the Imperial tie; and there is a minority who will suffer in spirit as much under the new rule as the majority now suffer in spirit under the old rule. Such protection as can be given to this minority must be given. The installation of the new and the exodus of the old must be conducted with all fairness and sobriety and reason. The two countries must approach every matter in question in a simple business-like spirit, the one not trying to overreach the other, but as partners winding up a great account with honourable intentions towards each other. As regards the land, probably the truest way would be for the Irish Government to take over all rents as one of its sources of revenue, collecting them itself, and handing over in their place such custom duties and taxes—to be collected for the time under Imperial direction—as in twenty years would pay off capital and interest. Those landlords, and there would be a certain number, who would feel it as their duty to throw their lot in with the country and not to be bought out, would of course remain as they are. On such conditions, Ireland might at once enter upon her own complete self-direction; and would be in the position of those countries, a part of whose revenue is hypothecated to their creditors. If all went well, if self-restraint and self-discipline succeeded to the carnival of unreason in which she has indulged herself during recent years, there is no doubt that she would be able to raise a loan, and thus to cut the period of twenty years down to half or less. Provision would also have to be made for her share of the national debt, full consideration being given to the claims that have been put forward, rightly or

wrongly, that she has borne more than her share of taxation. As regards her current contributions to Imperial expenses, it would be wiser to force none of these upon her. She should hold the position of a colony, and except as regards debts and liabilities, fashion her own expenditure in her own way. I say it would be wiser, for the more completely she is left her own mistress, the more the new ties will tend to grow. We can see this in the case of the colonies. The least compulsion on our part would have destroyed the growing colonial desire to provide for their own defence. Of late years this desire has been growing, because we have been patient and refrained from aggressive meddlesomeness.

- Of course our military advisers will shake far-seeing heads over all such proposals, but we may remember for our comfort that we still sleep restfully in our beds though Dover and Calais almost look upon each other. In these matters there is a wisdom higher than military wisdom. From what an unending catalogue of evils might Germany have been saved, if, after her great victories, Bismarck had remembered that to him belonged the first place, and to Von Moltke the second place, if the statesman had not bowed to the soldier's will on the question of Alsace and Lorraine. In the same way here, it is for our soldiers to make the best of the position that we place in their hands, not to dictate to us what the position shall be.

Lastly, it would be a question whether not only land-owners, but house-owners in towns, might not rightly and fairly claim to be bought out. Care would have to be taken that no unfair advantage was taken of such concession. As in the case of the land, the fairest price that could be arrived at—the market price as it would be, if so much property were not being thrown at the same moment upon the market—should be given, neither more nor less.

If the fulfilling of such obligations should seem onerous to the Irish people, I would entreat them to remember that only by a strong desire to act fairly on both sides can the rending asunder of the united life of the two countries be made safely. Never did a greater task call for truer and steadier qualities. We have had enough of passion; we have had enough of unfairness; we have had enough of the savage pull of interests, each interest thinking only of itself and treading its rival under foot. In God's name, let us try to make a better and wiser future. Is anybody happier for all the wild words spoken and all the wild deeds done during the last years? If all the money, time, energy, devotion, which have been spent in miserably fighting each other, which have been wasted in the war of landlord and tenant, in the war of Government and National Leagues, had only been spent in preparing for a peaceful solution of difficulties, a peaceful fulfilment of great

hopes, how different would be the look of the future that is now grimly overshadowing the two countries!

I call then upon all those who feel the badness of the past, who feel the desire to make the coming years redeem that past, who see in how poor and insufficient a spirit we have touched this great question of Irish national life, how to satisfy allies we have given away what we should not have given away, and to satisfy English votes we have withheld what we should not have withheld, how certain failure and strife await in the future the political methods of silence and contrivance, the methods of simply considering the claims of one great section and treading the claims of another great section under foot,—I call upon all such persons to fling from them the sense of their own weakness, to search out the just middle road, to stand between both parties, and by voice and pen to put before the people of the two countries a picture of a truer, purer, fairer Nationalism. I call upon them not to be the only lookers on and folders of arms in the great strife. How shall the true word—even if keener than Excalibur—win the battle, unless we have the courage to speak it?

AUBERON HERBERT.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER XV.

NATALY IN ACTION.

A TUCKET of herald newspapers told the world of Victor's returning to his London. Pretty Mrs. Blathenoy was Nataly's first afternoon visitor, and was graciously received; no sign of inquiry for the cause of the lady's alacrity to greet her being shown. Colney Durance came in, bringing the rumour of an Australian cantatrice to kindle Europe; Mr. Peridon, a seeker of tidings from the city of Bourges; Miss Priscilla Graves, reporting of Skepsey, in a holiday Sunday tone, that his alcoholic partner might at any moment release him; Mr. Septimus Barmby, with a hanged heavy look, suggestive of a wharfside crane swinging the ponderous thing he had to say. "I have seen Miss Radnor."

"She was well?" the mother asked, and the grand basso pitched forth an affirmative.

"Dear sweet girl she is!" Mrs. Blathenoy exclaimed to Colney.

He bowed. "Very sweet. And can let fly on you, like a haggis, for a scratch."

She laughed, glad of an escape from the conversational formalities imposed on her by this Mrs. Victor Radnor's mighty manner. "But what girl worth anything! . . . We all can do that, I hope, for a scratch!"

Mr. Barmby's Profession dissented.

Mr. Catkin appeared; ten minutes after his Peridon. He had met Victor near the Exchange, and had left him humming the *non fù sogno* of ERNANI.

"Ah, when Victor takes to Verdi, it's a flat City, and wants a burst of drum and brass," Colney said; and he hummed a few bars of the march in Attila, and shrugged. He and Victor had once admired that blatancy.

Mr. Pempton appeared, according to anticipation. He sat himself beside Priscilla. Entered Mrs. John Cormyn, voluminous; Mrs. Peter Yatt, effervescent; Nataly's own people were about her and she felt at home.

Mrs. Blathenoy pushed a small thorn into it, by speaking of Captain Fenellan, and aside, as if sharing him with her. Nataly heard, that Dartrey had been the guest of these Blathenoys. Even Dartrey was but a man!

Rather lower under her voice, the vain little creature asked: "You knew her?"

"Her?"

The cool counter-interrogation was disregarded. "So sad! In the desert! a cup of pure water worth more than barrow-loads of gold! Poor woman!"

"Who?"

"His wife."

"Wife!"

"They were married?"

Nataly could have cried : Snake ! Her play at brevity had certainly been foiled. She nodded gravely. A load of dusky wonders and speculations pressed at her bosom. She disdained to question the mouth which had bitten her.

Mrs. Blathenoy, resolving, that despite the jealousy she excited, she would have her friend in Captain Fenellan, whom she liked—liked, she was sure, quite as innocently as any other woman of his acquaintance did, departed : and she hugged her innocence defiantly, with the mournful pride which will sometimes act as a solvent.

A remark or two passed among the company upon her pretty face.

Nataly murmured to Colney : " Is there anything of Dartrey's wife ? "

" Dead," he answered.

" When ? "

" Months back. I had it from Simeon. You didn't hear ? "

She shook her head. Her ears buzzed. If he had it from Simeon Fenellan, Victor must have known it.

Her duties of hostess were conducted with the official smile.

As soon as she stood alone, she dropped on a chair, like one who has taken a shot in the heart, and that hideous tumult of wild cries at her ears blankly ceased. Dartrey, Victor, Nesta, were shifting figures of the might-have-been : for whom a wretched erring woman, washed clean of her guilt by death, in a far land, had gone to her end : vainly gone : and now another was here, a figure of wood, in man's shape, conjured up by one of the three, to divide the two others ; likely to be fatal to her or to them : to her, she hoped, if the choice was to be : and beneath the leaden hope, her heart set to a rapid beating, a fainter, a chill at the core.

She snatched for breath. She shut her eyes, and with open lips, lay waiting ; prepared to thank the kindness about to hurry her hence, out of the seas of pain, without pain.

Then came sighs. The sad old servant in her bosom was resuming his labours.

But she had been near it—very near it ? A gush of pity for Victor, overwhelmed her hardness of mind.

Unreflectingly, she tried her feet to support her, and tottered to the door, touched along to the stairs, and descended them, thinking strangely upon such a sudden weakness of body, when she would no longer have thought herself the weak woman. Her aim was to reach the library. She sat on the stairs midway, : : : over the length of her journey : and now her head was clearer ; for she was travelling to get Railway-guides, and might have had them from the hands of a footman, and imagined that she had considered it prudent to hide her investigation of those books : proofs of an understanding fallen backward to the state of infant and having to begin our drear ascent again.

A slam of the kitchen stair-door restored her. She betrayed no infirmity of footing as she walked past Arlington in the hall ; and she was alive to the voice of Skepsey presently on the door-steps. Arlington brought her a note.

Victor had written : " My love, I dine with Blathenoy in the City, at the Walworth. Business. Skepsey for clothes. Eight of us. Formal. A thousand embraces. Late."

Skepsey was ushered in. His wife had expired at noon, he said ; and he postured decorously the grief he could not feel, knowing that a lady would expect it of him. His wife had fallen down stone steps ; she died in hospital. He wished to say, she was no loss to the country ; but he was advised within of the prudence of abstaining from comment and trusting to his posture, and he squeezed a drop of conventional sensibility out of it, and felt improved.

Nataly sent a line to Victor : " Dearest, I go to bed early, am tired. Dine well. Come to me in the morning."

She reproached herself for coldness to poor Skepsey, when he had gone. The prospect of her being alone until the morning had been so absorbing a relief.

She found a relief also in work at the book of the trains. A walk to the telegraph-station strengthened her. Especially after despatching a telegram to Mr. Dudley Sowerby at Cronidge, and one to Nesta at Moorsedge, did she become stoutly nerved. The former was requested to meet her at Penhurst station at noon. Nesta was to be at the station for the Wells at three o'clock.

From the time of the flying of these telegrams, up to the tap of Victor's knuckle on her bed-room door next morning, she was not more reflectively conscious than a packet travelling to its destination by pneumatic tube. Nor was she acutely impressionable to the features and the voice she loved.

" You know of Skepsey ? " she said.

" Ah, poor Skepsey ! " Victor frowned and heaved.

" One of us ought to stand beside him at the funeral."

" Colney or Fenellan ? "

" I will ask Mr. Durance."

" Do, my darling."

" Victor, you did not tell me of Dartrey's wife."

" There again ! They all get released ! Yes, Dartrey ! Dartrey has his luck too."

She closed her eyes, with the desire to be asleep.

" You should have told me, dear."

" Well, my love ! Well—poor Dartrey ! I fancy I hadn't a confirmation of the news. I remember a horrible fit of envy on hearing the hint : not much more than a hint : serious illness, was it ?—or expected event. Hardly worth while to trouble my dear soul, till certain. Anything about wives, forces me to think of myself—my better self ! "

" I had to hear of it first from Mrs. Blathenoy."

" You've heard of duels in dark rooms :—that was the case between Blathenoy and me last night for an hour."

She feigned somnolent fatigue over her feverish weariness of heart. He kissed her on the forehead.

Her spell-bound intention to speak of Dudley Sowerby to him, was

broken by the sounding of the hall-door, thirty minutes later. She had lain in a trance.

Life surged to her with the thought, that she could decide and take her step. Many were the years back since she had taken a step; less independently then than now; unregretted, if fatal. Her brain was heated for the larger view of things and the swifter summing of them. It could put the man at a remove from her and say, that she had lived with him and suffered intensely. It gathered him to her breast rejoicing in their union: the sharper the scourge, the keener the exultation. But she had one reproach to deafen and beat down. This did not come on her from the world: she and the world were too much foot to foot on the antagonist's line, for her to listen humbly. It came of her quick summary survey of him, which was unnoticed by the woman's present fiery mind as being new or strange in any way: simply it was a fact she now read, and it directed her to reproach herself for an abasement beneath his leadership, a blind subserviency and surrender of her faculties to his greater powers, such as no soul of a breathing body should yield to man: not to the highest, not to the Titan, not to the most godlike of men. Under cloak, they demand it. They demand their bane.

And Victor! . . . She had seen into him.

The reproach on her was, that she, in her worship, had been slave, not helper. Scarcely was she irreproachable in the character of slave. If it had but been utter slave! she phrased the words, for a further reproach. She remembered having at times murmured, dissented. And it would have been a desperate proud thought to comfort a slave, that never once had she known even a secret opposition to the will of her lord.

But she had: she recalled instances. Up they rose; up rose everything her mind ranged over, subsiding immediately when the service was done. She had not conceived her beloved to be infallible, surest of guides in all earthly matters. Her intellect had sometimes protested.

What, then, had moved her to swamp it?

Her heart answered. And that heart also was arraigned: and the heart's fleshly habitation acting on it besides: so flagellant of herself was she: covertly, however, and as the chaste among women can consent to let our animal face them. Not grossly, still perceptibly to her penetrative hard eye on herself, she saw the senses of the woman under a charm. She saw, and swam whirling with a pang of revolt from her personal being and this mortal kind.

Her rational intelligence righted her speedily. She could say in truth, by proof, she loved the man: nature's love, heart's love, soul's love. She had given him her life.

It was a happy cross-current recollection, that the very beginning and spring of this wild cast of her life, issued from something he said and did (merest of airy gestures) to signify the blessing of life—how good and fair it is. A drooping mood in her had been struck; he had a look like the winged lyric up in blue heavens: he raised the head of the young flower from its contemplation of grave-mould. That was when he had much to bear: Mrs. Burman present: and when the stranger in their

household had begun to pity him and have a dread of her feelings. The lucent splendour of his eyes was memorable, a light above the rolling oceans of Time.

She had given him her life, little aid. She might have closely counselled, wound in and out with his ideas. Sensible of capacity, she confessed to the having been morally subdued, physically as well; swept onward; and she was arrested now by an accident, like a waif of the river-floods by the dip of a branch. Time that it should be! But was not Mr. Durance, inveighing against the favoured system for the education of women, right when he declared them to be unfitted to speak an opinion on any matter external to the household or in a crisis of the household? She had not agreed with him: he presented stinging sentences, which irritated more than they enlightened. Now it seemed to her, that the women who have hearts make pleasant slaves, not true mates: they lack the worldly training to know themselves or take a grasp of circumstances. There is an exotic fostering of the senses for women, not the strengthening breath of vital common air. If good fortune is with them, all may go well: the stake of their fates is upon the perpetual smooth flow of good fortune. She had never joined to the cry of the women. Few among them were having it in the breast as loudly.

Hard on herself, too, she perceived how the social rebel had reduced her mind to propitiate the simulacrum, reflected from out, of an enthroned Society within it, by an advocacy of the existing laws and rules and habits. Eminently servile is the tolerated lawbreaker: none so Conservative. Not until we are driven back upon an unviolated Nature, do we call to the intellect to think radically: and then we begin to think of our fellows.

Or when we have set ourselves in motion direct for the doing of the right thing: have quitted the carriage at the station, and secured the ticket, and entered the train, counting the passage of time for a simple rapid hour before we have eased heart in doing justice to ourself and to another; then likewise the mind is lighted for radiation. That doing of the right thing, after a term of paralysis, cowardice, any evil name, is one of the mighty reliefs, equal to happiness, of longer duration.

Nataly had it. But her mind was actually radiating, and the comfort to her heart evoked the image of Dartrey Fenellan. She saw a possible reason for her bluntness to the coming scene with Dudley.

At once she said, No! and closed the curtain; knowing what was behind, counting it nought. She repeated almost honestly her positive negative. How we are mixed of the many elements! she thought, as an observer; and self-justifyingly thought on, and with truth, that duty urged her upon this journey; and proudly thought, that she had not a shock of the painful great organ in her breast at the prospect at the end, or any apprehension of its failure to carry her through.

Yet the need of peace or some solace needed to prepare her for the interview turned her imagination burningly on Dartrey. She would not allow herself to meditate over hopes and schemes:—Nesta free: Dartrey free. She vowed to her soul sacredly—and she was one of those in whom the Divinity lives, that they may do so—not to speak a word for the influencing

of Dudley save the one fact. Consequently, for a personal indulgence, she mused; she caressed maternally the object of her musing; of necessity, she excluded Nesta; but in tenderness she gave Dartrey a fair one to love him.

The scene was waved away. That girl so loving him, partly worthy of him, ready to traverse the world now beside him—who could it be other than she who knew and prized his worth? Foolish! It is one of the hatefuller scourges upon women whenever, a little shaken themselves, they muse upon some man's image, that they cannot put in motion the least bit of drama without letting feminine self play a part; generally to develop into a principal part. The apology makes it a melancholy part.

Dartrey's temper of the caged lion dominated by his tamer, served as keynote for any amount of saddest colouring. He controlled the brute: but he held the contempt of danger, the love of strife, the passion for adventure; he had crossed the desert of human anguish. He of all men required a devoted mate, merited her. Of all men living, he was the hardest to match with a woman; with a woman deserving him.

The train had quitted London. Now for the country, now for free breathing! She who two days back had come from Alps, delighted in the look on flat green fields. It was under the hallucination of her saying in flight adieu to them, and to England; and, that somewhere hidden, to be found in Asia, Africa, America, was the man whose ideal of life was higher than enjoyment. His caged brute of a temper offered opportunities for delicious petting; the sweetest a woman can bestow: it lifts her out of timidity into an adoration still palpitatingly fearful. Ah, but familiarity, knowledge, confirmed assurance of his character, lift her to another stage, above the pleasures. May she not prove to him how really matched with him she is, to disdain the pleasures, cheerfully accept the burdens, meet death, if need be; readily face it as the quiet grey to-morrow: at least, show herself to her hero for a woman—the inexplicable being to most men—who treads the terrors as well as the pleasures of humanity beneath her feet, and may therefore have some pride in her stature. Ay, but only to feel the pride of standing not so shamefully below his level beside him.

Woods were flying past the carriage-windows. Her solitary companion was of the class of the admiring gentlemen. Presently he spoke. She answered. He spoke again. Her mouth smiled, and her accompanying look of abstract benevolence arrested the tentative allurement to conversation.

New ideas were set revolving in her. Dartrey and Victor grew to a likeness; they became hazily one man, and the mingled phantom complimented her on her preserving a good share of the beauty of her youth. The face perhaps: the figure rather too well suits the years! she replied. To reassure her, this Dartrey-Victor drew her close and kissed her; and she was confused and passed into the breast of Mrs. Burman expecting an operation at the hands of the surgeons. The train had stopped. "Penshurst," she said.

"Penshurst is the next station," said the gentleman. Here was a theme for him! The stately mansion, the noble grounds, and Sidney! He dis-

coursed of them. The handsome lady appeared interested. She was interested also by his description of a neighbouring village, likely one hundred years hence to be a place of pilgrimage for Americans and far Australians. Age, he said, improves true beauty; and his eyelids indicated a levelling to perform the soft intentness. Mechanically, a ball rose in her throat; the remark was illuminated by a saying of Colney's, with regard to his countrymen at the play of courtship. No laughter came. The gentleman talked on.

All fancies and internal communications left her. Slowness of motion brought her to the plain piece of work she had to do, on a colourless earth, that seemed foggy; but one could see one's way. Resolution is a form of light, our native light in this dubious world.

Dudley Sowerby opened her carriage-door. They greeted.

"You have seen Nesta?" she said.

"Not for two days. You have not heard? The Miss Duvidneys have gone to Brighton."

"They are rather in advance of the Season."

She thanked him for meeting her. He was grateful for the summons.

Informing the mother of his betrothed, that he had ridden over from Cronidge, he speculated on the place to select for her luncheon, and he spoke of his horse being led up and down outside the station. Nataly inquired for the hour of the next train to London. He called to one of the porters, obtained and imparted the time; evidently now, as shown by an unevenness of his lifted brows, expecting news of some little weight.

"Your husband is quite well?" he said, in affection for the name of husband.

"Mr. Radnor is well; I have to speak to you; I have more than time."

"You will lunch at the inn?"

"I shall not eat. We will walk."

They crossed the road and passed under trees.

"My mother was to have called on the Miss Duvidneys. They left hurriedly; I think it was unanticipated by Nesta. I venture . . . you pardon the liberty . . . she allows me to entertain hopes. Mr. Radnor, I am hardly too bold in thinking . . . I trust, in appealing to you . . . at least I can promise."

"Mr. Sowerby, you have done my daughter the honour to ask her hand in marriage."

He said: "I have," and had much to say besides, but deferred: a blow was visible. The father had been more encouraging to him than the mother.

"You have not known of any circumstance that might cause hesitation in asking?"

"Miss Radnor?"

"My daughter:—you have to think of your family."

"Indeed, Mrs. Radnor, I was coming to London to-morrow, with the consent of my family."

"You address me as Mrs. Radnor. I have not the legal right to the name."

"Not legal!" said he, with a catch at the word.

He spun round in her sight, though his demeanour was manfully rigid.

"Have I understood, madam? . . ."

"You would not request me to repeat it. Is that your horse the man is leading?"

"My horse: it must be my horse."

"Mount and ride back. Leave me: I shall not eat. Reflect, by yourself. You are in the position of one who is not allowed to decide by his feelings. Mr. Radnor you know where to find."

"But surely, some food? I cannot have misapprehended?"

"I cannot eat. I think you have understood me clearly."

"You wish me to go?"

"I beg."

"It pains me, dear madam."

"It relieves me, if you will. Here is your horse."

She gave her hand. He touched it and bent. He looked at her. A surge of impossible questions rolled to his mouth and rolled back, with the thought of an incredible thing, that her manner, more than her words, held him from doubting.

"I obey you," he said.

"You are kind."

He mounted horse, raised hat, paced on, and again bowing, to one of the wayside trees, cantered. The man was gone; but not from Nataly's vision that face of wet chalk under one of the shades of fire.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH WE SEE A CONVENTIONAL GENTLEMAN ENDEAVOURING TO
EXAMINE A SPECTRE OF HIMSELF.

DUDLEY rode back to Cronidge with his thunderstroke. It filled him, as in those halls of political clamour, where explanatory speech is not accepted, because of a drowning tide of hot blood on both sides. He sought to win attention by submitting a resolution, to the effect, that he would the next morning enter into the presence of Mr. Victor Radnor, bearing his family's feelings, for a discussion upon them. But the brutish result, in addition to surchargeing, encased him: he could not rightly conceive the nature of feelings: men were driving shoals; he had lost hearing and touch of individual men; had become a house of angrily opposing parties.

He was hurt, he knew; and therefore he supposed himself injured, though there were contrary outcries, and he admitted that he stood free; he had not been inextricably deceived.

The girl was caught away to the thinnest of wisps in a dust-whirl. Reverting to the father and mother, his idea of a positive injury, that was not without its congratulations, sank him down among his disordered deeper sentiments; which were a diver's wreck, where an armoured livid submarine, a monstrous puff-ball of man, wandered seriously light in heaviness; trebling his hundredweights to keep him from dancing like a

bladder-block of elastic lumber; thinking occasionally, amid the mournful spectacle, of the atmospheric pipe of communication with the world above, whereby he was deafened yet sustained. One tug at it, and he was up on the surface, disengaged from the hideous harness, joyfully no more that burly phantom cleaving green slime, free! and the roaring stopped; the world looked flat, foreign, a place of crusty promise. His wreck, animated by the dim strange fish below, appeared fairer; it winked lurefully when abandoned.

The internal state of a gentleman who detested intangible metaphor as heartily as the vulgarest of our gobble-gobbets hate it, metaphor only can describe; and for the reason, that he had in him just something more than is within the compass of the language of the meat-markets. He had—and had it not the less because he fain would not have had—sufficient stuff to furnish forth a soul's epic encounter between Nature and Circumstance: and metaphor, simile, analysis, all the fraternity of old lamps for lighting our bysmal darkness, have to be rubbed, that we may get a glimpse of the fray.

Free, and rejoicing; without the wish to be free; at the same time humbly and sadly acquiescing in the stronger claim of his family to pronounce the decision: such was the second stage of Dudley's perturbation after the blow. A letter of Nesta's writing was in his pocket: he knew her address. He could not reply to her until he had seen her father: and that interview remained necessarily prospective until he had come to his exact resolve, not omitting his critical approval of the sentences giving it shape, stamp, dignity—a noble's crest, as it were.

Nesta wrote briefly. The apostrophe was, "Dear Mr. Sowerby." She had engaged to send her address. Her father had just gone. The Miss Duvidneys had left the hotel yesterday for the furnished house facing the sea. According to arrangements, she had a livery-stable hack, and had that morning trotted out to the downs with a riding-master and company, one of whom was "an agreeable lady."

He noticed approvingly her avoidance of an allusion to the 'Delphica' of Mr. Durance's incomprehensible serial story, or whatever it was; which, as he had shown her, annoyed him, for its being neither fact nor fun; and she had insisted on the fun; and he had painfully tried to see it or anything of a meaning; and it seemed to him now, that he had been humiliated by the obedience to her dead; she had offended by her harping upon Delphica. However, here it was unmentioned. He held the letter out to seize it in the large, entire.

Her handwriting was good, as good as the writing of the most agreeable lady on earth. Dudley did not blame her for letting the lady be deceived in her—if she knew her position. She might be ignorant of it. And to strangers, to chance acquaintances, even to friends, the position, of the loathsome name, was not materially important. Marriage altered the view. He sided with his family. He sided, edging away, against his family. But a vision of the earldom coming to him, stirred reverential objections, composed of all which his unstained family could protest in religion, to repudiate an alliance with a stained house, and be guilty of a condonation of immorality. Who would have imagined Mr. Radnor a private sinner flaunting for one of the

righteous. And she, the mother, a lady—quite a lady; having really a sense of duty, sense of honour! That she must be a lady, Dudley was convinced. He beheld through a porous crape, woven of formal respectfulness, with threads of personal disgust, the scene, striking him drearily like a distant great mansion's conflagration across moorland at midnight, of a lady's breach of bonds and plunge of all for love. How had it been concealed? In Dudley's upper sphere, everything was exposed: Scandal walked naked and unashamed—figurante of the polite world. But still this lady was of the mint and coin, a true lady. Handsome now, she must have been beautiful. And a comprehensible pride (for so would Dudley have borne it) keep the forsaken man silent up to death: . . . he dies . . . the loss of such a woman is enough to kill him! Not in time, though! Legitimacy evidently, by the mother's confession, cannot protect where it is wanted. Dudley was optically affected by a round spot of the world swinging its shadow over Nesta.

He pitied, and strove to be sensible of her. The effort succeeded so well, that he was presently striving to be insensible. The former state, was the mounting of a wall; the latter, was a sinking through a chasm. There would be family consultations, abhorrent; his father's agonized amazement at the problem presented to a family of scrupulous principles and pecuniary requirements; his mother's blunt mention of the abominable name—mediævally vindicated in champions of certain princely families indeed, but morally condemned; always under condemnation of the Church: a blot: and handed down: Posterity, and it might be a titled posterity, crying out. A man in the situation of Dudley could not think solely of himself. The nobles of the land are bound in honour to their posterity. There you have one of the prominent permanent distinctions between them and the commonalty.

His mother would again propose her chosen bride for him: Edith Averst, with the dowry of a present one thousand pounds per annum, and prospect of six or so, excluding Sir John's estate, Carping, in Leicestershire; a fair estate, likely to fall to Edith; consumption seized her brothers as they ripened. A fair girl too; only Dudley did not love her; he wanted to love. He was learning the trick from this other one, who had become obscured and diminished, tainted, to the thought of her; yet not extinct. Sight of her was to be dreaded.

Unguiltily tainted, in herself she was innocent. That constituted the unhappy invitation to him to swallow one half of his feelings, which had his world's blessing on it, for the beneficial enlargement and enthronement of the baser unblest half, which he hugged and distrusted. Can innocence issue of the guilty? He asked it, hoping it might be possible: he had been educated in his family to believe, that the laws governing human institutions are divine—until History has altered them. They are altered, to present a fresh bulwark against the infidel. His conservative mind, retiring in good order, occupied the next rearward post of resistance. Secretly behind it, the man was proud of having a heart to beat for the cause of the besieging enemy, in the present instance. When this was blabbed to him, and he had owned it, he attributed his weakness to excess

of nature, the liking for a fair face.—Oh, but more ! spirit was in the sweet eyes. She led him—she did lead him in spiritual things ; led him out of common circles of thought, into refreshing new spheres ; he had reminiscences of his having relished the juices of the not quite obviously comic, through her indications : and really, in spite of her inferior flimsy girl's education, she could boast her acquirements ; she was quick, startlingly ; modest, too, in commerce with a slower mind that carried more ; though she laughed and was a needle for humour : she taught him at times to put away his contempt of the romantic ; she had actually shown him, that his expressed contempt of it disguised a dread : as it did, and he was conscious of the foolishness of it now while pursuing her image, while his intelligence and senses gave her the form and glory of young morning.

Weariness counselled him to think it might be merely the play of her youth ; and also the disposition of a man in harness of business, exaggeratingly to prize an imagined finding of the complementary feminine of himself. Venerating purity as he did, the question, whether the very sweetest of pure young women, having such an origin, must not at some time or other show trace of the origin, surged up. If he could only have been sure of her moral exemption from taint, a generous ardour, in reserve behind his anxious dubieties, would have precipitated Dudley to quench disapprobation and brave the world under a buckler of those monetary advantages, which he had but stoutly to plead with the House of Cantor, for the speedy overcoming of a reluctance to receive the nameless girl and prodigious heiress. His family's instruction of him, and his inherited tastes, rendered the aspect of a Nature stripped of the clothing of the laws offensive down to devilish : we grant her certain steps, upon certain conditions accompanied by ceremonies ; and when she violates them, she becomes visibly again the revolutionary wicked old beast bent on levelling our sacreddest edifices. An alliance with any of her votaries, appeared to Dudley as an act of treason to his house, his class, and his tenets. And nevertheless he was haunted by a cry of criminal happiness for and at the commission of the act. He would not decide to be ' precipitate,' and the days ran their course, until Lady Grace Halley arrived at Cronidge, a widow. Lady Cantor spoke to her of Dudley's unfathomable gloom. Lady Grace took him aside.

She said, without preface : " You've heard, have you ! "

" You were aware of it ? " said he, and his tone was irritable with a rebuke.

" Coming through town, for the first time yesterday. I had it—of all men !—from a Sir Abraham Quatley, to whom I was recommended to go, about my husband's shares in a South American Railway ; and we talked, and it came out. He knows ; he says, it is not generally known ; and he likes, respects Mr. Victor Radnor ; we are to keep the secret. Hum ? He has heard of your pretensions ; and our relationship, etc. : ' esteemed ' it—You know the City dialect—his duty to mention, etc. That was after I had spied on his forehead the something I wormed out of his mouth. What are you going to do ? "

" What can I do ! "

"Are you fond of the girl?"

An attachment was indicated, as belonging to the case. She was not a woman to whom the breathing of pastoral passion would be suitable; yet he saw that she despised him for a lover; and still she professed to understand his dilemma. Perplexity at the injustice of fate and persons universally, put a wrinkled mask on his features and the expression of his feelings. They were torn, and the world was torn; and what he wanted, was delay, time for him to define his feelings and behold a recomposed picture of the world. He had already taken six days. He pleaded the shock to his family.

"You won't have such a chance again," she said. Shrugs had set in.

They agreed as to the behaviour of the girl's mother. It reflected on the father, he thought.

"Difficult thing to proclaim, before an engagement!" Her shoulders were restless.

"When a man's feelings get entangled!"

"Oh! a man's feelings! I'm your British Jury for a woman's."

"Can he marry her?"

She declared to not knowing particulars. She could fib smoothly.

The next day she was on the line to London, armed with the proposal of an appointment for the Hon. Dudley to meet "the girl's father."

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTAINS WHAT IS A SMALL THING OR A GREAT, AS THE SOUL OF
THE CHIEF ACTOR MAY DECIDE.

SEKSEY ushered Lady Grace into his master's private room, and entertained her during his master's absence. He had buried his wife, he said: she feared, seeing his posture of the soaping of hands at one shoulder, that he was about to bewail it; and he did wish to talk of it, to show his modest companionship with her in loss, and how a consolation for our sorrows may be obtained: but he won her approval, by taking the acceptable course between the dues to the subject and those to his hearer, as a model cab should drive considerate equally of horse and fare.

A day of holiday at Hampstead, after the lowering of the poor woman's bones into earth, had been followed by a descent upon London; and at night he had found himself in the immediate neighbourhood of a public house, noted for sparring exhibitions and instructions on the first floor; and he was melancholy, unable quite to disperse "the ravens" flocking to us on such days: though, if we ask why we have to go out of the world, there is a corresponding inquiry, of what good was our coming into it; and unless we are doing good work for our country, the answer is not satisfactory except that we are as well gone. Thinking which, he was accosted by a young woman: perfectly respectable, in every way: who inquired if he had seen a young man enter the door. She described him, and reviled the

temptations of those houses; and ultimately, as she insisted upon going in to look for the young man and use her persuasions to withdraw him from "that snare of Satan," he had accompanied her, and he had gone upstairs and brought the young man down. But friends, or the acquaintances they call friends, were with him, and they were "in drink," and abused the young woman; and she had her hand on the young man's arm, quoting Scripture. Sad to relate of men bearing the name of Englishmen—and it was hardly much better if they pleaded intoxication!—they were not content to tear the young man from her grasp, they hustled her, pushed her out, dragged her in the street. "It became me to step to her defense: she was meek," said Skepsey. "She had a great opinion of the efficacy of quotations from Scripture; she did not recriminate. I was able to release her and the young man she protected, on condition of my going upstairs to give a display of my proficiency. I had assured them, that the poor fellows who stood against me were not a proper match. And of course, they jeered, but they had the evidence, on the pavement. So I went up with them. I was heavily oppressed, I wanted relief, I put on the gloves. He was a bigger man, they laughed at the little one. I told them, it depended upon a knowledge of first principles, and the power to apply them. I will not boast, my lady: my junior by ten years, the man went down; he went down a second time; and the men seemed surprised; I told them, it was nothing but first principles put into action. I mention the incident, for the extreme relief it afforded me at the close of a dark day."

"So you cured your grief!" said Lady Grace; and Skepsey made way for his master.

Victor's festival-lights were kindled, beholding her; cressets on the window-sill, lamps inside.

"Am I so welcome?" There was a pull of emotion at her smile. "What with your little factotum and you, we are flattered to perdition when we come here. He has been proposing, by suggestion, like a Court-physician, the putting on of his boxing-gloves, for the consolation of the widowed:—meant most kindly! and it's a thousand pities women haven't their padded gloves."

"Oh! but our boxing-gloves can do mischief enough. You have something to say, I see."

"How do you see?"

"Tush, tush."

The silly ring of her voice and the pathless tattle changed; she talked to suit her laden look. "You hit it. I come from Dudley. He knows the facts. I wish to serve you, in every way."

Victor's head had lifted.

"Who was it?"

"No enemy."

"Who?"

Her mother. She did rightly."

"Certainly she did," said Victor, and he thought that instantaneously of the thing done. "Oh, then she spoke to him! She has kept it from me. For now nearly a week—six days—I've seen her spying for some-

thing she expected, like a face behind a door three inches ajar. She has not been half alive; she refused explanations;—she was expecting to hear from him, of him—the decision, whatever it's to be!"

"I can't aid you there," said Lady Grace. "He's one of the unreadables. He names Tuesday next week."

"By all means."

"She?"

"Fred!—poor Fred!—ah my poor girl, yes!—No, she knows nothing. Here is the truth of it:—she, the legitimate lives: they say she lives. Well, then, she lives against all rules physical or medical, lives by sheer force of will—it's a miracle of the power of a human creature to . . . I have it from doctors, friends, attendants, they can't guess what she holds on, to keep her breath.—All the happiness in life!—if only it could benefit her. But it's the cause of death to us. Do you see, dear friend;—you are a friend, proved friend," he took her hand, and held and pressed it, in great need of a sanguine response to emphasis; and having this was a feminine hand, his ideas ran off with it. "The friend! You have courage. My Nataly, poor dear,—she can endure, in her quiet way. A woman of courage would take her place beside me and compel the world to do her homage, help;—a bright ready smile does it! She would never be beaten. Of course, we could have lived under a bushel—stifled next to death! But I am for light, air—battle, if you like. I want a comrade, not a — not that I complain. I respect, pity, love—I do love her, honour: only, we want something else—courage—to face the enemy. Quite right, that she should speak to Dudley Sowerby. He has to know, must know; all who deal closely with us must know. But see a moment: I am waiting to see the impediment dispersed, which puts her at an inequality with the world: and then I speak to all whom it concerns: not before: for her sake. How is it now? Dudley will ask . . . you understand. And when I am forced to confess, that the mother, the mother of the girl he seeks in marriage, is not yet in that state herself, probably at that very instant the obstacle has crumbled to dust! I say, probably: I have information—doctors, friends, attendants—they all declare it cannot last outside a week. But you are here—true, I could swear! a touch of a hand tells me. A woman's hand? Well, yes: I read by the touch of a woman's hand:—betrays more than her looks or her lips!" He sank his voice. "I don't talk of condoling: if you are in grief, you know I share it." He kissed her hand, and laid it on her lap; eyed it, and met her eyes; took a header into her eyes, and lost himself. A nip of his conscience moved his tongue to say: "As for guilt, if it were known . . . a couple of ascetics—absolutely!" But this was assumed to be unintelligible; and it was merely the apology to his conscience in communion with the sprite of a petticoated fair one who was being subjected to tender little liberties, necessarily addressed in enigmas. He righted immediately, under perception of the thoroughbred's contempt for the barriers of wattle she; and caught the word "guilt," to hide the Philistine citizen's lapse, by relating historically, in abridgement, the honest beauty of the passionate loves of the two whom the world proscribed for honestly loving. There

was no guilt. He harped on the word, to erase the recollection of his first use of it.

"Fiddle," said Lady Grace. "The thing happened. You have now to carry it through. You require a woman's aid in a social matter. Rely on me, for what I can do. You will see Dudley on Tuesday? I will write. Be plain with him; not forgetting the gilding, I need not remark. Your Nesta has no aversion?"

"Admires, respects, likes; is quite—is willing."

"Good enough beginning." She rose, for the atmosphere was heated, rather heavy. "And if one proves to be of aid, you'll own that a woman has her place in the battle."

The fair black-clad widow's quick and singular interweaving of the evanescent pretty pouts and frowns dimpled like the brush of the wind on a sunny pool in a shady place; and her forehead was close below his chin, her lips not far. Her apparel was attractively mourning. Widows in mourning, when they do not lean over extremely to the Stygian shore, with the complexions of the drugs which expedited the defunct to the ferry, provoke the manly arm within reach of them to pluck their pathetic blooming persons clear away from it. What of the widow who visibly likes the living? Compassion, sympathy, impulse; and gratitude, impulse again, living warmth, and a spring of the blood to wrestle with the King of Terrors for the other poor harper's half-nightcapped Eurydice; and a thirst, sudden as it is overpowering; and the solicitude, a reflective solicitude, to put the seal on a thing and call it a fact, to the astonishment of history; and a kick of our naughty youth in its coffin;—all the insurgencies of Nature, with her colonel of the regiment absent, and her veering trick to drive two vessels at the cross of a track into collision, combine for doing that, which is very much more, and which affects us at the time so much less than did the pressure of a soft wedded hand by our own elsewhere pledged one. On the contrary, we triumph, we have the rich flavour of the fruit for our pains; we commission the historian to write in hieroglyphics a round big fact.

The lady passed through the trial submitting, stiffening her shoulders, and at the close, shutting her eyes. She stood cool in her blush, and eyed him like one gravely awakened. Having been embraced and kissed, she had to consider her taste for the man, and acknowledge a neatness of impetuosity in the deed; and he was neither apologizing culprit nor glorying bandit. When it was done, but something of the lyric God tempering his fervours to a pleased serenity, not offering a renewal of them. He glowed transparently. He said: "You are the woman to take a front place in the battle!" With this woman beside him, it was a conquered world.

Comparisons, in the jotting souvenirs of a woman of her class and set, favoured him; for she disliked enterprising libertines and despised stumpling youths; and the genial simple glow of his look assured her, that the vanished fiery moment would not be built on by a dating master. She owned herself. Or did she? Some understanding of how the other woman had been won to the leap with him, was drawing in about her. She would

have liked to beg for the story; and she could as little do that as bring her tongue to reproach. If we come to the den! she said to her thought of reproach. Our semi-civilization makes it a den, where a scent in his nostrils will spring the half-tamed animal away to wildness. And she had come unanticipatingly, without design, except perhaps to get a superior being to direct and restrain a gambler's hand; perhaps for the fee of a temporary pressure.

"I may be able to help a little—I hope!" she fetched a breath to say, while her eyelids mildly sermonized; and immediately she talked of her inheritance of property in stocks and shares.

Victor commented passingly on the soundness of them, and talked of projects he entertained:—Parliament! "But I have only to mention it at home, and my poor girl will set in for shrinking."

He doated on the diverse aspect of the gallant woman of the world.

"You succeed in everything you do," said she, and she cordially believed it; and that belief set the neighbour memory palpitating. Success folded her waist, was warm upon her lips: she worshipped the figure of Success.

"I can't consent to fail, it's true, when my mind is on a thing," Victor rejoined.

He looked his mind on Lady Grace. The shiver of a mael went over her. These transparent visages, where the thought which is half design is perceived as a lightning, strike lightning into the physically feeble. Her hand begged, with the open palm, her head shook thrice; and though she did not step back, he bowed to the negation, and then she gave him a grateful shadow of a smile, relieved, with a startled view of how greatly relieved, at that sympathetic deference in the wake of the capturing intrepidity.

"I am to name Tuesday for Dudley?" she suggested.

"At any hour he pleases to appoint."

"A visit signifies . . ."

"Whatever it signifies!"

"I am thinking of the bit of annoyance."

"To me? Anything appointed, finds me ready the next minute."

Her smile was flattering bright. "By the way, keep your City people close about you: entertain as much as possible; dine them," she said.

"At home?"

"Better. Sir Rodwell Blachington, Sir Abraham Quatley: and their wives. There's no drawing back now. And I will meet them."

She received a compliment. She was on the foot to go.

But she had forgotten the Tiddler mine.

The Tiddler mine was leisurely mounting. Victor stated the figure; he saluted her hand, and Lady Grace passed out, with her heart on the top of them, and a buzz in it of the unexpected having occurred. She had her experiences to match new patterns in events; though not very many. Compared with gambling, the game of love was an idle entertainment. Compared with other players, this man was gifted.

Victor went in to Mr. Inchling's room, and kept Inchling from speaking that he might admire him for he knew not what, or knew not well what. The good fellow was devoted to his wife. Victor in old days had called the

wife Mrs. Grundy. She gossiped, she was censorious; she knew—could not but know—the facts; yet never by a shade was she disrespectful. He had a curious recollection of how his knowledge of Inchling and his wife being always in concert, entirely—whatever they might think in private—devoted to him in action, had influenced, if it had not originally sprung, his resolve to cast off the pestilential cloak of obscurity shortening his days, and emerge before a world he could illumine to give him back splendid reflections. Inchling and his wife, it was: because the two were one: and if one, and subservient to him, knowing all the story, why, it foreshadowed a conquered world! They were the one pulse of the married Grundy beating in his hand. So it had been.

He rattled his views upon Indian business, to hold Inchling silent, and let his mind dwell almost lovingly on the good faithful spouse, who had no phosphorescent writing of a recent throbbing event on the four walls of his room.

Nataly was not so generously encountered in idea.

He felt and regretted this. He greeted her with a doubled affectionateness. Her pitiable deficiency of courage, excusing a man for this and that small matter in the thick of the conflict, made demands on him for gentle treatment.

"You have not seen any one?" she asked.

"City people. And you, my love?"

"Mr. Barmby called. He has gone down to Tunbridge Wells for a week, to some friend there." She added, in pain of thought: "I have seen Dartrey. He has brought Lord Clanconan to town, for a consultation, and expects he will have to take him to Brighton."

"Brighton? What a life for a man like Dartrey, at Brighton!"

Her friend answered. "If I cannot see my Nesta there, he will bring her up to me in the city."

"But, my dear, I will bring her up to you, if it is your wish to see her."

"It is becoming imperative that I should."

"No hurry, no hurry: wait till the end of next week. And I must see Dartrey, on business, at once!"

She gave the address in a neighbouring square. He had minutes to spare before dinner, and flew. She was not inquisitive.

Colney Durance had told Dartrey, that Victor was killing her. She had little animation; her smiles were ready, but faint. After her interview with Dartrey, there had been a swoon at home; and her maid, sworn to secrecy, willingly spared a tender-hearted husband—so good a master.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. MARSETT.

LITTLE acts of kindness were not beyond the range of Colney Durance, and he ran down to Brighton, to give the exiled Nesta some taste of her friendly London circle. The Duvidney ladies knew that the dreaded gentleman had

a regard for the girl. Their own, which was becoming warmer than they liked to think, was impressed by his manner of conversing with her. "Child though she was," he paid her the compliment of a sober as well as a satirical review of the day's political matter and recent publications; and the ladies were introduced, in a wonderment, to the damsel Delphica. They listened placidly to a discourse upon her performances, Japanese to their understandings. At New York, behold, another adventurous representative and advocate of the European tongues had joined the party: Signor Jeridomani: a philologer, of course; a politician in addition; Macchiavelli redivivus, it seems to fair Delphica. The speech he delivers at the Syndicate Delmonico Dinner, is justly applauded by the New York Press as a masterpiece of astuteness. He appears to be the only one of the party who has an eye for the dark. She fancies she may know a more widely awake in the abstract. But now, thanks to jubilant Journals and Homeric laughter over the Continent, the secret is out, in so far as the concurrents are all unmasked and exposed for the edification of the American public. Dr. Bouthoin's eyebrows are up, Mr. Semhians disfigures his name by greatly gaping. Shall they return to their Great Britain indignant? Patriotism, with the sauce of a luxurious expedition at no cost to the private purse, restrains them. Moreover, there is no sign of any one of the others intending to quit the expedition; and Mr. Semhians has done a marvel or two in the cricket-field: Old England looks up where she can. What is painfully extraordinary to our couple, they find in the frigid attitude of the Americans toward their 'common tongue;' together with the rumour of a design to despatch an American rival emissary to Japan.

Nesta listened, inquired, commented, laughed; the ladies could not have a doubt that she was interested and understood. She would have sketches of scenes between Delphica and M. Falarique, with whom the young Germania was cleverly ingenuous indeed—a seminary Célimène—and between Delphica and M. Mytharete, with whom she was archæologically ravishingly amœbæan of Homer. Dr. Gannius holds a trump card in his artless daughter, conjecturally, for the establishment of the language of the gutturals in the far East. He has now a suspicion, that the inventive M. Falarique, melted down to sobriety by misfortune, may some day startle their camp by the cast of more than a crow into it, and he is bent on establishing alliances; frightens the supple Signor Jeridomani to lingual fixity; eulogizes Football, with Dr. Bouthoin; and retracts, or modifies a dictum upon the English, that, 'masculine brawn they have in their bodies, but muscle they have not in their feminine minds;' to exalt them, for a signally clean, if a dense, people: "Amousia, not Alousia, is their enemy."—How, when we have the noblest crop of poets?—"You have never heartily embraced those aliens among you until you learnt from us, that you might brag of them."—Have they not endowed us with the richest of languages?—"The words of which are used by you, as old slippers, for puns." Mr. Semhians has been superciliously and ineffectively punning in former presences: he and his chief are inwardly shocked by a new perception;—What if, now that we have the populace for paymaster, subservience to the literary tastes of the populace should reduce the nation to its lowest mental

level, and render us not only unable to compete with the foreigner, but unintelligible to him, although so proudly paid at home! Is it not thus that nations are seen of the Highest to be devouring themselves? "For," says Dr. Gannius, as if divineing them, "this excessive and applauded productiveness, both of your juvenile and your senile, in your modern literature, is it ever a crop? Is it even the restorative perishable stuff of the markets? Is it not rather your street-pavement's patter of raindrops, incessantly in motion, and as fruitful?" Mr. Semhians appeals to Delphica. "Genius you have," says she, stiffening his neck-band, "genius in superabundance:"—he throttles to the complexion of the peony:—"perhaps criticism is wanting." Dr. Gannius adds: "Perhaps it is the drill-sergeant everywhere wanting for an unrivalled splendid rabble!"

Colney left the whole body of concurrences on the raised flooring of a famous New York Hall, clearly entrapped, and incited to debate before an enormous audience, as to the merits of their respective languages. "I hear," says Dr. Bouthoin to Mr. Semhians (whose gape is daily extending), "that the tickets cost ten dollars!"

There was not enough of Delphica for Nesta.

Colney asked: "Have you seen any of our band?"

"No," she said, with good cheer, and became thoughtful, conscious of a funny reason for the wish to hear of the fictitious creature disliked by Dudley. A funny and a naughty reason, was it? Not so very naughty: but it was funny; for it was a spirit of opposition to Dudley, without an inferior feeling at all, such as girls should have.

Colney brought his viola for a duet; they had a pleasant musical evening, as in old days Creckholt; and Nesta, going upstairs with the ladies to bed, made them share her father's amused view of the lamb of the flock this bitter gentleman became when he had the melodious instrument tucked under his arm. He was a guest for the night. Dressing in the early hour, Nesta saw him from her window on the parade and soon joined him, to hear him at his bitterest, in the flush of the brine. "These lengths of blank-faced terraces fronting sea!" were the satirist's present black beast. "So these moneyed English shoulder to the front place; and that is the appearance they offer to their commercial God!" He gazed along the miles of "English countenance," drearily laughing. Changeful ocean seemed to laugh at the spectacle. Some Orphic joke inspired his exclamation: "Capital!"

"Where the shops are," said Nesta.

"And how many thousand parsons have you here?"

"Ten, I think," she answered in his vein, and warmed him; leading him contemplatively to scrutinize her admirers: the Rev. Septimus; Mr. Sowerby.

"News of our friend of the whimpering flute?"

"Here? no. I have to understand you!"

Colney cast a weariful look backward on the "regiments of Anglo-Chinese" represented to him by the moneyed terraces, and said: "The face of a stopped watch!—the only meaning it has is past date."

He had no liking for Dudley Sowerby. But it might have been an allu-

sion to the general view of the houses. But again, "the meaning of it past date," stuck in her memory. A certain face close on handsome, had a fatal susceptibility to caricature.

She spoke of her 'exile'; wanted Skepsey to come down to her; moaned over the loss of her Louise. The puzzle of the reason for the long separation from her parents, was evident in her mind, and unmentioned.

They turned on to the pier.

Nesta reminded him of certain verses he had written to celebrate her visit to the place when she was a child:

"And then along the pier we sped,
And there we saw a Whale:
He seemed to have a Normous Head,
And not a bit of Tail."

"Manifestly a foreigner to our shores, where the exactly inverse tion rules," Colney said.

"And then we scampered on the beach,
To chase the foaming wave;
And when we ran beyond its reach
We all became more brave."

Colney remarked: "I was a poet—for once."

A neat-legged Parisianly booted lady, having the sea-wind, very enterprising with her dark wavy locks and jacket and skirts gave a cry of pleasure and a silvery "You dear!" at sight of Nesta, then at sight of one of us, moderated her tone to a propriety equalling the most conventional. "We ride to-day?"

"I shall be one," said Nesta.

"It would not be the commonest pleasure to me, if you were absent."

"Till eleven, then!"

"After my morning letter to Ned."

She sprinkled silvery sound on that name or on the adieu, flushed, blinked, frowned, sweetened her lip-lines, bit at the underone, at, passed in a discomposure.

"The lady?" Colney asked.

"She is—I meet her in the troop conducted by the riding-master Mrs. Marsett."

"And who is Ned?"

"It is her husband, to whom she writes every morning. He is in the army, or was. He is in Norway, fishing."

"Then the probability is, that the English officer continues his military studies."

"Do you not think her handsome, Mr. Durance?"

"Ned may boast of his possession, when he has trimmed it and toned it a little."

"She is different, if you are alone with her."

"It is not unusual," said Colney.

At eleven o'clock he was in London, and Nesta rode beside Mrs. Marsett amid the troop.

A South-easterly wind blew the waters to shifty gold-leaf prints of brilliance under the sun.

"I took a liberty this morning, I called you 'Dear' this morning," the lady said. "It's what I feel, only I have no right to blurt out everything I feel, and I was ashamed. I am sure I must have appeared ridiculous. I got quite nervous."

"You would not be ridiculous to me."

"I remember I spoke of Ned."

"You have spoken of him before."

"Oh! I know: to you alone. I should like to pluck out my heart and pitch it on the waves, to see whether it would sink or swim. That's a funny idea, isn't it! I tell you everything that comes up. What shall I do when I lose you! You always make me feel you've a lot of poetry ready-made in you."

"We will write. And you will have your husband then."

"When I had finished my letter to Ned, I dropped my head on it and behaved like a fool for several minutes. I can't bear the thought of losing you!"

"But you don't lose me," said Nesta; "there is no ground for your supposing that you will. And your wish not to lose me, binds me to you more closely."

"If you knew!" Mrs. Marsett caught at her slippery tongue, and she carolled: "If we all knew everything, we should be wiser, and what a naked lot of people we should be!"

They were crossing the passage of a cavalcade of gentlemen, at the end of the East Cliff. One among them, large and dominant, with a playful voice of brass, cried out: "And how do you do, Mrs. Judith Marsett—ha? Beautiful morning?"

Mrs. Marsett's figure tightened; she rode stonily erect, looked level ahead. Her woman's red mouth was shut fast on a fighting underlip.

"He did not salute you," Nesta remarked, to justify her for not having responded.

The lady breathed a low thunder: "Coward!"

"He cannot have intended to insult you," said Nesta.

"That man knows I will not notice him. He is a beast. He will learn that I carry a horsewhip."

"Are you not taking a little incident too much to heart?"

The laugh of the heavily laden came from Mrs. Marsett: "Am I pale? I dare say. I shall go on my knees to-night hating myself that I was born 'one of the frail sex.' We are, or we should ride at the coward and strike him to the ground. Pray, pray do not look distressed! Now you know my Christian name. That dog of a man barks it out on the roads. It doesn't matter."

"He has offended you before?"

"You are near me. They can't hurt me, can't touch me, when I think that I'm talking with you. How I envy those who call you by your Christian name."

"Nesta," said smiling Nesta. The smile was forced, that she might show kindness, for the lady was jarring on her.

Mrs. Marsett opened her lips: "Oh, my God, I shall be crying!—let's gallop. No, wait, I'll tell you. I wish I could! I will tell you of that man. That man is Major Worrell. One of the majors who manage to get to their grade. A retired warrior. He married a handsome woman, above him in rank, with money; a good woman. She was a good woman, or she would have had her vengeance, and there was never a word against her. She must have loved that—Ned calls him, full-blooded ox. He spent her money and he deceived her.—You innocent! Oh, you dear! I'd give the world to have your eyes. I've heard tell of 'crystal clear,' but eyes like yours have to tell me how deep and clear. Such a world for them to be in! I did pray, and used your name last night on my knees, that you—I said, Nesta—might never have to go through other women's miseries. Ah me! I have to tell you he deceived her. You don't quite understand."

"I do understand," said Nesta.

"God help you!—I am excited to-day. That man is poison to me. His wife forgave him three times. On three occasions, that unhappy woman forgave him. He is great at his oaths, and a big breaker of them. She walked out one November afternoon and met him riding along with a notorious creature. You know there are bad women. They passed her, laughing. And look there, Nesta, see that groyné; that very one." Mrs. Marsett pointed her whip hard out. "The poor lady went down from the height *here*; she walked into that rough water—look!—steadying herself along it, and she plunged; she never came out alive. A week after her burial, Major Worrell—I've told you enough."

"We'll gallop now," said Nesta.

Mrs. Marsett's talk, her presence hardly less, affected the girl with those intimations of tumult shown upon smooth waters when the great elements are conspiring. She felt that there was a cause why she had the pity, did pity her. It might be, that Captain Marsett wedded one who was of inferior station, and his wife had to bear blows from cruel people. The supposition seemed probable. The girl accepted it; for beyond, as the gathering of the gale masked by hills, lay a brewing silence. What? She did not reflect. Her quick physical sensibility curled to some breath of heated atmosphere brought about her by this new acquaintance: not pleasant, if she had thought of pleasure: intensely suggestive of pain life at the consuming tragic core, round which the furnace pants. But she was unreflecting, feeling only a beyond and hidden.

Besides, she was an exile. Spelling at dark things in the dark, getting to have the sight which peruses darkness, she touched the door of a mystery that denied her its key, but showed the lock; and her life was beginning to know of hours that fretted her to recklessness. Her friend Louise was absent: she had so few friends—owing to that unsolved reason: she wanted one, any kind, if only gentle: and this lady seemed to need her: and she flattered; Nesta was in the mood for swallowing and digesting and making sweet blood of flattery.

At one time, she liked Mrs. Marsett best absent: in musing on her,

wishing her well, having said the adieu. For it was wearisome to hear praises of 'innocence;' and women can do so little to cure that 'wickedness of men,' among the lady's conversational themes; and 'love' too: it may be a 'plague,' and it may be 'heaven:' it is better left unspoken of. But there were times when Mrs. Marsett's looks and tones touched compassion to press her hand: an act that had a pledging signification in the girl's bosom: and when, by the simple avoidance of ejaculatory fervours, Mrs. Marsett's quieted good looks had a shadow of a tender charm, more pathetic than her outcries, were. These had not always the sanction of polite usage: and her English was guilty of sudden lapses to the Thames-water English of commerce and drainage instead of the upper wells. But there are many uneducated ladies in the land. Many, too, whose tastes in romantic literature betray now and then by peeps a similarity to Nesta's maid Mary's. Mrs. Marsett liked love, blood, and adventure. She had, moreover, a favourite noble poet, and she begged Nesta's pardon for naming him, and she would not name him, and told her she must not read him until she was a married woman, because he did mischief to girls. Thereupon she fell into one of her silences, emerging with a cry of hate of herself for having ever read him. She did not blame the bard. And, ah, poor bard! he fought his battle: he shall not be named for the brand on the name. He has lit a sulphur match for the lower of nature through many a generation; and to be forgiven by sad frail souls who could accuse him of piping devil's agent to them at the perilous instant—poor girls too!—is chastisement enough. This it is to be the author of unholy sweets: a Posterity sitting in judgement will grant, that they were part of his honest battle with the hypocrite English Philistine, without being dupe of the plea or at all the thirsty swallower of his sugary brandy. Mrs. Marsett expressed a gladness of escape in never having met a man like him; followed by her regret that 'Ned' was so utterly unlike; except "perhaps"—and she hummed; she was off on the fraternity in wickedness.

Nesta's ears were fatigued. "My mother writes of you," she said, to vary the subject.

Mrs. Marsett looked. She sighed downright: "I have had my dream of a friend!—It was that gentleman with you on the pier! Your mother objects?"

"She has inquired, nothing more."

"I am twenty-three: not as old as I should be, for a guide to you. I know I would never do you harm. That I know. I would walk into that water first, and take Mrs. Worrell's plunge:—the last bath; a thorough cleanser for a woman! Only, she was a good woman and didn't want it, as we—as lots of us do:—to wash off all recollection of having met a man! Your mother would not like me to call you Nesta! I have never begged you to call me Judith. Damnable name!" Mrs. Marsett revelled in the heat of the curse on it, as a relief to torture of the breast, until a sense of the girl's alarmed hearing sent the word reverberating along her nerves and shocked her with such an exposure of our Shaggy wild one on a lady's lips. She murmured: "Forgive me," and had the passion to repeat the epithet in shrieks, and scratch up male speech for a hatefuller; but the twitch of

Nesta's brows made her say: "Do pardon me. I did something in Scripture. Judith could again. Since that brute Worrell crossed me riding with you, I loathe my name; I want to do things. I have offended you."

"We have been taught differently. I do not use those words. Nothing else."

"They frighten you?"

"They make me shut; that is all."

"Supposing you were some day to discover . . . ta-ta-ta, all the things there are in the world." Mrs. Marsett let fly an artificial chirrup.

"You must have some ideas of me."

"I think you have had unhappy experiences."

"Nesta . . . just now and then! . . . the first time we rode out together, coming back from the downs, I remember, I spoke without thinking—I was enraged—of a case in the newspapers; and you had seen it, and you were not afraid to talk of it. I remember I thought, Well, for a girl she's bold! I thought you knew more than a girl ought to know: until—you did—you set my heart going. You spoke of the poor woman like an angel of compassion. You said we were all mixed up with their fate—I forget the words. But no one ever heard in Church anything that touched me so. I worshipped you. You said, you thought of them often, and longed to find out what you could do to help. And I thought, if they could hear you, and only come near you, as I was—ah, my heaven!—Unhappy experiences? Yes. But when men get women on the slope to their perdition, they have no mercy, none. They deceive, and they lie; they are false in acts and words; they do as much as murder. They're never hanged for it. They make the laws! And then they become fathers of families, and point the finger at the 'wretched creatures.' They have a dozen names against women, for one at themselves."

"It maddens me at times to think! . . ." said Nesta, burning with the sting of wild names.

"Oh, there are bad women as well as bad men: but men have the power and the lead, and they take advantage of it; and then they turn round and execrate us for not having what they have robbed us of!"

"I blame women—if I may dare, at my age," said Nesta, and her bosom heaved. "Women should feel for their sex; they should not give the names; they should go among their unhappier sisters. At the worst they are sisters! I am sure, that fallen cannot mean—Christ shows it does not. He changes the tone of Scripture. The women who are made ourasts must be helpless and go to utter ruin. We should, if we pretend to be better, step between them and that. There cannot be any goodness unless it is a practiced goodness. Otherwise it is nothing more than paint on canvas. You speak to me of my innocence. What is it worth, if it is only a picture, and does no work to help to rescue. I fear I think most of the dreadful names that sadden and sicken us.—The Old Testament!—I have a French friend, a Mademoiselle Louise de Seilles—you should hear her: she is intensely French and a Roman Catholic, everything which we are not: but so human, so wise, and so full of the pride of her sex! I love her. It

is love. She will never marry until she meets a man who has the respect for women, for all women. We both think we cannot separate ourselves from our sisters. She seems to me to wither men, when she speaks of their injustice, their snares to mislead and their cruelty when they have succeeded. She is right, it is the—brute: there is no other word."

"And French and good!" Mrs. Marsett ejaculated. "My Ned reads French novels, and he says, their women. . . . But your mademoiselle is a real one. If she says all that, I could kneel to her, French or not. Does she talk much about men and women?"

"Not often: we lose our tempers. She wants women to have professions; at present they have not much choice to avoid being penniless. Poverty, and the sight of luxury! It seems as if we produced the situation, to create an envious thirst, and cause the misery. Things are improving for them; but we groan at the slowness of it."

Mrs. Marsett now declared a belief, that women were nearly quite as bad as men. "I don't think I could take up with a profession. Unless to be a singer. Ah! Do you sing?"

Nesta smiled: "Yes, I sing."

"How I should like to hear you! My Ned's a thorough Englishman—gentleman, you know: he cares only for sport; Shooting, Fishing, Hunting; and Football, Cricket, Rowing, and matches. He's immensely proud of England in those things. And such muscle he has!—though he begins to fancy his heart's rather weak. It's digestion, I tell him. But he takes me to the Opera sometimes—Italian Opera; he can't stand German. Down at his place in Leicestershire, he tells me, when there's company, he has—I'm sure you sing beautifully. When I hear beautiful singing, even from a woman they tell me of, upon my word, it's true, I feel my sins all melting out of me and I'm new-made: I can't bear Ned to speak. Would you one day, one afternoon, before the end of next week?—it would do me such real good, yet I can't guess how much; if I could persuade you! I know I'm asking something out of rules. For just half an hour! I judge by your voice in talking. Oh! it would do me good—good—good to hear you sing. There is a tuned piano—a cottage; I don't think it sounds badly. You would not see any great harm in calling on me?—once!"

"No," said Nesta. And it was her nature that projected the word. Her awakened spirits were travelling to her from a distance, and she had an intimation of their tidings; and she could not have said what they were; or why, for a moment, she hesitated to promise she would come. Her vision of the reality of things was without written titles, to put the stamp of the world on it. She felt this lady to be one encompassed and in the hug of the elementary forces, which are the terrors to inexperienced pure young women. But she looked at her, and dared trust those lips, those eyes. She saw through whatever might be the vessel, the spirit of the woman; as the upper nobility of our brood are enabled to do in a crisis mixed of moral aversion and sisterly sympathy, when nature cries to them, and the scales of convention, the mud-spots of accident, even naughtiness, even wickedness, all misfortune's issue, if we but see the one look upward, fall away. Reason is not excluded from these blind throbs of a blood that strikes

to right the doings of the Fates. Nesta did not err in her divination of the good and the bad incarnate beside her, though both good and bad were behind a curtain; the latter sparing her delicate senses, appealing to chivalry, to the simply feminine claim on her. Reason acting in her heart as a tongue of the flames of the forge where we all are wrought, told her surely that the good predominated. She had the heart which is at our primal fires when nature speaks.

She gave the promise to call on Mrs. Marsett and sing to her.

"An afternoon? Oh! what afternoon?" she was asked, and she said: "This afternoon, if you like."

So it was agreed: Mrs. Marsett acted violently the thrill of delight she felt in the prospect.

The ladies Dorothea and Virginia consulted, and pronounced the name of Marsett to be a reputable County name. "There was a Leicestershire baronet of the name of Marsett." They arranged to send their button blazing boy at Nesta's heels. Mrs. Marsett resided in a side-street not very distant from the featureless but washed and orderly terrace of the gassy stare at sea.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWS ONE OF THE SHADOWS OF THE WORLD CROSSING A VIRGIN'S MIND.

NESTA and her maid were brought back safely through the dusk by their constellation of a boy, to whom the provident ladies had entrusted her. They could not but note how short her syllables were. Her face was only partly seen. They had returned refreshed from their drive on the populous and orderly parade—so fair a pattern of their England!—after discoursing of "the dear child," approving her manners, instancing proofs of her intelligence, nay, her possession of "character." They did so, notwithstanding that these admissions were worse than their growing love for the girl, to confound established ideas. And now, in thoughtfulness on her behalf, Dorothea said, "We have considered, Nesta, that you may be lonely; and if it is your wish, we will leave our card on your new acquaintance." Nesta took her hand and kissed it; she declined, saying, "Not without voice."

They had two surprises at the dinner-hour. One was the entrance of Durtrey Fenellan, naming an early time next day for his visit; and the other was the appearance of the Rev. Stuart Rem, a welcome guest. He had come to meet his Bishop.

He had come also with serious information for the ladies, regarding the Rev. Abram Posterley. No sooner was this out of his mouth than both ladies exclaimed: "Again!" So serious was it, that there had been a consultation at the Wells; Mr. Posterley's friend, the Rev. Septimus Barmby, and his own friend, the Rev. Groseman Buttermore, had journeyed from London to sit upon the case: and, "One hoped," Mr. Stuart Rem said, "poor Posterley would be restored to the senses he periodically abandoned." He laid a hand on Tasso's curls, and withdrew it at a menace of teeth. Tasso would submit to rough caresses from Mr. Posterley; he

would not allow Mr. Stuart Rem to touch him. Why was that? Perhaps for the reason of Mr. Posterley's being so emotional as perpetually to fall a victim to some bright glance and require the rescue of his friends; the slave of woman had a magnet for animals!

Dorothea and Virginia were drawn to compassionate sentiments, in spite of the provoking recurrence of Mr. Posterley's malady. He had not an income to support a wife. Always was this unfortunate gentleman entangling himself in a passion for maid or widow of the Wells; and it was desperate, a fever. Mr. Stuart Rem charitably remarked on his taking it so severely because of his very scrupulous good conduct. They pardoned a little wound to their delicacy, and asked: "On this occasion?" Mr. Stuart Rem named a linendraper's establishment near the Pantiles, where a fair young woman served. "And her reputation?" That was an article less presentable through plate-glass, it seemed: Mr. Stuart Rem drew a prolonged breath into his nose.

"It is most melancholy!" they said in unison. "Nothing positive," said he. "But the suspicion of a shadow, Mr. Stuart Rem! You will not permit it?" He stated, that his friend Buttermore might have influence. Dorothea said: "When I think of Mr. Posterley's addiction to ceremonial observances, and to matrimony, I cannot but think of a sentence that fell from Mr. Durance one day, with reference to that division of our Church: he called it:—you know! and I would only quote Mr. Durance to you in support of your purer form, as we hold it to be:—with the candles, the vestments, Confession, alas! he called it, 'Rome and a wife.'"

Mr. Stuart Rem nodded an enforced assent: he testily dismissed mention of Mr. Durance, and resumed on Mr. Posterley.

The good ladies, with some of their curiosity appeased, considerably signified to him that a young maiden was present.

The young maiden had in heart stuff to render such small gossip a hum of summer edges. She did not imagine the dialogue concerned her in any way. She noticed Mr. Stuart Rem's attentive scrutiny of her from time to time. She had no sensitiveness, hardly a mind for things about her. To-morrow she was to see Captain Dartrey. She dwelt on that prospect, for an escape from the meshes of a painful hour—the most woeful of the hours she had yet known—passed with Judith Marsett: which dragged her soul through a weltering of the deeps, tossed her over and over, stilling her with her ideas. It shocked her nevertheless to perceive how much of the world's flayed life and harsh anatomy she had apprehended so coldly, previous to Mrs. Marsett's lift of the veil in her story of herself: a skipping revelation, terrible enough to the girl; whose comparison of the previously suspected things with the things now revealed imposed the thought of her having been both a precocious and a callous young woman: a kind of "Delphica without the erudition," her mind phrased it airily over her chagrin.—And the silence of Dudley proved him to have discovered his error in choosing such a person: he was wise, and she thanked him. She had an envy of the ignorant-innocents adored by the young man she cordially thanked for quitting her. She admired the white coat of armour they wore, whether bestowed on them by their constitution or by prudence. For while combating mankind now on Judith

Marsett's behalf, personally she ran like a hare from the mere breath of an association with the very minor sort of similar charges; ardently she desired the esteem of mankind; she was at moments abject. But had she actually been aware of the facts now known?

Those wits of the virgin young, quickened to shrewdness by their budding senses—and however vividly—require enlightenment of the audible and visible before their sterner feelings can be heated to break them away from a blushful dread and force the mind to know. As much as the wilfully or naturally blunted, the intelligently honest have to learn by touch: only, their understandings cannot meanwhile be so wholly obtuse as our society's matron, acting to please the tastes of the civilized man—a creature that is not clean-washed of the Turk in him—barbarously exacts. The signor aforesaid is puzzled to read the woman, who is after all in his language; but when it comes to reading the maiden, she appears as a phosphorescent hieroglyph to some speculative Egyptologist; and he insists upon distinct lines and characters; no variations, if he is to have sense of surety. Many a young girl is misread by the amount she seems to know of our construction, history, and dealings, when it is not more than her sincere ripeness of nature, that has gathered the facts of life profuse about her, and prompts her through one or other of the instincts, often vanity, to show them to be not entirely strange to her; or haply her filly nature is having a fling at the social harness of hypocrisy. If you (it is usually through the length of ears of your Novelist that the privilege is yours) have overheard queer communications passing between girls,—and you must act the traitor eavesdropper or Achilles masquerader to overhear so clearly,—these, be assured, are not specially the signs of their corruptness. Even the exceptionally cynical are chiefly to be accused of bad manners. Your Moralist is a myopic preacher, when he stamps infamy upon them, or on our later generation, for the kick they have at grandmother's decoction, because you do not or cannot conceal from them the grinning skeleton behind it.

Nesta once had dreams of her being loved: and she was to give in return for a love that excused her for loving double, treble; as not her lover could love, she thought with grateful pride in the treasure she was to pour out at his feet; as only one or two (and they were women) in the world had ever loved. Her notion of the passion was parasitic: man the tree, a man the bine; but the bine was flame to enwind and to soar, serpent to defend, immortal flowers to crown. The choice her parents had made for her in Dudley, behind the mystery she had scent of, nipped her at the Daisy, and prepared her to meet, as it were, the fireside of a November day instead of springing up and into the dawn's blue of full summer with swallows on wing. Her station in exile at the Wells of the weariful rich, under the weight of the sullen secret, unenlivened by Dudley's courtship, subdued her to the world's decrees; phrased thus: "I am not to be a heroine." The one golden edge to the view was, that she would greatly please her father. Her dream of a love was put away like a botanist's pressed weed. But after hearing Judith Marsett's wild sobs, it had no place in her cherishing. For, above all, the unhappy woman protested long to have been the cause of her misery. She moaned of "her Ned;" of his goodness, his deceitfulness, her trustfulness; his pride and the vileness of his friends;

her long-suffering and her break down of patience. It was done for the proof of her unworthiness of Nesta's friendship: that she might be renounced, and embraced. She told the pathetic half of her story, to suit the gentle ear, whose critical keenness was lost in compassion. How deep the compassion, mixed with the girl's native respect for the evil-fortuned, may be judged by her inaccessibility to a vulgar tang that she was aware of in the deluge of the torrent, where Innocence and Ned and Love and a proud Family and that beast Worrell rolled together in leaping and shifting involutions.

A darkness of thunder was on the girl. Although she was not one to shrink beneath it like the small bird of the woods, she had to say within herself many times, "I shall see Captain Dartrey to-morrow," for a recovery and a nerving. And with her thought of him, her tooth was at her underlip, she struggled abashed, in hesitation over men's views of her sex, and how to bring a frank mind to meet him; to be sure of his not at heart despising; until his character swam defined and bright across her scope. "He is good to women." Fragments of conversation, principally her father's, had pictured Captain Dartrey to her most manfully tolerant toward a frivolous wife.

He came early in the morning, instantly after breakfast.

Not two minutes had passed before she was at home with him. His words, his looks, revived her spirit of romance, gave her the very landscapes, and new ones. Yes, he was her hero. But his manner made him also an adored big brother, stamped splendid by the perils of life. He sat square, as if about to rise, with an elbow on a knee, and the readiest turn of head to speakers, the promptest of answers, eyes that were a brighter accent to the mouth, so vividly did look accompany tone. He rallied her, chattered, and laughed; pleased the ladies by laughing at Colney Durance, and interested her with happiness when he spoke of England:—that "One has to be in exile awhile, to see the place she takes."

"Oh, Captain Dartrey, I do like to hear you say so," she cried; his voice was reassuring also in other directions: it rang of true man.

He volunteered, however, a sad admission, that England had certainly lost something of the great nation's proper conception of Force: the meaning of it, virtue of it, and need for it. "She bleats for a lesson, and will get her lesson."

But if we have Captain Dartrey, we shall come through! So said the sparkle of her eyes.

"She is very like her father," he said to the ladies.

"We think so," they remarked.

"There's the mother too," said he; and Nesta saw, that the ladies shadowed.

They retired. Then she begged him to "tell her of her own dear mother." The news gave comfort, except for the suspicion, that the dear mother was being worn by her entertaining so largely. "Papa is to blame," said Nesta.

"A momentary strain. Your father has an idea of Parliament; one of the London boroughs."

"And I, Captain Dartrey, when do I go back to them?"

"Your mother comes down to consult with you. And now, do we ride together?"

"You are free?"

"My uncle, Lord Clan, lets me out."

"To-day?"

"Why, yes!"

"This morning?"

"In an hour's time."

"I will be ready."

Nesta sent a line of excuse to Mrs. Marsett, throwing in a fervent adjective for balm.

That fair person rode out with the troop under conduct of the hallowing squire of the stables, and passed by Nesta on horseback beside Dartrey Fenellan at the steps of a huge hotel; issuing from which, pretty Mrs. Blathenoy was about to mount. Mrs. Marsett looked ahead and coloured, but she could not restrain one look at Nesta, that embraced her cavalier. Nesta waved hand to her, and nodded. Mrs. Marsett withdrew her eyes; her doing so, silent though it was, resembled the drag back to sea of the shingle-wave below her, such a screaming of tattle she heard in the questions discernible through the attitude of the cavalier and of the lady, who paused to stare, before the leap up in the saddle. 'Who is she?—what is she?—how did you know her?—where does she come from?—wears her hat on her brows!—huge gauntlets out of style!—shady! 'shady! shady!' And as always during her nervous tumults, the name of Worrell made diapason of that execrable uproar. Her hat on her brows had an air of dash, defying a world it could win, as Ned well knew. But she scanned her gauntlets disapprovingly. This town, we are glad to think, has a bright repute for glove-shops. And Mrs. Marsett could applaud herself for sparing Ned's money; she had mended her gloves, if any were in the fashion.—But how does the money come? Hark at that lady and that gentleman questioning Miss Radnor of everything, everything in the world about her! Not a word do they get from Miss Radnor. And it makes them the more inquisitive. Idle rich people, comfortably faced round, are so inquisitive! And Mrs. Marsett, loving Nesta for the notice of her, maddened by the sting of tongues it was causing, heard the dash of the beach, without consciousness of analogies, but with a body ready to jump out of skin, out of life, in desperation at the sound.

She was all impulse; a shifty piece of unmercenary stratagem, occasionally directing it. Arrived at her lodgings, she wrote to Nesta: "Entreat you not to notice me, if you pass me on the road again. Let me drop, never mind how low I go. I was born to be wretched. A line from you, just a line now and then, only to show me I am not forgotten. I have had a beautiful dream. I am not bad in reality; I love goodness, I know. I cling to the thought of you, as my rescue, I declare. Please, let me hear: if it's not more than 'good day' and your initials on a post-card."

The letter brought Nesta in person to her.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* * * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.

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RUSSIAN FINANCE: THE RACKING OF THE
PEASANTRY.

SINCE the halcyon days of Controller Calonne, the miraculous transformer of bland smiles and promises into ready money, that, like Cinderella's finery, had a nasty way of reverting after a brief period to its original forms, no country would seem to have made such marvellous financial progress in so short a time as Russia, under the guidance of her present Minister of Finances, M. Vyshnegradsky. A cursory survey of the chief items of this improvement would probably silence the majority of those prejudiced politicians who are ever contemptuously inquiring—as the Jews of old about Nazareth—"Can any good thing come out of Russia?" The wilful pessimism of these professional Russophobes is less excusable than the childish optimism of Slavonian patriots who, with Oriental hyperbole, complacently dwell on the unparalleled prosperity and magnanimity of their fatherland, whose gold, they allege, pulled England through the late financial crisis.¹ The means by which M. Vyshnegradsky raised his country's credit in the eyes of the world were neither few nor simple. He naturally began by cutting down the expenses of the administration as low as was consistent with his own tenure of office; he diligently tapped such new sources of revenue as suggested themselves to a mind ambitious of distinction and utilitarian resources; he raised loans; effected conversions; collected debts that seemed hopeless; and literally "scraped together" every available rouble in the country. In all this human ingenuity was admirably seconded by chance, and favourable circumstances improved in turn by clear insight and ready resolve. Two abundant harvests changed his gloomy if prudent anticipation of a small deficit into a welcome little surplus, and his own skilful manipulation and extreme munificence towards certain bankers struck off

¹) In the semi-official *Novoye Vremya*, for instance, we read:—"In bygone times the Russian Government was occasionally subsidized by England, but now the London Exchange is saved from a crisis by the money of the Russian Government. Our conduct is in this case extremely magnanimous when one takes into consideration the nasty tricks played by the English Exchange in 1876-7, in order to undermine our credit."—*Novoye Vremya*, 20th November, 1890.

the golden fetters that had previously bound Russia to Berlin, thus establishing identity of French and Russian interests, if not in politics, at least in finance. Some idea of the extent to which Russia is beholden to French sympathy in all these financial achievements may be gathered from a few eloquent figures. The Russian loan of 500 million francs (22nd December, 1888) was covered two and a half times over and issued at 448 $\frac{1}{2}$; that of 700 millions (10th April, 1889) was responded to by an offer of eight times that amount, although it was issued at 448 $\frac{1}{2}$; that of 1,242 millions (5th June, 1889) likewise elicited an offer of eight times more than was called for, and was issued at 457 $\frac{1}{2}$; while the last loan of 360 millions (March, 1890) was, to use the expression employed by Russian papers, "gulped down" by the French with an enthusiasm scarcely surpassed by that with which they invested their hard-earned savings in the equally promising venture of the Panama Canal.¹ Some of these loans were quoted at 96 a month after issue, and it is not impossible that they should yet reach par, while at present Russian stock stands 2 per cent. higher than Austrian, and about 12 per cent. above Hungarian.

Then, again, if we glance hastily at the rapid development of industrial manufactures in the empire, we are left in astonishment at the seemingly miraculous results effected by Protection. Thus the chemical works in the country have a yearly output of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, as against £450,000 in 1867; Russian tanneries have an output valued at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, instead of the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ million of twenty-three years ago; the value of woollen manufactures has increased during the same time from half a million to 3 millions; in a word, most of the advantages that could be reasonably expected to accrue to the country from the policy of encircling Russia with the Chinese wall of a commercial tariff have already been realised. The manufacturers have wonderfully prospered under the system, and Russia can now significantly point to a class of merchant princes created by Protection; men who equally possibly surpass, the historic Childs of London, the Coutts of Edinburgh, the Blundells of Liverpool, in riches, if not in refinement; millionaires who can afford to give themselves the exquisite pleasure of employing choice champagnes to wash their hands, too seldom cleansed with vulgar soap and water; who can pay £300 for a seat in the theatre,² and preside at entertainments that combine the luxury of a Lucullus or an Apicius with the taste of Bruegel's Bors.

But these considerations, to which it cannot be denied that Frenchmen gave all the weight they deserved, can scarcely be said

(1) When the last Russian loan was floated, 772 bonds satisfied the wants of all British capitalists combined, while Frenchmen demanded over 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of them, and received 123,000.

(2) The last instance of this extravagance occurred in St. Petersburg in February, 1890.

to exhaust the question. There are other important points of view from which the economic position of a country may and should be studied besides that of the reputation of a finance minister or the enrichment of a score of manufacturers, many of whom are foreigners. The chief of these in the present case is the state of agriculture, which, in a country like Russia, bears the same relation to all those outward appearances of prosperity which a clever minister can conjure up at a pinch, that a noumenon is supposed to bear to phenomena or gold to the paper currency based upon it. But before touching upon this important question, it may not be amiss to analyse very briefly the series of brilliant financial operations effected by M. Vyshnegradsky and belauded as a stroke of genius by the patriotic press of Russia. The first impression they leave upon the minds of those who run as they read is that of some wonderful improvement in Russia's solvency and credit, the gourd-like growth of which is explicable by no known cause. Why, one involuntarily asks, should a nation's creditors consent to receive 4 instead of the stipulated 5 per cent. on an immense debt of 531 millions of roubles, unless they had good reason to believe that the nation's prospects and solvency had considerably improved? And on what facts unknown to the most diligent students of contemporary Russian history can this flattering belief be based?

In the days when science was still to a great extent mere guess work, a certain monarch is reported to have asked a number of scientists to explain why it is that a live eel dropped into a vessel brimful of cold water swims about without causing the liquid to overflow, whereas a dead eel, in exactly the same conditions, causes it to overflow at once. Many and ingenious were the explanations offered and rejected before a matter-of-fact individual, who believed in taking nothing on trust, declared that no explanation whatever was needed, seeing that the so-called phenomenon did not exist. Now this is exactly the case with the late financial operations. There has been no conversion. Russia in reality, instead of converting her 5 per cent. loan into a 4 per cent. one, has taken a very decided plunge in the opposite direction. She continues to pay practically 5 per cent. (mathematically 4.7), but on a much larger capital sum than before, and has bound herself to do so for a very much longer time.

What is a conversion? It is an alleviation of the relations of a debtor to his creditor, consisting in the substitution of a lower rate of interest on the debt, the capital sum of the latter and the term remaining unchanged. This being so, it is evident that the word conversion, as applied to the financial operations of M. Vyshnegradsky, is a misnomer, for both the capital sum and the term during which the payments are to be continued have both been very

considerably increased. Suppose a person borrows a sum of £320, promising to refund it in monthly payments of £30 during twelve months; but finding it difficult to meet his obligations, has an interview with his creditor, who consents to lighten his burden to the extent of accepting £20 a month on condition that the payments continue for two years and a half; would that constitute a real alleviation of that individual's financial obligations? And yet such is, roughly speaking, the character of the recent Russian "conversions."

Let us take the loan of 1877 ($81\frac{1}{3}$ million roubles bearing interest at 5 per cent.) which was converted in November, 1888. The annual charges on that debt, including repayment of the capital, amounted to about $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions,¹ and would have ceased in twenty-five years had no conversion intervened. The effect of the conversion, however, was to increase the capital sum from $81\frac{1}{3}$ millions to $97\frac{1}{3}$ millions and to lessen the yearly payments from $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions to $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, but instead of continuing them only for twenty-five years to cause them to be persevered in for $81\frac{1}{2}$ years. The dead loss to the country from this curious operation, which can be calculated by a simple sum of multiplication, is enormous; the "gain" consists in the shifting of a portion of the burden from the present to the future. If this was a wise move, there seems no reason why the minister did not improve upon it and astonish the natives—of Russia, at least—by issuing bonds bearing as little as 3 per cent. interest, a feat that could easily have been accomplished by increasing the capital sum by 83 per cent. One may form a pretty fair estimate of the nature of the above operation from the following consideration: the time of the conversion only twenty-five yearly payments of 1 million were needed to wipe out the debt completely. Now, suppose the Government, in a fit of mad benevolence, suddenly agreed to make its creditors not twenty-five but fifty-nine such yearly payments, the loss to the country, it is clear, would be enormous. And yet, strange to say, even that would be a more profitable operation than the actual conversion, inasmuch as the country would pay less than it now must pay by £1,100!

The remaining operations are of a piece with this. A government must indeed be sorely pressed for ready money if it consents to issue 4 per cent. bonds for 28 millions² redeemable only in eight years, in return for a sum of $23\frac{1}{3}$ millions; for the bonds represent 19 per cent. more than the Government received.

One is sorely embarrassed to reconcile the exorbitant premium paid on these conversions with the alleged prosperity of the country and the solidity of its credit at the time the operations were effected. Many years ago, when avowedly in great distress and sadly in need of

(1) The exact amount was 5,688,000 millions of roubles.

(2) The exact sum is 27,834,000 roubles.

funds to construct strategic railways, and to enter the field against the Turks, the premium paid by Russia on a loan of $87\frac{1}{2}$ millions amounted to $8\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. of the sum realized,¹ whereas last year, when the country's credit was alleged to be unimpeachable, and no need of funds felt, it amounted to $19\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the sum realized.² Between the years 1870 and 1889 Russia realized from seven loans a sum of $463\frac{1}{2}$ millions, on which she paid her creditors the enormous premium of $170\frac{1}{10}$ millions. During these nineteen years only $22\frac{1}{2}$ millions have been wiped out, and it will require fully *forty-nine years* more merely to pay up *the remainder of the premium*, so that is only in year 1939 that the posterity of the present generation will have got at the debt itself, viz., $463\frac{1}{2}$ millions, which they will have to cancel in the relatively short period of 32 years, i.e., by the year 1970.

Another aspect of these conversions which throws considerable light upon the sagacity of the Government that negotiated them, is the percentage paid to bankers for their services. To find the rate of the commission paid to bankers, it is only necessary to subtract from the amount subscribed the cost of realization. Now, for the first loan of 125 millions a little over $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was charged.³ If it be true, as has been alleged, that the circumstances in which this loan was floated constitute an irrefragable proof of a wonderful improvement in Russia's credit, one would naturally expect that the commission charged for the next loan, negotiated shortly afterwards, would be considerably less, especially if the amount of the loan were much greater. And yet it is the unexpected that occurs: for although the sum raised amounted to 175 millions, the bankers refused to give hand or part in it for less than 2.85 per cent., and the third loan, which was nearly twice as large,⁴ could not be floated for less than 2.77 per cent. If the conversion lately negotiated by Mr. Goschen had been effected on the lines of the Russian conversion, this country would have had to pay away 83 millions sterling, of which about 15 millions would go to the bankers and the remainder find its way to the pockets of the creditors.

Take the entire conversion scheme as applied to the various loans redeemable at various terms, and amounting in all to $508\frac{1}{2}$ millions at 5 per cent. interest, we find that its chief effect has been to increase the capital sum by nearly 15 per cent., viz. $582\frac{3}{4}$ millions.⁵ The annual charges on this extra sum alone calculated for eighty-one years amount to $24\frac{1}{2}$ millions.⁶ Owing, however, to the lower rate of interest, the reduction of the yearly expenses during the first twenty-five years is appreciable, although it is but as dust in the balance when compared with the increased expenditure during the remaining fifty-six years. The effect, therefore, of the conversions

(1) 7,584,000 roubles.

(2) Viz., 15,834,056 roubles.

(3) 1.573.

(4) 310,498,000 roubles.

(5) Viz.: 582,664,000 roubles.

(6) 24,288,716 roubles.

has been, not to alleviate the burden of the taxpayers, but to shift it from the first twenty-five years to the ensuing fifty-six, whereby the augmentation of the expenditure during the latter period is out of all proportion to the gain during the former. Expressed in figures the alleviation afforded during the first twenty-five years amounts to $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions¹ yearly, or $90\frac{3}{4}$ ² millions in all, while the loss during the following fifty-six years reaches the colossal sum of 448,689,169 roubles!

It seems scarcely necessary to point out that the explanation of this suicidal policy is not to be sought for in any real or alleged shortcomings of the minister. Nature has not made M. Vyshnegradsky shortsighted or dull-witted, but imperious necessity compels him to take very short views of his country's interests. *Après nous le déluge* is the natural device of a government convinced that a crash is inevitable, and anxious to stave it off even for a short time at the certain risk of extending its sphere of ruin. The minister accepted office with the avowed object of mobilizing the finances of the country, and he is now working out a problem in finances the data for which were supplied to him by his imperial master. When the present Emperor came to the throne he made known to his chief Minister of Finances his intention of signalizing the beginning of his reign by a measure rendering the paper rouble equal to the gold rouble, and was deeply pained to find that laudable ambition created as a mere *pium desiderium* which there was no specific way of realizing. The first man to promise to grapple with this task was M. Vyshnegradsky; and if he was well advised in undertaking it, he is certainly worthy of high praise for the successful way in which he seems to have begun to accomplish it. He has taken a leaf from the book of the historic commander of the beleaguered city who had all the victrols that he could collect from the hungry inhabitants placed conspicuously on the walls in order that the soldiers should feast and make merry and lead the besiegers to infer that, whatever else was scarce, food was plenty enough; half the garrison and nearly all of the inhabitants meanwhile dying of hunger.

A government that borrows on such conditions as those analysed above must indeed be sorely pressed for money; as the proverb says, He must be very badly in want of a bird that will give a roat for an owl. I have it on the authority of two Russian specialists, one of whom was recently an adviser of the Tsar, that the Government was extremely embarrassed to effect the yearly payments in gold that fell due on the metallic bonds. And what further proof of this is needed than the acts of the Administration:—the ruinous haste with which in 1889, in spite of the alleged surplus of $34\frac{1}{2}$ millions, they gave bonds for 28 millions in order to raise the paltry and—on their own show-

(1) More exactly 3,630,477 roubles.

(2) More accurately, 90,761,925 roubles.

ing—unnecessary sum of 23½ millions; the reckless way in which they imperil the country's good name—for Russia's reputation as a punctual payer of the stipulated rate of interest was heretofore above reproach—by nipping and filing¹ the coins they are too timid to confiscate;² the imposition of a tax upon movable property changing hands by gift, in flagrant violation of the acknowledged rights of Russia's creditors;³ the establishment of a tax upon interest-bearing coupons, which was likewise a serious infraction of the rights of her foreign creditors as defined by Russian law; the statutes touching the conversions; the augmentation of various taxes; the issue of prize lottery bonds—a confessedly immoral way of raising money—more than 100 millions of which were silently appropriated to the pressing needs of the Government; the sudden increase, a few months ago, of all customs duties by from 20 to 40 per cent., the object of which was admitted to be purely fiscal; the further increase of that tariff which is to be promulgated in a few days, and bears no closer relation to Protection than bankruptcy does to philanthropy; and, lastly, the cruel measures now being resorted to in order to compel ruined peasants to pay exorbitant taxes. Things have gone so far that there has more than once been question of withdrawing the sums of money which, as an obtrusive proof of solvency, Russia usually keeps in England, and I should not be at all surprised if that shew-bread, at present in the keeping of the Rothschilds, were speedily withdrawn and ravenously devoured.

It is generally believed by political economists of this and other countries that the Russian Government has acquired the conviction that the development of native manufacturing industries is the one

(1) The Government effected the conversion on the very eve of the drawing of the old bonds, and managed to adjourn the first drawing of the new ones for a considerable time in order to put off paying a paltry sum of 514,500 roubles. The drawing should have taken place within six months, but it was adroitly deferred for nine, and as the amortization of drawn bonds does not take place until three months after the drawing, one whole term was passed without any amortization. This means the addition of six months to the eight-one years before which the bonds are not redeemable.

(2) It is hardly fair to say that M. Vyshnegradsky is not responsible for this law, which was passed on June 1, 1882. I refer to it because it shows that the need of ready money by the Russian Government existed before the present Minister's nomination.

(3) Russia's progress in the direction of Protection during the past two decades may be briefly described as follows:—In 1868 only machines and linen goods were taxed higher than before, while the duties on all other foreign imports were lessened. In 1876 all duties were made payable in gold, a change which at that time was tantamount to a rise of 40 per cent. In 1880 the free importation of metals for the purpose of constructing machines, ships, and railroads was abolished, and in 1881 all customs duties were increased by 10 per cent. In 1882 the duty on metals and metal goods was again augmented; in 1885 there was a general rise of from 10 to 20 per cent. on all foreign imports. In 1890 the imperial receipts were found to be falling off so rapidly that all duties were with unprecedented suddenness increased by from 20 to 40 per cent., and as this seems still too little, a new tariff with still higher duties—a sort of Russian McKinley Bill—is being drawn up at present and will be promulgated in a few days.

thing needful to a purely agricultural country, and that the most effective way to foster them is to have recourse to a rigorous policy of Protection; for this reason it has gone on year after year augmenting the tariff until at last Protection seems to be merging into prohibition pure and simple. If this were the true explanation of Russia's commercial policy of the past ten years we should find that articles that cannot be produced in the country would scarcely be taxed at all, and certainly not to the same extent as those which seriously compete with goods of Russian manufacture, while the duties levied on foreign goods would in no case be allowed to pass the line where they become, on the one hand, a premium upon the sluggishness of producers, and on the other a galling burden on the taxpayers. But the truth is, that the Government is in such pressing need of ready money that it snatches at all the miserable cheese-parings that can be scraped together by increase of duties, even at the risk of ultimately undermining the very manufactures it would gladly protect and develop. Hence the fiscal character of most of the items of the tariff. Those who hope therefore of dint of detailed discussion of the respective merits of Protection and Free Trade to persuade the Russian Government to strike out a different line of policy have as much chance of success as the nervous old lady had who screamed out to the man who had slipped and was rolling precipitously down a steep flight of stairs, "Go back! go back!" in the vain hope of compelling him to retrace or arrest his course.

Except in official documents, in which the observance of certain traditional forms is a matter of necessity, it never occurs even to the most extreme advocate of the Government's present commercial policy to make a pretence of believing that this enormous augmentation of customs duties is productive of the slightest benefit to the country or the industries.¹ It is perfectly understood that the gain is unequally divided between the Government and the manufacturers. "The Government is awfully good to us manufacturers," exclaimed a German settled in Russia to several Russians and foreigners in a Moscow hotel very lately. "We have *carte blanche* to tax the natives to our hearts' content. I raised a howl myself a year ago, and was immediately appeased by the imposition of a tax the amount of which I had myself fixed." "Is it likely to do any real good to native industry?" I inquired. "Well," he replied

(1) In the beginning of this paper I enumerated some of the apparent benefits of Russian "Protection," among which is the increase of industrial manufactures. As a matter of fact the greater number belong to foreigners who opened them on the very borders of Russia and Germany; "so that in this way all the sacrifices made by the nation are fruitless," remarks Professor Anstivol, a Russian authority on such matters. Even the trade balance is an eloquent protest against high duties. In 1882 Russian exports were valued at 667½ millions, and imports at 527½ millions; in 1886 the exports had fallen to 450½ millions, and the imports to 379½ millions.

with a knowing smile, "I am the chief 'native' that profits by it. Half-a-dozen others engaged in the same trade will also make a good thing of it, but the people will have to pay more for the same goods; that's about all."¹

No merchants or manufacturers in the world are so impatient to enrich themselves as the Russians. Ten per cent. on their capital — nay, 20 per cent. is not nearly enough to satisfy their cravings. Many of them look upon trade and industry as legalized robbery, and harmonize their actions with their theory. Hence their rooted aversion to every kind of enterprise that requires continued application to business and yields modest, though certain, profits; hence the contempt with which they allude to the markets of Persia, China, Bulgaria, Servia, which might be theirs by a thousand rights, but are now being gradually closed to them. As soon as they discovered that the Russian Government was willing to enable them to double and triple their profits without insisting upon their spending an extra copeck, petitions for increased duties were showered upon the minister like snowflakes in early winter. So eager has the Government been to avail itself of every possible pretext to raise the tariff, that it seldom discriminated between foreigners in Russia and genuine Russians. In the first merchant guild of Moscow there are four hundred merchants inscribed, and less than the half of them are Russians. Out of one hundred and thirty-two industrial export and commission offices in that city only forty are Russian; in the remainder the business is carried on, the books are kept, in foreign languages, and there is scarcely 10 per cent. of their *personnel* who are Russians, and the greater part of these are employed as servants, messengers, and watchmen. It is a very significant fact that the undignified whining and lamenting on the part of the manufacturers which usually precedes a new rise in the customs duties is termed *Goujoning* from the name of a foreigner, Goujon, resident in Moscow, who has raised the practice to an art.² Next year the French intend to open an exhibition in Moscow, subject, of course, to all the lets and hindrances that handicap foreigners generally. These, however, seem insufficient to the Moscow Goujons, who requested the minister to increase the duties on the goods destined to be exhibited; the same pillars of Russian industry, as soon as they learned that Captain Wiggins had arrived safe in Siberia, raised once more their plaintive cry, in response to which the sympathetic minister immediately drew up a Bill imposing considerable duties on all foreign goods imported into Siberia by the new route.³

(1) These are two Englishmen of note in the commercial world who were present at that conversation. They were amused at the curious revelation, and alluded sorrowfully to the 5 per cent. they receive on their own capital.

(2) Cf. *West Slavonic News*, St. Petersburg, 14th August, 1890.

(3) Cf. *Swett*, 22nd November, 1888. The steamers and trading vessels that formerly used to come to Russia with cargo have now only ballast, which they unceremoniously

M. Vyshnegradsky cannot, as some suppose, plead ignorance of the effects of his commercial policy. He perceives as clearly as any member of the Cobden Club that high duties alter the normal conditions of exchange between the tiller of the soil and the manufacturer, whose reciprocal relations are such that an abnormal profit given to the one can only be realized by a corresponding loss inflicted upon the other, so that the tariff which enables the manufacturer to sell his goods at a very high rate compels the farmer to part with his for a proportionately smaller sum. It is obvious, therefore, that the State has its eyes wide open when, in the person of the minister, it compels the unfortunate peasant to give up a portion of his income to be divided between the manufacturers and the Treasury. Can it be seriously advanced that what may be termed Protective Protection is calculated to benefit, directly or indirectly, Russian manufacturers? The *Novoye Vremya*, an extreme Protectionist journal, replies in the negative, and calls this hope an idle dream utterly incapable of realization.¹ Some of the most honest manufacturers have solemnly made the same assertion.² Moreover the merchants themselves declare that industry was never so depressed as it is at this moment. Last autumn the Finance Minister, when on his inspecting tour in Eastern Russia, was deeply touched by the tears and lamentations of provincial Goujons, who complained that they were being ruined by the competition of foreigners, by the immigrant Germans, the wandering Jews, the intolerable taxes, the treacherous climate, the devastating hail, the unsparing lightning, the drying up of rivers in summer, the inundations of spring and autumn, &c., &c. In Nischny Novgorod they besought the minister to reduce their taxes, though for their sakes the peasants' taxes had been doubled, and the Mayor of Kazan assured the minister that—“Our trade and agriculture are being ruined, not daily, but hourly.”³ Figures, however, are more eloquent than words, and they tell us that after ten years of paternal protection of the iron and metal industries a plough (10 inch) can be made in Germany for 2 roubles 72 copecks, while in Russia the cost of production is 5 roubles 60 copecks; a 14-inch plough can be made in England and Germany for 2 roubles 53 copecks, whereas no Russian manufacturer can turn it out for less than 5 roubles 27 copecks, although labour is far cheaper in Russia; and an 8-inch plough costs its maker 2 roubles 94 copecks in Germany and 5 roubles 50 copecks in Russia.

flung into the sea near the ports, of the Azov Sea, for instance. They make up for the loss of the profit which a cargo would bring in by raising their freights and compelling Russian exporters to pay the difference. In the Azov Sea alone 12 million poods (a pood is 36 lbs.) of ballast is annually thrown into the sea. In 1888 the number of trading vessels that came into Russian ports with ballast and without cargo was 8,680, whereas those that carried cargo of any kind and quantity numbered only 6,391.

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 29th October, 1890.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) *Northern Messenger*, October, 1890.

A few years ago when English coal coming to ports of the Black Sea was shut out by a protective, or rather, prohibitive, duty, the Russian coal-mines merely raised their prices without taking any means to provide for the increased demand. The result was a coal famine in the south of Russia; mineral fuel was sold at fancy prices, the cost of wood rose proportionately, while the last forests of the south were hewn down; many manufactories had to be closed for want of fuel (for instance, the works of Bellino-Fenderich, in Odessa); the poor inhabitants stood for hours in long rows waiting for their turn to receive a little coal gratis from the city; attacks were made upon the coal-stores in Kharkoff, and with considerable difficulty a rising was prevented.¹ In 1888, when the duty on agricultural implements was raised to 7 copecks (gold) a *pood*,² Russian manufacturers, although foreseeing the increased demand, conceived that they had done their duty by merely raising the price on all these productions without improving the quality, enlarging their own works, or providing an increased supply. The result was that hundreds of farmers had to be told that their orders could not be executed, as the articles in question were all sold.³ In that same year there was also a large demand for threshing-machines, but there were practically none in stock, and the Russian manufacturers could not undertake to make them quickly enough, so that Russian firms were compelled to order them from abroad *by the mail trains*.⁴ In the south of Russia alone, out of 400 threshing-machines ordered, Russian manufacturers could only supply 40, and the remainder had to be ordered *by telegraph* from abroad, whereby the farmers had to pay £80,000 duty.⁵

The only class benefited by these duties are the manufacturers, whose profits attract the ordinary Russian with the irresistible force of a newly-discovered gold-mine. Hundreds rush eagerly in, investing borrowed money and trailing a miserable existence crippled by the exorbitant interest which they have to pay on the initial debt. Those who work with their own capital grow rapidly rich without spending a copeck to improve the machinery, extend operations, or otherwise indirectly contribute to establish native industry on a solid footing. We have it on the authority of the official journal of the Ministry of Finances that the ordinary rate of interest on the capital invested in Russian manufactures is seldom less than 20 per cent., and usually from 30 to 40.⁶ As a matter of fact it is a good deal

(1) Cf., for instance, the *St. Petersburg Journal* (*Vedomosti*), 4th March, 1888; the *Messenger of Europe*, December, 1890, p. 819. It seems very absurd that the owners of coal-mines for whose benefit the duty was raised, were themselves obliged to order English coals by telegraph and deliver them to their customers in fulfilment of contracts for Russian coal (*loc. cit.*).

(2) 36 lbs.

(4) *Agricultural Journal*, 1889, No. 4, p. 74.

(3) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*.

(5) *Ibid.*

(6) *The Messenger of Finances*, 1887. The woollen manufacturers, Thornton & Co., receive 45 per cent. on their capital; the Krenholm Works, 44½ per cent.; the Nevsky

more. No industry has been so perfected, so cheapened, or rendered such a success as sugar-boiling; and yet, if we analyse it carefully, we discover a state of things that would seem utterly incredible were it not an acknowledged and incontrovertible fact. In Russia the prices of sugar are exorbitant, the manufacturers' profits are enormous, but they are most frequently eaten up by interest on their debts; the existence of many of the works is so precarious that a slight fluctuation in prices would suffice to give them their death-blow.¹ To obviate competition the producers agreed a couple of years ago to offer only a certain fixed quantity of sugar for sale in the home markets, and to export all the surplus production, selling it, if needful, under cost price. This is rendered possible by the premium offered by the Government for every pound of sugar exported, the excise duty being at once refunded. The effect of this on the export trade has been to increase the export of sugar to sixty-eight times what it was a few years before. On the other hand, it has to be sold so cheap that English and Persian consumers pay 350 per cent. less for Russian sugar than do the Russians themselves.² Consequently sugar in Russia is an article of luxury which only a very limited number of persons can indulge in, the average Englishman consuming twelve times more sugar in a year than the Russian. In the latter country there are tens of thousands of people who anxiously keep one small piece of lump sugar in their mouths while they drink two or even three glasses of tea, which is allowed to wet without dissolving the sweet morsel. This is termed taking sugar *v preekooskoo*. There is another less wasteful method in vogue in many country places of entertainment for man and beast, where one large lump of sugar is suspended in a fine small net from the ceiling. I need not describe in greater detail how very gradually it is consumed, or by how many tea drinkers; it is also perhaps superfluous to remark that in no other country has the principle of communism or the absence of squeamish-

Cotton Works, 38 per cent.; the Nikolsky Works of Morozoff, 28 per cent.; the Tzmailovsky Cotton Works, 26 per cent.; those of Rabeneck, 25 1/2 per cent.; the Katherinhof Cotton Works, 23 per cent., &c. As a matter of fact the interest is much greater than is here shown; "for in all such official reports the expenses are deliberately exaggerated in the first place in order that the profit should not give rise to new taxes on manufactured goods; in the second place, in order to lessen the amount payable to the Treasury in accordance with the law levying 3 per cent. on net profits; and thirdly, that the manufacturers should preserve the right of bemoaning the hard times and robbing further the public." Cf. petition of the Imperial Economical Society for modifications in the Russian Customs Tariff, St. Petersburg, 1890.

(1) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 20th October, 1890.

(2) The quantity of raw sugar that is sold for from 1 rouble 41 copecks to 2 roubles 55 copecks in London, costs from 4 roubles 70 copecks to 4 roubles 85 copecks in St. Petersburg, while refined sugar that fetches from 5 roubles 80 copecks to 6 roubles 15 copecks in the Russian capital, is sold in London for from 1 rouble 81 copecks to 2 roubles 45 copecks. And this in spite of the circumstance that in Russia rents are much lower, labour far cheaper, and the price of land considerably less than elsewhere. (Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 26th November, 1890.)

ness been carried to greater lengths¹ than in Russia, whose inhabitants allow themselves to be thus tantalised while enormous quantities of sugar are being practically given away every year to foreigners. Another curious result of this abnormal state of things is the existence of a large contraband trade between Persia and Russia, Persian and Armenian merchants smuggling *Russian sugar into Russia*, and underselling Russian merchants who deal in the orthodox article which has not been exported.²

But whoever else gains by the high tariff, the tiller of the soil stands to lose, and the extent of his loss is incalculable. The limits of his resources can be as accurately gauged as were those of Tom Brown's box of marbles by his inquisitive schoolfellow. Questioned lately by the Government, merely for form's sake, as to the advisability of again raising the duty on implements of field labour, all the agricultural societies of the empire gave it as their conviction that Russian agriculture is at its last gasp. But perhaps the aim and object of these societies precluded them from giving any different reply? If so, the opinion of the Committees of Trade and Manufactures of Odesa, Kharkoff, Riga, Reval—i.e., of bodies directly interested in the growth of Russian industry—comes with so much greater force, and they declared themselves opposed to the increase of those duties on the intelligible principle that it would be folly to kill the hen that lays the golden eggs.³ The Agricultural Society of Poltava quoted figures⁴ to show that the proposed duties on agricultural machines amounted to *three-fourths* of the taxes on land, and the Economical Society of St. Petersburg has made it clear that this statement is well within the truth. To take but one article—scythes—we find that according to the new tariff, if the most moderate of the different projects becomes law, it will impose a yearly tax of 311,000 roubles, exclusive of the rise in the price over and above the duties. That this is not being done in the interests of Protection is self-evident; scythes are not manufactured in Russia, and were the duties increased as much as 1,000 per cent., the peasants to whom they are now indispensable would still have to invest in foreign scythes. "Let us not mask this duty," exclaims the Protectionist organ, "with the fig-leaf of Protection, for we cannot possibly protect a branch of industry that does not exist."⁵

But it is not only in the guise of a heavy tax that these customs react upon the peasantry at large. In many cases they act as

(1) The technical name for this extraordinary economical way of consuming sugar is *vyeeelizkoo*, which means literally, "sugar for licking."

(2) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 27th October, 1890.

(3) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 14th November, 1890; *Russian News* (Moscow), 12th November, 1890.

(4) *Novoye Vremya*, loc. cit.

(5) *Novoye Vremya*, 14th November, 1890.

effective preventives of that gradual progress the absence of which is stagnation and ruin. Ploughs are so scarce among petty farmers that the Moscow *Zemstvo* lends a number of them gratis every year in the hope of inducing the peasants to buy them;¹ and as for scythes—a primitive implement enough in these days of mowing machines—the peasants of large districts of some of the finest meadowland in all Russia have not yet begun to see their utility. In the rich meadows of the Dvina Valley, the peasants mow the grass with an implement called a “hump”—a large reaping-hook, two feet in diameter, which, though too heavy for one hand, has but one short handle for both. “In order to mow with this, the labourer must double himself up, holding the short handle in both hands and turn the “hump” round, after each stroke, from right to left and from left to right, so that its edge may be turned towards the grass to be cut down by the next stroke.” It is a species of torture to mow, thus: “it is hard to breathe, the blood rises to your head, and on a hot day you have not the faintest shade around.”² For agricultural machines and implements the Finns, among whom the Imperial Government intends to introduce Russian ways, pay 4·98 per cent. less than the Russians! During the last six years the average consumption of bread and corn by the individual has decreased by one per cent.

The agricultural class in Russia has been carrying on a desperate struggle during the past few years of the Protectionist era against adverse conditions that bid fair in a short time to reduce it to rack and ruin. Corn-growing has been found less and less profitable, while some kinds of it are positively ruinous. Among other misfortunes, the land has been rapidly losing its productiveness, and for want of artificial fertilizers is now, in many places, thoroughly exhausted. Yet in proportion as the profits diminished, or gave place to positive losses, the taxes—to pay for sentimental wars and barren conquests—have been steadily increasing. Unable to meet his obligations, the peasant at first found an easy way, by means of private credit, of transforming the taxes into debts which, augmenting from season to season, have at last reached such overwhelming dimensions that neither the fear of dstraint nor the ignominy of the lash any longer suffices to sharpen his wits to the degree of inventiveness sufficient to raise the money, so the land is being sold and its whilom owners turned adrift in thousands to swell the militia of vice and crime. In many large districts the price of land, though greatly fallen, is still out of all proportion to the money value of its produce, and in few cases can the tillers of the soil realise by agricultural labour alone sufficient profits to support the stoical

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 30th November, 1890.

(2) Cf. *Moscow Gazette*, 14th November, 1890.

life of the Russian peasant. In the twelve governments drained by the Volga, there are peasants to the number of one million and a quarter, whose land could not possibly maintain them, even if they were entirely exempted from rates, rents, and taxes. They struggle hard by means of domestic trades, or work in factories or shops in distant cities far away from their families, to eke out a miserable livelihood. Comparative success smiles on a few individual units, but grim want devours many thousands and tens of thousands.¹

The soil in Russia is tilled by two distinct classes of agriculturists, the nobles and the peasants, both of whom are hopelessly ruined. The latter possess much too little land to support life, wherever the soil is fertile, and far too much to pay rates and taxes for in districts where it is barren. The former have to cope with the difficulty of hired labour, which in Russia is such an insurmountable obstacle to success that it has become an economical axiom that the soil, to yield a profit, must be owned by those who till it and tilled by those who own it. The dismal tale of the nobles is soon told. Improvidence and the difficulties of hired labour soon brought them to the verge of ruin, to rescue them from which the Bank of the Nobility was founded. From 1886 to 1888 this institution advanced 24 millions sterling at a comparatively low rate of interest, with the following startling results:—the arrears in October, 1886, amounted to £6,000; in April, 1887, to £39,717; in October, 1887, to £109,104; in April, 1888, to £169,714. In 1889 a considerable number of estates belonging to noblemen were advertised to be sold for debts. But the Government which had turned the peasants into tax-paying machines, resolved to stretch out a helping hand to the nobles, and with this object in view, did not hesitate to demoralise the people by issuing a lottery loan. All arrears were thereupon wiped out with the proceeds and added to the capital sum of the debt, and even the interest of that for the six ensuing months was in great part wiped out, so that all the nobles were required to do was to pay a portion of the charges² that fell due during the six months that followed the issue of the loan. The result is far from encouraging; the loan in question is not yet fully paid up, and we already hear of over three thousand estates advertised for sale by the Bank of the Nobility.³ Taking the average estate of a Russian noble to possess a money value of £4,000, it would follow that land to the value of 12 millions sterling is being put up for sale by the auctioneer. And yet the Bank of the Nobility was and is a benevolent rather

(1) Cf. *inter alia*, *Novoye Vremya*, 10th January, 1890; 15th March, 1890; *Nedelya*, 12th October, 1890.

(2) The annual charges amount only to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yearly, including amortization and interest.

(3) Cf. *Nedelya*, p. 23, November, 1890.

than a business institution, and advanced money to its clients at a lower rate of interest than it paid itself.

The peasants are still far worse off than the nobles, who can generally manage to lead a parasitic life when an independent existence is no longer possible. The necessity of paying heavy taxes, made painfully clear by the unsparing application of the rod and the lash,¹ compels the peasant to mobilize his finances as quickly as may be, and if, as is generally the case, he have none, to borrow at a high rate of interest. The various species of mushroom which in England are eaten with relish and impunity, in Russia are usually poisonous; and in like manner the system of credit which in other countries materially assists the tiller of the soil, to tide over hard times, in Russia not only gnaws the debtor to the bones, but, to use Tertullian's forcible simile, sucks out all his blood and marrow. Lest the expression, "high rate of interest," prove misleading, it may be as well to state at once that it should not be taken to mean 8, 10 or even 12 per cent. Indeed, "the Russian peasant thinks of terms like these as of a boon too precious to be obtained outside the realm of dreams."² "If you lend a peasant money at the rate of 18 per cent. interest, you have proved yourself a benefactor whom he will gratefully remember to the end of his days. The very notion of a bank that would be satisfied with 12 per cent. a year appears to him in the light of an idle dream."³ In some districts of the government of Koorsk it has become a regular custom for whole communities to borrow money for the payment of the taxes at 60 per cent. interest. But this is rather exceptional. 100 per cent. is the usual rate of interest; it often, however, amounts to 300, sometimes to 800 per cent.⁴ Among the usurers whom the peasants honestly look upon, or think they look upon, as benefactors, there is one well-known individual named Lebedeff, in the government of Pskoff, who is quite satisfied, when he lends money, to receive 100 per cent. interest. "What a wretched existence must be led by peasants who, in very truth, see reason to bless such a man as their benefactor!" exclaims the official investigator.⁵ The money borrowed on such conditions is needed and employed mainly to pay the taxes, "which are always collected with inexorable severity."⁶

The pressure brought to bear upon the necessitous husbandmen must indeed be great, when we find them "quite ready in extreme cases to pay 1,200 per cent. a year."⁷ Nor is this by any means the maximum; those who are curious to read cases of money being advanced to peasants at 2,500 per cent. interest will find them de-

(1) Cf. *Law Messenger*, November, 1890, p. 377, foll.

(2) The (Russian) *Observer*, 1884, No. 11, and 1885, No. 2.

(3) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 763.

(4) *Ibid.* p. 765.

(5) *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

(6) *Ibid.* p. 763.

(7) *Ibid.*

scribed in the most widely circulated newspaper of Russia.¹ These exorbitant rates of interest are rendered doubly ruinous by the dishonesty of the usurer and the ignorance of the borrower. A peasant borrows, say, £10, signs a receipt for £50, pays the high annual or monthly charges regularly, never receiving any written acknowledgment; and after having paid £50 or £60 finds to his amazement that he still owes more than before. A whole commune of the government of Moscow borrowed £14 in this manner at 33 per cent. interest, and in the course of twelve years fully paid up the capital sum and £160 interest besides, and yet, at the end of that time, strange to say, not only was the debt not wiped out, but it had increased threefold.²

Such is part of the curious mechanism by which Russia's finances are being mobilised. These things take place not in any one district or government, but throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. In the government of Tver, for example, we have it on the authority of the official statistician, that two-thirds of the taxes are yearly borrowed thus of private usurers by the needy peasants. Is not this in sober truth a burning of the dwelling house by its inmates who warm themselves at the fire, to their intense comfort at first, but to their irremediable ruin in the end?

The usurer, when not a blessed benefactor like Lebedeff of Pskoff, constitutes a type apart in the Chamber of Horrors of the Russian Empire. It is needless to state that he is not a Jew; he is as Orthodox as the Metropolitan Isidore, as loyal as an official of the secret police. The very worst Jewish usurer in Russia is to the ordinary Russian *koolak*³ as Antonio is to Shylock. In winter when food is lacking and work cannot be had, the peasant sells to this man for a mere song the harvest still hidden in the womb of the earth, and buys it back in a few months at a much higher price, to feed his own family, the transactions being carried on mainly by means of ruinous promissory notes. The usurer, however, deals in force as well as matter, and purchases with the same readiness the peasant's future labour, and the present produce of his farm. Many wretches who borrowed £5 or £6 and repaid it several times over, are often forced to sell their labour for the ensuing harvest and end by toiling and moiling for a number of years in the service of their "benefactor." One of the curious trades that has sprung into existence owing to these strange economic conditions is currently called the "soul trade." "In numerous districts," we are informed by the most serious of all Russian organs, "a new right of possess-

(1) Cf., for instance, the *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd November, 1890. I have no doubt that these are very exceptional cases; it would be much more satisfactory, however, if they were not facts.

(2) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 764.

(3) The technical name for peasant usurers who are members of the Orthodox Church. The etymological meaning of the word is *fast*.

ing serfs has come to be established. The slave-owners are no longer the landlords, as before; they are now the owners of public-houses, usurers, coarse half-civilized grabbers who ruin the people with relentless logic."¹ This curious phenomenon is observable in all parts of Russia, north, south, east, and west.²

In all Russia there are over seven hundred districts, and in one district alone, though I cannot venture to say it is a typical one,³ the registered debts of the peasants amount to two millions and a-half (roubles), of which over one and a-half are owing to money-lenders. The interest paid on this debt is equal to three times the sum of the imperial taxes. These debtors are compelled to work for their creditors, and they are deprived of the right to sell to any but to them, and dare not complain of the oppression to which they are subjected, of false weights and measures, extorted &c. And this same phenomenon is observable in the most widely distant parts of Russia. The lenders profit by the ignorance of the peasants, who as a rule can neither read nor write; they do not return them their promissory notes and frequently sue them several times for one and the same sum, on the same notes of hand.⁴

German physicians tell us that the disease known in Russia as scrofula is in reality malignant syphilis. In like manner, the transactions usually called credit in Russia are for the most part, in sober truth, a masked buying and selling under conditions that render the purchaser, to all intents and purposes, a criminal, and the vendor a victim. For, suppose the average income of a peasant-farmer to amount to 6 or even 10 per cent. on the capital invested (that it is usually far less will be made clear enough later on): nay, let us, for the sake of argument, put it down as 20 per cent.:—how can that individual borrow money at 100, 400, or 800 per cent. with the serious intention of paying capital and interest out of his income? Is it not evident that he intends—or must be taken to intend—to refund it out of his property, so that he is really the vendor of his property, and his creditor the purchaser? In many cases, however, the borrower's property is insufficient to wipe out the debt, or, if not really insufficient, is temporarily depreciated until it becomes so. In such cases the borrower must make good by labour the sum which the sale of his property has left unpaid. The official representative of the Imperial Economical Society, who very lately investigated this and kindred questions and presented his report to the Minister of the Interior and the Finance Minister, makes several statements concerning the condition of the peasantry that are characterised by

(1) *Messenger of Europe*, November, 1890, p. 762.

(2) Cf. *The Day*, 6th March, 1888.

(3) The Opotschetski district of the government of Pskoff.

(4) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 765.

that wild improbability which so often distinguishes facts from fiction. "In one village¹ the whole commune begged me, some on their bended knees, many in tears, to request the Imperial Society to rescue them from utter ruin. And when I drove away I could see for miles, until the village itself was lost to view, the entire commune still standing rooted to the spot without caps or hats."²

To what extent, one may ask, should the Government be held responsible for the miserable condition of the peasantry? It is not my purpose to draw up an indictment against a political body composed of the most heterogeneous elements conceivable, and still less to condemn a minister whom many regard, and not without reason, as a financial Hercules absurdly employed in spinning wool for an inappreciative Orophale, a Russian Necker condemned to play the undignified part of a flippant Calonne, to raise the wind and allay, for a brief moment, well-founded fears and just apprehensions. At the same time it is impossible to blink the fact that Russian credit and Russian solvency have been made wholly dependent, not only upon the intemperance and starvation of the peasantry, which are truly sore evils, but also upon "the prostitution of his mind, the soddening of his conscience, the dwarfing of his manhood, which are worse calamities." More than a third of the ordinary imperial revenue, over 275 millions, is made up of excise duties on alcohol, in the enormous consumption of which the Government cannot and will not allow any falling off.³ The sober peasant is looked at askance; and an insinuation that he is disloyal or heretical is sometimes enough to ruin him. Now the retailers of liquor, the men whose business is the most lucrative of any other in Russia, are also the money-lending "benefactors" described above. A government truly desirous of filling its coffers could not well quarrel with its chosen instruments, and so the publicans, not being hateful Jews, are tolerated, nay, deliberately encouraged: *vodka* is briskly sold and the needful 253½ millions flow rapidly in; and thus, if the lambs are not precisely whole and intact, the wolves at least are satiated.

The misery of the peasants, it may be urged, is in great part attributable to their crass ignorance, the vast majority of them being almost as benighted as the six score thousand persons in Nineveh.

(1) Ploskoff.

(2) *Peasant Proprietorship in the Porkhofski District of the Government of Pskoff*. By G. P. Sazonoff, St. Petersburg, 1890.

(3) In 1840 the excise duty on spirits amounted to 223½ millions; in 1889 it reached the figure, 275 millions, that is to say in nine years it increased by 51½ millions, or about 23 per cent., notwithstanding the enormous increase in the excise duty, an increase of more than 32 per cent. These figures, however, are far from showing what the real annual consumption of alcohol in Russia is; for there is a very extensive contraband trade in liquor, besides a great deal of secret distilling going on throughout the country. This is natural enough when we reflect that the excise duty on alcoholic liquors is equivalent to six and even seven times the cost of producing it.

who could not discern between their right hand and their left hand. But this ignorance, it should not be forgotten, is a condition to the full as indispensable to the success of the financial policy of the Government as the action of the publican and the money-lender; for an educated peasantry, like the Finnish, would very soon adopt temperate habits of life, thus ruining the imperial budget, and would probably grow restive under misrule; so that the economical catastrophe might prove but the prelude to a political cataclysm. Hence the marvellous energy with which education in every shape and form is being suppressed. "In the entire Porkhowski district £30 a year is spent in schools, six cantons contributing small sums to this total, and the remaining twenty-three subscribing nothing at all. In several villages of that district (I am speaking of places within two or three hours of the capital) there is not a man, woman, or child, who can read or write, and every time an official document is received from the Peasant Board (or elsewhere) a special messenger has to be despatched to a neighbouring town to seek for some one to decipher it."¹ And yet in that same district there are seven hundred taverns and public-houses with a yearly turnover of two million roubles. Many of these taverns were opened against the express will of the peasantry, who unanimously passed emphatic resolutions forbidding them; but the Government not only refused to sanction the will of the village communities, but actually installed the publicans by force. One instance, chosen for its typical features, will suffice to give an idea of how the struggle between drunkenness and temperance is carried on.

Eighteen months ago the community of Ploskovo unanimously resolved to allow in their village neither public-house nor publican. In pursuance of this determination scores of peasants armed with staves and clubs stood on guard at the entrances of the village, relieving each other by day and by night. They refused to entertain any of the alluring promises of the publican, and resolutely drove him away whenever he attempted to enter the village. This state of things continued for several days, until at last the police authorities arrived escorting the publican in solemn procession and installing him by force in the village.² The result is not in all respects as satisfactory as even an easy-going Russian Government would desire. "In the village of Goloobtseff," says the *Messenger of Europe*, "fires broke out six different times this year, and each time nearly all the peasants were blind drunk."³

The schools, which are at least as effectual preventives of the reign of intemperance as clubs and staves, are being suppressed with equal

(1) Official Report of G. P. Sazonoff.

(2) *Ibid.* Cf. also *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 778.

(3) *Messenger of Europe*, September, 1890, p. 360.

energy to that manifested in the opening of taverns; for the ignorance and drunkenness of the peasantry are the exact correlative of the temporary solvency of the Government. "It is unjust," we are told by an authority on these questions, "to blame the peasants for the Cimmerian darkness that prevails in the country. The Zemstvos opened and endowed hundreds of schools, making no inconsiderable sacrifices to get the children of the peasants instructed, but the Government of the present Emperor have worked hard to undo all that the Zemstvos had accomplished. Numbers of schools were closed as unnecessary, hundreds were handed over to the clergy, who have not time to attend even to their parochial duties, and consequently maintain the schools on paper only; and the last act of this policy of suppression is enshrined in the ukase published three weeks ago, subjecting all Zemsky schools to the clergy, and forbidding the opening of new ones without the authorisation of the clergy, which they have orders not to accord."¹

In the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, the inhabitants are composed of Russians, Jews, Germans, and Bohemians. Among the three latter nationalities there is practically not one who cannot read and write; while for every one Russian who can do either there are eighty-five who can neither write nor read. The facility with which these unfortunate Russians fall a prey to every scheming swindler that comes along almost transcends limits of credulity. The communes often agree to purchase land, when their own is insufficient for their wants, in the hope that the State Bank, founded with this object, will advance the entire sum, and ignorant of the circumstances that the rules of the Bank, which they possess but are unable to decipher, allow only a certain percentage of the purchase-money to be advanced. This tardy discovery frequently forces them to abandon their intention of purchasing and to forfeit the earnest money paid to the landowner. In the government of Pskoff, for instance, there is a well-known farmer—a nobleman—who regularly sells his estate every year in this lucrative if unscrupulous way. More than once he has received £130 earnest-money from the unsuspecting peasants, which they ultimately forfeited from inability to complete the transaction.

But to return to the economic condition of the peasantry, it is highly characteristic of the pressing need of the Government that distraint of property for non-payment of the taxes frequently "takes place long before the arrival of the term fixed by law for that payment. All the auctions, for instance, that took place for non-payment of taxes for the first half of 1889 were arranged in the spring of that year, although the term fixed by the law for the pay-

(1) Cf. *Messenger of Europe*, September, 1890, p. 362, 363.

(2) *St. Petersburgskia Vedomosti*, 1888.

ment of the taxes was the 12th of July. These premature and obviously illegal sales of peasants' homesteads are authorised without the slightest difficulty and with unusual promptitude; sometimes permission is granted on the very day it is asked for, although it is a question of a whole series of villages described and valued on forty sheets of foolscap paper. Under this curious system the ruin of a large number of peasants' homesteads and families is effected sufficiently easily and promptly, *even where there are no arrears whatever.*" "Whole farms with complete inventories are knocked down by the auctioneer for £6. From this it is easy to infer the prices realised by the sale of movable property. The last cow, the last horse, is sold literally for a penny."¹ It should not be forgotten that these are the deliberate statements of a responsible official, sent to study the question on the spot, not the rhetorical flourishes of a Russian Liberal newspaper.

But has not every Russian peasant the right of appeal? Have we not been told by an English Radical that the Russian peasant is far better cared for and lives a much happier life than his English brother? To this there are many convincing replies. The following statement gives a sufficiently clear inkling of their drift:—"It occasionally happens that the peasants . . . who feel that this premature distraint is illegal, protest and *earnestly petition* for a few days' grace, but the upshot of it is that they are *prosecuted for resistance* to the authorities."² That is what happened to the peasants of the village of Pessok who were ill-advised enough to protest; in the Porkhofski district the peasants who made the same protests were put on trial, found guilty, and condemned.³

It would be rash and uncharitable to accuse M. Vyshnegradsky of deliberate complicity in these crimes; for it is difficult to call them by any other names. The fact is that he deals only in general results: it is his underlings who pass beyond, not only the comparatively narrow bounds of decency and humanity, but the broader limits of Russian statute law. *Qui vult finem vult media* is a scholastic saw that continues to hold good even in these days of enlightenment. In Russia, however, the parts are cunningly divided, the Government wishing the end, and its underlings the means, of attaining it. Still it is discouraging to learn that "this premature and energetic collection of the taxes usually calls forth eulogies from the authorities. . . . It does not occur to any one that for the sake of preventing arrears in the present, the very sources of payment in the future are being annihilated."⁴ The condition of the peasants is truly harrowing in the extreme. The official report of M. Sazo-

(1) See Sazonoff's Official Report, &c. Cf. also *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, pp. 779, 780.

(2) *Loc. cit.*, p. 780.

(3) *Ibid.*

(4) *Ibid.*

noff quoted above says of the Porkhofski district (not far from the government of St. Petersburg), "The greater part of the peasants support themselves with the greatest imaginable difficulty, and even then only to the extent of keeping themselves from dying of hunger. To feed their cattle they had recourse to the traditional method—taking down the roofs of their huts and of all the outhouses on the farms, not sparing even such thatched roofs as *were ten years old*. In Zapolya and Knvookha scarcely a roof was left standing. Of course the cattle died in great numbers."¹ Many peasants went about the country begging for alms for Christ's sake.²

From peasant proprietorship to professional mendicancy is a terrible fall; but there are far deeper and darker abysses than even that, into which the Russian peasantry are being precipitated by tens of thousands. Numbers of them become serfs, are seized upon by the cruel "deal-dealer" or *dessatnik*, who purchases at nominal prices the future labour of hungry men and women.

"In spring the *dessatniks* drive whole bands of agricultural labourers to forests destined to be turned into pasture lands, to river-banks to tug vessels like horses, and to various factories, having previously resold them to large employers of labour for double or treble the prices they themselves paid. Other dealers scour the villages and hamlets, in search of children, whom they buy up wholesale. Many needy parents sell their children for several years to these men for a trifle. Having purchased a score or two of children in this way, the dealer forwards them on in *tumbrils* to St. Petersburg, just as cattle-dealers have calves conveyed to town. In St. Petersburg the children are resold for double and treble the money to manufacturers and shopkeepers. To this same category of trade in human labour belongs the hiring out of peasant labour by the Volost Board to the agents of landowners, to timber-merchants, and the owners of works, who journey about the country specially for this purpose, visiting even the remotest districts of Russia. The peasants whose labour is thus summarily disposed of are generally individuals unable to pay the taxes in time, and they are hired out usually without their consent."³

The official representative of the Imperial Economical Society states in his report (1890) that he saw a batch of female children, of

(1) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 770.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) Cf. P. A. Sokolovski, Savings Bank Associations, St. Petersburg, 1889, p. 23-24. The *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 762. No statement is advanced in this paper, or any of the series, without references to some of the Russian authorities who are responsible for it, and to the official report, whenever it is based upon Governmental sources. This being so, the wild accusations of exaggeration launched by certain English periodicals steadily professing Autonomy and Radicalism, are in reality tantamount to accusations of shameless lying preferred against the very Government they are so anxious to defend. It may interest these gentlemen to learn that a certain foreign Government instructed its ambassador in St. Petersburg to make diligent inquiries into the truth of certain statements that seemed greatly exaggerated in the papers on "Russian Prisons" and on "Russian Jews" that have appeared in this Review. The ambassador, after having thoroughly sifted the evidence brought forward in *The Fortnightly Review*, and a great deal more that was never published, reported to his Government that the alleged facts were perfectly true, and were understated rather than exaggerated. It is earnestly hoped that the statements put forward in this paper may be subjected to a similar test.

from six to seven years old, walking gloomily towards the fields. "Where are you going?" he asked them. 'To perform *corvée* (forced service) for the master,' they replied, with a far from child-like calm; indeed their stolid tranquillity might be characterised as imbecile. 'What do you mean? What *corvée* can you have to do?' I involuntarily inquired. 'To the fields to perform *corvée* for the master.' I then put the same question to an adult boy and girl who were at that moment returning from the fields, and I got the same apathetic reply. 'What *corvée* is it?' I asked the Peasants' Assembly. 'Well, that's how we call it, old and young,' was the answer. 'You see it's what used to be before the serfs were freed, only that the service is much harder now that we work for our rich benefactors' (i.e. money-lenders)."¹ "Such phenomena as these have ceased to be exceptional, and threaten to become the universal rule."² The sum total of work performed by the peasant borrowers is enormous; "the peasants now work for others not less than four days a week, that is to say, more than when serfdom existed."

But why do not these little "brown sheep," as an English journalist calls the peasants, appeal to the law or to the Emperor, who surely cannot sanction such inhuman transactions as these which amount to white slavery of the worst possible description, in comparison with which West-End sweating is just and generous? Is he not the loving head-shepherd of Gatchina? The answer is clear, if not precisely consoling. A few years ago a law was framed to meet precisely such cases; and the terms of the law are these. A peasant may enter into a contract to hire out his labour for as many as five years. The conditions to which hunger or drunkenness forced him to give his assent are rigorously maintained by the law, which in all matters touching upon the enforcement of such contracts dispenses with the usual formalities and delays. "The death of the employer," adds the statute significantly, "has not the effect of suspending or abrogating the force of the contract, but merely transfers the rights and obligations of the deceased to his lawful heirs." This law sounds as if it had been framed by a personal enemy of the good shepherd of Gatchina.

The ease with which, in writing of an immense country like Russia, symptoms of merely local distress may be unconsciously magnified into universal misery, makes it incumbent upon those who desire to arrive at right conclusions to scrutinise most carefully the facts, and above all not to confound a district or a government, however large, with the Russian Empire. Nor should there be any

(1) G. P. Sazonoff, *Peasant Proprietorship in the Porkhofski District of the Government of Pskoff*, pp. 189, 190.

(2) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 763.

(3) L. Slonimsky, *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 765.

hesitation about applying other and more rigorous tests. Thus if want and misery be as widespread in Russia as many publicists of that country would have us believe, the inevitable results should be as evident as the statement is clear; fierce famine would stalk through the empire; blackening masses of miserable wretches would be met with wandering through the weary wastes of that mournful land; fierce fires would fringe with lurid light the long aisles of the forest and the lanes between the well-stocked farmhouses; the people, however patient, would rise up against the authorities, and chaos itself would seem to be quickening in the womb of time. Do we see anything like this in reality?

To begin with, nothing even remotely approaching prosperity is visible in any corner of the empire. Impoverishment dogs Protection like its shadow. The dimensions of the want and suffering may be accurately gauged without a protracted study of the economical conditions of Russia. The question reduces itself to the compass of a sum of addition and subtraction, the data being furnished by the official organ of the Russian Ministry of Finances. The statistics of the prices of agricultural produce published by that ministry, and divided into four sections headed rye, oats, spring wheat, and winter wheat, constitute the terrible writing on the wall that warns Russia of impending economic ruin. From these tables it appears that wheat is the only crop that yields an income, and as wheat-growing is a branch of agriculture that requires the concurrence of many rare conditions, it is absolutely impossible in immense districts. The other corn crops, rye and oats, which are raised in the larger half of the corn-growing region, show a deficit varying from 1 to 10 roubles a dessiatin ($2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) during the most favourable years.¹ On the other hand it is an established fact that rye and oats constitute 40 per cent. of all the corn annually exported from Russia. Half the corn-growers, therefore, work for the foreigner not only gratis, but at a positive loss to themselves. "This explains," says the *Novoye Vremya*, "why it is that in 1887 and 1888, in spite of abundant harvests, the price of land not only did not rise, but continued to fall, still more rapidly than before, while the indebtedness of the farmers went on increasing, as we see, from the reports of the Bank of the Nobility, and likewise from the balance-sheets of private land-banks. What, then, will happen in a bad year?"² The present year, 1890-1891, has proved a very bad year, no less by reason of the harvest, for in many districts there was a very great falling off in the crops, than on account of the considerable rise in the price of the rouble, which tells so terribly against the export trade, that

(1) *The Messenger of Finance, Industry, and Trade*, 13 January, 1889.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 17th January, 1889.

we find a minister of M. Vyshnegradsky's intelligence compelled to resort to schoolboy tricks to depreciate in winter his own Russian rouble, which he spends spring, summer, and autumn in raising as near as possible to par.¹

It is needless to descant here on the results of this alarming state of things. They are inevitable. Not a year has passed during the last five years without a famine breaking out in large corn-growing districts, which carries off no man knows, how many uncomplaining wretches, its growth every year more and more intense, and spreading over a much wider area. Thus in 1885 there was a severe famine in the government of Kazan, which decimated the population. A public subscription was opened by impetuous Russian students, who themselves cheerfully contributed their mites; but scarcely had the facts begun to be bruited abroad than they were hushed up by the Government. In 1888 the distress became extreme in the governments of Orenburg, the Volga districts, and the Southern governments;² and in many places since then the peasants have learned to dispense with ordinary bread, and to live on a substitute made of the husks of rye and the powdered bark of oak.³

The harvest of 1890 cannot be regarded as a complete failure, and yet the scarcity of food in most of the government of European Russia has attained the proportions of a famine. And yet, incredible as it may appear, the first concern of the Russian peasant is not to feed his family or himself, but to pay his taxes and perform his part in mobilising the finances of the country, even though he should live on refuse and offal.⁴ In spite of this, the arrears are accumulating in a geometrical ratio. Distraint, imprisonment, flogging, are equally fruitless. Between 1883 and 1886 the arrears of imperial taxes alone increased by more than 100 per cent.

It would be difficult to determine what part of Russia suffers most from the want of seed corn, of money, of food; from cold, hunger, and disease. Take the Central district, for instance, and what do we find? "One may affirm, with a profound conviction of the truth of the statement, that both landowners and peasants are extremely impoverished, and the signs of impending ruin show themselves with painful distinctness to every impartial observer."⁵ In the government of Nischny Novgorod the harvest last year was decidedly bad,

(1) Cf. *Börsen-Courier* (Berlin), 29th November, 1890; the *Russkia Veydomosti*, November, 1890, &c.

(2) Cf. *Suett*, 4th April, 1888; *Crimean Gazette*, 15th March, 1888; *Odessa News*, 24th April, 1888.

(3) *Moscow Gazette* (*Moskovskia Veydomosti*), 2nd April, 1888, and April 10, 1888. Cf. also the "Petition of the Imperial Economical Society, St. Petersburg, 1890," p. 120 foll.

(4) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 777.

(5) *Novoye Vremya*, 15th February, 1889.

and the peasants, after having paid their taxes, were left with nothing to sow. "In many parts of the country they had not rye enough for seed for the fields. Half of the district had eaten its corn."¹ In October and November last the peasants were selling their live-stock at ruinous prices; excellent working horses were sold in large numbers at *two roubles per head*. In the government of Tambov the authorities have had to come to the peasants' assistance, and, lest the fields should be waste, advanced them a loan of 400,000 roubles to purchase seed.² A similar story reaches us from the government of Voronezh: the farmers have had to sell their live-stock for nominal prices, and whenever they received no offer, to kill them for the meat and the hides. Colts fetched only a shilling and even as little as sixpence a head, and during several weeks meat in the markets cost less than one farthing a pound."³

In the West the distress is not perhaps quite so widespread, but it is certainly to the full as intense. Thus in the government of Volhynia, "there is," we are assured, "a terrible crisis. Even wheat (the only crop that has been cultivated at a profit for the last few years) is cultivated at a considerable loss. The material condition of landowners is extremely critical."⁴ The government of Vitebsk is suffering in a similar way from similar causes by a complete stagnation in the export of timber, which gave subsidiary occupation to thousands of petty farmers. And, as for arrears of taxes, it is wholly out of the question to think of recovering them.⁵ Polish landowners do not seem to be a whit better off than their Russian colleagues; owing to last year's failure of the crops they have been compelled to sell their live-stock to purchase food for their families and themselves. Excellent farm horses were sold in large numbers for 2s. 2d. a head. The consequence is that there is no demand for hay and straw, immense quantities of which have been sold for almost nothing and exported to Prussia. Now the peasants themselves have nothing to eat.⁶

In the South of Russia, hitherto the granary of the empire, with its rich black loam soil, famous throughout the world, want and misery are as intense as in the North and West. To begin with, last year's harvest was bad in many places, although abundant in other parts of the country, so that when the taxes were paid, the cattle had no fodder and the peasant no food.⁷ In large districts of the government of Podolia, where the harvest was likewise a failure, dearth of

(1) *Moscow Gazette*, 11th December, 1889; *Novoye Vremya*, 13th December, 1889.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd January, 1890.

(3) *Novoye Vremya*, 22nd January, 1890.

(4) *West Slavonian News*, 25th November, 1890.

(5) *Ibid.*

(6) *Slavonian Correspondence*, 14th December, 1889.

(7) *Novoye Vremya*, 19th October, 1889; *Grashdanin*, 30th September, 1889.

fodder for the live-stock and of food for the tiller of the soil, has already assumed the dimensions of a famine. "There are no hopes now that the winter crops will prosper," wrote the correspondents sent down by the press; "the position of landowners and land-tillers is critical. Landlords who a short time ago were prosperous are now bankrupt."¹ This was written one year ago. Since then hunger and suffering have been aggravated a hundredfold by the dire results of the bad harvest and the utterly unprepared condition of the population to meet the blow. In the Don territory numerous bands of hungry peasants are to be continually met with, who have come thither from various districts of the South, in the fallacious hope of eking out a few roubles by working. There is no work to be had. "Their feet protected by bast shoes (*lapti*), their bodies covered with tattered, worn-out smocks, miserable wallets thrown over their shoulders, these newcomers have overflowed the land. They wander about from house to house, begging for a crust of bread. But the alms they receive could not possibly still the cravings of hunger."² From the government of Kherson the same bitter lamentations are heard. In the district of Odessa, for instance, the peasants were never before in such terrible straits. "You come across whole villages the inhabitants of which utterly lack bread for themselves, food for their live-stock, and seed for the fields. *The imperial and other taxes are being collected with the utmost difficulty.* The communes are begging for a little respite,³ and the authorities have also been entreated to give or lend the peasants some corn to make bread."⁴ The order in which these misfortunes are narrated and the curious climax that results are well worth noting; the fact that fodder and food are as scarce as snow in midsummer, and the horrors of a famine have begun to be experienced, is rightly looked upon as a grievous calamity. Still it would seem not to be the worst. Far more severe must the distress be if the taxes are being collected with difficulty; for whatever other hardships may be in store for the country, the finances must at all costs be mobilized, and the taxes paid up to the last farthing. And as a matter of fact the peasants have, in many places, given everything they possessed as taxes, afterwards lying down uncomplainingly to die. In the Northern Caucasus the cattle disease has been raging till practically nothing more was left for it to exercise its rage upon; in addition to which the grass and corn crops have proved a miserable failure, so that the people are suffering and dying of hunger and disease.⁵ The same story reaches us from Mariapol, where a bad harvest is being followed by a period of terrible want.⁶

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 21st January, 1890.(3) *Ibid.*, 10th August, 1890.(5) *Nedel'ny*, 14th November, 1890.(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 29th June, 1890.(4) *Ibid.*, 24th January, 1890.(6) *Novoye Vremya*, 31st October, 1890.

The North and North-east of Russia is, if possible, in a still worse plight. Writing of the large and most fertile district in the government of Saratoff—Balasheff—the *Novosti* assures us that the condition of the peasantry, especially in the northern parts, where the harvest was wretched, is become positively intolerable. Frightful need is everywhere visible. The dearth of corn for subsistence, the lack of work and wages, the scarcity of grass, hay, and straw, and the absolute necessity of paying the taxes, concur to ruin—nay, to exterminate, the peasants. "Numbers have sold their live-stock, and many have gone still further and sold themselves for all next summer and autumn."¹ The local authorities of Saratoff are so deeply moved by the harrowing scenes they daily and hourly witness that they have resolved to ask for a loan of 200,000 roubles merely to keep the peasants from dying of sheer hunger and the fields from lying waste.² Many of the peasant proprietors have managed even to part with their land in the hope that in this way they would succeed in shaking off the burden of their debts; but they have had all their trouble in vain, for though they no longer own they still continue to owe as much as before.³ The government of Samara, that, with due care and reasonable outlay, might be the granary of Eastern Russia, is as badly off as that of Saratoff, especially the Nikolaïevsk district.⁴ Vyatka, the government that boasts the most enlightened, capable, and industrious peasantry in all Russia, is struck as low as most of its neighbours. "Poverty, robbery, thieving are therefore increasing there at an alarming rate. Able-bodied healthy men, well able to work, stroll about the country pretending to be deaf and dumb in order to move charitable persons to give them alms. . . . Masses of ragged, half-starved people are wandering throughout the country."⁵

The government of Kazan is an economic ruin. In the year 1885, as we said, there was a regular famine in that vast government, the people lying down and dying of hunger in the streets, on the roadsides, on the steps of houses. At the present moment we have the best possible authority for stating that the population is undergoing equal, if not still greater, hardships than in 1885. It is a question of issuing a loan to save the people from death, and that there is no exaggeration in the accounts published is quite evident from the circumstance that the Minister of the Interior has officially admitted that there are ample grounds for this extraordinary measure.⁶ But there is also abundance of other testimony to be had: thus the Governor of Kazan sent in a report at the beginning of the year, in which an appalling state of things is graphically described. In one place, for instance, two hundred families of a thousand souls were,

(1) *Novosti*, 18th February, 1890.

(3) *Novoye Vremya*, 26th April, 1890.

(5) *Novoye Vremya*, 8th April, 1890.

(2) *Nedelnya*, 9th November, 1890.

(4) *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd July, 1890.

(6) *Novoye Vremya*, 24th January, 1890.

it is stated, discovered without any food fit for human beings; they were subsisting upon a weed known as goosefoot (*Chenopodium*).¹ "Since the autumn of last year," we read in another account, "there has been a famine among the population of the government of Kazan. It is strange that the press should remain so obstinately silent concerning it. The famine of five years ago which caused such a profound sensation, was not a whit more intense than the present."² In the Troitsky district (government of Orenburg) the dearth of corn, hay, grass, &c., is such that the peasants are trying—one may easily divine with what success—to feed the cattle on the foliage of the trees.³

A gifted Russian journalist, M. Nemirovitch-Dantshenko, journeyed through the Volga governments investigating the condition of the peasants there, with a lively faith in the inexhaustibility of Russia's resources, and he has now published a book on the subject. His verdict is: "Large numbers of people are dying of hunger. If my wanderings impressed me with a vivid notion of Russia's immensity, they completely shattered my notions of her abundance."⁴ The peasants, we read further, are compelled in winter to work in factories in order to earn a miserable subsistence, which neither their own land nor subsidiary agricultural labour affords them.

"And yet, in spite of all that, such is their need, that to purchase food, they have had to sell their dwelling-houses as fuel for the furnaces of the works, while they betook themselves to cages. . . . It is scandalous that St. Petersburg should refuse to take these things to heart. Russia might be ruined for all St. Petersburg cares, whose sole concern is that the tax-paying capacities of the masses should suffice for the support of the intelligent and governing classes; but at the price of what bloody sweat these taxes are earned, it reckes not one jot.⁵ . . . Suffering, tortured, ruined people! Who will stand up for you? It seems as if there were no crawling thing that does not feed upon you! My conception of Russia is that of a huge giant put to sleep by magic spells; every unclean and slimy thing has meanwhile crept upon him, every species of vermin is continuously gnawing him without satisfying its greed. Lichens are on him, and mosses have grown over him. His body is stretched out upon the ground, and a forest has grown up around him; and in the forest God's light is absent; darkness alone prevails."⁶

It is only a couple of weeks ago since the Governor of Ryazan, one of the most flourishing and fertile governments of Central Russia, forwarded a confidential report to the Minister of the Interior, in which he describes the condition of the peasants as almost irremediable. It will take years of very great solicitude and truly paternal government, he says, to better to an appreciable extent the

(1) Cf. also *Novoye Vremya*, 10th January, 1890.

(2) *Ibid.*, 10th April, 1890.

(3) *Nedelya*, 12th October, 1890.

(4) Nemirovitch-Dantshenko, *The Kama and the Ural*, St. Petersburg, 1890, p. 191 (Russian).

(5) *Ibid.*

(6) *Loc. cit.*, p. 318.

lamentable state of things that now prevails there. The peasants are overwhelmed with arrears of taxes and rates, with loans and debts. Everybody knows what an all-important part is played by the farm horse on a peasant's farm, especially in a country like Russia, and the number and condition of the horses is generally a fair index of agricultural prosperity or decay, and he who has but one horse now will, as a rule, have none next year, and be without his land the year after. Now, in the whole government of Ryazan, the governor tells us, or rather tells the minister, 31 per cent. of the peasant proprietors possess but *one* horse; only 18 per cent. possess two horses, and but 12 per cent. have more than two. The proportion of those who have not even one horse is *thirty-nine per cent.*, and there are 26 per cent. who have neither horse nor cow, nor any kind of live-stock whatever.

The only possible issue out of the difficulty would be for the peasant to obtain subsidiary employment, and thus compensate to some extent by winter work for heavy agricultural losses. But, as I have already stated, that is now become a broken reed. Many industrial works have wholly disappeared; others have been closed for a time, and the number of hands employed has everywhere considerably diminished. Thus the rise in the duty on English coal necessitated the closure of the very largest ironworks in South Russia, and of several sugar industries besides. The serious industrial crisis in the extensive manufacturing district of the Petrokovsky government is telling most heavily on the petty farmers who worked there in the winter.¹ The linen industry is positively ruined; this year it received its death-blow; and "not merely in the government of Smolensk, but in all the governments in which linen manufactures exist; one of the consequences is that the peasants engaged in this industry are *not receiving even half of their normal wages*; and the worst feature in the matter is that the crisis is neither temporary nor accidental."² In Kremenschoog and the industrial district of which it is the centre, the stagnation in business and industry is extreme, "in consequence of which one hears of nothing but bankruptcies, failures, &c., &c."³ In Samara similar causes produce similar results, and the depression is intense.⁴ Sheep-breeding and the industries dependent upon it are likewise rapidly decaying throughout the country, but especially in the governments of Kharkoff, Poltava, Yekaterinoslav.⁵ The result is, as usual, a heavy financial crash. Bankruptcies are occurring everywhere, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.⁶

The upshot of all this is easier to imagine than to describe.

(1) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 15th March, 1890.

(2) *Ibid.*, 29th October, 1890.

(3) *Ibid.*, 19th November, 1890.

(6) *Ibid.*, 27th February, 1890.

(4) *Ibid.*, 15th January, 1890.

(5) *Ibid.*, 24th August, 1890.

Mendicity is becoming the profession of hundreds of thousands, possibly of millions. In Nischny Novgorod it is spreading like an epidemic.¹ Immense bands of heavy-hearted lack-alls, with despair in their souls, wander disconsolately through the land eager for work, but finding none to do. In Kharkoff we read of 4,000 peasants gathered together from various parts of the south seeking for employment of some kind, and seeking in vain;² much more numerous bands come to Astrakhan in the hope of being put in a way of earning a few roubles for their hunger-stricken families, but the greater number have to return with empty hands, one band of these doomed wretches numbering over one thousand men.³ In Novotscherkassk the same distressing spectacle is witnessed, and one company of over a thousand peasants returned home travelling hundreds of miles for nothing, as there was nothing for them to mow and nothing to reap. "Many of these men," we are told, "have no scythe, reaping-hook, or wallet, having sold these things and every other article they possessed. Numbers of them affirm that for days together they have not tasted any kind of food; many of them are ill, especially the youths and the women. Every day fresh bands arrive and soon return, having found nothing whatever to do."⁴

No people in the world are so patient and enduring as the Russian peasantry, whose blind obedience, perfect resignation, and absence of care about what the morrow may bring forth would satisfy the aspirations and realise the ideals of St. Francis of Assisi or Sakya Muni. Still it is scarcely to be wondered at if, under such terrible conditions, brought face to face with inexorable, pitiless fate, they turn and toss uneasily from side to side like the groining Encecladus, unwittingly shaking the empire of which they are the foundation. Moneyless, friendless, helpless, and almost hopeless, the Russian peasantry rise up every year in their tens of thousands and migrate to the south, to the west, anywhere, not knowing whither they are drifting, not inquiring nor caring what fate awaits them. They move on like swarms of locusts impelled by universal causes of which they have no idea; they are usually buoyed up by a vague half-unconscious feeling that they can create wealth out of nothing, that in their new abodes, with a little fair play, they will be somehow enabled to rise again more marvellously than the phoenix, even after their ashes have been swept away by the four winds of heaven. It is not only from barren soil that these suffering specimens of humanity migrate; fertility of

(1) I speak from personal knowledge of this and many other cases mentioned in this paper. But as published and accessible sources of information are always desirable where it is question of such sensational statements, I at all times endeavour to refer the reader to some such. In this case I may quote the *Novoye Vremya*, 2nd January, 1890.

(2) *Ibid.*, 20th April, 1890.

(3) *Ibid.*

(4) *Novoye Vremya*, 9th June, 1890.

the land linked to hopeless ruin by a well-meaning but demoralised Government, intent merely upon mobilizing its finances, offers no inducement to the hungry peasant to stay and swell the number of victims that perish yearly of famine. In the Balashevsky district of the government of Saratoff, for instance, last autumn, five thousand peasants threw up their land and houses in despair, and set out for the unknown east.¹

Such is the hopeless misery of these men; we are told that "their condition strikes the beholder with dismay."² They set out to seek for fortune, but all of them encounter hardship and misery on the way, many meet with death, and the thousands who return sorrow-laden, and seek for work in their native places, only contribute to lower the existing prices of labour and to ruin others without benefiting themselves. As soon as the navigation was opened last May, a ghastly multitude, numbering fifteen thousand of these silent accusers of a religion and a Government, arrived in Tiumen, in Siberia, the first important halting-place on the weary journey to the Eastern Utopia. There being practically no steamers to take them on, they lived there as best they could in hopes, which (a terrible mortality breaking out among them) death possibly realised for very many of them, and life bitterly mocked in the case of the rest.³ Large numbers had to live in the open air, at a time when the frost is still very severe, and the death rate, caused by what a tell-tale euphemism describes as "anti-hygienic conditions," grew so alarming that the Governor of Tobolsk sent a telegram to the Governor of Moscow requesting him to stop the stream of migration as far as depended upon the chief magistrate of the chief rallying-point for them in European Russia.⁴ "One has only to glance at these tortured, wind-beaten faces, and at the emaciated bodies covered with ragged smocks," exclaims the *Astrakhan Messenger*, describing a band of them gathered together in that city, "in order to understand what agonies, what exquisite sufferings they must have endured on the way from Nischny Novgorod to Trans-Caucasia. And it is hard to say what awaits them afterwards, for they have no idea what place they are going to. . . . The only hope for them is contained in the fact that they cannot be much worse off than they are."⁵ "These living skeletons are to be found in all the towns and cities on the Volga, and their misery-stricken aspect is enough to wring one's heart."⁶

From Tiumen tens of thousands of them move into the interior in steamers, barges, every kind of vessel that floats, "the absence of even elementary accommodation manifesting itself in increased

(1) *Grashdanin*, 14th August, 1889. Cf. also *Russian Messenger*, December, 1890, p. 337.

(2) *Northern Messenger*, July, 1890, p. 87.

(3) *The Business Correspondent*, No. 90.

(4) *Russian Gazette*, No. 149.

(5) *Astrakhan Messenger*, No. 291.

(6) *Ibid.*, No. 299.

mortality.¹ Like the prisons, the barges always take far more than they can accommodate, so that on the covered deck there is such terrible overcrowding that the passengers all sleep in one indiscriminate heap."² The sick and suffering always constitute a numerous body, for in the absence of ventilation disease spreads like wildfire.

"I sometimes went in and cast a glance at the berths of these third-class passengers, but hands, arms, legs, feet, heads, boots, bast shoes, sheepskins, sacks and bags with clothes and dry bread disclosed themselves to my view as one formless mass. I heard the helpless moans of sick children, one of whom was down with the small-pox. The atmosphere was fetid to an intolerable degree: it would positively knock down a person coming straight in from the fresh air. Coffins are left behind at every landing-place, containing the remains of peasants who have migrated to the Elysian fields, and scores of children infected with small-pox, with diphtheria, congestion of the lungs, are continually arriving at Tomsk, and augmenting the number of graves."³

In damp sheds, thrown up on the banks of the river Toor, thousands of persons are huddled together in Tiumen on dirty straw, without even plank beds to lie on. The children are put to sleep under waggons whenever any can be had. The number of such wanderers passing through Tiumen amounted this year to over 30,000. The rainy weather reduced their scant provisions of fire-dried bread to a pulp, and brought them to death's door. In May while there were 14,000 persons waiting for the navigation to open, the thermometer registered 23 degrees (Fahrenheit), and more than 13,000 of them had to lie down and camp out in the open air in spite of this cold. A large number of corpses (especially of children) were carted away every day.⁴ In Tomsk the wanderers are driven out to camp in a swamp, where there are a few sheds capable of sheltering four hundred persons. The accommodation they enjoy while here may be inferred from the circumstance that they usually rowed up to the doors of their sheds in boats.⁵

In all parts of Russia one hears of and sees these woe-begone wretches—pillars of Imperial finance crumbling in dust away. "A new stream of migrants has flowed in here," exclaims the *Tiflis Gazette*, "from the government of Koorsk. The poor wretches sold their horses and waggons before they reached here, hoping to get some work as mowers, but they have been rudely disappointed."⁶ "On the 29th May, a party of migrating peasants' families passed through Kieff on their way to Bessarabia. . . . They are suffering extreme misery. Many of them have remained in Kieff subsisting on alms."⁷ An army of over 20,000 mowers wandered from Taganrog to Yeissk in search of something to do, but found nothing; more than half of them returned the way they came, and endeavoured by means of

(1) *Northern Messenger*, November, 1890, p. 24.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) *Ibid.*, loc. cit., p. 26.

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 27.

(5) *Ibid.*

(6) *Tiflis Gazette*, No. 148.

(7) *Odesa News*, May, 1890, No. 1,619.

begging for means to move on to other places. *Neither farmers nor others can afford to give them work in return for a piece of black bread.*"¹ What eventually befell this formidable army of starvelings? Its fate has not been disclosed by the press; but possibly the village grave-diggers of Russia could account for a very large contingent. It was possibly hunger that ended the sufferings and the wanderings of many members of the hungry band of two thousand mowers from Kieff, Koorsk, and Pultava, who were equally unsuccessful in obtaining temporary employment. A few died before the eyes of the public. "In the broad daylight, in sight of all men, four of them died of sheer hunger. This was confirmed by the *post-mortem* examination."² Men in any other country subjected to such sufferings as these would assuredly not subordinate their anger and their instinctive love of life to any feeling of respect that might still linger in their minds for the property of others; and the forbearance of the Russian peasant in circumstances that seem calculated to stifle the promptings of humanity and throw him back upon first principles, is worthy of profound pity rather than high praise, for it is the forbearance of soulless apathy rather than the discipline of self-control. But at times even the Russian peasant gives signs of life and feeling; proves that his composition is not wholly devoid of what is euphemistically termed human nature. Thus, in Martynovka last summer, there were ten thousand mowers perishing of hunger, but willing and eager to work, even for a mouthful of dry bread. But even on these terms they could get nothing to do. They grew excited, murmurs rustled through the blackening mass of humanity, and noticing some peasants who were carting corn, they seized upon it in a twinkling, and then betook themselves to the stores of a neighbouring corn-merchant, where they also took a moderate portion of corn for every man.³

In the Balashevsky district the hungry multitude collected outside the house of the representative of the Government and loudly clamoured for bread. "For three days we have not broken our fast, for heaven's sake give us bread or corn, or else we'll take it. Our children are moaning at home half dead of hunger; let's have a little corn!" The authorities refused; mumbled something about sending in written petitions and obtaining the necessary authorisation. "We care nothing for petitions, it's corn we want;" and they swayed to and fro for a time, but at last swept on towards the granary. The guard there at first refused to admit them; on reflection, however, he cunningly put the key of the granary on the railing, and dared any man of them to remove it. They knew that that meant Siberia; but necessity sharpened their wits. A long pole was got,

(1) *Northern Messenger*, July, 1890. Cf. also *The Saratoff Messenger*, No. 121.

(2) *The Crimea*, No. 72, 1890.

(3) *The Don*, speech, No. 66

and every man touching it with his hand, they all removed the key. This was then attached to a long cord which every man held, moving thus the key to the keyhole. At last the door was opened not by one or two persons, but by the joint efforts of them all, and the corn was taken out.¹ This is narrated by Prince Meshtchersky as a case of desperate insubordination that should be ruthlessly stamped out at once.

These intense sufferings of the Russian peasantry surely constitute one of the strongest arguments that a patriot has ever put forward in favour of the brutal treatment meted out to convicted criminals and honest Jews, and to which very shortly even the harmless Finns are to be subjected. If patriotism is powerless to alleviate the misery of Russian Christians, it should at least prevent its being aggravated by the obtrusive prosperity of odious Jews and Protestant Finns. And if free men and Christians, who are dying like poisoned flies in the desperate attempt to pay taxes that exceed their income, are being flogged and imprisoned in order to give a fillip to zeal, which even the instinct of self-preservation is unable to conjure, why should any tenderness be shown for prisoners who are confessedly guilty of crime?

For poverty, illness, hunger, misfortune are no excuses in the eyes of the Finance Ministry; as borrowing in Russia is a disguised selling, so is tax-gathering a masked expropriation of the capital of the peasants—nay, a masked selling of their bodies into captivity. Since the mobilization of finances began, extraordinary measures have been taken to recover arrears of taxes, and to prevent them from accumulating in future. Thus, for instance, since 1888 the ministry has given orders that all factories, works, shops, &c., are to deduct from the wages of peasant workmen the amount of taxes due at the rate of one-third of the weekly wages of unmarried persons, and one-fourth if the person have a family.² Thus the white slave who spends his day of *fifteen hours* in hard work and receives for that his *few pence a week*, must deliver up threepence of it every week as his contribution to the mobilization of his country's finances. The peasant's corn is also taken from him and sealed up till he pay the last farthing, which he can only do by raising money at such rates of interest as were described above. Meanwhile he may literally starve.³ Peasants in cities receive no passports, and must return home by *étape*, along with convicts and felons, until they pay every copeck, and their native village, where they are condemned to stay, becomes for them a sort of Ugolino's hunger tower.⁴ This

(1) *Grashdanin*, 21st June, 1889.

(2) Cf., for instance, *Day (Den)*, 6th April, 1888.

(3) *Nedelya*, 17th January, 1890.

(4) Cf., *c. g.*, *Novoye Vremya*, 10th May, 1890.

determination to have the money at all costs is so awkwardly evident that even once, when the authorised representative of the Government received the taxes and spent them on his own pleasures, the peasants were told that the Government could not afford to be at the loss of the money, so they must pay it over again, and when some of them proved that they were absolutely penniless, the police set about distraining their property.¹

Can the poor peasants be blamed if, under such conditions, they rise up and flee to Siberia, the Caucasus, South America—anywhither outside their own native place, become a vast charnel-house? "Where are you bound for?" asked a newspaper correspondent of a batch of intending emigrants to South America. "For Gafrika," one replied. "That's a lie,"² said another; "we're going to Branzolia."³ "We're doing no such thing," broke in a third; "it's Aggripeena⁴ as we're off to."⁵ Numbers of these wretches were shot down for running off to South America, because, it was contended, they were being deceived by lying agents who discoursed to them of a land overflowing with milk and honey. But the truth is, that the misery they were enduring in Russia would impel any man to rush off to any country, were it even to that distant land from whose bourne no traveller returns. Their land was sold long ago to pay taxes, and nothing was left for them but to work to keep their families and themselves in a world in which they seemed superfluous. Many of them could get nothing to do, and those who found employment—the spoiled children of fortune—worked like galley-slaves for fifteen hours a day, receiving *tenpence halfpenny a week, or three farthings per day of fifteen hours.*⁶ What diabolical eloquence must have been needed on the part of the foreign agents to persuade these spoiled children of fortune to tear themselves away from their dearly beloved country! And how those who escaped and are now in South America must often sit down by the rivers of Brazil or of Argentina and weep when they remember Russia!

As for those who remain in Russia, until they pay their last debt to nature, they never manage to pay it to insatiable man; they are forced, however pressing their own needs, to contribute to satisfy those of the Treasury. It is not merely that their land and huts are sold by auction, but their labour is sold for the benefit of the Government, and they are systematically flogged lest they should

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd December, 1888. It should, however, be stated in fairness that, to the best of my belief, the peasants appealed from this decision and obtained judgment in their favour from the competent judicial authorities.

(2) The Russian way of suggesting that the speaker is in error.

(3) Probably Brazil.

(4) Argentina.

(5) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 29th October, 1890.

(6) *Glos*, 25th November, 1890: *Novoye Vremya*, 30th November, 1890.

prefer the prior claims of their children and their wives to those of an ingenious finance minister whose reputation is at stake. Yes, systematically flogged and treated as English Jews used to be by greedy Plantagenet kings. Flogging the peasants to compel them to pay taxes is grown very common of late years, so much so, indeed, that a special word has been coined for it—"the threshing out of arrears." "By what advantages," asks the *Law Messenger*,

"is this use of the lash compensated? By none. Flogging does not thresh out the taxes nor the arrears, but brutalises the man subjected to it. Suppose he have money which he is hiding, he will of course pay up before he submits to this infamous and extremely painful punishment; and if he does not pay under these circumstances, it is obvious that he has not the wherewithal. We could not admit the contrary, unless the ordeal of flogging freed him from all further obligation. This, however, it does not. To whip a man, therefore, who has been unsuccessful in obtaining the necessary sum, notwithstanding the present extreme difficulty of earning anything, and the terribly low rate of wages, is a deed of the most crying barbarity.¹ You sell his property by auction, you break up his farm and home, and compel him by means of physical suffering and infamy to expiate his misfortune, but the upshot of all your measures is that the 'man' perishes and you see in his stead a desperate exasperated individual who works harm to himself and is fraught with danger to others."²

"The moral effect of these hard conditions upon the peasants of the young generation is," we are assured, "truly horrible. The notions of law and justice are torn out of their hearts in the most cruel and painful way, and, side by side with utter stupefaction and despondency, one observes the symptoms of unconscious hate, which assumes at times most monstrous forms."³ "Types have started into being," remarks the representative of the Imperial Economical Society in his official report, "which it is absolutely impossible to match: eternally drunk, with disfigured features, with wandering glance, covered with rags, they look like half-tamed beasts. There lurks an unwonted cruelty and savagery in their entire aspect. They are feared by everyone, by the authorities of the village and district most of all."⁴ Sons persecute their fathers, drunken fathers dissipate the property and abandon their families to fate. "This is not a proletariat," exclaims the above-mentioned official; "it is a return to savagery. No trace of anything human has remained."⁵ With materials so unpromising as these who but a genuine thaumaturge would attempt to build up even for a brief five years a nation's credit? "It is a matter of surprise," exclaims the most respectable review in all Russia, "how people manage even to exist who are thus ground down on all sides and ruined, who live in a state of perpetual

(1) "Dielom samova topiooshtshova varvarstva."—*Law Messenger*, November, 1890, p. 377.

(2) Cf. *Law Messenger*, November, 1890, pp. 377, 378.

(3) Cf. *The Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 781.

(4) Cf. also *Messenger of Europe*, pp. 781, 782.

(5) *Ibid*

state of hunger, are helpless against any schemer instructed in the arts of reading and writing who comes along, who have spent all their spiritual force in the vain struggle against a combination of injustice, arbitrariness, and violence, and who can nowhere hope to find defence and shelter." ¹ And yet a minister has been found capable of solving the apparently insoluble problem of extracting even out of these woebegone subjects the money which they do not themselves possess; he compels them to fulfil his commands more faithfully than even the spell-bound demons executed the strange behests of Michael Scott.

This is not the exaggerated eulogium of an enthusiastic admirer; it would be impossible to be more moderate in praising M. Vyshnegradsky without doing injustice to the facts, of which I shall quote but one example. "In many parts of the government of Ryazan," says the same official Russian organ, "the peasants, for want of rye, support life on acorn bread. The official of the district board, sent down to investigate the condition of the peasants on the spot, states that in some families a mixture of the weed called goosefoot (*Chenopodium*), acorns, and rye is eaten; in others bread is made of potatoes, acorns, and rye, and in others, again, of acorns alone. We have often heard," remarks this organ with graceful and well-timed wit, "of acorn coffee, but this is the first time that we have heard of acorn bread." ² Another official report, frequently quoted in the course of this paper, asserts, in reference to the condition of the peasants of the Porkhovski district—"poverty prevails among them everywhere. In some villages they subsist on — bread, of which a person unaccustomed to it could not swallow a single morsel." This may seem at first sight an exaggerated description; but it is really a somewhat mild characteristic of bread which, as the official goes on to remark, "*is not so much bread as dry cowdung.*" ³

Now it requires a degree of optimism bordering closely upon hallucination to treat men who have to still, without satisfying, the cravings of hunger by swallowing dry cowdung, as solvent taxpayers; for it is only natural to believe that if these martyrs of financial tactics did occasionally earn or steal a few pence, they would spend it on bread that was genuine rye bread, or at least acorn bread, and not mere dry cowdung, rather than hand it over to the Imperial Treasury. And yet such is not the fact; and it remains one of the most brilliant triumphs of the present minister of finances, who has so often succeeded in gathering grapes from thorns, that he has here also shown his art by extracting gold from dried cowdung.

(1) *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 778.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 12th December, 1890.

(3) G. P. Sazonoff, *Peasant Proprietorship in the Porkhovski District*, St. Petersburg, 890. Cf. also *Messenger of Europe*, October, 1890, p. 777.

The Russian peasantry, in short, are on the rack of a giant despotism, and, as the years pass, and the tension increases, they are forced to yield not only all that makes life worth living, their flocks and herds, their crops and labour, their homes and home-life, but also at last their very life-blood at the bidding of the Tsar. "These same peasants," we are informed, "are punctual taxpayers, regularly paying the interest on their debts and lodging it in the city bank. These men can scarcely be called human beings; they are more like machines for the payment of taxes, half-unconscious creatures who fancy themselves created solely for the purpose of working on in hopeless toil."¹ This is doubtless a very sad consummation, and one that is regretted by no one more profoundly than by the kind-hearted minister himself, who would much sooner alleviate distress than produce it. But why dwell on the inevitable? If, says the Russian proverb, you have called yourself a mushroom, you must jump into the basket. The main point—and one which should not be forgotten by carping critics eager to condemn a minister, whose moral courage equals his ingenuity—is, that he has successfully solved a most difficult problem, which a Goschen or even a Gladstone would shrink even from tackling. A stick has been given to him—

"once fire from end to end,
Now ashes save the tip that holds a spark"—

and he has cheerfully undertaken the task—which he bids fair to accomplish—to blow that solitary spark with such superhuman force that it will run back and spread itself where the fire lately burned, and impart a bright warm look to what, an instant later, will be recognised by the dullest as cold black ashes.

E. B. LANIN.

[Many enquiries have been made, and some presumably by Russian agents, as to the identity of the writers of the articles which have appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* over the *nom de plume* of E. B. Lanin. It seems possible that these enquiries may result in injury to persons unconcerned, and therefore the Editor of this Review desires to state that the author of the above article on Russian Finance is not in Moscow or St. Petersburg, in fact is not now living in Russia.—EDITOR F. R.]

(1) *Messenger of Europe*.

PUBLIC LIFE AND PRIVATE MORALS.

CERTAIN recent events which have troubled the world of politics have raised a question of wider and more permanent interest than is generally involved in crises whose importance is primarily political. The question I allude to is the connection between public and private conduct—especially the private conduct to which, by large masses of people, the terms *moral* and *immoral* are not only applied, but confined. The form of the question in the present case has been extremely simple. Should a politician who has gone through the divorce court be considered, for that reason, as unfit for political life? I propose to consider the answers that have been and that may be given to it; and I shall begin with the one which has, thus far, been most audible, and which the newspapers tell us proceeds from the moral sense of the nation. . Whether or no this is a true account of its origin, and what, if it be so, the moral sense of the nation is worth, are questions we will consider presently; but at all events the answer I speak of has been given, and indeed, so far as England and Scotland are concerned, it is the only answer that has been given in any public way. It is that the divorce court must be the politician's grave, and it purports to have been given on two grounds that are distinct. One is that the conduct with which the divorce court deals is so depraved, so corrupt, so inhuman, so revolting to the holiness of the average respectable man, that the average respectable men of whom the nation is composed would be unable to endure the idea of a politician they knew to be guilty of it. The other is that the politician who is known to be guilty of it is conclusively shown at the same time to be as unreliable in his public character as he is depraved in his private: so that, to put the matter shortly, the nation is supposed to say of him, "He is so unholy a man, we can have nothing to do with him; he is so unsafe a politician, he shall have nothing to do with us." What is presented to us, then, as the national moral sense has, as a fact, spoken with two voices—the voice of righteousness and the voice of mundane prudence; but for the moment let us content ourselves with the voice of righteousness only.

We have heard it on all sides; it has spoken in every variety of tone—in the shocked tone, in the indignant tone, in the sorrowful tone; and, strange to say, it has, in England and Scotland, proceeded with equal vehemence from men of both political parties. They have not ceased to throw stones at one another, but they have contrived to place the offending politician between them, so that all the stones

if possible, shall strike him in their passage. The righteous Home Rulers say, "We are the saints of the earth: a sinner like this shall never lead us against blackguards." The righteous Unionists say, "You are such a set of blackguards yourselves that a sinner like this is exactly the man to lead you." As a dramatic spectacle the situation is not unamusing. It strongly suggests a scene in a Christmas pantomime. But nevertheless to all, excepting the most thoughtless, it suggests a question that is really and deeply serious. This sudden ebullition of righteousness—what is its true character? How far is the feeling which it represents, genuine? And how far, supposing it to be genuine, is this special exhibition of it justifiable? Does it on the whole represent some national fact we may be proud of? Or is it but a fresh illustration of what Lord Beaconsfield said, that the most ridiculous of all imaginable sights is the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality?

I am perfectly well aware that to many excellent people the mere suggestion of this last possibility will seem either flippant or shocking, and incline them to think that whatever I may be going to say must be said from a point of view with which they have no sympathy. They will, however, be at least partially reassured by certain admissions I am now about to make; and which, indeed, it is evident that everybody must make who would consider the subject to any purpose whatever.

Whether the voice of indignant righteousness with which we are now concerned is genuine or no when considered as the general voice of the people, there is no doubt that it is genuine in a multitude of individual cases, and in a large number of these it is worthy of all consideration. We may clear our view of the matter if we turn from one class of offence to other offences which large bodies of men regard with equal or even still greater horror. Men still exist in numbers whose principles and private conduct would satisfy the standard of any dissenting chapel, but who consider dissent as a far deadlier sin than any error in private conduct merely. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the pages of this Review, has been lately offering up his thanksgiving that he is not as this publican. But let us suppose the following very possible occurrence. Mr. Harrison by preaching the glorious doctrines of Positivism has contrived to unsettle the mind of a young Roman Catholic, who proceeds to speak of two things which once he had held most sacred, the Virgin Mother and the daily miracle of the altar, as being the one a myth, the other a contemptible imposture. His conscience, however, is somewhat troubled in doing so: he has an uneasy sense that all along he has been blaspheming. He accordingly goes to his priest, who takes precisely the same view. Now, what the priest regards as blasphemy is regarded by Mr. Harrison as the first song of a soul which the Truth

has just made free; and the qualms of conscience which have sent that soul to the confessional he regards as a looking back which has unfitted it for the kingdom of heaven. The priest is a man who, in virtue of his domestic conduct, is as well qualified to throw stones at his neighbours as ever was Mr. Harrison himself; and yet no domestic irregularities which the young man could confess to him could seem half so heinous as does the sin which Mr. Harrison welcomed as a virtue, and which Mr. Harrison did all he could to encourage. Such a priest would certainly feel that no lips of a woman could have excited to greater wickedness than did those of our spotless Positivist. It is perfectly open to us to say that the priest's view would have been wrong; but there can be no doubt whatever that it would have been perfectly conscientious and sincere; and as such, however little we may agree with it, we ought to regard it with all due respect. Who would not sympathise with a sensitive Catholic forced to hear the things that his soul lived by insulted by the language of others for whom they were lies or toys? So, too, in precisely the same way there are numbers of men who are genuinely pained and horrified by the sight or even the thought of conduct such as that we are considering now; and whether or no we feel that pain or horror ourselves, we certainly shall, if we have any right feeling about us, respect the position of those people who do.

But we may go further than merely saying we respect it. We may admit that if such people formed the bulk of the nation, they would be perfectly justified in expelling from public life any individual whose conduct so deeply shocked them, and proved his way of looking at things to be so widely at variance with their own. We must remember, however, that in admitting this, it is impossible to confine our admission to one class of conduct only; and that, if a puritan community would be justified in thus dealing with an adulterer, a community of Catholics would, under certain conditions, be equally justified in thus dealing with a heretic. We can, indeed, easily conceive a community in which the Inquisition would be a moral necessity, for a reason in kind precisely the same as that which would justify an Inquisition into men's domestic conduct. The reason is this: that a certain belief or feeling in each case is not only intense and genuine, but that it is also general. Before it can justify any national action it must be virtually a belief or feeling of the nation—not the belief or feeling of any one section or clique. A clique of puritans, if a clique only, has no more right to demand a moral persecution in the name of the nation than a clique of Roman Catholics, in such a country as England, has a right to demand a religious persecution.

The only question, then, which we have now to consider is, not

whether the recent moral outcry is genuine and respectable as coming from certain sections of the nation, but whether it can be so if we consider it to have come from the nation as a whole. In other words, does the nation as a whole feel on the subject in that vehement and excited way in which certain excited sections claim on its behalf that it does feel? And, if so, what is this feeling worth? Does it spring, as it is said to spring, from some genuine zeal for virtue? or is it merely a form of prejudice, or temper, or hypocrisy, or of something at all events very different from what it calls itself?

The question when first propounded may possibly seem so vague as not to admit of satisfactory answer. How, it may be asked, are we to determine what is the feeling of the nation as a whole? The problem, however, is not so nebulous as it seems. In the first place, we know that the character of the nation is such as not to require its public men to be saints. Drunken statesmen have been popular, extravagant statesmen have been popular; statesmen are popular now who rarely open their mouths without being guilty of some malignant and obvious lie; one of the principal heroes of the professionally righteous party is a felon; one leading Radical is a convicted libeller, and another is a philosopher whose writings, to any devout Christian, are only less shocking than Voltaire's, from their complete absence of wit. All this is positive evidence. The negative evidence is still stronger, and covers a wider field. No one asks with regard to any public man whether he is kind and unselfish as a husband, or whether he does his duty as a father or as a son. In fact, if he only abstain from one or two actions, which are hardly more than murder, technical fraud, and adultery, the nation will never complain of his character in private life, however hateful in itself, or however it has injured others. The nation, then, as a nation is not publicly offended by most of the worst misdeeds, the worst of men can commit; by the extravagance that ruins families; by the unkindness that makes them miserable, by envy, or by hatred, or uncharitableness; by hardness of heart, by lying, by habitual libel, or by blasphemy. The nation concerns itself only with the three exceptions that have been mentioned, and only in consequence of one or other of these will demand that a public man retire from public life.

Now, in the case of fraud the justice of this demand is obvious. A man who cannot be honest with the money of his neighbour is not likely to be honest with the money of the nation; and, indeed, the instinct of self-defence will warn everybody against having any dealings with him. And in the case of murder the same thing holds good. As a matter of fact the murderer will be probably hanged, and his retirement secured without the newspapers demanding it; but even were this not so, it would need but little reasoning to justify our refusal to allow him to remain a political leader. In both the

above cases, ordinary prudence and common-sense will bring us to the same conclusion, apart from all moral sentiment. Whether it will do so likewise in the case of the adulterer, we will discuss presently, but not yet. Rejection of him on the grounds of alarmed prudence is one thing; rejection of him on the grounds of offended righteousness is another. Offended righteousness is the plea we have heard most of, and it is with this we will concern ourselves first.

Whatever view we may personally take of the matter, there is in the recent outcry against adultery something peculiar, which makes it deserve attention. It is an outcry raised ostensibly on behalf of morality as a whole, and consequently directed against all immorality as such. But it is directed against adultery with a curious vehemence and gusto, which seem, let us stand upon what ground we will, quite disproportionate to the comparative enormity of the offence. Mr. Stead, for instance, the professional righteous man, who in addition to preaching the Gospel makes it his business to live by it, and who knows at all events what kind of righteousness will be popular, has actually stated—or rather barked and shouted—the opinion, that wholesale murder planned in the coldest blood, compared with adultery, is an almost venial crime. Murder excites in him a calm, impartial disapproval. Adultery almost unmans him with hysterical horror and indignation. Mr. Stead, indeed, may be said to be righteousness caricatured; but he is a caricature which, in spite of all its monstrosities, is strikingly like the public for whom he particularly speaks; and something of the spirit which exalts itself in the above utterance may be traced in the tone of the righteous public generally. Now, on what grounds and how far is this spirit justifiable? And, taking those who affect it as a whole, how far is it genuine?

Adultery is a species of conduct which appears in different lights according to the view which we take of the nature of marriage. Marriage is either a sacrament or a civil contract. If it is a sacrament, it is absolutely indissoluble. No real divorce is possible; and the divorcing party, if he or she marries again, commits adultery, just as much as the divorced has done. According to this view of the matter, adultery is a sin against God. It may accidentally inflict some pain on others, or, again, it may not. But it would not cease to be a sin if it happened that, humanly speaking, no human being was in the smallest degree inconvenienced by it. Its essential wrong consists, not in its being an injury to human society, but in its being a desecration of some divine mystery. Now, even on this theory, it is impossible to maintain that it is a greater sin than many others—than many forms of revenge, for instance—which would never excite or suggest any public condemnation. If we look upon man as a being related

to God, lawless hate is as bad as lawless love, and equally unfits the heart for any union with the divine. Still, no doubt if we look upon man thus, adultery does take rank amongst the deepest sins he is capable of. It is a kind of blasphemy in action; this is what it is essentially; and to condemn it on the ground of its accidental consequences, would be like condemning a murder because blood had dirtied the carpet. A community, then, of people who held the above views would be as much justified in discarding a politician who committed adultery, as a congregation of Catholics would be in ejecting from church a man who threw stones at the host.

Now in this country, as we all know, there is not only a community of this kind, but there are many communities. But do these communities, in any approximate sense, constitute the nation? In other words, does the nation, as a whole, take the sacramental or supernatural view of marriage? It is perfectly obvious that it does not. For what does this supernatural view rest upon? It rests, and it rests solely, on a belief in Christianity, under its most rigidly dogmatic form. It rests on a belief not only in the Bible as a revelation of God, but in the Bible as verbally inspired in every verse and sentence; in Christ not only as a great example and a great teacher, but as a superhuman and omniscient being; and also (for without this all the rest would be nothing) in one interpretation, out of many, of certain of Christ's words. That these beliefs are the beliefs of the British nation, is a supposition refuted by the broadest and plainest facts. The law of the land recognises divorce, and the church of the land gives its blessing to the marriages of divorced people. That is one fact. Here is another, and a yet more conclusive one. Some people, it is possible, may attempt to dispute the point that the supernatural view of marriage is dependent on a belief in dogmatic Christianity; but no one can deny, at all events, that it is dependent on a belief in God. But the British nation has now declared, through its laws, that a belief in God is not only not to be demanded of any private individual, but that it may, without damage to our trust in their excellence and integrity, be openly denied by the men we select as legislators. A nation, then, that does not demand of its citizens that they should believe in a God who ever revealed anything, can hardly be said as a nation either to demand or to entertain a belief in a doctrine which, if not a revelation, has neither authority nor even meaning.

The British nation, therefore, as a nation, demonstrably regards matrimony simply as a civil contract. It sees nothing mysterious in it; nothing essentially indissoluble; it has no reason to advance except that of practical expediency, why any marriage should not be wound up like a limited liability company. And for such a nation adultery, though it may often be incidentally bad in many ways, can logically, in itself, be nothing but a certain species of irregularity,

to be censured and checked solely on account of its presumed consequences. Some people will urge, perhaps, that the same may be said of theft and murder. This is not the case, however; for theft and murder essentially involve pain given to others; and one of the parties concerned must be an unwilling sufferer. But adultery need not, and in many instances and many states of society, does not, involve pain for any one. No two couples would agree to rob or murder each other; but they might easily, as they did in Goethe's celebrated novel, agree to an interchange of wives and husbands; and though adultery no doubt might be practised in such a way as to disintegrate society, it might be, and has been, practised very generally, as in Italy, without having produced any such marked effect. A nation, then, which treats marriage simply as a civil contract, whose laws sanction divorce, and whose Church marries divorced persons, has no logical right to condemn adultery as such, except on the ground that it is more or less inexpedient. In fact, a man who lives with another man's wife, if tried by the only standards to which such a nation has a right to appeal, is open to the same censure, and, except for accidental circumstances, to the same censure only, that is incurred by a man who marries his deceased wife's sister. It may be a censure that is graver in one case than the other; but in both it is the same in kind.

To many people this view of the case will seem at first sight to be either wicked or paradoxical, or both; and one fact with regard to it must be at once admitted. Though it is a perfectly true view of the only censure which the nation has a right to pronounce, it fails to account for the censure which in the present case has been pronounced. The censure which has lately been filling so many of our newspapers, and making their leading articles read like indignant sermons, is not only severe in degree, but quite different in kind, to any that would be applicable to an act which was merely irregular, inexpedient, or not sanctioned by law. What it expresses, or affects to express, is not disapproval of an act because of its consequences, but horror of it because of its inherent character. Now, how is this to be accounted for? It is curious and instructive, and at the same time easy to see.

It is partly to be accounted for by a confusion which, though sanctioned by tradition and convention, has no foundation in fact, and which presents adultery as being in its essence the same thing as sensuality. In all probability this never could have arisen had there been eleven commandments instead of ten. Had there been a commandment against sensuality as such, Christian moralists would never have done what they have done, and treated sensuality as aimed at by the commandment against adultery. In Christ's words about the matter there is no warrant for this procedure. His meaning was perfectly simple and obvious. It was that the com-

mandments not only forbade acts, but also condemned the disposition which led up to such acts; and thus, therefore, the desire to commit adultery partook of the same evil as its commission. But nothing is plainer from the context than that the desire he was then condemning was not a depraved desire for woman as a woman, but a desire, whether depraved or not, for a woman who was the wife of another; for it is impossible that adultery should be committed by unmarried people. As, however, it was an essential part of Christianity to protest against all sexual sensuality as a thing bad in itself, Christian moralists were compelled, for convenience' sake, to treat this protest as a part of the seventh commandment; and sensuality and adultery came to be classed together. Now it must be owned that in many cases they are identical. The one is the expression of the other. And this fact, coupled with the conventional classification of the moralists, has resulted in adultery being regarded by numbers of people as the type, as the most complete example, of profligacy and fleshly self-indulgence.

The outcry against adultery, then, in such a country as our own, since it plainly is not raised in vindication of the honour of a sacrament, must be explained as being in great measure a protest against sensuality as such—a condemnation of impure living, not a condemnation of irregular living. But this accounts for a part of its severity only. If the *Inferno* had been written, not by Dante but Mr. Stead, it may be difficult to say precisely what sort of hell we should have had; but we may be perfectly certain of one thing, that Judas Iscariot would have been taken out of the mouth of the devil, and Francesco di Rimini put there in his place; and if Mr. Stead had had a personally-conducted party of his righteous admirers with him, we may be perfectly certain that they would have grinned with satisfaction at the spectacle. Now the temper of mind that could be satisfied in this way is not produced simply by the revolt of purity against impure pleasure, but by the revolt of Puritanism against all pleasure as well; and also by the revolt of Radicalism against a pleasure that is supposed to be aristocratic. Lord Macaulay said that the Puritans disliked bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men. Much of the indignation now expressed against adultery is due to the same reason. It is excited not by the wrongs of the husband, but by the happiness of the lover. And at least equal proportion of it is due to the curious superstition embodied in the popular phrase, "as drunk as a lord." Vice of all kinds, and adultery especially, is supposed to be the special monopoly of the aristocratic classes; and once, perhaps, there was some excuse for this idea, though never in the history of man has there been any justification for it. Divorce in this country was formerly so expensive that it was open to the

rich alone, and though adultery was not a peculiarity of the rich, divorce no doubt may be said to have been their peculiar privilege. In addition to this, adultery amongst the aristocratic classes has always excited more attention than adultery amongst the body of the nation. The appearance of a lord in the divorce court is supposed to show that the whole body of the upper classes are adulterous, but the appearance of a tradesman in the divorce court is supposed to show nothing except that a certain individual has conducted himself in a certain way. The following fact has to be considered also. Every section of society is made up of sub-sections, which, owing to the temperament of their members and other causes, conduct themselves in different ways; some exhibiting pictures of greater severity in conduct and some of less. We have the Puritan lord and we have the Puritan dissenting minister; we have the profligate lord and we have the profligate medical student. But between the aristocratic classes and others there is this difference. Any member of the aristocratic or fashionable classes is more or less *en evidence*, and is supposed to be representative of the class to which he belongs. But amongst the middle classes this is not so. Men who occupy socially no prominent position become prominent only in virtue of certain intellectual qualities which generally go with a quiet and studious temperament, and are developed only amongst men who are little inclined to irregularity. They achieve success, in fact, because they have been born respectable. These men are practically the spokesmen of the middle classes, and though their ability is recognised as exceptional, their respectability, oddly enough, is accepted as representative. As a matter of fact, however, it is not so. Everything shows that it is not so. In every class there are severe sections, and in every class there are lax sections; and the only ground for supposing the contrary is the fact that in the middle classes severe sections are those which come most *en evidence*; whereas amongst the upper classes attention is directed to all equally.

Of two elements, then, in the outcry against adultery, we may dispose at once. Those men who resent it as a form of pleasure are beyond the reach of argument. Those who resent it as an aristocratic pleasure are either below the reach of argument, or would else be completely changed by it. To neither of these classes of men need we pay the smallest attention, except for the sake of converting them, or of realising that they are not worth conversion. There remains only to be considered the case of those who resent adultery as something which is essentially identical with impurity. These men deserve to be treated with much greater respect: and it is well worth while to point out to them that they are completely wrong. Accidentally, as has been said just now, adultery and impurity may, in some cases, be the same thing; but so, too, may be impurity and

marriage. The connection between sensuality and adultery is exactly the same in kind as the connection between drunkenness and murder. Murder is in many cases produced by drunkenness; adultery is in many cases produced by sensuality; but neither of these acts need be produced thus; and they are both due constantly to causes that are exactly opposite. Murder is often the result of as much coolness as ever went to the drafting of any Act of Parliament; and adultery is often the mere incident of an affection as little sensual as any that ever sanctified marriage. So little also is it to be identified with profligacy, that it has often completely purified the lives of those concerned in it, and trained them in every exercise of constancy and forbearance and self-sacrifice. Countess Guiccioli had on Byron a far better influence than his wife. The vulgar idea of an adulterer is a man whom no mother would admit into her house, for fear of his attempting her daughter's virtue. There have been many adulterers who have been so consecrated by their passion, that they would be far safer men than most of the professedly immaculate,

Numbers of people will exclaim against these statements, and will call them dangerous and immoral. My answer to such people is, that whether they think them immoral or no, these statements are true, and nothing can impugn their truth. They are truths which every man knows who has had any experience of the world, or any power of observing it, and what we want to get at, is not pious opinions, but the solid facts of life. It may, therefore, be said with the utmost confidence, that the outcry directed against adultery, on the ground of its being necessarily an example of impurity or of profligacy, is an outcry that represents nothing except ignorance or prejudice—an utter want of knowledge of human nature, an abnormal and pruriently diseased conception of human nature, or something—whatever we may call it—that is the most malignant opposite of charity. In any case it is an outcry that, as professing to come from the nation, is worthy of no consideration whatever, and must be set aside as unreal, even if not consciously insincere.

To sum up, then, the whole of the above conclusions. The outcry raised on moral grounds against adultery as an offence which ought, in the case of a public man, to be instantly punished by his banishment from public life—this outcry, as professing to come from such a nation as ours, is demonstrably unreal in whatever light we regard it. The nation as a whole does not consider marriage a sacrament; therefore it cannot regard adultery as the profanation of any sacred mystery. The nation as a whole does not condemn pleasure, as the Roundheads did; therefore it cannot condemn adultery as a form of pleasure. The nation as a whole is not so silly or ignorant as to think that adultery is an offence peculiar to lords. Therefore not even the extremest of Radicals can be really sincere, as a body,

in declaring against it on that score. It is not the nation, but only the prejudices of sects, their sectarian prejudice and their worldly ignorance, that identifies adultery as such with uncleanness and general profligacy. On whatever ground, therefore, the moral outcry may be defended, it has in its vehemence been grotesquely out of proportion to anything that the nation can really feel in the matter.

Many readers will no doubt here exclaim that if there is nothing wrong in adultery, the institution of marriage is superfluous: whilst if, on the other hand, marriage is not superfluous, then the strongest condemnation of public opinion is justified of an offence by which, if general, the foundation of marriage would be destroyed. To such objectors—and at this point there are sure to be such—I answer, that they commit a fault very common in argument. In order to justify their disapproval of what I have said, they have added to it something that I neither said nor meant. Nothing that has been said or implied in any of the above arguments has been derogatory to the utility of marriage, or even to its sanctity, in any other than the supernatural sense. I do not even say that I may not myself believe in its supernatural sanctity. I only say that the nation does not; and that its sanctity in the eyes of the nation must rest upon other grounds—grounds that are frankly human.

Now what are these grounds? If we say they are merely grounds of civil contract, we entirely deceive ourselves. Marriage, merely as a civil contract, is a contract which the parties concerned in it are, by mutual consent, at perfect liberty to break. But let us suppose for a moment that this were not the case. Let us suppose that this contract had something so special about it, that each party was not only bound to fulfil its conditions if the other demanded, but that each, whether they willed it or no, was bound to demand the fulfilment of them. Let us suppose farther, that marriage was literally a lottery—that men and women were bound to each other who had neither love nor sympathy, who were suited neither by age nor temperament. What should we say of the sanctity of marriage then? Would it not seem hateful rather than sacred? And would not the homes created by such marriages be types, as often as not, of everything that is inhuman and horrible? To ask this question is to answer it: and the conclusion to which we are brought is obvious. The sanctity of marriage depends not on its being a contract, but on its being a willing contract. It depends also on the willingness of the contracting parties being the result of dispositions which will enable them to live together happily. If love and marriage were essentially incompatible would marriage in that case have ever seemed sacred to anybody? Most of its sanctity is gone when they are found to be incompatible practically. The legal aspect of the union is merely its husk and shell. Its real sanctity is like the sanctity of friendship.

it lies far deeper than any law can reach, and depends on circumstances of which no law can take account. Is there no sanctity in the relationship between father and son, and between son and father? There is, as certainly as in the relations between husband and wife. But what gives to all these relations their importance and value is no mere performance of certain acts, or abstention from certain acts, of which the law can take cognizance. These form the least, and not the greatest part of it. An unnatural son, as such, is a far worse man than an unfaithful husband as such. Adultery is vulgarly spoken of as being necessarily the ruin of the home. It may be so in many cases, but it need not be so necessarily, and continually it is not. But what is the ruin of the home necessarily is ill-temper, selfishness, want of affection, and neglect. A careless mother, a hard mother, though according to Mr. Stead's standard she might be a model of virtue, must of necessity be a vile woman, but an unfaithful wife may be an excellent mother, and, in every respect but one, a model of conjugal duty. If the British nation is as a whole so saintly, that it can afford to throw stones at every one who is guilty of grave failings, then by all means let it drive from public life any man who has fallen short of perfection in any of his private relationships. But it is absurd and irrational, and can have no real basis in morals, to disregard or condone the failings which are really most hateful, and do most to ruin the happiness of private life, and to signal out one for a torrent of indignation, which, though it may be under certain circumstances as odious as any, is far more compatible with a noble nature than the others, is rarely more injurious in its consequences, and most frequently less so. Adultery is, on human grounds, bad because it may conduce indirectly to the misery which those other failings produce of necessity and directly.

Regarded, then, in the light of a moral offence, a nation like the British has no shadow of right to accord to adultery a different kind of condemnation from that accorded to other domestic failings. Social opinion, when it is brought to bear on these last, condemns them in themselves as sufficiently hurtful and detestable. Selfish conduct, unfilial conduct, heartlessness, hardness and neglect, always rouse abhorrence in every impartial mind; though every impartial and every charitable mind will always take into account extenuating or exculpatory circumstances. Let adultery be treated in precisely the same way. When there are no extenuating circumstances let it excite all the abhorrence that is due to filial impiety, or to conjugal or parental heartlessness; but let it be remembered at the same time that it is in many cases the result of an unhappy marriage rather than the cause of it. But, in any case, the condemnation pronounced against it ought to be social rather than public or political. Let an



adulterer's friends, if they will, drop him, or treat him coldly; but there is no reason why his adultery need be any concern to those who are outside his own social world. His offence, however public it may have been made, is an entirely private offence. His own social world is perfectly competent to inflict on him the utmost punishment he merits, when tried by that world's standard; but the nation, as a nation, has no more justification for stoning him than it would have for preaching a personal sermon on the wickedness of every bankrupt who ruined his family by speculation.

The adultery of a public man, as a moral offence, can afford ground for demanding his retirement in two exceptional cases only. One is a case in which his public influence is specially due to the supposed excellence of his character, in which he has posed before the public as a professionally good man, and the trust reposed in him has been to an important extent based on a belief in his professions. In that case the adulterer may be rightly asked to retire, just as an apostle of total abstinence might, were it discovered by his supporters that he was rarely himself quite sober; or as a Cardinal might, were it discovered that his opinion of the Papacy was the same as that which was held by the late Dean Stanley. The other case is a case in which the other public characters with whom the peccant politician must have dealings, if he continues in public life, are men of such severe and saintly characters that they cannot, for the life of them, soil themselves by conversation with such a sinner.

Certainly, to point our moral for the first time by a personal allusion, neither of these cases was the case of Mr. Parnell. He never pretended to be a saint; he never passed for a saint. He demanded and obtained confidence on no ground other than his political qualities. And as for the public men with whom he was called on to act, whatever was made public by the proceedings in the divorce court was as well known to those men before the divorce as after it. Many of them may have disliked his conduct—may have been sincerely shocked at it—but none of them felt him for that reason a person impossible to deal with. The complete insincerity of the indignation subsequently expressed is shown by nothing more clearly than the constant allusions to the fire-escape. Who would think of emphasizing their condemnation of murder by making cheap fun of the attitude in which the murderer approached his victim? Adultery is no more discredited because a lover departs by a fire-escape than marriage would be discredited because a husband sought the same precipitate exit in order to save himself from the blows or the curtain-lectures of his wife.

But it will be said, in addition to making use of a fire-escape, Mr. Parnell has been convicted, as a lover, of having told certain deliberate lies. I mention this as an introduction to another aspect of the

question. He may have been convicted of having told deliberate lies. Nothing that is here said is meant to justify lying, but it may safely be affirmed that in the whole course of his love affair, Mr. Parnell has not so recklessly deceived so many people, as Mr. Gladstone has continually done in the course of a single speech. When Mr. Davitt asked Mr. Parnell whether he was guilty of adultery or no, Mr. Parnell naturally said, No. It was the only answer possible for him to make. An American judge very rightly remarked that a man who would not perjure himself when the character of a woman was concerned was not fit to be believed on his oath upon any other subject. And if Mr. Davitt was so little a man of the world, and so little capable of any sense of honour, as to put such a question, he had only himself to thank for the untruth of the answer. But, whatever view we may take upon this point, however little we may be inclined on these grounds to excuse a lie, Mr. Gladstone's account of the celebrated Dopping incident was infinitely more reckless, infinitely more culpable, than any lie with which, as a private man, Mr. Parnell has been ever taxed.

I say, I mention this merely as an introduction to one other aspect of the question. We have hitherto been considering how far the adultery of a politician demands public condemnation as a moral offence. Let us now consider how far it demands condemnation on merely prudential grounds—how far it can be taken as showing that the politician is likely to be untrustworthy in his public conduct.

It is easy to argue, *à priori*, that it does show this: to argue that a man who has played a concealed part in private life will in all probability do the same in public. But *à priori* arguments in such matters are valueless. What we have to look to is not what according to logic ought to be the case, but what history and experience show us has been the case. And history and experience show us this: that however reprehensible we may consider adultery, there is no reason to suppose that because a politician is an adulterer he will in his public life be any the less reliable. Many men whose private lives have been most regular, have in their public lives been guilty of every meanness and dishonesty; and many men whose private lives have been loosest have in their public lives been examples of self-sacrifice, integrity, and patriotism. Indeed, we may go further; we may venture to say this: that whilst severity of private morals has been sometimes a redeeming feature in the lives of the worst politicians, laxity of private morals has been a characteristic weakness of the best. Who was the best king—Charles I. of England or Henry IV. of France? Who was the best queen—Queen Mary of England or Queen Elizabeth? At all events this may be safely said: If the world had been bound to forego the services of every

public man who was an adulterer, the world would be probably still in a state of barbarism. If anyone doubts this, let him appeal to Mr. Morley, and ask him his opinion about the heroes, intellectual and political, of the French Revolution.

Mr. Morley, on many grounds, especially on grounds of public spirit, is a great admirer of Byron. But if adultery should be held to destroy a man's moral influence as to public matters, the whole of Byron's works should be consigned to the flames as rubbish. Who, in his own life, was a stricter man than Carlyle? And the greatest of moral teachers, in Carlyle's estimation, was Goethe. But if no man is to be morally trusted who is known to have committed adultery, the works of Goethe would have had to keep company with Byron's. It is needless to multiply examples. Some forms of private misconduct—for example, cheating at cards—do conclusively show precisely what adultery is said to show—that the person guilty of it is untrustworthy in everything. Perhaps adultery ought to show this; but as a matter of fact it does not, and the different treatment which the world accords to it illustrates this. Men who pride themselves on their virtue sneer at the opinions of the world; but on matters connected with worldly affairs the opinions of the world represent on the whole the truth. They may not embody principles, but they do embody experience; and it is the verdict of experience with which we are here concerned—the verdict of experience, and the verdict of nothing else. It is open to any of us to detest, to condemn, and to avoid the adulterous politician as a man; but there is no reason whatever, because he is an adulterer, to presume, or even suspect, that as a politician he will serve us with less integrity.

The British nation, as I have said before, is composed of many sections, whose character and convictions differ. To some of these, consisting of dogmatic Christians, and of men who are really of exceptionally severe life, adultery is a mortal sin which, if tolerated in a public man, would shock them as much as atheism tolerated in a priest. But these sections do not represent the nation; and even if we respect their sincere feelings and opinions, we ought no more to think of removing a politician whose conduct shocked their consciences than we ought to think of persecuting a philosopher whose tenets shocked their faith.

The conclusion to be drawn from the whole facts of the case is not that the British nation thinks lightly of adultery, still less that it ought to think lightly of it, or ought not to check it by the influence of social opinion; but that this opinion should, as far as possible, confine itself to private manifestation, and parade itself, and obtrude itself into public life as little as possible. If we tolerate

atheists like Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Morley, if we tolerate felons like Mr. Davitt, and inaccurate persons like Mr. Gladstone, we cannot, as a nation, be otherwise than hypocritical in pretending to be unable to tolerate Mr. Parnell on account of a love affair.

And, as a matter of fact, there is at least this to comfort us. The nation as a nation has really made no such pretence. A part of the nation has done so with an uproarious voice. We have all of us heard that. But far more significant than the voice of one part of the nation has been something we have not heard, and that has been the silence of the other part. That silence, which has been far wider than the voices, does not mean that lax conduct is to be approved of; but it means that the wisest and the best—and, we may add, the most Christian thing—is to make it as little as possible a matter of public discussion. It means that as a nation we are not the moral judges of men; and that, whilst we should never dream of dragging into public their other domestic failings, it is at once inexcusable and illogical to make an exception of this one. It is simply a grave and decorous way of saying, It is not our business to cast the first stone. Such is the meaning of the nation's silence. It is full of right feeling, of worldly wisdom, and of moral dignity. As to the voice of the nation, we must say a very different thing. It has been probably one of the most demoralizing outbursts ever witnessed in this country; for, whilst professing to aim at exhibiting vice as hateful, it has only succeeded in exhibiting what calls itself virtue as ridiculous.

M.

AN ISLAND DEER-FOREST.

WHEN we speak of a deer-forest in Norway—which much-enduring land is once more the scene of my article—we must dismiss from our minds the image of vast treeless wastes, so dear to Highland stalkers, and adhere to the original and popular idea of abundant trees, as represented by the final half of the compound word. For in that country the red-deer, although they resort occasionally to the open hill-sides, and here and there have no other choice, belong essentially and as a tribe to the woodland, or, to quote the accurate definition of a forest, to “a wild, uncultivated tract interspersed with wood.” It may be said that the greater such interspersion, the greater the chance of deer, because the more certain is the existence of suitable food and shelter. I think it might be fairly argued that all the larger kinds of deer would take habitually to the woods if they had the chance—that is, if they could find or knew of the existence of woods to take to. Even the tame reindeer, accustomed to roam over the barren expanse and crop the arid mosses of the high fjeld, will frequently drift down by hundreds into the low forest, and there remain for weeks, fattening on the natural pasturage which is nowadays the birthright of the farmer’s domestic cattle. Is there anything unreasonable in the belief that their wild kindred, sprung from the same stock, but always associated in the sportsman’s mind with stony summit and snow and glacier, would gladly do the same—if only they dared; and readily learn to habituate themselves to the shelter and warmth and rich herbage of the lowlands? Shall we not regard them as originally unwilling but now resigned seceders from the more luxurious habits of their remote ancestry? What hardships are not preferable to enduring servitude to a Lapp!

In Norway the red-deer are at present confined to a limited number of small scattered areas. A good many years ago Professor Friis, of Christiania, published a charming book entitled *Tilfjelds*, which was in 1878 translated by Mr. W. G. Loch, under the title of *Sporting Life on Norwegian Fjelds*. To this work is appended a map indicating, by different tints, the localities where wild reindeer, elk, and red-deer are to be found in Norway. As regards red-deer these are, according to that authority, eleven in number—namely, three islands, of which the well-known Hitteren is the most important, and eight points of the mainland close to the sea, the majority of the latter being insignificantly small. If to this list we add an island of tolerable size in the Namsen Fjord, and one or two islets in the Hitteren group, it may be taken as complete so far as our present

knowledge goes. I am about to try and amuse the readers of *The Fortnightly* by a sketch of one of the islets last-mentioned.

It is but a little place, rudely triangular, about six miles in length and five across the base, and has but small pretensions as a deer-forest; but when I and a friend first set foot on it, some fifteen years ago, it seemed to us, from its natural beauty and seclusion, a veritable paradise—I employ the last word in its ancient oriental meaning, that of a beautiful pleasure-ground and chase combined, such as delighted the Persian monarchs of old, and still, I believe, delights the modern Shah.

At that time the red-deer were protected by law throughout the whole district of Aure, to which the island belongs, and consequently, although their traces were conspicuous, we did not trouble our heads about them. Blackgame we found in plenty, some willow-grouse and capercailzie, and altogether had excellent sport; but I think that even in those days of possibly greater keenness, the charm lay in the island itself. Then, as now, the few inhabitants lived among their little plots of arable and grass-land on the very edge of the sea, and in the autumn at least, when the wandering cattle had been brought down to the homestead, the interior was undisturbed by man and man's belongings. How often and how enthusiastically did we recognise the beauty of some quiet nook where we had found game—(query: would its beauty have been as striking had we not found it?) How often did we select some spot by the margin of tarn or brook, or on the smooth level of an upland lawn, as the one choice site whereon to build a hut, and live retired from the human race! At all events, I thought of that island periodically for twelve years, and then revisited it, to find that no one else—no sportsman, at least—had been there during that long interval; after which it was suddenly, unaccountably, and viciously snapped up, together with much of the adjoining district, by a speculative sporting Scotch syndicate, which, in default of finding a tenant, had to relinquish it after twelve months' possession. Then I took a lease of my old love, some of whose charms I shall now attempt to describe.

She is, as I have said, rudely triangular, divided from the high rugged coast of the mainland by an inner channel not wider than five hundred yards at the narrowest point, and from the dreary grey rock-ridges of lower Hitteren by about two and a half miles of outer sound. Across both of these friths the red-deer stags are in the habit of swimming to and fro, so that their presence on the island at any given time must be more or less a question of caprice; but, as there appears to be a fair stock of attractive resident hinds, the chances are always in favour of there being also a few gallant stags. About two miles from the apex of the triangle the isle is divided almost in twain by an inlet running in a direct line from the

inner to the outer channel; the short, narrow isthmus which still prevents their waters from meeting may be covered in a hundred paces from margin to margin. South of this neck lies a tract of low rolling ground, with clumps and thickets of fir, birch, and juniper, and boulders half hidden amongst a thick growth of heather. Deer are but rarely seen on this part of the island, but it affords a delightful range to the unambitious stroller with "scatter-gun and smell-dog." During our first visit we always used to find in the vicinity of the isthmus a certain number of wary old black-cock, which gave us infinite trouble before we could secure even a single bird. From this point there runs round a portion of both divisions of the island a border of velvet-like sea-turf, separating the woodland and low moorland from the rough shingle which forms the actual beach, the resort of various sea-fowl and shore-birds, while the low projecting reefs, natural cairns, and detached miniature islets are haunted by a tribe of otters of unusual size. A skin that I obtained last year measures four feet eight inches from tip of tail to snout, and this I take to be considerably over the average dimensions of these animals. The otters seem to live almost entirely in the sea, but occasionally travel up the few brooks which descend from the high levels of the island. There is to me a great pleasure in wandering along this kind of quiet deeply-indented beach, where the green of the land approaches so closely to the salt water, and all nature verges on the amphibious.

North of the isthmus, the larger division of the island, with which we are chiefly concerned, rises gradually to a plateau of bare moor and a single conical hill of about fifteen hundred feet in height, and faces the south with a long unbroken range of perpendicular inland cliffs crowned by woods of Scotch fir. Only at two points is it possible to surmount by steep deer-passes the great continuous wall of limestone—once, no doubt, washed by the sea—and avoid the long tramp necessary to turn its extremities. On approaching its base through the comparatively level belt of forest between it and the beach, we enter a labyrinthine region of enormous moss-grown boulders and giant tree stems, in dark weather an oppressively sombre and silent solitude, but full of warmth and beauty when the mid-day sun strikes into its recesses, bringing out in gleams the varied tints of fern and moss, of boulder and bark, while the face of the colossal rock-rampart above shines, broadly luminous, through the distorted upper limbs and dark foliage of the firs. Here, too, we shall find the black mouth of more than one cavern, piercing the base of the mountain, and to be explored with safety only by the aid of torches. The stately Scotch firs are a remarkable feature in the island, many of them being of magnificent girth and growth. As timber trees they are more valuable, as picturesque objects more

agreeable, and as covert greatly preferable to the ordinary spruce-pine of Central Norway, inasmuch as they generally grow less closely together, and being often bare of branches to a considerable height, permit the eye—it may be behind a rifle-sight—to travel for a long distance under their shade. In some of the sheltered glens the columnar trunks shoot upwards from dense thickets of tall juniper, whose luxuriant growth is another special feature, offering a favourite covert to black game and caillie, and deep lairs to the deer.

It is obvious that in an island which is more or less thickly covered with trees, and where the rock formation runs chiefly in parallel ridges with narrow dells between, the telescope and field-glass, so valuable to the Scotch stalker, are comparatively useless. The sportsman should always carry one or the other, because by its aid he can frequently decide in the partial obscurity of the wood the character of some doubtful object, and because he may now and then find himself in some clear, elevated position, whence he can search a portion of subjacent forest; but they are not, as a rule, of much utility in *finding* deer in woodlands. It is also obvious that in such wooded rocky ground, it is easy enough, even when paying every attention to wind and tracks, and all that a hunter ought to notice, to pass by deer concealed in the hollows, or to suddenly come upon and disturb them. It is, I imagine, this difficulty in finding the deer which induces sportsmen in other islands to resort so much to the practice of having them driven up to butts: a deadly way, no doubt, of securing the stags, and all very well now and then, but, I fancy I am justified in saying, a somewhat clumsy method as compared with stalking of any kind. I pressed with these ideas, I resolved to try whether the elk-dog could not be used successfully to find red-deer, and last autumn took my little hound Huu with me to Skarsö; and also that staunch henchman and excellent companion, Nils, whose name must be by this time tolerably familiar to readers of *The Fortnightly*.

And so it came about that on a bright frosty morning early in October last, we three were crossing the small extent of cultivated land belonging to the farm of Kalveland, our headquarters, in the usual high spirits and sanguine frame of mind produced by the first day of any kind of chase. For more than a whole month, ever since September the first, when the season began, we had been expected in the island, but sport of other kind had detained us elsewhere. The rocky ridges which radiate from the central chain of hills taper gradually down towards the coast, and, as a rule, end abruptly somewhat short of it. Between these natural fences the ground is fairly level, and has, by years of industry, been converted into tolerable pasture and cornland. The farmer finds it necessary to guard the latter from the attacks of the deer by means of long wires stretched

on poles across the little wooded gulches where they are in the habit of descending to their evening roosting. He has, moreover, by law, the right of lying in wait for and killing, at any season, any deer, either stag or hind, which does damage to the crops—a right which is, of course, liable to abuse by the scrupulous proprietors, who may leave a worthless patch of barley or oats standing for this especial purpose. But although the Norwegian agriculturist has a shrewd eye to every possible chance of gain, he will, as a rule, deal fairly by those who deal fairly by him, and few lessees who object to the deer being occasionally shot in this fashion will grumble, in the case of proven serious damage, at the notion of fair compensation. The present law permits two stags to be killed on each holding, and forbids altogether the shooting of hinds by the ordinary sportsman; but I understand that in consequence of the notoriously large excess of female over male deer the law, as regards the islands, is likely to be altered forthwith, and that next season the legal allowance will be one of each sex. If the shooter be desirous of sparing the hinds, he will thus be limited to the single stag.

As we rounded the first spur of rock, close to the house, and came in sight of the stubble just beyond, a pack of half a hundred black-cock rose from the field, and settled leisurely on a bare hillock at no great distance, whence with craning necks they watched our movements. "Those fellows know very well we are not after them to-day," was Nils's remark; "but they are not so safe as they think." And perhaps in both of our hearts was a half wish to drop a bullet amongst the handsome uniforms of that dark battalion—the life-guards blue of game birds. But the temptation was soon forgotten as we left the clearing behind, and began to work our way through the belt of forest between the cliffs and the sea. We adopted the same order of march as in elk-hunting. Huy, in his harness, ambled airily in the van; then came Nils holding the leader, and judiciously steering the dog in a long slant across the broken ground of the woodland, so as to give him the full advantage of the wind; in the rear myself. In this fashion we proceeded for a couple of hours, quartering the ground, until we began to near the boulder region close beneath the great limestone precipice, but although we found in several places fairly fresh tracks at which the dog sniffed encouragingly, no certain sign did he betray that there were deer in the flesh ahead of him, despite the strong sea-breeze which swept all the range of low woodland, and gave constant occupation to his quivering nostrils. We therefore decided to fall back and make for the sæter, whence we could turn the end of the main cliff, and gain the wooded slopes on the higher level. The farmer had warned us that the neighbourhood of the dairy was most likely ground for

deer, and asserted that they were in the habit of feeding night and morning on the grass of its enclosure. This pleasant oasis we reached after following for some distance the course of a small stream, which with lilliputian cascades and pools aped delightfully the features of a salmon river, and enlivened, with its sparkle and music, the solemnity of a deep, narrow 'glen faced on either side with fir-clad rocky terraces. On the incline of the hill above this brook lay the sæter, open to the morning sun, and conspicuous from a long distance as a bright green patch among dark, surrounding woods; a couple of acres of steep sward within a ring of rude but strong fencing, a cattle shed, a small barn full of hay, and a dwelling-hut. But poor places are these Scandinavian sæters, yet I shall ever regard them with gratitude. With how many delightful rambles are they associated in my mind, with how many hours of shelter, warmth and rest, granted when most needed to the weary or belated wanderer!

The first glance at the turf showed that the farmer was right: several deer had been there often, and quite recently. But after patiently trying to decipher the confused markings which were everywhere conspicuous, we came to the conclusion that but few of them were caused by stags. Then we made the circuit of the fence, and discovered that the deer were in the habit of leaping it at more than one point, going and coming by different routes. Huy's most deliberate and intelligent investigation of all these details was clearly satisfactory to him, and on our sitting down to consult, he testified by the ghost of a whine his impatience and desire to be moving. When permitted, he jumped off with the lead at the full length of his tether, scrambled over the fence, and began to strain through the wood right up-wind towards the edge of the cliff. So vigorous, indeed, was his advance, that more than once I had to murmur to Nils to moderate the pace. At such a time, when the dog is beginning to pull, it is impossible to go too slowly or cautiously. Many hunters make the mistake of suffering themselves to be dragged along in a way that renders it difficult to plant their feet noiselessly. With an eager dog, the only plan is to hold him short and lean back, and stop frequently to listen or reconnoitre. He should always wear harness, with a broad band across the chest, and the leading-strap fastened to a ring or buckle between the shoulders. The ordinary collar round the neck chokes him, and causes him to puff like a steam-engine.

Certain as we were that deer were directly ahead, we did not much trouble ourselves to examine the ground for tracks; but after we had travelled for about half a mile, and were so near the cliff that we could see the brushwood on its edge cutting the distant landscape, I noticed in glancing down a large slot on some soft soil, and halted

for an instant to inspect it; in that instant Nils advanced a few yards; I looked up again, saw that he also was examining the track, and at the same moment caught sight over his bent head of a fox-red patch on the bank of a snug hollow about a hundred yards off. A deer lying down! not a doubt of it! Ah! it was too late; before I could raise my rifle and warn Nils, the stag saw him, "sprang from his heathery couch in haste," displaying his broad antlers, in one bound cleared the hillock under which he was lying, and disappeared instantaneously in the wood behind it. It was all over in a moment, and the admirable Huy had exhibited his intelligence and woodcraft in vain. Of small avail was it to demonstrate to Nils how easily I could have crawled to within a few yards of the stag, if only we had caught a glimpse of him before he saw us. But we had one consolation, that in finding woodland deer the elk-hound was a distinct success. Under such circumstances one must make the best of poor comfort. Again we debated what to do; we were within fifty yards of the cliff edge. "Shall we see where he go, sir?" inquired Nils. There might possibly be other deer in the same line, and willing to improve my knowledge of the country, I consented. We had not far to go ourselves before we ascertained where the deer had gone. We followed the track for a few hundred yards parallel to the precipice, and then, when the cliff took an abrupt sweeping curve to the right, it led us clean up to the very brink, where it of course disappeared. "I do not know much about red-deer," said Nils, "but I wonder if they can fly." There was some reason for such wonder. From the spot where we stood there appeared to be a sheer descent of some hundreds of feet to the tree-tops below; it is true that jutting points of rock and overhanging bushes prevented our obtaining a positively clear view of what was immediately underneath us. But on the right the cliff curved apparently without a break until it resumed the straight line, and trended away from us in interminable foreshortened perpendicularity. We had no reason for suspecting any interruption in its sheer fall. It was not until some days later, when gazing upwards from the lower forest, that I discovered its face at this point, although terribly steep, to be broken by connected grass slopes and terraces, capable of supporting large trees. I have no doubt that the stag slipped over the edge and descended by this natural ladder, but at the time his evasion was inexplicable. Huy appeared to be as much puzzled as we were; he stood on a projecting slab, gazing into space, and snuffing up the air from the abyss, but I believe that in his heart the little dog knew exactly the truth of the matter; neither to right nor left would he take up the scent, and had we loosed him would probably have shown us the way down without hesitation.

Our present elevation commanded a very fine view over the neighbour-

ing islands and fjords, and the precipitous fjelds of the mainland, now covered with fresh snow, and showing like a lofty range of Alps. But the wind was keen, and I was hungry; I proposed that we should search for some sheltered nook with water handy, and there eat our lunch. With some trouble, after making a long circuit round the bend of the cliff, we discovered on lower ground the very place we wanted, a dry bank, screened from the wind by a ledge of rock and fully exposed to the sun. A tiny ice-cold rivulet trickled at our feet and served to dilute the contents of the whiskey-flask. Over the subsequent pipe we decided to try our luck at a yet higher level, where the growth of Scotch fir ceased and the crest of the hill rose bare above thickets of stunted birch and mountain ash. In half an hour we were again afoot. Not until we faced the breeze, well out on the open moor, did Huy show any indications of having caught scent. Then he began to stop at intervals and throw his nose up and his head back until his ears almost touched his quarters; pressing forward after each halt with greater eagerness. "Very steadily now, Nils, there must be deer on the hillside in front, or in the ravine under it." The said ravine, a shallow gully or trench, itself overgrown with bushes, divided the moor from the brushwood-clad slope mentioned above. Between us and it ran several parallel ribs of rock, over which we crept with exceeding care, taking advantage of perched boulders or cross fissures filled with heather; in the intervening hollows we were well concealed. Huy became at last so keenly demonstrative, snapping his teeth and showing symptoms of what Nils calls "whistling," that I directed the latter to lie down with the dog, whilst I crawled on alone to the crest of the last ridge. Here I got out my field-glasses and peeped over. I at once detected with the naked eye an object moving among the bushes near the edge of the gully, which on examination with the glass proved to be a very large hind. Shortly after a second deer, also a hind, stalked out of the thicket and calmly surveyed the landscape, little suspecting what bloodthirsty eyes were upon her. Then, as I lay, I beckoned to Nils, who sneaked up to me and with much satisfaction took his turn at the glasses. But few Norwegians, except those who live on or near the islands, have ever seen a red-deer, and Nils was always greatly struck with the beauty and symmetry of their proportions as compared with those of the elk. Our hope naturally was that a stag would put in an appearance, and for an hour we crawled and waited and watched—but all in vain. The hinds when first seen were about three hundred yards away, and busily engaged in feeding up the side of the gully. The line of this, as it narrowed, and that of the rock-ridge on our side, gradually converged, so that when the deer reached a little patch of green grass, no doubt due to a spring at the end of the ravine, they were within easy shot, and our disap-

pointment at there not being a stag with them was the greater. There was no use in disturbing them, but the opportunity was good for testing Huy's steadiness; so before quitting our ambush we hoisted the hound up between us on to the rock and let him view the deer. He fixed them in a moment; his ears cocked, his eyes glistened, his lip curled above his fangs, the coil of his tail tightened until it was fit to snap, but he remained perfectly mute, and never stirred an inch until we took him down again. The deer did not notice his grey rigidity. Admirable Huy! Once more our consolation under disappointment was his excellence as a stalker.

And now, after searching the moor carefully with the glass and finding nothing, we stepped out briskly right across it, regardless of wind, and simply determined to see what lay on the other side, for I had forgotten the features of the island in that direction. A single covey of willow grouse, a few black game, a pair of white-tailed eagles wheeling at a great height, and a fox, were the only living creatures we met with. From the farther edge of the moor we looked down into a broad deep glen, with wooded sides and a flat swampy bottom cut by the silver thread of a small stream. At its upper extremity a gloomy little tarn nestled under grey crags. It looked a likely place for deer, and we determined to explore its recesses before long, but the afternoon was beginning to wane, and we were forced to turn our steps towards home, arriving again at the sater on our way just at that hour of fading light when the woods look most solemn and mysterious. As we halted within the enclosure Huy suddenly faced the gentle air which was now stirring, and began to sniff demonstratively. "Perhaps there is some deer coming," whispered Nils; "we might go into the cattle-shed and watch; we shall see if there are any more stags about." The insidious whisper fell upon willing ears; in another minute we had ensconced ourselves noiselessly in the cold, dark building, and were peering, through the round air-holes cut in its timbers, down the slope of the enclosure. Sure enough, before long some deer did come. All at once, like a ghost, a great gaunt hind appeared in the middle of the green—I declare I do not know whence she came—and up to her, as she stood motionless, there glided two other phantoms. Three long-legged apparitions! sudden, noiseless, and hornless! And here I pause to notice a question which I feel sure will be asked: What did you propose to do, or what would you have done, had one of the spectres not been without horns? I must decline to answer; I am not in any way bound to commit myself. For all incidents as set forth in this article I am responsible, but with those that are purely speculative, such as might have occurred, I have nothing to do. Need I point out that by a few strokes of my pen I could convert

one of the hinds into a stag, and gain much credit for chivalrous and sportsmanlike conduct. The situation would be far more dramatic: the monarch of the glen appears at last, the author magnanimously spares him! But I am not for the present a writer of fiction. The three unsuspecting females—but here I may be wrong, for one of the trio was only a calf, but let the point pass—having assured themselves that all was safe, began to feed; and we watched them until it was too dark to see the sight of a—I mean the sight of the innocent creatures in their native freedom; and then prepared to slink out of the back of the premises and be off. But some slight sound we made caught the quick ear of the old hind, who had more than once regarded the cattle-shed with an air of mistrust, and after a long gaze, which may have revealed to her the shadowy face of an Englishman looking through a hole, she trotted slowly to the fence, cleared it, and vanished. Her young companions, no doubt surprised at this abrupt and apparently causeless exit, and loth to leave their supper, lingered behind, whereat she gave utterance to a series of short barks, which rang through the wood like pistol-shots, and must have told any deer within a mile that there was mischief abroad. I can only say that if—and I lay great stress on the hypothetical particle—if I and Nils entered that shed with any murderous or poacherous intent we amply atoned for it during the next two hours, for we lost our way in the darkness, floundered into bogs, tumbled into water-holes, broke our shins over boulders, and knocked our heads against trees, eventually reaching Kalveland—I must speak for myself, for Nils is always cheery and never tired—in a dilapidated condition of mind and body.

But in Norway one soon recovers from one's dilapidations. Once more we three are starting from the house at Kalveland, bent upon the chase of the stag, and full of fresh hope. The weather and the wind have changed, and the day is the reverse of bright and frosty. It has rained all night, as it rained all yesterday, when the hill was impossible owing to the dense mist, and we were compelled to keep to the ground below the cliff, where Huy patiently led us in amongst the grim shades and piled boulders of that weird region, and right up to the lurking-place of a huge solitary hind—always a hind!—who sprang up from her lair on the top of a flat ledge, within easy distance and with a clatter worthy of a lordly stag. And now the sky is of a uniform dreary grey, and heavy clouds capping the summits of the hill threaten a recurrence of the mist and rain. But still, as I say, we set forth full of fresh hope and enthusiasm. A boy who came over early in the morning with a supply of eggs from the next farm, Torset, which lies at the narrowest point of the sound between Skarsö and the mainland, has reported that several deer, with at

AN ISLAND DEER-FOREST.

least one stag amongst them, were seen yesterday in the steep woods overhanging the beach. There is a sater belonging to that farm, and it is probable that the deer will remain somewhere in its vicinity, for the sake of the feed. The ground I know pretty well, as in the old days we used to search it for black-game and caillie; it is awkward to hunt, being broken up into very narrow gorges and dells, divided by very steep banks and rocky knolls, all thickly clothed with wood, and it is impossible to calculate how the wind may be blowing among their intricacies. But we mean to put our trust in Huy and do our best; and, in addition, to make a long circuit, including a visit to a small lake, celebrated among the natives for the number, size, and quality of its trout, but in which I have never had the opportunity of casting line. It is the one chance for the angler that our island affords, for the other tarns are said to be fishless, and there is not a brook large enough to hold aught but the most diminutive troutling. To-day I shall at least see the lake, a sight always a gratification in itself, and perchance another year I may manage to visit it earlier in the season with a rod. We must of necessity travel down wind for a long distance, one way or the other, during the day, and we prefer to do so at starting, so that while working back towards home we may be sustained by hope to the very finish, and avoid the despondent weariness and demoralization apt to be begotten by a long tramp with a certainty of failure; by deliberately playing a losing game, by perpetrating a continuous blunder, by pursuing of free-will the chase of the phantom wild goose—in short, by trying to approach wild creatures down-wind.

"Nils, we must get a stag to-day." Despite his sanguine nature, Nils replies cautiously: "I hope we shall, sir. I am afraid there is not a great many of them about; but the boy says he is sure there is one or two on Torset." And then he goes on to tell me that the man who cuts firewood was in the kitchen last night, and had given him directions how to find a certain pass among the crags, used habitually by the deer, and likely to serve us as a short cut to the higher level of the island. Accordingly, after a time, we discover this staircase, which, without some guidance or knowledge of its whereabouts, might be easily overlooked and passed by. The entrance to it, screened by thickets, is between perpendicular walls of rock, and at first sight appears a *cul-de-sac*, for the cleft takes a turn at a sharp angle, and the subsequent stages of ascent are invisible from without. These are easy enough, requiring only an occasional use of hands and knees, and a total disregard of dirt and yet, for the place, rarely dry, I should say, is now streaming with copious moisture. The tracks of the deer up and down are plain, but none of very recent date, owing probably to the fact that the woodcutter has been at work close by. A load of firewood ready for

transportation to the farm was one of our guiding signs. We have now a long stretch before us until we reach the lake, whence we shall make a bend to the right and face the wind. We trust that any deer we may chance to alarm will retreat on to our homeward beat. But the formations in this part of the island are in such a chaotic condition, so tumbled about and jumbled together, that unless we actually run up against deer, we are as likely as not to pass by and leave them undisturbed within a few hundred yards. At length, after patiently threading our way beneath the trees through dells dense with juniper and heather-clad hillocks, which only require a sun overhead to make them delightful, and disturbing, as far as we know, nothing beside a few black-game and an occasional caillie, who, by his loud and sudden rise, startles me a great deal more than I do him, we emerge into clearer ground, and find that the hollow before us is filled by the beautiful little lake which is the limit of our range to-day. Whilst I am reflecting that I can do no harm by smoking a pipe during our inspection of it, Nils suddenly exclaims, "What was that?" and Huy springs forward. Too late! too late! they are off, and will probably not stop until they reach the recesses of Skardal, the glen into which we looked down yesterday afternoon. Now this is provoking; why should that confounded family of deer have posted themselves just at the turning-point of our march? or why could they not have moved off quietly on our approach, without leaving us with this irritating sense of fresh disappointment? Their tracks, which are, however, very indistinct on the rocky, heathery knoll where they had been standing, prove that they had come from the opposite direction to ourselves. The inequality of the ground, and it may be some cross current of air, probably prevented them from winding us before. Both Nils and I know more about the signs of elk than of red-deer; but we agree that one of the faint markings is that of a small stag, and in this we are confirmed when we descend to the grassy border of the lake, where the tracks, in all probability of the same animals, are distinct enough, and of various dates. The pipe that I smoke here is that of consolation. But, despite my chagrin, I am able to evolve a good deal of admiration for the little sheet of water beside which we stand, and to reflect how serenely and pleasantly one might here pass a summer's day, rod in hand. For all the chilly grey weather it does not look gloomy and repellent, like some tarns; its banks of heather slope gently to the margin, leaving here and there clear spaces between the woodland and the wave, and where it is bounded by rocks, these are but low and in nowise austere. One would say that a very gentle tickling of sunshine would cause it to burst into a smile. I am roused from these and similar charming reflections by a sudden chilly gust, which makes all the sympathetic lakelet shiver like a

living thing that is very cold—in fact, like myself; and at the same moment its surface is smitten into dimples all over by heavy pattering drops of rain, which effectually put to flight my dreams of summer and sunshine. Nils and I agree that we are in for it; the mists are descending on the hills all round, there is every prospect of a soaking afternoon. But still we must carry out our programme. I shall not, however, slowly drag the reader, after my usual merciless fashion, through the next two hours of dripping discomfort and discontent. There is nothing so wet as a wet wood, except water itself; and no wet wood so wet as a Norwegian one; it is the nearest approach to a bath that I know. By the time we reach the shelter of Torset sæter I am drenched to, and I am inclined to believe, through, my skin; but Nils, who prides himself on the impervious quality of Norwegian homespun, discovers, on taking off his coat, about three square inches of fairly dry flannel shirt, and remarks cheerfully that he is “not so very wet after all.” Blessings on all sæters! say I. In ten minutes we have collected and kindled a large pile of wood on the stone hearth of the hut, and are eating our lunch by the delicious blaze. I find that even my pipe is full of moisture; only the contents of match-box, tobacco and cartridge pouches, and, praise be! of the flask, have escaped the deluge. Yes, there is something else which has—a neatly strapped green roll hanging across Nils’ shoulders. This, when opened, reveals a long strip of waterproof canvas—the external covering—a thick woollen jersey, such as navvies wear, a cap, a silken neckerchief, and a bandana. These are my luxuries when hunting in the woods. The canvas, stretched under a pine-tree, supplies me with six feet by two and a half of primarily dry couch whereon to repose; the thick jersey, donned under the waistcoat, converts moisture into warmth; on the at least temporary comfort of dry head, neck, and nose gear there is no need to enlarge. The canvas I do not require to-day, but for the other articles I am truly grateful.

All the way from the lake hither we have come across but a few stale signs of deer. Huy has not given us the least encouragement. And now, on examining the grass round the sæter, we discover none that can be interpreted as at all recent. This is a great blow; it amounts almost to the last straw so fatal to the vertebrae of the camel. I can see that Nils is visibly discouraged; he is a great believer in sæters, regarded as a test of the presence of deer. If they have not been here they must have left the neighbourhood, possibly by crossing the strait to the mainland. When we start again there is a slight change, which I suppose I must call improvement, in the weather. The fierce gustiness of the wind is mitigated to a moderate breeze, the pelting storm of rain to a steady drizzle. But the ardour of the chase is dying out of me; like Bob Acres’ courage, it is

oozing out of the tips of my cold fingers. I regard my ten pounds' weight of rifle as an almost useless burden. How pleasant will be a complete change of clothes, the warm room, the table laid for dinner, and the company of my friend, Charley H——, who is probably undergoing a penance similar to mine in another part of the island. All this time we are progressing doggedly in silent single file, up and down hill, through swamp and brake, without a halt, except when the gallant Huy stops to shake himself, and in the action looks like a trundled mop. Beyond this, to my shame be it said, I do not notice the movements of the dog until, as we are descending a slope which commands a distant view of the crags behind Kalveland, and the grey line of the fjord, Nils turns and says, in a low voice: "I think he smell something; he begin to pull and whistle a little." There is not a doubt about it; the dog is straining down the hill, tossing his head after his own peculiar fashion. It is a thousand to one that he has the wind of deer. Within the next half minute two things occur, commonplace, and yet remarkable from their unexpectedness. The sun, which has given no sign during the last forty-eight hours, suddenly finds a rift in the heavy bank of clouds overhanging the west, and darts through it a ray which illumines, with a strange glare, all the hillside stretching towards Kalveland. At the same moment the breeze bears to our ears a prolonged bellow, which I carelessly attribute to an obnoxious bull which haunts the pastures round the farm. But how plainly one can hear him! we must be much nearer home than I fancied. The same thought strikes Nils. When the bellow is repeated he turns again, and says, "I suppose that is a cow; but how does she come to be so far in the wood?" Even as he speaks the roar bursts forth for the third time, much nearer, and with a peculiar tremulous cadence towards the finish. The truth flashes across me. I grip Nils's shoulder. "It is a big stag," I whisper. "Hurry on to the next ridge before he reaches it." In a few seconds we are down the hill, over the narrow hollow, and up the opposite bank. Here Nils crouches behind a large boulder, and I wriggle forward some yards and look cautiously over the brow. Before me the ground scarcely dips to a level glade with a group of young firs in its centre, and on its farther side a low bank thickly studded with the same trees and capped with protruding ribs of rock. The glade is not a hundred yards across, and in it five hinds are quietly feeding towards me. Some way to the right I can make out among the tree-stems the hind-quarters of a sixth deer, which I feel sure is a young stag; but never did his throat give vent to that long and sonorous bellow. Close as they are, the breeze is blowing strong and steady from the hinds to me, and for the moment I have no fear of detection. I crawl back to Nils and tell him what I have

seen; he must remain where he is with the dog, for the proximity of the hinds may be too much for even Huy's self-possession. Then I return like a reptile to my post of observation. I have hardly regained it before the invisible stag once more proclaims aloud his pride, passion, and defiance. I know now exactly where he is—just over the rocky edge of the bank, but not in a line with the hinds; I must creep some way to the left in order to be opposite to him. This done, I look again to my cartridges and sights, and wait, prone on my face, with the muzzle of the cocked rifle pushed forward through the heather. Ten minutes have passed—will he never appear? The hinds are feeding straight across the glade, the nearest is now not more than thirty yards from my ambush; I shall be ignominiously detected by these plaguy females before their lord reveals himself, Ah! at last! The stag bellows again; slowly above the rock rise his antlers and head, clearly defined against the watery glare of the evening; in another instant his neck and half the shoulder are visible, and then he stands motionless. There is no time to be lost; I expect every moment to hear the startled snort of the nearest hind. My rifle-sight is on the point of his shoulder, I press the trigger, and as the bullet strikes he falls forward and is hidden by the rock, whilst his frightened wives, confused by the near report and ignorant of its cause, flash close by me, the nearest almost within touching distance, and vanish down the glade. But my eyes do not follow them; even while they are passing I realise that the stag has regained his feet and is walking slowly along the bank through the grove of young trees. The light there is very obscure, but I try to pick a clear space among the stems, and give him the second barrel. He stalks a few yards farther, and then begins to lie down as quietly as if he were taking his natural rest. Reloading, I cross the glade to him. As he lies he is so concealed by the young wood that I can scarcely make him out until I am close upon him, when he sees me, and, with a last effort and look of terror and anguish in his eyes, poor beast! springs up, wheels round, and struggles, after receiving a third shot, to the top of the bank. There he falls, rolls over, and stretches himself out. I call Nils, who is still ensconced behind the big boulder, and we go up to find the stag at his very last gasp, with no signs of life beyond a convulsive quivering of the limbs. My first bullet has struck him in the middle of the neck just above the shoulder, inflicting a deadly wound; the second missed him altogether, perhaps deflected by the tree-stems; and the third has entered close to the spine.

He is a very old and heavy stag, absolutely loaded with fat, external and internal; Huy revels in his share of the latter. The farmer who cuts him up the next day and terms him a "forbausende

stor Buk," an astonishingly large stag, declares his clean weight to be eight "vog," or three hundred and twenty pounds English, two pounds short of twenty-three stone. The appliances for weighing at the farm are, however, primitive, and I will not guarantee the accuracy of the figures, although they cannot be far wrong. They might even err on the side of deficiency, for he is certainly an immense beast, and gives Nils and me no small trouble in dragging him half-a-dozen yards into a better position for the gralloch. Owing to age his honours are no longer in their prime, but have apparently been going back for some time. Still the head is sufficiently striking and picturesque, and well worth preserving. Each antler, thick and rough at the base, bears twin tines, scarcely an inch apart, and curving symmetrically over the brow; but above the next point the horns degenerate into single spikes, not in harmony with their first start and curve from the coronet. Only eight points in all: with a view to the trophy, he ought perhaps to have been killed some years ago; but on the difficult subject of red-deer horns I confess to much ignorance. He is very grey about the muzzle and eyes. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the meat—we think a good deal of this in Norway—proves on trial to be excellent, almost equal to the best fallow venison; nothing fatter than his haunch ever came out of Groves's shop. Over the gralloch Nils soliloquises: "If they would all say where they are like this one, we should not have much trouble in finding them." And when he has covered up the carcase with branches, and fastened my spare handkerchief to the topmost twig of a conspicuous young fir to mark the spot, he lights his pipe, and shouldering the head, which he is determined to carry down to the farm, remarks cheerily, while the moisture drips from every angle of his person: "I thought it was raining a little while ago, but now I think it a very fine day." And so strides off, rejoicing under his burden.

And now that I have found, killed, and eaten my stag, and stuffed his head, there is little more to say. I am conscious that this elaborate account of a couple of days' hunting on a Norwegian island must appear but trivial to many who are familiar with the grand simplicity of the records from Highland deer-forests; but as an authentic narrative of genuine wild sport on a small scale it may, I hope, find favour with some readers; and especially with Anglo-Scandinavians, as descriptive of the experimental use of the elk-dog in finding woodland deer. I believe that the experiment was a novel one; I think I may fairly claim that, as far as it went, it was successful.

HENRY POTTINGER.

THE ROAD TO SOCIAL PEACE.

THAT we in England have found a path by which the settlement of the Social Question will be attained peacefully, by evolution rather than by revolution, is the thesis of a remarkable book which has recently proceeded from the pen of Dr. Gebhart von Schulze-Gaevernitz.¹ A grandson of Johann Gottlob Schulze, who at the beginning of the century was professor of rural economics at Jena, Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz studied first under Schmoller and afterwards under Brentano, both names of high renown in the literature of economic science. Germany, according to Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz, although now politically one nation, is still socially two nations. In England, as in Germany, there are rich and poor; but, while in Germany every wearer of a black coat is, in the eyes of the proletariat, a villain and a thief, here in England the various classes of society are, in no small measure, united by the bonds of sympathy and of mutual respect. The influences which have brought about in England a social condition held up by Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz to the envy of his fellow-countrymen are described by him with a rare degree of philosophic insight and with a thorough knowledge of the facts.

Going back to the days antecedent to the social revolution which took place towards the close of the eighteenth century, we find that England was a nation with a population mainly dwelling in the country districts, and with a government in which the reins of power were held in the firm grip of the landowners and of their connections among the commercial classes. For, while the wealth and influence of the aristocracy and the squirearchy were constantly augmented by matrimonial alliances with merchants who had amassed fortunes in the trade carried on with our colonies and dependencies, many county families brought up their cadets to commercial pursuits. The economic doctrine of the age taught that all gain by one man necessarily involved a corresponding loss to some other man; and a mercantile theory of morals preached unabashed the thieves' gospel of "every man for himself." Egotism, clad in the fine linen of respectability, was enthroned on high as the sovereign ruler, *Dei gratia*, of human life.

When, in the latter half of the last and the first ten years of the present century, a change is seen to come over the face of English life, it is from an economic source that the new beginnings take their rise. The industry of the Middle Ages had been mainly local.

(1) *Zum Sozialen Frieden*, Leipzig, Duncker and Humblot, 1890, 2 vols.

What foreign trade there was had enjoyed special privileges, giving it a virtually protected market—a market in which cost of production could be disregarded. Wages were high and never depressed by fluctuations. With the development of the mercantile system came a novel keenness of competition. Cost of production had to be kept down—at the expense of the wage-earners. The old laws regulating the number of apprentices, limiting the hours, and fixing the remuneration of labour were evaded, and finally fell into abeyance. On the one hand, the position of the workers was greatly weakened by the decay of the old trade guilds and by the enactment of new laws against trade combination; on the other hand, the character of the employers was altered. Under the old system of home industries the masters were workmen who had risen, but the factory-owner had never worked with his hands; a novel social order, the *entrepreneurs*, thus came into existence, a distinct employing class. The introduction of machinery driven by steam made industry independent of the rivers and streams; and population, following trade, crowded into the towns. Here great masses of men—men knowing nothing of those common traditions and wholly devoid of those common sentiments which had bound together the burghers of olden time—were collected, but not co-ordinated, citizens without civic life. Thus, parallel with the atomic sociology of the period, we find an atomic condition of society.

The new employer class soon won their way to the possession of paramount power, making use of the positions which the development of local self-government conferred upon them in order to keep the working-classes under their tyrant sway. The administration of justice, whether by the magistrates or the judges, became subservient to the interests of the capitalists. The reformation of the franchise signalled the final defeat of the aristocratic element, and crowned the edifice of commercial and capitalistic supremacy. Nor, while the polity of the nation was day by day falling more and more under the despotic influence of capital, did our political science avoid the pernicious thralldom. Not, indeed, that the founder of our classical political economy was consciously capitalistic. Adam Smith—old-fashioned in this respect—felt keen sympathy for the working-classes. But his followers—Ricardo and the rest—unquestionably regarded all economic problems from the point of view of capital. By this school it is the welfare of the individual that is represented as the aim of human life, enlightened selfishness being held to be the highest of motives. Ignoring the fact that society is composed of a multitude of members almost infinite in the variety of their natures, both the philosophers and the economists of this period speak as if the world were peopled by a collection of units absolutely uniform in all their characteristics; in this aggregation of imagined individuals unre-

beyond this level were vain. In order that the number of the participants in the wages-fund might be kept as small as possible, sexual self-restraint was declared to be a duty to society—a doctrine propounded by a philosopher who, at the same time, repudiates the social feelings as the basis of society, and looks upon the starvation of the needy as the first and most important of natural laws. Consistently with the teachings of Malthus, philanthropy was expressly discouraged on philanthropic grounds; since almsgiving, by decreasing the death-rate, necessarily diminished the remuneration of labour. Nor was it long before the old poor laws of Elizabeth, founded upon the obligation once supposed to be incumbent on the State to provide for the poor, were abrogated in favour of the legislation of 1834—legislation of which the direct aim was to make poverty deterrent, and which was acclaimed with boundless enthusiasm as “a step to no poor law at all.” In this manner did the ruling classes conceive that they had solved the social problem. What had in reality been achieved was the division of the English people into “the two nations” of Disraeli’s *Sybil*.

Never yet in the history of the world had the lower orders of society been plunged into an abyss of misery so profound as that into which the working-classes of England sunk in the first half of the present century. To aggravate the difficulties of our own industrial population, swarms of Irish, people with a standard of comfort almost incredibly low, crowded into the centres of English industry. At the same time the continual improvements in labour-saving machinery enormously increased the number of the unemployed. Wages fell to starvation point; while the hours of labour were extended to the most cruel length. The employer exercised an unbounded domination, compelling his workmen to purchase their supplies in shops belonging to their master at any price which he chose to fix, to live in cottages for which he exacted exorbitant rents, and from which his caprice might at any moment eject them, and to risk their lives, from hour to hour, in tending dangerous machinery which his callous parsimony allowed to remain without the slightest protection. Cheap as was the labour of men, it was yet too dear for the taste of the factory-owners. Out of a total of 419,560 factory operatives employed in England in 1844, there were 242,296 females, of whom no less than 112,192 were under the age of eighteen years; while the number of males over that age was only

96,569. When we learn that it was usual for women to continue working almost up to the very hour of parturition, and to return to the factory within eight days after child-birth, we can easily understand how it was that in these evil days the physique of the working-classes exhibited—as irrefragable evidence proves that it did—the most grave deterioration. As to the intellectual position of the workers, it is not too much to say that they were left in a state of savage ignorance. Home life, under these circumstances, there could be none: drunkenness and immorality were universal: thrift was unheard of. Patriotism found no place in the hearts of the toilers in our factories, our fields, or our mines. The church neglected their spiritual, the great world paid no heed to their material requirements. Crime grew apace. Between 1805 and 1835 convictions in England and Wales increased five-fold; in Lancashire, while the population doubled itself in these thirty years, the number of offences kept on steadily doubling itself every five and a half years. Strikes and riots, especially riots against the introduction of machinery, were frequent.

It was during the period just described that for the first time there arose in England a party aiming at a social revolution—the Chartists. Anticipating the Marxian theory of value, the Chartists from the outset proclaimed that labour, as the creator of all wealth, had a paramount claim upon the enjoyment of wealth. Property owed its existence to social conventions, and the sole basis of all social conventions is the welfare of the individual; that is to say, of the majority of the individuals who are included in the social aggregate, “the greatest happiness of the greatest number.” This new labour party declined to be captured by the Radicals, or to fetter itself by alliance with any political party. Even in the Corn Law agitation the Chartists took no part. Separate in their practical action, Radicalism and Chartism yet rest upon the same theoretical basis. Both movements are utilitarian, for the goal of both is the happiness of the individual—the abstract, imagined individual, of whom both alike speak. Both are rationalist, in this at any rate, that both consider all men to be identical in their mental and moral characteristics, and conceive that out of these men, such as they are to-day, it is possible, by a mere re-arrangement of purely political relations, to construct the ideal society.

The Chartist agitation, breaking out again and again with ever increasing vigour in the years 1840—50, filled the minds of our public men with presage of inevitable revolution. Still, the last thing to occur to the public was the idea that the existing social disorders had their root in social conditions, for which the ruling classes were in a great measure responsible. So long, indeed, as all social conditions were regarded from the point of view of a

purely capitalistic political economy, it was impossible for such an idea as this to present itself. Any attempt at legislating for the protection of the working-classes was necessarily inconsistent with that cardinal doctrine of the orthodox faith, the doctrine that the unfettered liberty of the individual is the one great requisite for the welfare of the nation at large.

The first step in the advance from the prevalent Individualism to a new, social conception of society was made by Thomas Carlyle. In point-blank opposition to the dominant acceptance of self-regard as the sole and sufficient foundation of the social fabric, Carlyle taught that the rock upon which the whole structure of society rests is religion; and by religion Carlyle meant the victory of love for others over love of self. Social progress consists in the gradual socialisation of mankind.

How far-reaching has been the influence of Carlyle's attack upon the individualist theories of men like Malthus and Bentham, will be obvious, if we consider what to-day are those social questions which stand in the forefront of all our modern thought. Carlyle it was who first gave its proper place to the condition-of-the-people question; Carlyle it was who pointed out that social life in England had degenerated into an anti-social struggle for existence, in which the sole social bond was "the cash-nexus." Carlyle it was who declared that, just as the owner of a horse found himself under the necessity of providing food for his beast through the winter, though he could then find no work for it to do, so too was it the bounden duty of the nation, in seasons of industrial depression, to protect against the pangs of poverty the reserve army of industry, the unemployed. Carlyle's were the words, which ring with clarion sound in the ears of the working-classes to-day (I find them at the head of the report of their recent strike issued by the London Barge Builders), "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work. It is as just a demand as governed men ever made of governing. It is the everlasting right of man."

The secret of Carlyle's remarkable influence upon the thought of the English nation lies in this, perhaps, chiefly, that in the pursuit of his social ideal Carlyle never for one moment loses sight of practical considerations. He demanded for the worker a fair wage; but he pointed out—a truth then new to the world—that extra expenditure in wages recoups itself by improving the productive power of the worker. For Carlyle, no dream of a co-operative system in which the employing class should be dispensed with was possible. At the same time, Carlyle advocated, as a measure no less expedient than equitable, that "the captain of industry" should secure the loyal co-operation of the rank and file by giving to his workmen a financial interest in the success of his business, "so that

it become in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever is, a joint enterprise"; and the passage in which these words occur is cited in his essay on *Christianised Commerce* by Mr. William Walker, a large employer of labour, and one of the pioneers of the new impulse, which has, within the last two years, placed this Empire at the head of the world in regard to the number of its profit-sharing firms. Too much occupied with immediate practical reform to elaborate the conception of an ideal state in which all abuses should be summarily swept away by the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the popular suffrage, Carlyle incessantly urged the immediate necessity of a radical change in the aims and methods of the existing British government. For Carlyle the true object of all government is, above all things, a practical object—the ordering of the welfare of society as a whole, and, first and foremost, the industrial regimentation of the unemployed. "Good Heavens, it is not preventive grace, or the colour of the Bishop's nightmare, that is pinching us; it is the impossibility to get along any farther for mountains of accumulated dung, and falsity, and horror; the total closing-up of noble aims from every man, of any aim at all, from many men, except that of rotting out in idle workhouses an existence below that of beasts!" The repeal of the Corn Laws, the enactment of the Factory Acts, and of the Public Health Acts, compulsory education, both mental and physical, the State regulation of emigration, the reform of the land laws, and the employment by the State of the workless—all these practical measures did our great philosopher with forcible utterance of plainest speech demand from a people practical beyond others and never deaf to honest and outspoken convictions. And thus it came to pass that Carlyle, although he can scarcely be deemed to have founded a distinct school of social philosophy, yet became a veritable beacon of progress—a beacon whose divergent rays have illuminated minds of many and diverse types, so that among all the men of light and leading who in these latter days have set themselves to combat the anti-social conception of society dominant in the preceding century, there are few indeed who do not exhibit most conspicuous traces of Carlyle's influence. Roughly, these anti-individualist reformers may be divided into two groups: we have, on the one side, those who propose the gradual improvement, on the other, those who insist on the necessity of the complete reconstruction, of society. Among movements of the conservative type we find the Christian Socialism of F. D. Maurice and his followers and Industrial Co-operation, the offspring of this Christian Socialism; further, the University Movement, which we may link with the names of Charles Lowder and Arnold Toynbee. To the radical type belong the Positivists and our modern Socialists.

The Co-operation of to-day is the child of the early Christian Socialism; but an adopted child only. For the true parent of Co-operation was Robert Owen. All the same, it is to its foster-parents that Co-operation owes its vigorous growth, if not its very life. For, while it is its social conceptions that have been the source of its successful development, the basis, upon which Owen tried to build up the edifice of Co-operation, was the old, anti-social doctrine of the classical economists. Like William Thomson, the first among economic writers to advocate co-operative associations, Owen was materialist, utilitarian, individualist. Beyond contest is it that, without the impulse given by the Christian Socialists, the co-operative movement initiated by Owen would have succumbed to the countless difficulties by which its early days were surrounded. Far removed indeed from the individualist conceptions of Robert Owen was the thought of those, under whose banner Co-operation marched to victory. "The death of Christ," Maurice writes to his sister, "is actually and literally the death of you and me, and of the whole human race; the absolute death and extinction of our selfishness and individuality . . . To believe that we have any self is the devil's lie. Let us believe, then, what is the truth and no lie, that we *are* dead, actually, absolutely dead: and let us believe further that we *are* risen, and that we have each a life, our only life—a life not of you nor me, but a universal life in Him. He will live in us, and quicken us with all life and all love: will make us understand the possibility, and, as I am well convinced, experience the reality of loving God and loving our brethren." The love of our fellow-men, not enlightened self-regard; Co-operation, not Competition, will save society. These are the conceptions which have stimulated and directed the life-work of men such as Maurice, Kingsley, Ludlow, Thomas Hughes, and Vansittart Neale, men whose influence has been the very soul of the co-operative movement. That Co-operation should have persuaded a large section of the English working-classes to purchase their supplies for cash instead of on credit, and should have thereby virtually increased their income by more than £3,500,000 a year, is, no doubt, a highly satisfactory result.¹ But it was not this result that the Christian Socialists had in view. Their aim was the re-organisation, upon a co-operative basis, of productive, rather than of distributive, industry. They desired, not so much to crush out by competition a number of industrious shop-keepers, as to re-organise labour upon a basis from which competition

(1) Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz points out that the saving effected by the co-operative system has not been accompanied by any diminution in the wages of the co-operative working-men, and asks whether this fact is not a triumphant refutation of the prophecy of Lassalle, based upon the supposed "iron law of wages," that any such augmentation of the purchasing power of wages must necessarily result in a corresponding fall in wages.

should be altogether eliminated. It is true that, out of a total of more than one million co-operators, not more than fifteen thousand are employed in "co-operative" workshops; and that nine-tenths of the so-called "co-operative" production is carried on upon the old, non-co-operative lines, the workers being denied all share in the profits. But, although Co-operation, in spite of its loud professions of social, "anti-competitive" principles, has, as a matter of actual fact, done next to nothing towards abolishing, or even improving, the normal, "competitive" wage-system, yet the influence for good exercised by the co-operative movement in this country cannot easily be over-estimated. Co-operation has, from the first, perceived the immense value of education; and the lectures and discussions organised by our working-men co-operators, their libraries, their concerts, their industrial exhibitions, and so on, find their parallel nowhere else in the wide world. But, apart from all conscious attempts at self-instruction, one principal advantage which accrues from the ownership by working-men of joint-stock undertakings is the necessity which constantly arises for the consideration by the shareholders of questions of practical business management. Thus, for a working-man to be a co-operator is, of itself, almost a liberal education. When we think how frequently it occurs in disputes between labour and capital that questions arise, for the satisfactory solution of which a clear comprehension of business affairs is absolutely indispensable, and remember that at least 12 per cent. of the total population of Great Britain are already connected with the co-operative movement, we shall realise how powerfully the development of associated industry makes for social peace.

While in no other land has the great principle of self-improvement by self-help taken so vigorous a hold upon the mind of the working classes as in this country, the desire to help the working-classes to improve their position has in a unique manner been exhibited by the more cultured sections of English society. Side by side with the efforts of Maurice, Kingsley, and the other Christian Socialists, we have the work of men like Lowder—a noble example of the sacrifice of self upon the altar of social duty. We have our Christchurch, Eton, and other missions; our religious brotherhoods (such as that of St. John the Evangelist) and sisterhoods (such as that of St. John the Baptist); we have, again, our Young Men's Christian Associations, with their numerous and varied educational opportunities, and our Sunday Schools, with their six millions of scholars; while pre-eminent among the many distinguished leaders of culture who have laboured in the same field, we find the glowing eloquence of Ruskin, the profound teachings of T. H. Green, and the most potent and beneficent personality of Arnold Toynbee. Of Toynbee it is not too much to say that, by his example, even more

than by his speeches and writings, he founded the new school of thought which, seeing in the material improvement of the conditions of industry a necessary preliminary to the moral amelioration of the working-classes, stands at all times in the closest sympathy with every effort having for its object to raise the standard of comfort among our wage-earners.

The relation in which Toynbee stood to the thought of the Christian Socialists, may best be explained by saying that, while by them competition is regarded as an unmitigated evil, by Toynbee free competition, duly controlled by religion and morality, was viewed as a lever, by which men might be raised to higher things. The historical development of mankind consists in the progress from natural groups (such as the family, the clan, &c.) to Individualism (competition and the cash-nexus), and again from Individualism to moral groups, to the co-operative association upon equitable terms of the different members of the social body. If each shall subdue his own narrow self to a conscious subordination to the wider self of all ; if, by self-surrender for the common good, the part shall win its way to unity with the whole, then will the ultimate goal be reached. Individualism will have become social.

The fruits of his intellect Toynbee shared freely with the working-classes, living his life in their midst ; and, learning in his turn much from his horny-handed friends, the youthful philosopher—Toynbee died at thirty-one—got to know the working-man as no student of social and industrial reform had ever known him before. And soon the pioneer footsteps of Arnold Toynbee were followed by an ever-increasing number of University men, at once competent and willing to teach and anxious to learn. Oxford House at Bethnal Green, with its workmen's clubs, its national sports, its concerts, its dances, its debating society, Shakespeare readings, classes, lectures, library, and other numerous opportunities for rational recreation and instruction ; Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel, that splendid centre of social activity, which, working on the same lines as Oxford House, at once serves to spread culture and to cultivate self-respect among the masses, and provides to students of social science the means of acquiring practical knowledge of the highest value, these are institutions which, together with our People's Palace, our Polytechnic Institutes, our colleges for working men and women, our mechanics' institutes, our University Extension lectures, our Home Reading Union, our recreative classes, and our sanitary aid committees, most deservedly receive the commendation of an inquirer, who finds in this England of ours so much that is wanting on the Continent, and who, while he can see there no other outlook than revolution, beholds us here well advanced on the path which leads without disorder or violence to social peace.

So far we have been dealing with the more or less Conservative wing of the English social movement. We come now to the radical elements in English thought, Positivism and Socialism.

Positivism is neither a philosophic dogma nor a political platform. Positivism is a religion. Refusing to consider science, as it was considered by the philosophy of the last century, as an end in itself, Positivism regards science as subordinate to the needs of human life. Political action, on the other hand, directed to the material improvement of the individual by means of legislative enactments, is no longer deemed, as so many social reformers of the old school had deemed it, the chief instrument of social progress. The regeneration of society can then only be looked for, when the reformation of the inner life of each member of the social organism shall have been accomplished; for organic growth cannot be brought about by mechanical means. True growth consists in a gradual development of all the parts of the organic whole, taking place with due observance of the law of continuity. That the existing conditions of society are immoral, is recognised by the Positivists as fully as by the most advanced Socialists. In particular, the doctrine that "a man may do what he likes with his own," as it is understood to-day, meets with the resolute reprehension of Positivism. "*La richesse est sociale dans sa source et doit l'être aussi dans son application*," said Comte; and this maxim he applies no less to intellectual gifts than to material possessions. Of all that a man hath, is he steward, bound to devote his means and his abilities to the service of humanity. Not until this truth shall have been implanted in the hearts and in the minds of men, will it be possible for society to find salvation.

While the Positivists, not believing that moral truth can be implanted by Act of Parliament, place but little confidence in the power of legislation to promote the amelioration of mankind, they are by no means blind to the advantage that accrues from collective action; and the greatest, perhaps, of all the many services which English Positivism has rendered to the cause of social peace, is the invaluable assistance given by men like Henry Crompton and Frederic Harrison to the cause of Trade Unionism. To Frederic Harrison, above all others, our working-classes owe that liberty of combination, their right to which he with so much energy and ability defended, when Trade Unionism was on its trial before the Commission of 1867—1869. Without the faintest exaggeration it may be said, that the legislation in favour of the trade unions, which ensued as the result of this Commission, has saved England from a sanguinary revolution, otherwise absolutely inevitable.

Turning now to the Socialist movement in England, we remark that, although the development of the Socialist conceptions into a

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definite system is due to continental writers, yet the foundations of the structure are of distinctly British origin. The economic thought of Marx and of Engels is the logical outcome of the classical school of English political economy; while, so far as their criticism of the results produced by the existing Individualism is concerned, both these writers coincide in the most complete manner with Carlyle, whose utterances Engels constantly cites. There exists, however, between these German leaders of Socialism and our great English philosopher a divergence worthy of special note. Carlyle—in common with Comte—not only criticises the prevalent individualist sociology, but substitutes in its place a novel conception—a conception in which the principal stress is laid upon the inner spiritual regeneration of men as the indispensable preliminary to the external reorganisation of social relations. On the other hand, Socialism still adheres to the old, anti-social, individualist conception. "Socialism is merely Individualism rationalised, organised, clothed, and in its right mind" (*Fabian Essays in Socialism*, p. 105). Socialism—in striking contrast to the Idealism of Carlyle and of Comte—is frankly materialist, being primarily and mainly "the scheme of an industrial system for the supply of the material requisites of human social existence" (*Ib.* p. 102): for "the great world moves, like the poet's snake, on its belly" (Sidney Webb, *Progress of Socialism*, p. 5). The existing social relations are condemned by the Socialists, not as opposed to the divine purpose of the universe, or as inconsistent with the everlasting rights of man; they disclaim all "familiarity with the intentions of the Creator and the natural rights of man" (*Fabian Essays*, p. 104); but as repugnant to common sense. And by "common sense" the Socialists, whose conception of the exclusive end of all human activity is "the desire of personal relief or satisfaction," mean us to understand the common selfishness of the numerical majority. Consistently with these ideas, the Socialists lay the principal stress upon legislation, the forcible and complete subordination of the will of the half *minus* one to the will of the half *plus* one being regarded as the one thing needful for our social salvation.

In considering the position occupied by Socialism in this country it is important to observe that English Socialism derives its power for good or for evil mainly from the alliance which it has succeeded in effecting with our great industrial organisations. Of the ultimate consequences, which may be expected to accrue in relation to the solution of the social question from that fusion of the Socialist and the trade union elements, to which the name of "the New Trade Unionism" has been given, it is too early to speak with confidence. The distinct opinion expressed by both Professor Brentano and Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz is, that the development of the New Trade

Unionism will make powerfully for social peace. And in this opinion we may find valid reasons for concurring. Socialism will, doubtless, extend its hold upon Trade Unionism. But Trade Unionism, thus captured, will, in its turn, "capture its savage conqueror." Socialism, allied with Trade Unionism, will become, if not conservative, at any rate opportunist. For the trade union combinations constitute the most powerful bulwark of conservative and opportunist progress in this country.

This is a view of Trade Unionism sufficiently at variance with widely diffused conceptions to demand a brief justification. The current idea of a trade union is that of a combative combination, from whose action nothing that makes for peace is to be expected. This idea, though without foundation in fact, is yet a very natural one. For, while the inconvenience caused by industrial warfare is keenly felt by the community at large, and while strikes form the stirring subject of almost daily comment in the press, the pacific settlement of labour questions by arrangements freely entered into between the trade unions and the employers escapes almost completely the notice of the public. And yet in the world of industry "Peace hath her victories:" would only that these victories were—as they deserve to be—"no less renowned than war!" Then would the public understand, what so many careful students of social reform have long perceived, that industrial warfare is the sure sign, not of the presence, but of the absence, of effective trade union organisation. Those who condemn the trade unions as promoters of strife, must surely be unacquainted with the elaborate and successful arrangements for the settlement of labour disputes which prevail in many of our most important industries; with the delicate self-acting machinery of the sliding-scale; and with those boards of conciliation which form so invaluable a buffer between the conflicting interests of labour and capital; or must ignore the undeniable fact that none of these powerful securities for the maintenance of social peace could by any possibility exist, if it were not for the presence in these trades of thoroughly effective trade unions. Take the cotton industry. In this industry a regular sliding-scale is practically impossible; all the same, the object of a sliding-scale, that is to say, the establishment of a standard scale of wages, adjusted from time to time in such a manner that the operatives are enabled, without striking for an advance, to share with their employers in the advantage of prosperous trade, is admirably attained; the wage-standard being varied, as the circumstances require, by means of amicable negotiations between the respective organisations of the masters and of the men, or by the decision of a joint committee of delegates nominated on each side. Nowhere is trade union combination more vigorous than in Oldham; and in no other centre of English industry, Mr. Samuel

Andrew, secretary of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, told the British Association in 1887, are labour disputes disposed of with so much fairness all round and with so little friction as in Oldham. When we consider the important part played by Oldham in relation to the cotton trade, containing, as it does, as many spindles as all the rest of the world put together, and recollect that the settlement of a question in regard to the Oldham wages-list also settles the remuneration of labour in numerous other districts (in which, by agreement between the combinations of the masters and of the men, wages follow the Oldham scale), this statement cannot but be regarded as a striking testimony to the marked degree in which the perfection of trade union organisation contributes to promote the cause of social peace.

To resume our consideration of the probable effects of the fusion between Socialism and Trade Unionism, let us remark the action of these same cotton operatives in regard to the Socialist proposals for the State regulation of industry. Nothing could savour more strongly of conservative caution than the vigorous opposition offered by the trade unions of the cotton operatives to the proposed Eight Hours Bill. At the same time, when they see a case in which interference with the conditions of industry is required, and in which the necessary result cannot be secured by combination among the workers, then these trade unionists do not hesitate for a moment to call in the assistance of the Legislature; as in the case of the recent Act regulating the amount of moisture in weaving-sheds. The question of the desirability of State interference is to be settled in each case on its merits; this is the cautious, moderate view of English trade unionists, who, while they are very far from believing that all collective action on the part of the community is inevitably fatal to the well-being of the nation, are no less free from the delusion that all social evils can be remedied, without any troublesome necessity for the exercise of self-reliant energy or any call for self-sacrifice, by the sole and simple process of popping a vote into a ballot-box, just as you drop a copper into the slot when you want an automatic machine to work. This spirit of conservative and opportunist progress it is with which, since they have joined forces with our great trade organisations, our English Socialists are gradually becoming inoculated. There is no more typical English Socialist than John Burns. Mark, then, the conversation with Burns recorded by Professor Brentano in the highly interesting *critique* of the New Trade Unionism which he contributes to the volumes now under review. Soon after the close of the London Dock Strike the distinguished author of *Arbeitergilden der Gegenwart* asked Burns whether he was prepared to go in for the nationalisation of all the instruments of production. "Whether," replied Burns, "all the

instruments of production will ultimately be nationalised or not, I don't know. That depends upon developments beyond my power to influence. What has got to come in this direction, has got to come, and will come about all the same, if I am for it or against it. What we have to do here and now, is to organise the unfortunate unskilled workers." I remember myself putting the very same question about the same time to another well-known Socialist agitator. "If," said Champion, "those things are to come, they cannot come just yet. For the next fifty years we have got our work cut out for us—practical work like this" (we were busy organising trade unions for women in East London). "Don't let us waste our time in settling what is to happen so long ahead." It is the spread of ideas like these which explains the significant fact that, notwithstanding the very considerable proportion of the delegates at the last Trades Union Congress who were avowed Socialists, yet a motion in favour of "the nationalisation of land, shipping, railways, and other means of production," was lost by 363 votes to 55. Collective ownership is regarded by our eminently practical trade unionists as "up-in-the-air balloon-work." Thus there are grounds for the belief that, in order to preserve and to extend the footing which Socialism has secured in the English Labour Movement, our Socialists of the "forward" school will find themselves compelled to avoid giving undue prominence to those points in their programme most likely to excite aversion in minds suspicious of rashness and inimical to revolution.

That a radical alteration in the main conditions of our social life is desirable, very many of us admit; that such an alteration is inevitable, few will deny. Society must, and will, be reconstituted upon a juster and a firmer foundation than its present anti-social basis. But in England, at any rate, the most ardent of social reformers, to whatever section of society they may belong, are beginning to understand that "the more haste, the less speed," and to recognise that the sole form of force, which is a real remedy, is moral force—the paramount power of a spiritual awakening, spreading wider day by day its beneficent influence. Not by spasmodic rushes over the "short-cuts" of revolution, but by a steady progress along the high-road of evolution will the goal be reached, *pedetentim et sedato nisu*, by orderly growth and pacific development.

DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

THE FARMS AND TROTTING-HORSES OF KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY is a country so celebrated for its famous bluegrass and its breed of horses, that every one who visits America from this side of the water, and is in any way interested in farming, invariably turns his steps to this portion of the Southern States. On a previous visit to the United States I had formed the resolve of running down one day to Louisville and seeing something of this country. Last autumn I was able for the first time to accomplish my purpose, and taking the night train from New York Central Depôt, found myself the following evening—after one of those comfortable journeys in a Pullman sleeper which is the luxury of railway travelling in the States—at Cincinnati, and on the morning succeeding reached Lexington, which is five hours by rail from Cincinnati. Now Lexington is, as all my readers are aware, the centre of the so-called bluegrass region. In appearance it may be compared to one of our large market towns, such as Selby in Yorkshire. It has an antiquated air, with a stamp of farming about it rather than the usual appearance of manufacturing prosperity which is the feature of New England towns. Saddlers' shops and stores peep out all along the High Street, denoting the character of the customers who frequent the place. The immense hotel, with its large hall and central iron stove, is frequented by a crowd of persons of unmistakably sporting appearance. The commercial traveller—in America called "drummer"—who constitutes the majority among the loungers in the halls of New England hotels, is completely absent, and the crowd consists solely, so far as one can observe, of persons who have come from other parts to visit the horse farms of Kentucky, or of local farmers and breeders who have come into the town to chat and compare notes much in the same way as the British farmer is wont to turn up at the "Crown and Cushion" on a local market-day in England to discuss farming and other topics with his friends and neighbours.

Now Lexington in Kentucky has a history that dates back a little over one hundred and fifty years. The original English colonists who reached this portion of Kentucky, came there from the South in this wise. The stream of emigrants, gradually moving downwards through the fertile State of Pennsylvania after crossing the Potomac and reaching the Shenandoah valley, found itself trending forwards between the Alleghanies. This emigration flowed on between the

two great chains of the Alleghanies, right through the present State of Tennessee. To the north lie the impenetrable forest of West Virginia, East Kentucky, and the Cumberland mountain range, while, some fifty miles south, across the broad valley, are the Smoky Mountains, separating this country from the low mountain ranges and the district beyond which bears upon the great cotton belt of the Southern States. Hunters and enterprising explorers had pushed forward from time to time into the great Northern forest I have spoken of, and among them was a man called Daniel Boone, born in 1734, and he it was who first blazed a track through the great forest of Kentucky. Passing through the Cumberland gap of the Northern mountains I have spoken of he pushed through the Northern forest, and after much difficulty and months of hunting and adventures and fights with savage Indians, he entered the great country beyond. This open country was covered with animals—deer, buffalo, and game of every description—and was in fact the choicest hunting-ground of all the Indian tribes both of the Southern States and right away into far Ohio, so that Indians from every quarter used to hunt in this forest for the game on which they lived. Daniel Boone, who was followed by other pioneers, among whom was Lincoln, from whom the famous president was descended, penetrated this great Southern forest and emerged into the open grass lands beyond. These and later explorers first established colonial settlements amidst this fertile region, but so dangerous was their life that in the first few years alone over one thousand five hundred persons were killed in fights and skirmishes with the Indian tribes. There was no means of communication eastwards with any portion of New England. Large masses of savage Indian tribes lay between the New England States and the Kentucky settlements; the country to the north, which now comprises the State of Ohio, was also peopled with Indian tribes, and the only means of access southwards was along the forest track of over three hundred miles which Boone had blazed out for the early explorers.

The reason for the fertility of Lexington and the surrounding district is easy to understand when one looks at a geological map. The blue Trentham limestone here comes up to the surface, and for twenty miles round Lexington as a centre, this blue Trentham limestone is the basis of the soil. Farther from Lexington the character of the limestone changes, and instead of being composed entirely of phosphatic limestone, a considerable admixture of siliceous matter occurs which reduces the strength of the soil and renders it more suitable for corn and tobacco than for simple grazing and cultivation of bluegrass. The whole of the Alleghany limestone is rich in phosphorus derived from marine sources, and

under the action of the air it slowly disintegrates and forms new soil. This limestone is generally not only rich from its marine deposits containing phosphorus, but is particularly fertile from its potash for corn crops and high-class farming.

In Kentucky, although the stock-farming is mostly in horseflesh, the method of agriculture so far as the soil goes is primitive beyond conception from an English point of view. I was shown a field near Woodburn that had been cultivated for twenty years, and it had never had a load of manure on it; indeed all over the country there is no attempt to manure land. The soil is of unlimited depth, and if it becomes what they call "tired," it is sown with English Timothy grass which restore it; in fact, the custom of farming round Lexington seems to be to grow crops of hemp, oats, or corn, and then lay down with Timothy grass, which in the course of a few years is choked out by the heavier native bluegrass, and when this gets too tall and rank they plough it up and repeat the process. In three years, the bluegrass will kill all competitors and make a heavy turf. The Kentucky man does not graze down his pasture, but leaves it to turn brown under the Indian summer of November, and his horses and cattle live through the whole winter in magnificent condition on the standing hay-crop. Practically no housing is necessary, except for young stock at night; and only a few enclosures and fences, and a few open field byres for special animals and the young ones are required. The Kentucky land-owner can easily work his farm with scarcely any labour at all. It is a rolling country, like our own Derbyshire, with splendid park-lands of oak, beech, maple, and ash, divided into fields of forty to eighty acres, with hard macadamised roads, while here and there over every three hundred or five hundred acres presides an old red-brick dwelling, not wanting in stateliness or magnificence or size, with a white-painted Greek or Peristyle order of architecture in front. The out-buildings are large, generally of wood, and dotted round with huge snake fences, while the grass stretches away on all sides, and a heavy five-barred gate on the turnpike road marks the commencement of the winding path that leads up to the farm mansion a few fields away. Horses innumerable are to be seen in every field; also Southdown sheep and Short-horns; but the horse is the animal for which everything else is given up, and round Lexington, within a radius of twenty miles, over two hundred and thirty farms, of three hundred to five hundred acres each, are devoted entirely to the breeding of trotting and race-horses.

And here I must say something of the horse stock of the country; and by horse stock I mean the "ground-pan" of the breed, such as we find it in the country traps and in the shafts of the small farmers'

waggon. This class of horse in the Southern States is decidedly superior to our English half-breed. The American horse has more blood and is, I should fancy, a mixture of the Spanish mustang, the Indian pony, and the English thoroughbred. His ancestry is, no doubt, obscure, but his general features all point to this origin of his blood. The English horse, on the other hand, is slow, heavy, and sluggish. He has a gross head with a tendency to strong hair about the heels, and evidently the basis of his pedigree is the old English dray-horse and pack animal of pre-civilised times, when horse-litters and heavy waggon were the only modes of conveyance across uncultivated country. The later refinement of the thoroughbred—a kind of varnish of civilisation—has been superimposed on this original structure; there is none of the toughness of fibre combined with the qualities of force and endurance which are characteristic of what I call the “ground-pan” horse of the American breed. I am obliged to make this comparison in order to explain the origin of the trotting-horse, which is lineally descended from, or at any rate was originally crossed with this mixed-bred country animal. There is an old horse, Harold, who stands at the head of Mr. Alexander’s famous stud at Woodburn, Kentucky. This horse was born in 1864; he was by Hambletonian out of Enchantress by Abdallah. Now Abdallah was by the English thoroughbred racehorse, Samson, and Abdallah’s dam was simply a fast-trotting mare of the old coaching times—what I call the “ground-pan” breed. Hambletonian was a fast trotter, also by Abdallah. Now Harold, stately horse that he is, unmistakably displays his plebeian origin, and offers a wide contrast to Lord Russell, brother to the famous Maud S., at Woodburn, a splendid representative of the intelligent and patient work that has been going on in Kentucky under the guidance of Mr. Alexander, Mr. Brodhead, and Colonel McDowell of Lexington, and other breeders, whom I have not the honour of knowing. Lord Russell has the appearance of a thoroughbred English racehorse, only that he has grand loins and deep hips, and the breadth from hip point to hock displays the trotting blood of his great ancestor, Abdallah. This length of structure from hip to hock is a characteristic of the trotting-horse. This gives him a power of swinging in his gait and springing over the ground rather than simply trotting stride by stride. Lord Russell is a son of Harold out of Miss Russell, dam of Maud S., Nutwood, and many others. Now Miss Russell is by Pilate Junior, and her dam is Sally Russell by Bostonian, who was the sire of the famous Lexington. Sally Russell is out of Maria Russell. Maria Russell is by Miss Sheppard, whose sire was Stockholder, and so on back to English pure pedigree racehorses. Now it would be useless for me to try and give an exposition of the leading features of the

trotting-horse and the various prize strains. I must assume it by saying that the one valued condition of a trotting pedigree is the result of the progeny "*on the side of the dam.*" Success of the dams is the test of value, and, speaking generally, from £500 to £1,000 is a reasonable price for a yearling or untried two-year-old. The highest price I have ever heard of being given for any one animal is £20,000. The value of the product of the dam rises according as her previous offspring rise in their performances in the trotting-ring. I have mentioned Mr. Alexander's farm at Woodburn, and I take the work done there as illustrative of the American trotting-horse generally. Woodburn is a magnificent stretch of bluegrass land, eighteen miles from Lexington and twelve from Frankfort, and possesses splendid specimens of racing thoroughbreds (the dam of Foxhall), of Southdown sheep, of Shorthorns—all Duchesses and Waterloos, and some of the finest-bred trotters in all America. These animals are all reared on the 3,500 acres where live Mr. Alexander and his partner and manager, Mr. Brodhead. The firm sold in trotting and racing stock last year over £20,000 worth of yearlings and two-year-olds bred on the spot. There are no elaborate buildings, the animals all roam free, and there are but a few covered stables and stallion paddocks to be seen in the way of accommodation and enclosure. The land breeds a class of animals that I have never seen surpassed for bone and stamina, although—I speak in parenthesis—I am no judge of racehorses; but I fancy our English breeders will have to come here some day to find blood to keep up the stamina and breed of the English racehorse, sooner or later. One peculiarity of the American trotter is his docile character, and this is owing largely to the kindness with which he is treated. He is easily broken to harness and is trained to start off at his full stride by a simple tightening of the rein or a word from the driver. The trotter of to-day is the result of forty years of breeding. The breed was, as I have described, crossed with English thoroughbred stock and thereby vastly improved in speed and quality. The trotter of forty years ago was as often as not a pacer and not a trotter—that is to say, he went with both legs on one side at the same time. This defect had often to be remedied, partly by breeding and partly by education, such as the use of weights fastened to the front feet when the horses are being what is called "gaited" or taught. A good modern trotter is virtually a thoroughbred. He is produced now from trotting sires used for three or four generations on English thoroughbred mares, so that the modern pedigree shows three or four generations of famous trotting stock, at the back of which is the thoroughbred on both the dam's and the sire's side. A grander lot of animals I never saw than the thirty or forty brood

mares we drove among at Woodburn. There, too, was the dam of Maud S., foaled in 1865, and her daughter, Lady Russell, foaled in 1882. All round Lexington the breeding of trotting stock is going on, and, indeed, from every part of America, from California to Texas, breeders come every spring to attend the Lexington trotting races and stock sales. A large tan ring, and a covered-in track with a stand for the bidders at one end on the inside and the auctioneer's rostrum in front, testify to the business carried on. The Americans certainly understand driving and "gaiting" of horses to an extent the English have no idea of; and the driving of highbred trotting horses is as fine a pastime as any man fond of horses wishes to see. I do not speak of racing merely, though one of the consequences of trotting races has been to vastly improve the "ground-pan" stock of the country. The small farmer drives an animal that would leave the English farmer on his way to market in the last parish, while the amateur can buy for £150 to £200 a pair of animals which could not be obtained in England for double the money, and are able to go at a speed far greater than our best Norfolk trotters can manage.

I must say a word on the Kentucky saddle-horses, which are peculiar to America. Men and women ride everywhere; the smallest county town has its bars and posts here and there in the main street, and saddle-horses are to be seen in threes and fours, tethered up waiting for their owners' return. A fine class of horse this is to carry a sixteen-stone Kentucky farmer. The breed is very docile, and is trained to a peculiar running walk or "rack"—a trot of the near front and hind leg. Although an Englishman would not think this an elegant gait, yet, if he had to ride some forty miles he would gladly exchange his English hack for the Kentucky animal. The type is something of the class of the English hunter, with a shorter head and not quite such good shoulders, for which quality the English horse is probably unsurpassed; but still it is a type of animal our breeders should give their attention to, as it would be most serviceable in England for breeding good riding horses. Another important product of Kentucky is the mule. The mules are the finest I have ever seen; they run about sixteen hands, and cost about £40 for the best. For quality I have never seen their equal. They are bred from that admirable "ground-pan" stock of the country, and the consequence is they have a quality and style about them I have never seen in Spain or the South of France. To return, however, to the trotting-horse. I am certain that if our breeders could realise the great work that has been done in Kentucky within the last forty years, they would go and judge of the results for themselves, and it would not be long before the trotter had become naturalised in

England. By this I do not say that trotting races would take the same place in our English sports as they do in America; but I am certain that the excellence of the breed, its real utility, as well as its acknowledged sporting and thoroughbred qualities, would appeal to the mind of a sporting people like the English, and afford them an enjoyment and pleasure of which they have as yet no idea. Speaking for myself, I could not leave the neighbourhood of Woodburn without feeling a species of regret that I could not own such a farm and such horses, or be able to spend six months of the year in those beautiful park-lands, amid the fine timber, surrounded by pleasant neighbours who live in their own country-houses, and journey into Lexington or Louisville to talk over trotters and compare notes in general, till one ceased to remember one's home was in England amidst the fogs of our midland counties and the mists of Oxfordshire, where the Kentucky grass is unknown.

Lexington, however, is not the only part of the Southern States where horse-breeding goes on, though it certainly is the one place in America where one would desire to live. The whole of the country that lies between the ranges of the Alleghanies, which I mentioned above, is a paradise for the farmer. In many places the fine bluegrass grows wherever the Trentham limestone crops up, all the way from Ashville along the Norfolk and Western Railway right up to the Kanawha valley, and the division between the north branch of the James river and the Kanawha. This farming region is covered with magnificent timber, watered by streams of considerable size and great beauty, and well fitted for grazing and agriculture, and nothing could be more attractive than these stately farms and old homesteads, possessed by an ancient and educated gentry, whose sons are educated in the best universities before they return to settle in their family home.

Such is life in Kentucky and Virginia. It is unique in America. The North-West is a complete contrast in every respect. The whole of this country possesses a fertile climate, and varies from seven hundred to one thousand feet above the sea. The isotherm of the upper portion of the State of New York passes down through this very country. If it occurred to our English lads who go out to America that the South was worth their visiting, they would never turn their steps to the inhospitable plains of Dakota and the Red River belt, where the climate is icy in winter and a scorching wilderness in summer. It should also be remembered that land is to be obtained for a reasonable price. A settled farm of fine grass and arable land can often be had from £16 to £20 an acre. I do not wish to discourage enterprise, but I do say that many a man who would fail in the North-West would find a happy home in this southern

land, breeding his horses, eating his own Southdown mutton, and living the life of a Kentucky squire or landowner. After all, the English landed class has more affinity with country life than capacity for manufacture, or the tedium of American villadom, and an Englishman who often feels himself out of his element in a New England town and finds life in the North-West too hard, might do worse than make his home in Kentucky, where he would have enjoyment and comfort, and possess all those luxuries and refinements to which he has been accustomed in England.

In concluding my short mention of the American trotting-horse, and the excellent testimony such a breed bears to the intelligence of the Kentucky breeder, I cannot do more than say—Go out to Kentucky and see for yourself what the country is. Your ancestors went out there one hundred and fifty years ago, and their descendants live there. There is plenty of room for more: there are plenty of farms to be had for prices you can afford to give. You will enjoy a refined home in which to settle and bring up your children. Instead of going to the North to invest in prairie-lands, turn your steps to Kentucky, and you will bless me for having written these few notes on the old homesteads of Kentucky and her admirable breed of trotting-horses.

MARLBOROUGH.

THE CELT IN ENGLISH ART.

FOR many months past Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful dream of the Briar Rose and the Sleeping Princess has floated like a vision at a London picture-dealer's. Everybody has seen it, therefore everybody is now in a position to judge of the new element imported into English art within a single generation by the Celtic temperament.

The return-wave of Celtic influence over Teutonic or Teutonized England has brought with it many strange things, good, bad, and indifferent. It has brought with it Home Rule, Land Nationalization, Socialism, Radicalism, the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes, the Tithes War, the Crofter Question, the Plan of Campaign. It has brought fresh forces into political life—the eloquent young Irishman, the perfervid Highland Scot, the enthusiastic Welshman, the hard-headed Cornish miner: Methodism, Catholicism, the Eisteddfod, the parish priest; New Tipperary, the Hebrides, the Scotland Division of Liverpool; Conybeare, Cuninghame Graham, Michael Davitt, Holyoake; Co-operation, the Dockers, the *Star*, the Fabians. Powers hitherto undreamt of surge up in our parliamentary world in the Sextons, the Healys, the Atherley Joneses, the McDonalds, the O'Briens, the Dillons, the Morgans, the Abrahams; in our wider public life in the William Morrises, the Annie Besants, the Father Humphreys, the Archbishop Crokes, the General Booths, the Alfred Russel Wallaces, the John Stuart Blackies, the Joseph Arches, the Bernard Shaws, the John Burnses; the People's Palace, the Celtic Society of Scotland, the Democratic Federation, the Socialist League. Anybody who looks over any great list of names in any of the leading modern movements of England—from the London County Council to the lectures at South Place—will see in a moment that the New Radicalism is essentially a Celtic product. The Celt in Britain, like Mr. Burne-Jones's enchanted princess, has lain silent for ages in an enforced long sleep; but the spirit of the century, pushing aside the weeds and briars of privilege and caste, has set free the sleeper at last, as with a blast from its horn, and to-day the Celt awakes again to fresh and vigorous life, bringing all the Celtic ideals, the Celtic questions, and the Celtic characteristics into the very thick and forefront of the actual fray in England. The *Times* may shake its sapient head, like Weithenin over the rotten dyke of the Lowland Hundred; but the Celt has revolted for all that, and the flood is upon us.

In literature, we all know already what the Celt has done for us. The tender and mystical side of our national temperament we owe to him: the Arthurian legend, the knightly romance, the dim tales of Lancelot and Galahad and Guinevere, the cycle of the Round

Table, the search of the Holy Grail. Our fairy lore is in large part Celtic, as is also the great mass of our ballad poetry: the touch of fancy, of beauty, of melancholy, of pathos, of the marvellous, the mysterious, the vague, the obscure in all our literary work descends to us as an heirloom from the elder and less successful race in these islands. From it we derive our Carlyles and our Merediths. The lineaments of Milton's Satan belong essentially to the grandiose Celtic type; *King Lear* is a Cymric legend told in mediæval Latin by the Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth; *Macbeth* is a tale of terror from the Gaelic Scot. And so throughout. Whatever things are sublime, whatever things are vast, whatever things are magical, whatever things are fanciful—Titania, Mab, Oberon—in our national literature, we owe them to the Celt and to the Celt only. In our complex nationality the Teuton has contributed in large part the muscle, the thews, the hard-headed intellect, the organization, the law, the stability, the iron hand; but the Celt has added lightness, airiness, imagination, wonder, the sense of beauty and of mystery, the sadness, the sweetness—Shelley's "Skylark," Keats's "Nightingale," the *Faëry Queen*, the *Idyls of the King*, the *Earthly Paradise*, *Richard Feverel*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Songs before Sunrise*.

In literature, I say, the battle is fought: the Celt's place is already amply acknowledged. In art, it has still, perhaps, to be pointed out. And the cycle of the Briar Rose forms a noble text on which to hang the preliminary exposition. It sums up, in itself, in the very highest degree, all the essentially artistic and essentially Celtic elements of the Celtic nature.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Palæolithic men, for example—the cave-dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the Glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone or mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence. Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint-spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engage in desperate fight, with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges, unwieldy, with wide-open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naïf way, a distinct story: they are pictorial records of things done, things seen, things suffered. Palæolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post-glacial Europe—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely

decorative. Instead of making pictures, they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal-work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze-using stage; and they designed brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance; but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing; and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now, these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial, and the essentially decorative or æsthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object: the first is, so to speak, historical; the second, ornamental. In developed forms, you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles: you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Eskimo and the modern Bushman resemble the ancient cave-dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story-telling art: a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok—these are the subjects that engage—I will not say their pencils—but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ochre. On the other hand, most Central African races have no imitative skill: they draw figures and animals ill or not at all; but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the Arts and Crafts in the New Gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction: a tribe, a horde, a nation is pictorial, or else it is decorative: rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence.

Of course, among civilised nations, where there has been much racial intermixture, much deliberate training, much incorporation of Greek and other school-taught influences, we get a great amalgam and medley of both types at once: the principles interoscultate. Yet even here we may mark two distinct elements; and these two distinct elements may perhaps best be discriminated as the Celtic and the Teutonic.

Teutonic art I would rudely typify—I confess to taking an extreme instance—by the common German coloured print, the chromolithograph of the Fatherland. It represents, more or less coarsely, somebody or something—our Fritz, our Kaiser, our Bismarck, our Koch; a grenadier, a cavalry officer, a Berlin celebrity, a popular singer; this hunting scene, this beer garden, these good children at play, this well-fed young man making well-bred love to that flat-faced young lady with obtrusive sentimentalism. But whatever else it may be, it is always and above everything a picture of something. The story forms the one great central interest: colour, crude; feel-

ing, none; execution, abominable; decorative value on a wall, a minus quantity. Now, of course, I don't mean to say that these atrocious daubs represent the Teutonic element in art anyhow else than as showing the essential features of the type pushed to its extreme limits of caricature and vulgarity. But Teutonic art as a whole (by which, I need hardly say, I do *not* mean the art of Germany) is characterized by this strong love for the story-telling principle. It tends towards the definite representation of a scene, a moment, an event, an incident. It deals relatively little in ideal beauty of form as such, in the decorative spirit, in the pride of the eyes, in devotion to design, to colour, to pure æsthetic perception. Technical mastery of drawing, of anatomy, of light and shade, of perspective, of all the principles which go to make up the correct representation of visible objects on the flat, exists in abundance: vigour is there, vitality is there; strength abounds and overflows; but poetry, grace, delicacy, feeling, the touch of charm, the touch of fancy, are almost always conspicuously absent.

Rubens gives one the Teutonic spirit in a very high and opulent form: rich, gorgeous, aristocratic, superb; full of life, full of action; dashing, oratorical, histrionic, magnificent; ready to pour forth vast pictures on one with the lavish generosity of a great signior in the peerage of art; but never passionate, never poetic; too splendid to be touching, too masterful to waste himself on mere decorative detail. He paints like a soldier, a diplomatist, a courtier, a prince, who is lord by birth in the realms of Teutonic art; but he never paints like an angel, or like a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, to melt us to pity. Vandyke and Rembrandt are progressively yet more Teutonic in type; Van der Helst, Franz Hals, Paul Potter, Gerard Douw, Hondecoeter, and the rest—how much further the common ruck of later Dutch painters—show us the Teutonic art-spirit in its most typical avatar. High technical perfection, many quaint tricks of art, the living image of a burgomaster, a regent, a young bull, a turkey-cock; much first-rate copper, much admirable light: no soul, no poetry, no tinge of the divine sadness that touches nearest the deep heart of man.

The Celtic element in art is just the opposite of this; and it finds, as I shall point out more fully hereafter, its highest embodiment in this sweet mystical idyl of the Sleeping Palace. It tells a tale, to be sure; but the tale it tells is no mere episode or incident: it is something profound, poetic, mysterious, vague, dim, magical, beautiful. It is decorative in spirit, not with the mere lifeless decoration of arabesque and fretwork, of tracery and moulding, but in a manner instinct with soul and with some indefinite spiritual yearning—a longing for and striving after “the light that never was on land or sea.” The carved capitals of its pilasters point to something deeper and fairer than mere handicraftsman's workmanship; its

diaper and its brocade are more than mere upholstery; the fringes of its tapestry are more than mere milliner-work. Ornament is there in abundance; design runs riot: onyx and lapis lazuli, chrysolite and chalcedony, beryl and jacinth stud its jewelled bowls or deck its quaintly-wrought scabbards; but all to enrich and enforce some fair central idea; to add noble attire and noble array to that which is itself already noble and beautiful.

In a word, to the Celtic type of artist, the picture itself, as a lovely and glorious thing, is the end and aim of all—not the tale which it tells, the scene which it portrays, or the person whom it celebrates.

From the very beginning, the Celtic race in Britain has been marked by a strong taste for the decorative side of art. The Celtic crosses, the Celtic brooches, the Celtic fretwork, the Celtic embroidery, are all noticeable for their exquisite sense of decorative fitness. Animal forms, human figures are freely introduced in some of them, it is true; but always in perfect subordination to decorative needs and decorative intentions. The Celtic manuscripts exhibit the self-same development of ornamental art; and to this day the Irish people, and to a somewhat less marked degree the Welsh and the Highland Scots, retain a curious potentiality for artistic culture in the direction of design, alike with the pencil, the needle, the chisel, and the graver. Richness of detail and wealth of manual adornment deftly applied are native æsthetic heirlooms of the whole Celtic people.

On the other hand, the pictorial art of Britain, up to the middle of the present century, came almost entirely from the eastern and more Teutonic half of our island. It was of the marshland, marshy. Reynolds and Gainsborough, Constable and Crowe, Romney and Lawrence, were all Englishmen of the plains, profoundly imbued with the Teutonic spirit, though often in its most delicate and refined embodiment. I hope in saying this I shall not be misunderstood. I don't for a moment mean to slight the incommunicable charm, the high-bred grace, the artistic perfection of many of their works in their own dainty or picturesque style: I merely desire to class them as belonging distinctly, with all their merits and all their defects (where they have any) to the Teutonic and not to the Celtic group of artists. But for two perfect examples of what I mean by Teutonism in English art, I would point in particular to Hogarth and to Wilkie. The Teutonic spirit there comes out wholly unchecked. To tell a story, however coarse or however homely, with appropriate force and blunt directness, is the informing end and aim of these painters and their compeers. With this type of artist, the picture itself, as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, is entirely subordinated to the tale it has to tell or the scene it has to depict: form and colour sink at once into a secondary position: it is the action and the composition, the character and the reality, not the grace and the harmony that engross our attention.

Up to the middle of this century, art in England, as everybody knows, was almost purely restricted to this Teutonic type, and almost entirely confined to an aristocratic circle. "That is, of course, an old story," you will say; "we have all heard that long ago." Precisely so: in a certain aspect and from a certain point of view it is no doubt by this time a twice-told tale; but it has a deeper aspect as well—a political, an economic, and a racial aspect—which as yet, I imagine, has hardly ever been dwelt upon. For, till 1840, or thereabouts—I take roughly for an epoch the first faint beginnings of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—English art was not only purely Teutonic in type: it was purely aristocratic and purely pictorial as well. The decorative arts, we all know, were at their lowest ebb. Architecture was dead. Textile fabrics were mechanical. Furniture wriggled in solid mahogany. Industrial products as a whole grinned frankly hideous. A simple and beautiful vase, a dainty wall-paper, a pretty chintz or calico, a well-designed carpet, was not to be bought for love or money. Pictorial art alone existed as a special aristocratic exotic; a luxury for the rich, like champagne and orchids. Not even John Ruskin had yet begun to proclaim, with the voice of one crying in a wilderness of Gradgrinds and Podsnaps, that pots and pans, jugs, bowls, and pipkins might be made beautiful for the masses by simple and appropriate handicraft. Beauty was supposed to be intended by Providence for the use of the wealthy alone: the poor man, lords and bishops devoutly held, could neither afford nor appreciate it.

Now, what I want particularly to point out here is that the great and victorious æsthetic movement—the movement which has revolutionized our industrial art—the movement which has restored and renewed the decorative faculty in our island—the movement which has transformed our houses and profoundly altered our public taste—the movement of which the "Arts and Crafts" is the final and visible embodiment—may be regarded in its wider aspect as just a particular part of the general racial, political, and social return-wave. It is a direct result, I believe, of the Celtic reflux on Teutonic Britain, and of the resurgence of the Celtic substratum against Teutonic dominance. The decorative movement is, first, distinctly Celtic; and next, to an equal degree, distinctly democratic. Its leaders are Welshmen, Irishmen, Highland Scots, Celtic Englishmen. Its adherents are, in large part, Radicals, Socialists, Home Rulers, Secularists. And this, I hold, is no mere accident: it is of the very essence of the movement. The Celt comes back upon us with all the Celtic gifts and all the Celtic ideals—imagination, fancy, decorative skill, artistic handicraft; free land, free speech, human equality, human brotherhood. How significant the fact that Henry George bears a Cornish surname, and that Alfred Russel Wallace (whose very patronymic means the Waleys or Welshman) was born at Usk, in purely Cymric Monmouthshire!

From the very beginning, the modern æsthetic movement in England—which is essentially a movement for the restoration of the decorative arts to their true place in our national life—has been due above everything to Celtic initiative. From the days of Owen Jones to the days of General Donnelly and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen (I name first, as in duty bound, the official exponents), almost everybody who has taken any prominent part in it has borne what was on the very face of it an obviously Celtic patronymic. William Morris, who sums up in himself all the mainsprings of the movement, is at once a Welshman, a poet, a painter, and a socialist. Mr. Burne-Jones's surname immediately betrays his more or less remote but indisputable Cymric origin. Mr. Oscar Wilde, whom only fools ever mistook for a mere charlatan, and whom wise men know for a man of rare insight and strong common-sense, is an Irishman to the core. I lived myself at Oxford in the years when æstheticism was still an exoteric cult; and I noticed in those days that almost every votary of the new creed was either confessedly a Welshman, a Highlander, an Irish Celt, or else had a demonstrable share of Celtic blood, and a marked preponderance of Celtic temperament in his mixed composition. Bear me out, you of Christ Church, of Magdalen, of Brasenose!

Still clearer is the connexion between the decorative revival and the Celtic upheaval of radicalism and socialism. Mr. William Morris again comes readiest to the tip of one's pen as an apt illustration. Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day, Mr. Henry Holiday are all of them radicals of a most pronounced type, and one at least of the trio is an avowed socialist. You have but to look down a list of members of the Arts and Crafts Society to see at a glance that the greater number of those dainty designers in form and hue are well known as advanced political thinkers. The Grosvenor and the New Gallery have always been strongholds of the revolutionary element in social matters as well as in art. The Fabians are mostly art-critics, designers, musicians, men of letters. The Celtic spirit rules throughout alike among the socialists and among the decorative artists. An acute observer may detect a strong flavour of radicalism in De Morgan lustre-ware, and a delicate dash of democracy in Miss May Morris's exquisite needlework. What more instinct with Celticism than Mr. Whall's designs? What more Cymric in tone than Mr. Powell's glass-work?

In painting proper, this new Celtic and democratic spirit first showed itself in rebellion against the *bourgeois* Teutonicism of established academic art, when Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Madox Brown—an Italian, a Jersey Celt, a Londoner, a continental student—began their famous revolt from the canons of their time, and returned once more to the forgotten traditions of late mediæval painters. Of these four, I suppose it will hardly be denied that

Rossetti is the one who has most profoundly modified and influenced the æsthetic movement. Essentially Celtic in type, like Botticelli (whose *Primavera* might almost be bracketed with the *Briar Rose* as a typical example of Celticism in art as the *Attis* of Catullus is its typical example in literature), his work is characterised by all the poetry, the pathos, the melancholy, the mystery, the subtle sweetness of the Celtic nature. Words that Matthew Arnold wrote of Welsh literature might almost be applied without alteration to Rossetti's art. Its very faults are pure Celt. It is too intent upon beauty and idealism to care for anatomic detail: too deeply impressed by its own inner conceptions to niggle over exact correspondence with external fact. It may not always be true; but it is better than truth: the poet-painter bodies forth for us the forms of things unseen, more exquisite than any literal and slavish fidelity to the lines of a living material model.

Yet Rossetti to the end shows us Celticism in a very Italian form. His affinities are mainly (in a long line of descent) with Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, above all, Botticelli. Burne-Jones, deriving his impulse in large part from Rossetti, yet shows us Celticism in its essentially British—that is to say, Cymric—development. It is not for nothing that the great idealist was born in democratic Birmingham, and educated at mediæval and High Church Oxford; not for nothing that he bears a good Cymric surname, betokening descent from the very autochthones of Britain. His tone is the tone of the Cymric songs and dirges, of the Arthurian legend, of the dim tales of chivalry. His scenery lies all in the lost land of Lyonesse. A spell like Merlin's broods over his dreaming halls. The plaintive wail of Aneurin is heard on the faint breeze that stirs those shining leaves; the Celtic vagueness of Taliesin infects even the rich detail, at once so definite and so dim, of his pictured palaces. Was ever painting more delicate or poetry more mystic than the reflections of the girls' limbs in the parti-coloured marble of the floor where the king sits sleeping on his jewelled throne in the *Briar Rose* cycle? We gaze at them, and dream of unspeakable things: polished marble to the many; rays of light reflected at the angle of incidence to the eye of science; but to those who can read the true loveliness and spirituality of that marvellous design, a poem in pigment, a hymn to divine beauty in the rhythm of pure form and the harmony of sweet colour.

In those richly-wrought corridors of Mr. Burne-Jones's fancy, as in mediæval Wales, "the stranger who arrives at morn is entertained till sunset with talk of fair maidens and sad music of the harp." The figures of men and women that flit through those spacious halls are ideal, yet melancholy, passionate, yet dim. An Arthurian uncertainty envelops the scene. The touch of a wizard has made all things suffer a strange but beautiful change. Costumes and architecture are of no period in particular, save "once upon a time;"

of no country one can specify, save of Celtic fairyland. "The world of the Mabinogion," says John Richard Green, in one of his finest rhapsodies, "is a world of pure phantasy, a new earth of marvels and enchantments, of dark forests whose silence is broken by the hermit's bell, and sunny glades where the light plays on the hero's armour." Might not those words as well have been written of Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures as of his ancestors' folk-lore? "Each figure as it moves across the poet's canvas is bright with glancing colour." Yes, but colour rich as gold and Tyrian purple, yet subdued by the perfect artistic instinct of the Celtic nature. And then the women who pass through this romantic world, how Cymric! how mediæval! how unearthly in their beauty! "White is my love as the apple-blossom, as the ocean's spray. Her face shines like the pearly dew on Snowdon's crest. The glow of her cheeks is like the light of sunset. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up where her foot trod the meadow." Might not four white trefoils appropriately spring up when Burne-Jones's sweet sad maidens have passed that way? Might not all marvels take place, and all creeds come true, and all dreams fulfil themselves, in that mystic wonderland?

The Celtic spirit, I have said, is essentially decorative. It is also, what is perhaps but another embodiment of the self-same instinct, essentially orderly, structural, architectonic. It delights in Triads, in set forms, in recurrences of measured lines, in arrangements like the Triolet, the Ballade, the Sonnet, the Chant Royal. At a very early date, in Wales, literature had settled down into elaborate fixed moulds; in Celtic France it followed suit in due time with definitely organised rhythms, which display markedly the ingrained French dislike and horror of anarchy. I need hardly point out how closely this sense is allied with the decorative faculty. Decoration is order, symmetry, proportion; nothing in it must be bald, dull, flat, amorphous; continuity, regularity, richness with refinement, are its rules of being. Now, in the due employment of this decorative element, and its due subordination to the pictorial spirit, Mr. Burne-Jones is unequalled in the whole realm of art. His use of it differs in essence from the use of it made by Van Eyck or Van der Weyden, by Lippi or Pacchiarotto. The Celtic fancy in him lights up and inspires all the details of his work, as the Celtic imagination and the Celtic melancholy in Richard Jefferies made him read exquisite fairy-tales everywhere into the pageant of summer. *Spiritus intus alit*: on Burne-Jones's canvas soul pervades every gem, every fret, every fold, every fillet. No frippery intrudes. His tracery is a poem; his colonnades are an epic. The ornament is richer than any painter's before him; yet never for a moment do we feel it to be laboured or overwrought. Perfect taste, nay more, pure fancy,

prevents it from degenerating into the merest suspicion of excess, of gaudiness, of tinsel.

There is a Van Eyck in the new museum at Antwerp—a Madonna and Child with St. George and St. Donatian—the detail of which is almost as rich and as varied as any dream Burne-Jones ever realised on canvas. The carpets are richly dight with Oriental designs; the jewellery shines with emerald, sapphire, and amethyst; the draperies are pranked with flowers or stiff with brocaded figures; the very glass in the background stands out in rounded knobs, each painted in with the minute care of old Flemish handicraft. It is a beautiful picture, and a picture one may gaze at many days untired—discovering each day some new and unsuspected beauty. And yet—oh, the difference! The detail in the Van Eyck—even fuller and richer than anything in the more famous Adoration at Ghent—is after all mere detail. It is exquisite, perfect, in admirable decorative taste, a monument of deft toil, a miracle of painting. But it is decorative detail, after all, in the accessories of a picture. In the Briar Rose the decoration and the picture are one. The subtlety of the ornament, the purity and transparency of the limpid colouring, the grace of the lithe festoons of living bramble, the Saracenic quaintness of the solid square pillars, the lustrous glaze on the tessellated floor, the mysterious figures wrought with care on drapery and jewel-work, all chime in with the dreamy air of that enchanted hall, to make up a harmonious whole that is one and indivisible.

Ghirlandajo's richness is the richness of a working jeweller. A little too much finery, a little too much tinsel, too much paste, too much pinchbeck. Add mentally a background from one of his trim and bespangled Nativities to a group of Botticelli's ideal figures, and you get a grotesque incongruity. Look at Flora's robe, all pied with daisies, on Flora's own lissome form, and you get a perfect harmony. But what Burne-Jones has done is to vivify and inform ornament, fine as Van Eyck's, rich as Ghirlandajo's, with a soul as intense and as pure as Botticelli's. No mediæval Fleming, no early Renaissance Italian, could ever give the last touch, however, that Burne-Jones has given to his poetic creations. For there is the nineteenth century, too, in his work; deep-questioning, mystic, uncertain, rudderless: faith gone; humanity left: heaven lost; earth realised as man's, the home and sole hope for the future. Those sad eyes of his wan maidens gaze forth upon the infinite. Those bronzed faces of his mailed knights have confronted strange doubts and looked close at nameless terrors. There is a pathos in it all, an earnestness, a pessimism, a meliorism, an obstinate questioning of invisible things, that no age but this age of ours could ever have compassed. Only a Celt, and only a Celt of our time, could have put so much spirituality into the broidery of a robe; could have touched with such sadness the frayed fringe of a coverlet.

Take the Memlings at Bruges—those most Celtic in tone of all purely Teutonic works of art—and observe to the full the vast gulf that divides them from the Celticism of our century. For our new æstheticism is by no means, as many people think, an antiquarian affectation—a deliberate attempt to revive the dead Florentines. There is something in the shrine of St. Ursula that in some ways goes straight to the heart as nothing else does that I know of on earth, except of course the Fra Angelicos in the bare cells at San Marco. Perhaps it is the innocence, the *naïveté*, the simplicity, the frankness of that charming little pictorial legend. So dainty they are, those small idyls, so delicate, so decorative! Here, too, all is in delicious keeping with the main inspiring idea: child-like faith, masterly handicraft, mediæval architecture, soft castellated hills, pure tones of colour, unassuming piety, smiling martyrdom, sweet virginal faces, patient and loving care in every touch or detail. And how pleasant, how graceful, how trustful it all is! The brutality of the soldiers, the blood of the martyrs, all move us rather to sympathetic smiles than to tears or to pity. No Celtic sadness there, no unrest, no mysticism. No looking before and after; no pining for what is not. All is as plain and straightforward and tangible and real as art can make it. All is delicately Flemish. With such a hope to bless, and such angels to cheer, the path to heaven shines as definite and as certain as the way down the blue Rhine from Basle to Köln minster.

One day this last summer, I came straight back from Bruges, and fresh from my Memlings, looked again at the Briar Rose. How exquisite, how sad, how tender, how soulful! The deep melancholy of the Celtic temper—so human, so humanising—the rich dower of a conquered race, long oppressed and ground down, speaks forth with mute eloquence from every storied line of it. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. From Ossian and Llywarch Hen to Burne-Jones and George Meredith, Celtic art in all forms has struck that note most consistently.

It is this profound infusion of Celticism and of the modern spirit into essentially decorative pictorial art that marks, to my mind, Burne-Jones's true greatness. I hope nobody will suppose, therefore, that I intend these few words for anything like art criticism. They are nothing of the kind: they are a simple study in ethnical characteristics. But as such, I trust they may possess some small value which my ideas about art in itself could not possibly pretend to. Comparative psychology, comparative ethnography, has a claim of its own to be heard on these questions; what it says may be by no means the same as what art-criticism tells us; yet it may be true in its way for all that, just as the botanist's description of a rose or a rare new shrub may be as true in its way as a florist's or a flower-painter's.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DECORATIVE ELECTRICITY.

As business and pleasure become year by year more closely crowded into our lives, and as life itself becomes more full of excitement and events, the importance of rest and home comfort increases, and what were the superfluous luxuries of our ancestors become necessities to the overstrained nerves of the men and women of to-day.

In our English climate, and with our English habits, so large a proportion of our lives is passed by artificial light, that the nature of that light becomes an all-important factor in matters of comfort and discomfort, rest and fatigue.

The object of the present paper is to consider how far the new illuminant, electricity, can aid us in our hours of work, and conduce to the comfort and peace of our hours of rest and recreation.

Frankly we must confess that most of the electric lighting we see at present is not an aid to comfort and repose, and hinders instead of aiding conversation by its unsympathetic glare.

The engineers have supplied the current to the house, and it becomes necessary to consider how to arrange, clothe and decorate the lamps so that the light from them may be a source of pleasure to us, and not of irritation.

So far the artists have not kept pace with the engineers, and most of the pendants and electroliers found at present are singularly wanting in imagination and grace. They are far too heavy and clumsy for the light lamps that they support. The lines and curves are conventional and ungraceful, and the lamps are often so placed that they shed their light directly in our eyes, instead of reflecting it from the objects that should be illuminated by them. The shape of the lamps themselves should be considered and worked into the design, so that the whole may be harmonious, a quality in which the present models are deficient, electric lamps generally appearing as if they had been stuck or hung on as an after-thought.

So far designers of electric light fittings are too much the slaves of precedent, derived from their experiences with gas, candles, oil, torches, and other relics of the past; forgetting that the shapes of the holders of all these lights are determined by the necessity of leaving a clear space above them, for the escape of hot and foul air, and also by the condition that they must be within reach of the taper or match used for lighting them. Not till they realize fully their freedom from these two limitations, will designers begin to appreciate properly the artistic possibilities of the new illuminant and give us original designs of flying figures, birds, and carved cupids, delicate chain work, faintly tinted glass, and china powdered with flowers.

I do not here propose to give an exhaustive account of all the designs that I have in my mind's eye. I shall only hope to indicate what Mr. George Meredith calls "the first tadpole wriggle of an idea" of the scientific use of the imagination required to produce good and artistic results.

In London, halls and staircases are not, as a rule, inviting, and we have usually to consider not so much how to enhance their beauties, as how to conceal their defects. We generally find central pendants in them, but these are undoubtedly a mistake where the space is limited. Bright centre lights foreshorten distances, and enhance the feeling of narrowness, which cleverly arranged lamps, placed so as to brighten the sides and corners, should help to dissipate.

At present the best models are to be found in old designs and in good copies of them; as for instance, an old church hand-pierced brass lamp, turned upside down. Cairene and Pompeian lamps are to be commended. In Arabian lamps the form of the carbon itself, shining through the coloured glass, looks like a luminous Arabic letter and is very effective.

Modern heavy brass models of dragons, griffins, and dolphins, are to be especially recommended as electric lamp holders, as good and inexpensive designs are to be bought, but they should always be fixed with the lights hanging downwards, not crawling up the wall, like poor over-laden insects carrying luminous eggs.

I would suggest that brackets, glassés, and pendants should never be finally decided upon until they have been seen lighted up in the places that they are intended to occupy; if they then do not look at home they should be at once discarded, however beautiful they may be themselves. Very highly ornamented fittings will often have a common appearance. Grace, simplicity, and beauty of form and colour should be sought before everything. Decorations should be the measure of the owner's taste and imagination and not of his purse.

Each of the decorative lights should have a separate switch, and they need only be used when required.

Outside the drawing-room door is a beautiful place for a decorative light. The "dweller of the threshold" should be chosen with consideration and great care.

The vestibule light need not always be kept burning. It should be turned on by the servant who answers the door, or connected after dark with the front door bell, so that when the bell is rung the light would be mechanically switched on.

First impressions are important, and I once knew a dear old gentleman who told me that he "had quite given up calling on a lady because her butler never looked glad to see him." I think he

would have been pleased at the cheerful greeting of light given by the house in instant response to his ring.

An electric cigar-lighter should hang near the front door, which will save the daily hunt for matches and consequent irritation of the master of the house and his friends.

Electricity may also afford us protection at night, as an ingenious burglar alarm has been devised by which, from a controlling switch in the master's bed-room, the whole passage, hall, and stairs can be illuminated, so that when the "gentle burglar comes a-burgling" light may be shed on his nefarious practices.

We owe to electricity the banishment of that faint and sickly odour of paraffin that haunts our staircases after the daily procession of the lamps to the drawing-room; and a probable, and certainly most desirable, development of electric power may arise in the use of mechanical ventilation, the fan of the ventilator being worked by the electric current. We may hope then to be spared that terrible odour of dinner, past or future, which so often distresses us, especially when mingled with the scent of cigars or cigarettes.

The decorative lighting of our private boudoirs and sitting-rooms depends on whether they are work-rooms or play-rooms, & a happy combination of both.

If the mistress is a sternly domesticated woman, pendant reflected lights should be used, so as to leave the tables free for work whenever she wishes to cut out Tommy's pinafore or Mary's frock. But I question greatly if she would not make a better mother to Tommy and Mary if she left the cutting out to the nurse, and spent the time thus gained in furnishing and training her mind, so that when the children are older and come to her for guidance, her judgment may have had some training, and she may possess some knowledge of her own, to help her in her delicate and difficult task. But all that, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say, "belongs to another story."

In the sitting-rooms in which we live there should be two kinds of lights, a faint shaded light to read, talk, or think by, and a brighter light to "play by!" With a bright light meditation will not be fertile, and with a dim light play will not be vigorous.

Brackets of white carton-pierre, are especially to be recommended for boudoir lights, the leaves bending over and the flowers made of pendant lamps shaded with soft white lace.

Brackets are usually fixed one on each side of the fire-place, but this is a mistake, as the light then shines directly in the eyes of anyone sitting facing the fire, and on the back of any book or paper held by them.

The small back downstairs room of a London house often serves as library, den, and smoking room for the master; and candidly it must be confessed that as a rule it is a dingy little hole. Drawing-room, boudoir, and bed-room are thought out with care, but anything

is considered good enough for the abode of the father of the family and its bread-winner. Indeed if it were not for his old leather arm chair, and his cherished pipes, he would probably rebel. One writer on the art of furnishing from "attic to cellar" advises "Angelina" to annex even this small room for herself, and her poor neglected "Edwin" is to write in the dining-room after the dinner is cleared away, and his smoking is to be kindly but firmly discouraged!

This little den, which is chiefly used after dark, can be much brightened with electric decoration. A pendant and a standard covered with red silk will give it a bright and cosy look when the master returns.

A delightful nook for reading may be contrived with a high-backed chair, and an electric light placed behind the projecting ear, and so arranged mechanically that the angle can be altered at will. A funnel-shaped shade should be placed on this lamp so that the light may be focussed on the book held in the hand or propped upon a book-rest. The switch for this lamp should be placed on the chair itself, so that the light can be darkened or extinguished in case the reader may desire to meditate on what he has read, or take a refreshing little sleep that might be detected if the light were brighter.

The newspaper and magazine table is always an important spot in our modern households, where the news and opinions of the hour are considered to be of such vital importance. A very convenient form can be made with a light three-shelved table, on which the daily papers and the magazines can be attractively displayed.

Across the top of this table is a light wooden handle, and from this a shaded electric lamp can be suspended, so that it can be fixed at any angle. This table is so light that it can be lifted about and placed beside any seat, and the plug attached to the lamp fixed into the nearest socket.

I believe that chairs and tables on the above lines would be an untold comfort to elderly gentlemen at their clubs.

But after all it will most likely be found, that the master does not "quite fancy" all the little arrangements made for his comfort and convenience. The best suggestion that I can make to women is to discover with discretion and sympathy, what their menkind do want, and then try to give it to them even if it involves the electrician coming several times to alter the fittings.

It is difficult to decide beforehand exactly where we wish to have the standards and reading lamps placed. If real luxury and comfort is desired, a pair of electric wires should be placed along the skirting board round each of the sitting-rooms, and sockets should be fixed upon them, at intervals, so that any standard can be moved to any part of the room, and to facilitate this all the plugs and sockets in the house should be interchangeable.

It is impossible to overestimate the daily comfort gained by

having electric lamps fixed in all the principal cupboards, linen and housemaids' closets, wine and coal cellars, bath-rooms, &c. The working cost of these is not worth considering, owing to the short total of hours that each burns in the year.

It is very easy to economise when first the installation is put in, but it is a great mistake to do so, as the initial expense is small in comparison to the daily comfort of well-arranged and well-distributed lights, and eventually economy in the quantity of electricity used (which it must be remembered is paid for by meter) will result, from thus being able to light the particular corner of the room in which we wish to sit, instead of illuminating the whole room from the centre or walls on every occasion.

In the drawing-room, I believe that whatever the illuminant used, the light of the future will be a reflected light. The room should be flooded with a warm soft radiance, and we should be unconscious of the source from which it proceeds: this can only be obtained by the use of reflected light, but when it is remembered that powerful electric lamps can be placed within a few inches of the most beautifully decorated ceilings without risk of injury to them, and their direct rays intercepted by silk, or any other semi-opaque substance, it will be seen at once what opportunities electricity affords for the effective illumination of our drawing-rooms. It makes it possible to use decorations on the ceilings which any combustion light would destroy in a few months.

Light, like sympathy, should be unobtrusive to be pleasant, and soft reflected rays fall more kindly than direct light on tired eyes, and on the faces and figures of those who have passed the "half-way house of life."

Most of the light that we receive from the sun is reflected; and now that we have such a powerful illuminant as electricity, surely we might take some hints from Nature herself.

When the pictures are good, the decorative lighting of the room should be the reflection from them. The holders should be as simple as possible, and might look well if designed as part of the picture-frames, but the light should be hidden from the room side by silver-gilt or bronze reflectors.

The smoke of oil lamps, candles, and gas is very destructive to paintings, so here we may point out a most invaluable economy, for which posterity will thank us.

Cabinets filled with china should have electric lamps hidden within. Sèvres and other old china gains enormously by this, as the electric light is the only illuminant, except the sun, by which it is possible to see and appreciate the dark blue of Crown-Derby and Worcester chinas.

For drawing-room standards, very tall bronze storks or cranes holding the light down from their beaks, are convenient, as if

they are mounted on castors they can be moved about the room, near any chair; and beautiful designs of Venetian and other glass can be found that, with a little ingenuity, can be made into the most dainty and fairy-like electric lamp-holders. The silk shades should be chosen of the same tint as the glass itself; and designs that are broad at the base and narrow at the top should, for practical reasons, be preferred.

If chandelier lighting is adopted, Venetian glass with different coloured silk shades, of the exact tints of the glass itself, are effective. With cut-glass chandeliers the shades should not be all alike, but should be in different tones of the same colour.

If there is a window guarded by heavy curtains that seem to need relief, a large ornamental glass bowl, vase, or bottle can be hung with the lamp inside it. Wonderfully little light is absorbed by these glasses if carefully chosen, and the rays will look like the imprisoned genie of the Arabian Nights, and will delight the imagination as well as the eye.

It is best to make a rough map of the rooms, with crosses for the lights, before the electrician arrives to take the order.

Electrical firms have had to be patient for many a weary day, while the public were making up their minds whether to adopt the light or not; and now it is the turn of the public to be patient, for the demand at present is greater than the skilled supply. But it is more satisfactory to have the installation put in by one of the first-rate firms who thoroughly understand their business, than to be in haste and put in cheaper and inferior work, as without care in the instalment electricity is apt to be a fickle illuminant.

The electrician arrives with his note-book, and as a rule his bright intelligent looks readily gain sympathy. He knows the practical part of his work thoroughly well, and has the fire insurance rules by heart, and is entirely to be depended upon for all the scientific details of his business, but, of the requirements of a gentleman's house, and of the best arrangement of light in a lady's boudoir, he knows nothing. Still, we cannot refuse him our sympathy, for often the master and mistress send for him before they have previously discussed their requirements, and not only do they not know their own minds, but they do not even agree between themselves as to what they want.

The master generally wishes to get all the light possible, and the mistress to have the light as becoming and pleasant as possible. It is rather difficult to reconcile these two wishes; and after some discussion the master testily exclaims:—

“My dear, what is the use of going to all this expense if you will tie the light up in bags?”

The electrician during all this stands by, with “patient inattention,” sucking his pencil, and only wishing that he could get his

orders, and go to the two or three other houses which his firm have directed him to visit before dinner time.

When Tennyson wrote :—

“The slumberous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl,”

he described an ideally lighted bed-room.

A pendant should not hang in front of a lady's looking-glass, as she will see only the reflection of the lamp instead of her own hair. A pendant should hang on each side of the looking-glass, and should be arranged to draw up and down.

Electricity solves the long-standing struggle between conscience and inclination, as it enables us safely to read in bed. A hinged bracket lamp should project from the wall over the bed, and should be shaded with silk. This lamp should be provided with one of the new switches, which are made to rest in three positions, viz., off, on, and an intermediate position, giving half light. This is invaluable in case of illness.

The best decoration for a dining-room is a good dinner, and how to light it up artistically and comfortably is a problem that is rather difficult to solve.

The dinner should be brightly illuminated. There should be no fierce reflection from the tablecloth and silver. Too dark red, lemon, and canary yellow should be avoided as shades. A fringe, however handsome, is not satisfactory. No ceiling light should be allowed to interfere with the charm of the light being concentrated on the dinner table, and it must always be remembered, that in the dining-room the dinner table is the first consideration. The rest of the room should be softly but not brightly lighted. A hanging pendant which will draw up and down is suitable for a quiet family meal, and makes a good centre for the extended table used for a dinner party. The ends of this larger table should be lighted by standards placed upon it. The wires from these standards pass through a small slit in the cloth and through a hole in the table to a socket in the floor. Old silver and china candlesticks can be well adapted for these standards.

Though I feel sure that their lighting must have been most unsatisfactory, I delight in the descriptions of ancient banquets and feasts; the sparkle, glow, and colour must have been entrancing, and Dumas' accounts of Fouquet's and other fifteenth-century entertainments enable us to realise the value of decorative accessories.

By the artistic *gourmet* of both, dinner and conversation are enjoyed with far more relish by a bright though softened light, and the pleasing acidity of our modern good talkers is the better appreciated by our minds, when our bodies are comfortably seated and fed, and our senses attuned by harmonious surroundings.

ALICE M. GORDON.

CRITICS "OVER THE COALS."

ON opening the *World* newspaper of December 17th, 1890, I turned directly (my custom always of a Tuesday morning) to the "Gossip from Paris," signed with the sufficiently transparent pseudonym of "Theoc." This delicate observer and witty chronicler has no more admiring reader than I; but his letter of that date filled me with consternation. It dealt with the case of Becque *v.* Sarcey—the prosecution instituted by an able but disappointed playwright against the Jupiter-Optimus-Maximus of Parisian middle-class criticism. M. Henry Becque, now a young man of fifty or thereabouts, wrote a play called *La Parisienne*, which was produced five years ago at a minor theatre. It made no money but much sensation, and became the watchword of what may best be called the pessimistic school—the adepts of the Théâtre Libre. Even the conventional critics, with Sarcey at their head, warmly praised its literary style, while condemning the philosophico-æsthetic system on which it was conceived and constructed. Presently the Théâtrélibristes (if I may coin the term) raised the cry that it was the duty of the Comédie Française to add this masterpiece to its repertory. The opposite camp—let us call them for the nonce the conventionalists—echoed the cry; and, in the fulness of time, the Committee of the Rue Richelieu unwillingly opened its doors to the epoch-making work. Then did M. Sarcey turn and rend it. While still acknowledging its literary merits, he declared, in effect, that he had advocated its admission to the Théâtre-Français in the malign certainty that it would fail, and that the Théâtrélibristes would find themselves hoist with their own petard. He further averred that it was a "four noir"—as who should say "a black frost"—and that the public delivered its judgment in the case "par je ne sais quel empressement à passer devant le bureau de location sans s'y arrêter." Thereupon the infuriated author commenced an action against M. Sarcey, taking his stand on Article 1382 of the Civil Code:—"Every act of man whatsoever that causes damage to another, obliges the one by whose fault the damage has been caused to make reparation." As I write, that action is still pending.

The particular merits of this individual case are not germane to my present purpose. What amazed and confounded me in Mr. Theodore Child's account of the matter was that this artist-critic should assent to the general principle of submitting æsthetic disputes to legal arbitrament, and coercing honest criticism (however mistaken)

by an appeal to an inept maxim of justice which, logically applied, would put an end, not to criticism, but to human life on this puny planet. The question of the people is of as much moment in England as in France. We have the Civil Code, it is true—thank heaven! I could almost say, if Article 1382 be a fair specimen of the Napoleonic wisdom—but we have a tricky law of libel which may be, and has often been, grotesquely misapplied by stolid juries and judges jealous of the press. If M. Poque should succeed in obtaining his revenge upon M. Sarcey, the case will be a precedent not only for France but for England—in this sense, at any rate, that it will encourage disappointed playwrights on our side of the Channel to go and do likewise. The intellectual vitality of the English stage being altogether lower than that of the French, we have not as yet such strongly-marked factions in our theatrical world as those which, in Paris, are pitted against each other. But I think there are signs of increasing vitality in this respect. We, too, are gradually grouping ourselves into conventionalists and progressists; we, too, are beginning to find in the theatre a battleground for contending principles. We have had the *Doll's House* controversy; the *Profligate* controversy; the *Beau Austin* controversy; and we may look forward to other and intenser intellectual tussles of a like nature. Nothing could be more wholesome than this evolution of the theatrical world from sluggish homogeneity to vivid heterogeneity. It is the symptom of a far more genuine theatrical revival than that of ten or twelve years ago, which was due mainly to the vogue of one actor—Mr. Irving—and the charm of certain novel methods of decoration. But the possibility of such a revival depends, I venture to say, upon reasonable freedom of discussion. If we are to be terrorised out of our liberty of honest attack and earnest defence—if a British jury is to be acknowledged, not only by the British Constitution, but by citizens of the Republic of Art, as a competent arbiter in matters æsthetic—why then artistic life will no longer be worth living, and the drama may philosophically resign itself to conforming to the tastes of the greengrocer round the corner. I know that we cannot escape from the law of libel, which is not, perhaps, an unreasonable law when reasonably applied. My point is that any artist or would-be artist who appeals to the law for protection against honest criticism, is a traitor to Art, which he in fact delivers over to the tender mercies of the Philistines, and should meet with a traitor's doom—outlawry at the very mildest.

I of course assume the honesty of the criticism. Where the critic allows personal malice (in the ordinary, not the legal, sense of the term) to warp his judgment, the case is entirely altered. But mere *odium æstheticum* should not rank as malice. That is a perfectly legitimate, nay, a necessary emotion. The critic who is

not a good hater of what he believes to be false and vicious art is not a critic at all, but a mechanical reporter of artistic events. "*But odium æstheticum*," you say, "is only a pedantic term for what, in plain English, is called a strong prejudice." Why, certainly; and prejudice is an essential condition of competent criticism. We bring to the theatre certain tastes and convictions, inherited and acquired, which are all, so far as our momentary consciousness is concerned, the merest prejudices. For some of them, if we were put to it, we could account more or less rationally—that is to say, we could base them upon wide psychological laws and ultimate facts of experience. But these explanations, so far as they go (and that is no great way) are almost always retrospective. We conceive a prejudice in favour of Titian's colour, or Milton's rhythms, or Meilhac's wit, or Miss Rehan's diction; and we try to justify and propagate that prejudice by bringing it into harmony with general laws—which, in their turn, are little more than systematised prejudices. All our standards, in fact (at any rate at the moment of our applying them), are so many prejudices. Critical honesty consists, not in being free from prejudice, but in giving our artistic prejudices free play, and keeping them sedulously apart from our personal friendships and animosities. I am far from denying the necessity for an occasional, if not rather an incessant, revision of our prejudices, and the lopping off of dead predispositions to make room for new and vital growths. The critic who neglects this duty is a bad critic, no doubt. To artists he is a thorn in the flesh; and if he has blundered into a position of authority, he may constitute a serious danger to Art. His contemporaries have a perfect right to refute and ridicule him; posterity will reward him with derision or oblivion. But to hale him before the civil judgment-seat is to remedy a temporary evil (for, after all, the worst of critics is not immortal) by establishing a permanent abuse. Much better assassinate him and have done with it—mash up his criticisms into their congenial pulp and pour them down his throat. I do not advocate this course, which would certainly be high-handed; but at least it would be an acknowledgment of the great principle that Art is a law unto herself, and recognises no external jurisdiction.

Pray observe that Mr. Child admits M. Sarcey's honesty. "He adores the theatre," says Mr. Child; "he judges with pleasure, he laughs heartily, scoffs heartily, feels and narrates his impressions like a *bourgeois* that he is, closed to all truly artistic emotions, and to all delicate appreciations. Being a gross *bourgeois*, he enjoys the esteem of the gross *bourgeois*. . . . It is undeniable that Sarcey's *feuilleton* directs the appetites of a hundred thousand Parisian theatre-goers—enough to make the success or failure of any piece. Now this is precisely the phenomenon against which M. Becque protests. . . .

After all, there is no reason why M. Sarcey should be allowed to continue his abusive tyranny over the theatre-going public to the prejudice of the authors, simply because he has been writing heavy and conscientious *feuilletons* for the past twenty-five years; and there is no reason why, if it can be proved—and nothing is easier—that M. Sarcey is obstructive to and disrespectful of art, the ponderous critic should not be called over the coals before the civil tribunal and reminded of his noxiousness." Believe me, Mr. Child; there is a very good reason indeed why Sarcey should not thus be "called over the coals"; and the reason is that the same coals could and would be as readily applied to the sensitive epidermis of the most alert and advanced critic, as to the leathery hide of the stupidest and most retrograde. The law, as such, can take no cognizance of artistic merits and defects. It can only estimate (under Article 1382) the diminution of pecuniary value caused by an unfavourable criticism. Now the potential pecuniary value of the most puerile vaudeville or operetta is just as great as that of a *Parisienne*—its actual pecuniary value is probably very much greater, simply because Sarcey praises it. The vulgar vaudevillist, then, has the same right to proceed against a critic who says his wares are trash as M. Becque has to proceed against M. Sarcey; and if once you establish and advertise that right, be sure that the vulgar vaudevillist will be much more eager than the dramatist of genius to avail himself of it. Small talents are irritable, great talents are philosophical. The small talent knows that it may be crushed, the great talent knows that Sarcey may endure for a day but that literature is immortal. Only a fortnight after Mr. Child wrote the lines above quoted, he spoke of some of Sarcey's favourite vaudevilles as "the basest and most vomitive rubbish." I have no doubt that this criticism was perfectly just; but how does it square with Article 1382? It is evident that such an utterance tends to "cause damage" to the owners of the rubbish; and if Mr. Child imagines that the Civil Tribunal has the power or the will to draw any distinction between *La Parisienne* and *Ferdinand le Noceur*, I fear he may one day find himself expensively in error. Most probably, indeed, the court would draw a half-conscious distinction in favour of *Ferdinand le Noceur*; for law is but the most formal expression of public opinion, and "public opinion" on art is only another term for vulgar obtuseness of perception. Law, in short, is officially devoid of æsthetic sense; and if those who administer it do not entirely succeed in holding their æsthetic sense in abeyance, it will almost always predispose them in favour of pretentiousness and vulgarity.

A feud almost precisely analogous to the Becque-Sarcey squabble is at present enlivening the theatrical world of London. We too, in our humble way, have our progressive, our literary,

drama ; and we have our English Sarcey—need I name Mr. Clement Scott?—carrying on a vigorous, conscientious campaign against it. We have even, in Mr. Sydney Grundy, a progressist champion who has gone forth, like M. Becque, to do battle with the Goliath of newspaper criticism. The chief difference between the two cases is that as yet, I am happy to say, there is no talk of transferring the seat of war from the literary to the legal arena.

Our English Sarcey, like his French colleague, is paying the penalty, not of any special fault of his own, but rather of the exorbitant influence he has acquired. He is vicariously expiating the stupidity of his readers. Every one admits—Mr. Grundy no less than the rest of us—that Mr. Scott is a vigorous, conscientious, courageous critic. He loves the theatre ; he has done it, and on the whole is still doing it, inestimable service. Though not, like M. Sarcey, a man of wide literary culture, he has had such immense experience of the stage that, in his own particular sphere, he may be reckoned erudite. There is no more competent critic of acting, or of the everyday drama ; and if, in his attitude towards progressive, unconventional, literary plays, he is a trifle "*milieu de siècle*," has he not a right to his honest opinion ? Most of his colleagues are quite as reactionary as he ; yet no one denounces them as "the curse of the British Drama." Why, then, is Mr. Scott singled out for this bad eminence ? In the last analysis, because of his merits rather than his defects. His marvellous copiousness of utterance and energy of rhetoric, his enthusiasm, the very intensity of his prejudices and caprices, have earned for him a unique ascendancy over the minds of his readers—and as his readers are the myriads who make "the largest circulation," it follows that every word he utters is of magic potency. In ten minutes of that witching time of night between the last word of the play and the first clank of the press, Mr. Scott can found a manager's fortune, treble an actor's reputation, make a play worth its weight in ten-pound notes or valueless as the paper it is written upon. An angel from heaven could not exercise a power so gigantic without incurring criticism and awakening resentment. It is no less just than natural that men who find their material interests endangered or their artistic convictions outraged by so emphatic and authoritative a critic, should now and then feel moved to retort upon him, and that roundly. Who deals hard knocks—and Mr. Scott is no sparing hitter—must expect hard knocks in return. You cannot enjoy, at one and the same time, the advantages of eminence and of obscurity, of power and of irresponsibility. Mr. Scott is bound to accept censure and counter-criticism as "all in the day's work," inseparable drawbacks of his position. He has every right to repel, by all means at his command, such an attack as Mr. Grundy's, but not to complain of, or to wonder at it. But if Mr.

Grundy or anyone else were to attempt by legal process to silence or terrorize Mr. Scott, the merits of the case would be entirely altered. However just your quarrel, you have no right to make use of disproportionate and wantonly destructive weapons. Calling in the law of libel to decide an æsthetic dispute is like throwing a dynamite bomb into the Palace of Art. You may gratify your personal resentment and annihilate your individual foe; but you will do incalculable and irreparable damage to your whole craft and fellowship. I think we critics ought to band together in a Mutual Insurance Company against misapplications of the law of libel. If M. Sarcey should be successfully "called over the coals," there is no saying who may be the next martyr. Though personally the meekest and mildest of critics, I should feel myself, in imagination, frizzling on the grid-iron, not of Saint Lawrence, but of Saint Francisque, at every word I wrote. For it is certain that we cannot say "Mr. Blank has not done himself justice in his new play," or "Miss Dash did not seem quite at home in her part," without bringing ourselves technically within the scope of Lord Campbell's Act or of Article 1382.

"This is all very well," I hear M. Becque and his fellow-sufferers exclaiming, "but you forget that, though the drama be immortal, the individual dramatist is mortal, and may be, to all intents and purposes, snuffed out by an article. You are careful of the type, it seems, but careless of the single life. If an earnest playwright finds the labour of months annihilated, and his prospects ruined for years, at one wanton stroke of M. Sarcey's bludgeon or Mr. Scott's flail, shall he not seek to vindicate himself by all lawful means, even, if necessary, by an appeal to Article 1382?" I admit the plausibility of this argument, but I maintain, none the less, that the individual citizen of the Republic of Art is bound to sacrifice his personal resentments, and even his personal rights, for the general welfare of the body politic. The strong arm of the law, as I have tried to show, will serve the blockhead and the charlatan quite as effectually as the man of genius. Once set the fashion of appealing to it, and criticism will become impossible; for every bungler will have and exercise the right to claim damages for every word that tends to diminish the market value of his paltry merchandise. At the same time it is certain that the practical defencelessness of dramatic authors, as against "irresponsible indolent reviewers," is an evil, and a galling one. In nine cases out of ten, the playwright has no opportunity of setting himself right with the public by controverting the misconceptions, or correcting the misrepresentations, of his critics; and even if he have authority and influence enough to claim and obtain a hearing, he is chary of doing so, for he knows that the critic will have the last word, and is likely, moreover, to cherish a long resentment against the

audacious individual who has impugned his infallibility.¹ This state of things is irrational and barbarous. It belongs to the decadent system of oracular anonymity in journalism, and is a survival from the period when the drama was not of sufficient public interest to claim more than formal notice at the hands of the press. It is high time editors should recognise that they do not pay their critics to be infallible; that a dramatic author has a positive right to lodge a reasonable and courteous protest against a criticism which he conceives to be mistaken; and that such a protest is likely to be, to the bulk of his readers, one of the most interesting items in his correspondence columns. As for the critic, he should feel flattered rather than aggrieved. There is nothing baser or more senseless than the cry which is always raised when an author dares to defend his handiwork: "He is seeking a gratuitous advertisement!" Is he to sit down tamely under what he holds to be misapprehension because he cannot defend his play without drawing a certain amount of attention to it? Are his critics men of such superhuman delicacy of soul that they would endure any extremity of injustice to their artistic reputation rather than utter a word which might tend to the furtherance of their pecuniary interests? I am convinced, in fine, that critics and authors alike would benefit in every way if free discussion were not only possible but customary. As editors in general are probably too conservative to open their columns yet awhile to such æsthetic controversies, it might pay some weekly paper specially to dedicate a portion of its space to the protests of dramatists and the rejoinders of critics. Some such safety-valve is urgently needed. But, after all, an author's best retort upon his critics is the production of other plays to which even they shall be forced to do homage. M. Becque has as yet neglected to make, or even to attempt, this retort upon M. Sarcey; whence one cannot but suspect a certain barrenness in his endowment. It is not the strong man, the Meilhac, the Dumas, or the Ibsen, who fusses, like a hen with one chick, over a single unappreciated play.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

(1) "Mr. Irving," says a theatrical paper of the very day on which I write (January 18, 1891), "did a foolish thing when he wrote to a 'morning paper,' to complain of certain derogatory remarks respecting the fortunes of *Ravenswood*. Actors should never 'write to the papers.' If they complain of a gentle slap it's odds they will get a furious kick."

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM.

THE chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact, scarcely anyone at all escapes.

Now and then, in the course of the century, a great man of science, like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats, a fine critical spirit, like M. Renan; a supreme artist, like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of reach of the clamorous cries of others, to stand "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realise the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions. The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, so to spoil them. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this. The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; and, as I pointed out some time ago in an article on the function of criticism, it is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor.

But this is not a solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. *The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible.* And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realised by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good; and at last we have had the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East-end—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of

charity, benevolence, and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair.

Under Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger-pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If a frost comes we shall not have a hundred thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbours for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunch of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of the society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if a frost comes no one will practically be anything the worse.

Upon the other hand, *Socialism itself will be of value simply because it will lead to Individualism.*

Socialism, Communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth, and substituting co-operation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community. It will, in fact, give Life its proper basis and its proper environment. But for the full development of Life to its highest mode of perfection, something more is needed. What is needed is Individualism. If the Socialism is Authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. At present, in consequence of the existence of private property, a great many people are enabled to develop a certain very limited amount of Individualism. They are either under no necessity to work for their living, or are enabled to choose the sphere of activity that is really congenial to them, and gives them pleasure. These are the poets, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of culture—in a word, the real men, the men who have realised themselves, and in whom all Humanity gains a partial realisation. Upon the other hand, there are a great many people who, having no private property of their own, and being always on the brink of sheer starvation, are compelled to do the work of beasts of burden, to do work that is quite uncongenial to them, and to which they are forced by the peremptory, unreasonable, degrading Tyranny of want. These are the poor, and amongst them there is no grace of manner, or

charm of speech, or civilization, or culture, or refinement in pleasures, or joy of life. From their collective force Humanity gains much in material prosperity. But it is only the material result that it gains, and the man who is poor is in himself absolutely of no importance. He is merely the infinitesimal atom of a force that, so far from regarding him, crushes him: indeed, prefers him crushed, as in that case he is far more obedient.

Of course, it might be said that the Individualism generated under conditions of private property is not always, or even as a rule, of a fine or wonderful type, and that the poor, if they have not culture and charm, have still many virtues. Both these statements would be quite true. The possession of private property is very often extremely demoralising, and that is, of course, one of the reasons why Socialism wants to get rid of the institution. In fact, property is really a nuisance. Some years ago people went about the country saying that property has duties. They said it so often and so tediously that, at last, the church has begun to say it. One hears it now from every pulpit. It is perfectly true. Property not merely has duties, but has so many duties that its possession to any large extent is a bore. It involves endless claims upon one's endless attention to business, endless bother. If property had simply pleasures, we could stand it; but its duties make it unbearable. In the interest of the rich we must get rid of it. The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted. We are often told that the poor are grateful for charity. Some of them are, no doubt, *but the best amongst the poor are never grateful.* They are ungrateful, discontented, disobedient, and rebellious. They are quite right to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalist to tyrannize over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board, and are beginning to know it. As for being discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of any one who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country labourer to practise thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badly-fed animal. He should decline to live like that, and should either steal or go on the rates, which is considered by many to be a form of

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM

stealing. As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg. No: a poor man who is unthrifty, discontented, and rebellious is probably a real person, and has much in him. He is at any rate a healthy person. As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them. They have made private terms with the enemy, and sold their birthright for very bad pottage. They must also be extraordinarily stupid. I can quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, as long as he himself is able under those conditions to realise some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.

However, the explanation is not really difficult to find. It is simply this. Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading, and exercise such a paralysing effect over the nature of men, that no class is ever really conscious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them. What is said by great employers of labour against agitators is unquestionably true. Agitators are a set of interfering, meddling people, who come down to some perfectly contented class of the community, and sow the seeds of discontent amongst them. That is the reason why agitators are so absolutely necessary. Without them, in our incomplete state, there would be no advance towards civilization. Slavery was put down in America, not in consequence of any action on the part of the slaves, or even any express desire on their part that they should be free. It was put down entirely through the grossly illegal conduct of certain agitators in Boston and elsewhere, who were not slaves themselves, nor owners of slaves, nor had anything to do with the question really. It was, undoubtedly, the Abolitionists who set the torch alight, who began the whole thing. And it is curious to note that from the slaves themselves they received, not merely very little assistance, but hardly any sympathy even; and when at the close of the war the slaves found themselves free, found themselves indeed so absolutely free that they were free to starve, many of them bitterly regretted the new state of things. To the thinker, the most tragic fact in the whole of the French Revolution is not that Marie Antoinette was killed for being a queen, but that the starved peasant of the Vendee voluntarily went out to die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

It is clear, then, that no Authoritarian Socialism will do. For while under the present system a very large number of people can lead lives of a certain amount of freedom and expression and happiness, under an industrial-barrack system, or a system of economic tyranny, nobody would be able to have any such freedom at all. It is to be

regretted that a portion of our community should be practically in slavery, but to propose to solve the problem by enslaving the entire community is childish. Every man must be left quite free to choose his own work. No form of compulsion must be exercised over him. If there is, his work will not be good for him, will not be good in itself, and will not be good for others. And by work I simply mean activity of any kind.

I hardly think that any Socialist, nowadays, would seriously propose that an inspector should call every morning at each house to see that each citizen rose up and did manual labour for eight hours. Humanity has got beyond that stage, and reserves such a form of life for the people whom, in a very arbitrary manner, it chooses to call criminals. But I confess that many of the socialistic views that I have come across seem to me to be tainted with ideas of authority, if not of actual compulsion. Of course authority and compulsion are out of the question. All association must be quite voluntary. *It is only in voluntary associations that man is free.*

But it may be asked how Individualism, which is now more or less dependent on the existence of private property for its development, will benefit by the abolition of such private property. The answer is very simple. It is true that, under existing conditions, a few men who have had private means of their own, such as Byron, Shelley, Browning, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and others, have been able to realise their personality more or less completely. Not one of these men ever did a single day's work for hire. They were relieved from poverty. They had an immense advantage. The question is whether it would be for the good of Individualism that such an advantage should be taken away. Let us suppose that it is taken away. What happens then to Individualism? How will it benefit?

It will benefit in this way. Under the new conditions Individualism will be far freer, far finer, and far more intensified than it is now. I am not talking of the great imaginatively-realised individualism of such poets as I have mentioned, but of the great actual Individualism latent and potential in mankind generally. For the recognition of private property has really harmed Individualism, and obscured it, by confusing a man with what he possesses. It has led Individualism entirely astray. It has made gain not growth its aim. So that man thought that the important thing was to have, and did not know that the important thing is to be. *The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is.* Private property has crushed true Individualism, and set up an Individualism that is false. It has debarred one part of the community from being individual by starving them. It has debarred the other part of the community from being individual by putting them on the wrong road, and encumbering them. Indeed, so completely has man's per-

sonality been absorbed by his possessions that the English law has always treated offences against a man's property with far more severity than offences against his person, and property is still the test of complete citizenship. The industry necessary for the making money is also very demoralising. In a community like ours, where property confers immense distinction, social position, honour, respect, titles, and other pleasant things of the kind, man, being naturally ambitious, makes it his aim to accumulate this property, and goes on wearily and tediously accumulating it long after he has got far more than he wants, or can use, or enjoy, or perhaps even know of. Man will kill himself by over-work in order to secure property, and really, considering the enormous advantages that property brings, one is hardly surprised. One's regret is that society should be constructed on such a basis that man has been forced into a groove in which he cannot freely develop what is wonderful, and fascinating, and delightful in him—in which, in fact, he misses the true pleasure and joy of living. He is also, under existing conditions, very insecure. An enormously wealthy merchant may be—often is—at every moment of his life at the mercy of things that are not under his control. If the wind blows an extra point or so, or the weather suddenly changes, or some trivial thing happens, his ship may go down, his speculations may go wrong, and he finds himself a poor man, with his social position quite gone. Now, nothing should be able to harm a man except himself. Nothing should be able to rob a man at all. What a man really has, is what is in him. What is outside of him should be a matter of no importance.

With the abolition of private property, then, we shall have true beautiful, healthy Individualism. Nobody will waste his life in accumulating things, and the symbols for things. One will live. To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.

It is a question whether we have ever seen the full expression of a personality, except on the imaginative plane of art. In action, we never have. Cæsar, says Mommsen, was the complete and perfect man. But how tragically insecure was Cæsar! Wherever there is a man who exercises authority, there is a man who resists authority. Cæsar was very perfect, but his perfection travelled by too dangerous a road. Marcus Aurelius was the perfect man, says Renan. Yes; the great emperor was a perfect man. But how intolerable were the endless claims upon him! He staggered under the burden of the empire. He was conscious how inadequate one man was to bear the weight of that Titan and too vast orb. What I mean by a perfect man is one who develops under perfect conditions; one who is not wounded, or worried, or maimed, or in danger. *Most personalities have been obliged to be rebels. Half their strength has been*

wasted in friction. Byron's personality, for instance, was terribly wasted in its battle with the stupidity, and hypocrisy, and Philistinism of the English. Such battles do not always intensify strength: they often exaggerate weakness. Byron was never able to give us what he might have given us. Shelley escaped better. Like Byron, he got out of England as soon as possible. But he was not so well known. If the English had had any idea of what a great poet he really was, they would have fallen on him with tooth and nail, and made his life as unbearable to him as they possibly could. But he was not a remarkable figure in society, and consequently he escaped, to a certain degree. Still, even in Shelley the note of rebellion is sometimes too strong. The note of the perfect personality is not rebellion, but peace.

It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything, and whatever one takes from it, it will still have, so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us, by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child.

In its development it will be assisted by Christianity, if men desire that; but if men do not desire that, it will develop none the less surely. For it will not worry itself about the past, nor care whether things happened or did not happen. Nor will it admit any laws but its own laws; nor any authority but its own authority. Yet it will love those who sought to intensify it, and speak often of them. And of these Christ was one.

"Know Thyself" was written over the portal of the antique world. Over the portal of the new world, "Be thyself" shall be written. And the message of Christ to man was simply "Be thyself." That is the secret of Christ.

When Jesus talks about the poor he simply means personalities, just as when he talks about the rich he simply means people who have not developed their personalities. Jesus moved in a community that allowed the accumulation of private property just as ours does, and the gospel that he preached was not that in such a community it is an advantage for a man to live on scanty, unwholesome food, to wear ragged, unwholesome clothes, to sleep in horrid, unwholesome dwellings, and a disadvantage for a man to live under healthy,

pleasant, and decent conditions. Such a view would have been wrong there and then, and would of course be still more wrong now and in England; for as man moves northwards the material necessities of life become of more vital importance, and our society is infinitely more complex, and displays far greater extremes of luxury and pauperism than any society of the antique world. What Jesus meant, was this. He said to man, "You have a wonderful personality. Develop it. Be yourself. Don't imagine that your perfection lies in accumulating or possessing external things. Your perfection is inside of you. If only you could realise that, you would not want to be rich. Ordinary riches can be stolen from a man. Real riches cannot. In the treasury-house of your soul, there are infinitely precious things, that may not be taken from you. And so, try to so shape your life that external things will not harm you. And try also to get rid of personal property. It involves sordid pre-occupation, endless industry, continual wrong. Personal property hinders Individualism at every step." It is to be noted that Jesus never says that impoverished people are necessarily good, or wealthy people necessarily bad. That would not have been true. Wealthy people are, as a class, better than impoverished people, more moral, more intellectual, more well-behaved. *There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor.* The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor. What Jesus does say is that man reaches his perfection, not through what he has, not even through what he does, but entirely through what he is. And so the wealthy young man who comes to Jesus is represented as a thoroughly good citizen, who has broken none of the laws of his state, none of the commandments of his religion. He is quite respectable, in the ordinary sense of that extraordinary word. Jesus says to him, "You should give up private property. It hinders you from realising your perfection. It is a drag upon you. It is a burden. Your personality does not need it. It is within you, and not outside of you, that you will find what you really are, and what you really want." To his own friends he says the same thing. He tells them to be themselves, and not to be always worrying about other things. What do other things matter? Man is complete in himself. When they go into the world, the world will disagree with them. That is inevitable. The world hates Individualism. But this is not to trouble them. They are to be calm and self-centred. If a man takes their cloak, they are to give him their coat, just to show that material things are of no importance. If people abuse them, they are not to answer back. What does it signify? The things people say of a man do not alter a man. He is what he is. Public opinion is of no value whatsoever. Even if people employ actual violence, they are not to be violent in turn.

That would be to fall to the same low level. After all, even in prison, a man can be quite free. His soul can be free. His personality can be untroubled. He can be at peace. And, above all things, they are not to interfere with other people or judge them in any way. Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does. He may keep the law, and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine. He may be bad, without ever doing anything bad. He may commit a sin against society, and yet realise through that sin his true perfection.

There was a woman who was taken in adultery. We are not told the history of her love, but that love must have been very great; for Jesus said that her sins were forgiven her; not because she repented, but because her love was so intense and wonderful. Later on, a short time before his death, as he sat at a feast, the woman came in and poured costly perfumes on his hair. His friends tried to interfere with her, and said that it was an extravagance, and that the money that the perfume cost should have been expended on charitable relief of people in want, or something of that kind. Jesus did not accept that view. He pointed out that the material needs of Man were great and very permanent, but that the spiritual needs of Man were greater still, and that in one divine moment, and by selecting its own mode of expression, a personality might make itself perfect. The world worships the woman, even now, as a saint.

Yes; there are suggestive things in Individualism. Socialism annihilates family life, for instance. With the abolition of private property, marriage in its present form must disappear. This is part of the programme. Individualism accepts this and makes it fine. It converts the abolition of legal restraint into a form of freedom that will help the full development of personality, and make the love of man and woman more wonderful, more beautiful, and more ennobling. Jesus knew this. He rejected the claims of family life, although they existed in his day and community in a very marked form. "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers?" he said, when he was told that they wished to speak to him. When one of his followers asked leave to go and bury his father, "Let the dead bury the dead," was his terrible answer. He would allow no claim whatsoever to be made on personality.

And so he who would lead a Christ-like life is he who is perfectly and absolutely himself. He may be a great poet, or a great man of science; or a young student at a University, or one who watches sheep upon a moor; or a maker of dramas, like Shakespeare, or a thinker about God, like Spinoza; or a child who plays in a garden, or a fisherman who throws his nets into the sea. It does not matter what he is, as long as he realises the perfection of the soul that is

within him. All imitation in morals and in life is wrong. Through the streets of Jerusalem at the present day crawls one who is mad and carries a wooden cross on his shoulders. He is a symbol of the lives that are marred by imitation. Father Damien was Christ-like when he went out to live with the lepers, because in such service he realised fully what was best in him. But he was not more Christ-like than Wagner, when he realised his soul in music; or than Shelley, when he realised his soul in song. There is no one type for man. There are as many perfections as there are imperfect men. And while to the claims of charity a man may yield and yet be free, to the claims of conformity no man may yield and remain free at all.

Individualism, then, is what through Socialism we are to attain to. As a natural result the State must give up all idea of government. It must give it up because, as a wise man once said many centuries before Christ, there is such a thing as leaving mankind alone; there is no such thing as governing mankind. *All modes of government are failures.* Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many, and ochlocracies are unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. It has been found out. I must say that it was high time, for all authority is quite degrading. It degrades those who exercise it, and degrades those over whom it is exercised. When it is violently, grossly, and cruelly used, it produces a good effect, by creating, or at any rate bringing out, the spirit of revolt and individualism that is to kill it. When it is used with a certain amount of kindness, and accompanied by prizes and rewards, it is dreadfully demoralizing. People, in that case, are less conscious of the horrible pressure that is being put on them, and so go through their lives in a sort of coarse comfort, like petted animals, without ever realising that they are probably thinking other people's thoughts, living by other people's standards, wearing practically what one may call other people's second-hand clothes, and never being themselves for a single moment. "He who would be free," says a fine thinker, "must not conform." And authority, by bribing people to conform, produces a very gross kind of over-fed barbarism amongst us.

With authority, punishment will pass away. This will be a great gain—a gain, in fact, of incalculable value. As one reads history, not in the expurgated editions written for schoolboys and passmen, but in the original authorities of each time, one is absolutely sickened, not by the crimes that the wicked have committed, but by the punishments that the good have inflicted; and a community is infinitely more brutalised by the habitual employment of punishment, than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime. It obviously follows

that the more punishment is inflicted the more crime is produced, and most modern legislation has clearly recognised this, and has made it its task to diminish punishment as far as it thinks it can. Wherever it has really diminished it, the results have always been extremely good. The less punishment, the less crime. When there is no punishment at all, crime will either cease to exist, or if it occurs, will be treated by physicians as a very distressing form of dementia, to be cured by care and kindness. For what are called criminals nowadays are not criminals at all. Starvation, and not sin, is the parent of modern crime. That indeed is the reason why our criminals are, as a class, so absolutely uninteresting from any psychological point of view. They are not marvellous Macbeths and terrible Vautrins. They are merely what ordinary, respectable, commonplace people would be if they had not got enough to eat. When private property is abolished there will be no necessity for crime, no demand for it; it will cease to exist. Of course all crimes are not crimes against property, though such are the crimes that the English law, valuing what a man has more than what a man is, punishes with the harshest and most horrible severity, if we except the crime of murder, and regard death as worse than pen~~al~~ servitude, a point on which our criminals, I believe, disagree. But though a crime may not be against property, it may spring from the misery and rage and depression produced by our wrong system of property-holding, and so, when that system is abolished, will disappear. When each member of the community has sufficient for his wants, and is not interfered with by his neighbour, it will not be an object of any interest to him to interfere with anyone else. Jealousy, which is an extraordinary source of crime in modern life, is an emotion closely bound up with our conceptions of property, and under Socialism and Individualism will die out. It is remarkable that in communistic tribes jealousy is entirely unknown.

Now as the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association that will organize labour, and be the manufacturer and distributor of necessary commodities. *The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful.* And as I have mentioned the word labour, I cannot help saying that a great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labour. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labour at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labour are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral, or physical dignity seems

to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine.

And I have no doubt that it will be so. Up to the present, man has been, to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve. This, however, is, of course, the result of our property system and our system of competition. One man owns a machine which does the work of five hundred men. Five hundred men are, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and having no work to do, become hungry and take to thieving. The one man secures the produce of the machine and keeps it, and has five hundred times as much as he should have, and probably, which is of much more importance, a great deal more than he really wants. Were that machine the property of all, every one would benefit by it. It would be an immense advantage to the community. All unintellectual labour, all monotonous, dull labour, all labour that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, must be done by machinery. Machinery must work for us in coal mines, and do all sanitary services, and be the stoker of steamers, and clean the streets, and run messages on wet days, and do anything that is tedious or distressing. *At present machinery competes against man. Under proper conditions machinery will serve man.* There is no doubt at all that this is the future of machinery, and just as trees grow while the country gentleman is asleep, so while Humanity will be amusing itself, or enjoying cultivated leisure—which, and not labour, is the aim of man—or making beautiful things, or reading beautiful things, or simply contemplating the world with admiration and delight, machinery will be doing all the necessary and unpleasant work. The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralising. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends. And when scientific men are no longer called upon to go down to a depressing East-end and distribute bad cocoa and worse blankets to starving people, they will have delightful leisure in which to devise wonderful and marvellous things for their own joy and the joy of everyone else. There will be great storages of force for every city, and for every house if required, and this force man will convert into heat, light, or motion, according to his needs. Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands

there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realisation of Utopias.

Now, I have said that the community by means of organization of machinery will supply the useful things, and that the beautiful things will be made by the individual. This is not merely necessary, but it is the only possible way by which we can get either the one or the other. An individual who has to make things for the use of others, and with reference to their wants and their wishes, does not work with interest, and consequently cannot put into his work what is best in him. Upon the other hand, whenever a community or a powerful section of a community, or a government of any kind, attempts to dictate to the artist what he is to do, Art either entirely vanishes, or becomes stereotyped, or degenerates into a low and ignoble form of craft. *A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is. It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want.* Indeed, the moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or a dishonest tradesman. He has no further claim to be considered as an artist. *Art is the most intense mode of individualism that the world has known.* I am inclined to say that it is the only real mode of individualism that the world has known. Crime, which, under certain conditions, may seem to have created individualism, must take cognizance of other people and interfere with them. It belongs to the sphere of action. But alone, without any reference to his neighbours, without any interference, the artist can fashion a beautiful thing; and if he does not do it solely for his own pleasure, he is not an artist at all.

And it is to be noted that it is the fact that Art is this intense form of individualism that makes the public try to exercise over it an authority that is as immoral as it is ridiculous, and as corrupting as it is contemptible. It is not quite their fault. The public has always, and in every age, been badly brought up. They are continually asking Art to be popular, to please their want of taste, to flatter their absurd vanity, to tell them what they have been told before, to show them what they ought to be tired of seeing, to amuse them when they feel heavy after eating too much, and to distract their thoughts when they are wearied of their own stupidity. *Now Art should never try to be popular. The public should try to make itself artistic.* There is a very wide difference. If a man of science were told that the results of his experiments, and the conclusions that he arrived at, should be of such a character that they would not upset the received popular notions on the subject, or disturb popular prejudice, or hurt the sensibilities of people who knew nothing

about science ; if a philosopher were told that he had a perfect right to speculate in the highest spheres of thought, provided that he arrived at the same conclusions as were held by those who had never thought in any sphere at all—well, nowadays the man of science and the philosopher would be considerably amused. Yet it is really a very few years since both philosophy and science were subjected to brutal popular control, to authority in fact—the authority of either the general ignorance of the community, or the terror and greed for power of an ecclesiastical or governmental class. Of course, we have to a very great extent got rid of any attempt on the part of the community, or the Church, or the Government, to interfere with the individualism of speculative thought, but the attempt to interfere with the individualism of imaginative art still lingers. In fact, it does more than linger : it is aggressive, offensive, and brutalizing.

In England, the arts that have escaped best are the arts in which the public take no interest. Poetry is an instance of what I mean. We have been able to have fine poetry in England because the public do not read it, and consequently do not influence it. The public like to insult poets because they are individual, but once they have insulted them they leave them alone. In the case of the novel and the drama, arts in which the public does take an interest, the result of the exercise of popular authority has been absolutely ridiculous. No country produces such badly written fiction, such tedious, common work in the novel-form, such silly, vulgar plays as in England. It must necessarily be so. The popular standard is of such a character that no artist can get to it. It is at once too easy and too difficult to be a popular novelist. It is too easy, because the requirements of the public as far as plot, style, psychology, treatment of life, and treatment of literature are concerned are within the reach of the very meanest capacity and the most uncultivated mind. It is too difficult, because to meet such requirements the artist would have to do violence to his temperament, would have to write not for the artistic joy of writing, but for the amusement of half-educated people, and so would have to suppress his individualism, forget his culture, annihilate his style, and surrender everything that is valuable in him. In the case of the drama, things are a little better : the theatre-going public like the obvious, it is true, but they do not like the tedious ; and burlesque and farcical comedy, the two most popular forms, are distinct forms of art. Delightful work may be produced under burlesque and farcical conditions, and in work of this kind the artist in England is allowed very great freedom. It is when one comes to the higher forms of the drama that the result of popular control is seen. The one thing that the public dislike is novelty. Any attempt to extend the subject-matter of art is extremely distasteful to the public ; and yet the vitality and progress of art depend in a large

measure on the continual extension of subject-matter. The public dislike novelty because they are afraid of it. It represents to them a mode of Individualism, an assertion on the part of the artist that he selects his own subject, and treats it as he chooses. The public are quite right in their attitude. Art is Individualism, and Individualism is a disturbing and disintegrating force. Therein lies its immense value. For what it seeks to disturb is monotony of type, slavery of custom, tyranny of habit, and the reduction of man to the level of a machine. In Art, the public accept what has been, because they cannot alter it, not because they appreciate it. They swallow their classics whole, and never taste them. They endure them as the inevitable, and, as they cannot mar them, they mouth about them. Strangely enough, or not strangely, according to one's own views, this acceptance of the classics does a great deal of harm. The uncritical admiration of the Bible and Shakespeare in England is an instance of what I mean. With regard to the Bible, considerations of ecclesiastical authority enter into the matter, so that I need not dwell upon the point.

But in the case of Shakespeare it is quite obvious that the public really see neither the beauties nor the defects of his plays. If they saw the beauties, they would not object to the development of the drama; and if they saw the defects, they would not object to the development of the drama either. *The fact is, the public make use of the classics of a country as a means of checking the progress of Art.* They degrade the classics into authorities. They use them as bludgeons for preventing the free expression of Beauty in new forms. They are always asking a writer why he does not write like somebody else, or a painter why he does not paint like somebody else, quite oblivious of the fact that if either of them did anything of the kind he would cease to be an artist. A fresh mode of Beauty is absolutely distasteful to them, and whenever it appears they get so angry and bewildered that they always use two stupid expressions—one is that the work of art is grossly unintelligible; the other, that the work of art is grossly immoral. What they mean by these words seems to me to be this. When they say a work is grossly unintelligible, they mean that the artist has said or made a beautiful thing that is new; when they describe a work as grossly immoral, they mean that the artist has said or made a beautiful thing that is true. The former expression has reference to style; the latter to subject-matter. But they probably use the words very vaguely, as an ordinary mob will use ready-made paving-stones. *There is not a single real poet or prose-writer of this century, for instance, on whom the British public have not solemnly conferred diplomas of immorality, and these diplomas practically take the place, with us, of what in France is the formal recognition of an Academy of Let-*

ters, and fortunately make the establishment of such an institution quite unnecessary in England. Of course the public are very reckless in their use of the word. That they should have called Wordsworth an immoral poet, was only to be expected. Wordsworth was a poet. But that they should have called Charles Kingsley an immoral novelist is extraordinary. Kingsley's prose was not of a very fine quality. Still, there is the word, and they use it as best they can. An artist is, of course, not disturbed by it. The true artist is a man who believes absolutely in himself, because he is absolutely himself. But I can fancy that if an artist produced a work of art in England that immediately on its appearance was recognised by the public, through their medium, which is the public press, as a work that was quite intelligible and highly moral, he would begin to seriously question whether in its creation he had really been himself at all, and consequently whether the work was not quite unworthy of him, and either of a thoroughly second-rate order, or of no artistic value whatsoever.

Perhaps, however, I have wronged the public in limiting them to such words as "immoral," "unintelligible," "exotic," and "unhealthy." There is one other word that they use. That word is "morbid." They do not use it often. The meaning of the word is so simple that they are afraid of using it. Still, they use it sometimes, and, now and then, one comes across it in popular newspapers. It is, of course, a ridiculous word to apply to a work of art. For what is morbidity but a mood of emotion or a mode of thought that one cannot express? The public are all morbid, because the public can never find expression for anything. *The artist is never morbid. He expresses everything.* He stands outside his subject, and through its medium produces incomparable and artistic effects. To call an artist morbid because he deals with morbidity as his subject matter is as silly as if one called Shakespeare mad because he wrote *King Lear*.

On the whole, an artist in England gains something by being attacked. His individuality is intensified. He becomes more completely himself. Of course the attacks are very gross, very impertinent, and very contemptible. But then no artist expects grace from the vulgar mind, or style from the suburban intellect. Vulgarity and stupidity are two very vivid facts in modern life. One regrets them, naturally. But there they are. They are subjects for study, like everything else. And it is only fair to state, with regard to modern journalists, that they always apologise to one in private for what they have written against one in public.

Within the last few years two other adjectives, it may be mentioned, have been added to the very limited vocabulary of art-abuse that is at the disposal of the public. One is the word

"unhealthy," the other is the word "exotic." The latter merely expresses the rage of the momentary mushroom against the immortal, entrancing, and exquisitely-lovely orchid. It is a tribute, but a tribute of no importance. The word "unhealthy," however, admits of analysis. It is a rather interesting word. In fact, it is so interesting that the people who use it do not know what it means.

What does it mean? What is a healthy, or an unhealthy work of art? All terms that one applies to a work of art, provided that one applies them rationally, have reference to either its style or its subject, or to both together. From the point of view of style, a healthy work of art is one whose style recognises the beauty of the material it employs, be that material⁶ one of words or of bronze, of colour or of ivory, and uses that beauty as a factor in producing the æsthetic effect. From the point of view of subject, a healthy work of art is one the choice of whose subject is conditioned by the temperament of the artist, and comes directly out of it. In fine, a healthy work of art is one that has both perfection and personality. Of course, form and substance cannot be separated in a work of art; they are always one. But for purposes of analysis, and setting the wholeness of æsthetic impression aside for a moment, we can intellectually so separate them. An unhealthy work of art, on the other hand, is a work whose style is obvious, old-fashioned, and common, and whose subject is deliberately chosen, not because the artist has any pleasure in it, but because he thinks that the public will pay him for it. *In fact, the popular novel that the public calls healthy is always a thoroughly unhealthy production; and what the public call an unhealthy novel is always a beautiful and healthy work of art.*

I need hardly say that I am not, for a single moment, complaining that the public and the public press misuse these words. I do not see how, with their lack of comprehension of what Art is, they could possibly use them in the proper sense. I am merely pointing out the misuse; and as for the origin of the misuse and the meaning that lies behind it all, the explanation is very simple. It comes from the barbarous conception of authority. It comes from the natural inability of a community corrupted by authority to understand or appreciate Individualism. In a word, it comes from that monstrous and ignorant thing that is called Public Opinion, which bad and well-meaning as it is when it tries to control action, is infamous and of evil meaning when it tries to control Thought or Art.

Indeed, there is much more to be said in favour of the physical force of the public than there is in favour of the public's opinion. The former may be fine. The latter must be foolish. It is often said that force is no argument. That, however, entirely depends on what one wants to prove. Many of the most important problems of

the last few centuries, such as the continuance of personal government in England, or of feudalism in France, have been solved entirely by means of physical force. The very violence of a revolution may make the public grand and splendid for a moment. It was a fatal day when the public discovered that the pen is mightier than the paving-stone, and can be made as offensive as the brickbat. They at once sought for the journalist, found him, developed him, and made him their industrious and well-paid servant. It is greatly to be regretted, for both their sakes. Behind the barricade there may be much that is noble and heroic. But what is there behind the leading-article but prejudice, stupidity, cant, and twaddle? And when these four are joined together they make a terrible force, and constitute the new authority.

In old days men had the rack. Now they have the press. That is an improvement certainly. But still it is very bad, and wrong, and demoralising. Somebody—was it Burke?—called journalism the fourth estate. That was true at the time, no doubt. But at the present moment it really is the only estate. It has eaten up the other three. The Lords Temporal say nothing, the Lords Spiritual have nothing to say, and the House of Commons has nothing to say and says it. We are dominated by Journalism. In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs for ever and ever. Fortunately in America journalism has carried its authority to the grossest and most brutal extreme. As a natural consequence it has begun to create a spirit of revolt. People are amused by it, or disgusted by it, according to their temperaments. But it is no longer the real force it was. It is not seriously treated. In England, Journalism, not, except in a few well-known instances, having been carried to such excesses of brutality, is still a great factor, a really remarkable power. The tyranny that it proposes to exercise over people's private lives seems to me to be quite extraordinary. *The fact is, that the public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything, except what is worth knowing.* Journalism, conscious of this, and having tradesmanlike habits, supplies their demands. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse. And what aggravates the mischief is that the journalists who are most to blame are not the amusing journalists who write for what are called Society papers. The harm is done by the serious, thoughtful, earnest journalists, who solemnly, as they are doing at present, will drag before the eyes of the public some incident in the private life of a great statesman, of a man who is a leader of political thought as he is a creator of political force, and invite the public to discuss the incident, to exercise authority in the matter, to give their views, and

not merely to give their views, but to carry them into action, to dictate to the man upon all other points, to dictate to his party, to dictate to his country, in fact to make themselves ridiculous, offensive, and harmful. The private lives of men and women should not be told to the public. The public have nothing to do with them at all. In France they manage these things better. There they do not allow the details of the trials that take place in the divorce courts to be published for the amusement or criticism of the public. All that the public are allowed to know is that the divorce has taken place and was granted on petition of one or other or both of the married parties concerned. In France, in fact, they limit the journalist, and allow the artist almost perfect freedom. *Here we allow absolute freedom to the journalist, and entirely limit the artist.* English public opinion, that is to say, tries to constrain and impede and warp the man who makes things that are beautiful in effect, and compels the journalist to retail things that are ugly, or disgusting, or revolting in fact, so that we have the most serious journalists in the world, and the most indecent newspapers. It is no exaggeration to talk of compulsion. There are possibly some journalists who take a real pleasure in publishing horrible things, or who, being poor, look to scandals as forming a sort of permanent basis for an income. But there are other journalists, I feel certain, men of education and cultivation, who really dislike publishing these things, who know that it is wrong to do so, and only do it because the unhealthy conditions under which their occupation is carried on oblige them to supply the public with what the public wants, and to compete with other journalists in making that supply as full and satisfying to the gross popular appetite as possible. It is a very degrading position for any body of educated men to be placed in, and I have no doubt that most of them feel it acutely.

However, let us leave what is really a very sordid side of the subject, and return to the question of popular control in the matter of Art, by which I mean Public Opinion dictating to the artist the form which he is to use, the mode in which he is to use it, and the materials with which he is to work. I have pointed out that the arts which have escaped best in England are the arts in which the public have not been interested. They are, however, interested in the drama, and as a certain advance has been made in the drama within the last ten or fifteen years, it is important to point out that this advance is entirely due to a few individual artists refusing to accept the popular want of taste as their standard, and refusing to regard Art as a mere matter of demand and supply. With his marvellous and vivid personality, with a style that has really a true colour-element in it, with his extraordinary power, not over mere mimicry but over imaginative and intellectual creation, Mr. Irving,

had his sole object been to give the public what they wanted, could have produced the commonest plays in the commonest manner, and made as much success and money as a man could possibly desire. But his object was not that. His object was to realise his own perfection as an artist, under certain conditions, and in certain forms of Art. At first he appealed to the few: now he has educated the many. He has created in the public both taste and temperament. The public appreciate his artistic success immensely. I often wonder, however, whether the public understand that that success is entirely due to the fact that he did not accept their standard, but realised his own. With their standard the Lyceum would have been a sort of second-rate booth, as some of the popular theatres in London are at present. Whether they understand it or not the fact however remains, that taste and temperament have, to a certain extent, been created in the public, and that the public is capable of developing these qualities. The problem then is, why do not the public become more civilised? They have the capacity. What stops them?

The thing that stops them, it must be said again, is their desire to exercise authority over the artist and over works of art. To certain theatres, such as the Lyceum and the Haymarket, the public seem to come in a proper mood. In both of these theatres there have been individual artists, who have succeeded in creating in their audiences—and every theatre in London has its own audience—the temperament to which Art appeals. And what is that temperament? It is the temperament of receptivity. That is all.

If a man approaches a work of art with any desire to exercise authority over it and the artist, he approaches it in such a spirit that he cannot receive any artistic impression from it at all. *The work of art is to dominate the spectator: the spectator is not to dominate the work of art.* The spectator is to be receptive. He is to be the violin on which the master is to play. And the more completely he can suppress his own silly views, his own foolish prejudices, his own absurd ideas of what Art should be or should not be, the more likely he is to understand and appreciate the work of art in question. This is, of course, quite obvious in the case of the vulgar theatre-going public of English men and women. But it is equally true of what are called educated people. For an educated person's ideas of Art are drawn naturally from what Art has been, whereas the new work of art is beautiful by being what Art has never been; and to measure it by the standard of the past is to measure it by a standard on the rejection of which its real perfection depends. A temperament capable of receiving, through an imaginative medium, and under imaginative conditions, new and beautiful impressions is the only temperament that can appreciate a work of art. And true as

this is in the case of the appreciation of sculpture and painting, it is still more true of the appreciation of such arts as the drama. For a picture and a statue are not at war with Time. They take no count of its succession. In one moment their unity may be apprehended. In the case of literature it is different. Time must be traversed before the unity of effect is realised. And so, in the drama, there may occur in the first act of the play something whose real artistic value may not be evident to the spectator till the third or fourth act is reached. Is the silly fellow to get angry and call out, and disturb the play, and annoy the artists? No. The honest man is to sit quietly, and know the delightful emotions of wonder, curiosity, and suspense. He is not to go to the play to lose a vulgar temper. He is to go to the play to realise an artistic temperament. He is to go to the play to gain an artistic temperament. He is not the arbiter of the work of art. He is one who is admitted to contemplate the work of art, and, if the work be fine, to forget in its contemplation all the egotism that mars him — the egotism of his ignorance, or the egotism of his information. This point about the drama is hardly, I think, sufficiently recognised. I can quite understand that were *Macbeth* produced for the first time before a modern London audience, many of the people present would strongly and vigorously object to the introduction of the witches in the first act, with their grotesque phrases and their ridiculous words. But when the play is over one realises that the laughter of the witches in *Macbeth* is as terrible as the laughter of madness in *Lear*, more terrible than the laughter of Iago in the tragedy of the Moor. No spectator of art needs a more perfect mood of receptivity than the spectator of a play. The moment he seeks to exercise authority he becomes the avowed enemy of Art and of himself. Art does not mind. It is he who suffers.

With the novel it is the same thing. Popular authority and the recognition of popular authority are fatal. Thackeray's *Esmond* is a beautiful work of art because he wrote it to please himself. In his other novels, in *Pendennis*, in *Philip*, in *Vanity Fair* even, at times, he is too conscious of the public, and spoils his work by appealing directly to the sympathies of the public, or by directly mocking at them. *A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public. The public are to him non-existent.* He has no popped or honeyed cakes through which to give the monster sleep or sustenance. He leaves that to the popular novelist. One incomparable novelist we have now in England, Mr. George Meredith. There are better artists in France, but France has no one whose view of life is so large, so varied, so imaginatively true. There are tellers of stories in Russia who have a more vivid sense of what pain in fiction may be. But to him belongs philosophy in fiction. His people not

merely live, but they live in thought. One can see them from myriad points of view. They are suggestive. There is soul in them and around them. They are interpretative and symbolic. And he who made them, those wonderful quickly-moving figures, made them for his own pleasure, and has never asked the public what they wanted, has never cared to know what they wanted, has never allowed the public to dictate to him or influence him in any way, but has gone on intensifying his own personality, and producing his own individual work. At first none came to him. That did not matter. Then the few came to him. That did not change him. The many have come now. He is still the same. He is an incomparable novelist.

With the decorative arts it is not different. The public clung with really pathetic tenacity to what I believe were the direct traditions of the Great Exhibition of international vulgarity, traditions that were so appalling that the houses in which people lived were only fit for blind people to live in. Beautiful things began to be made, beautiful colours came from the dyer's hand, beautiful patterns from the artist's brain, and the use of beautiful things and their value and importance were set forth. The public were really very indignant. They lost their temper. They said silly things. No one minded. No one was a whit the worse. No one accepted the authority of public opinion. And now it is almost impossible to enter any modern house without seeing some recognition of good taste, some recognition of the value of lovely surroundings, some sign of appreciation of beauty. In fact, people's houses are, as a rule, quite charming nowadays. People have been to a very great extent civilised. It is only fair to state, however, that the extraordinary success of the revolution in house-decoration and furniture and the like has not really been due to the majority of the public developing a very fine taste in such matters. It has been chiefly due to the fact that the craftsmen of things so appreciated the pleasure of making what was beautiful, and woke to such a vivid consciousness of the hideousness and vulgarity of what the public had previously wanted, that they simply starved the public out. It would be quite impossible at the present moment to furnish a room as rooms were furnished a few years ago, without going for everything to an auction of second-hand furniture from some third-rate lodging-house. The things are no longer made. However they may object to it, people must nowadays have something charming in their surroundings. Fortunately for them, their assumption of authority in these art-matters came to entire grief.

It is evident, then, that all authority in such things is bad. People sometimes inquire what form of government is most suitable for an artist to live under. To this question there is only one

answer. *The form of government that is most suitable to the artist is no government at all.* Authority over him and his art is ridiculous. It has been stated that under despotisms artists have produced lovely work. This is not quite so. Artists have visited despots, not as subjects to be tyrannized over, but as wandering wonder-makers, as fascinating vagrant personalities, to be entertained and charmed and suffered to be at peace, and allowed to create. There is this to be said in favour of the despot, that he, being an individual, may have culture, while the mob, being a monster, has none. One who is an Emperor and King may stoop down to pick up a brush for a painter, but when the democracy stoops down it is merely to throw mud. And yet the democracy have not so far to stoop as the emperor. In fact, when they want to throw mud they have not to stoop at all. But there is no necessity to separate the monarch from the mob; all authority is equally bad.

There are three kinds of despots. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the body. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul. There is the despot who tyrannizes over soul and body alike. The first is called the Prince. The second is called the Pope. The third is called the People. The Prince may be cultivated. Many Princes have been. Yet in the Prince there is danger. One thinks of Dante at the bitter feast in Verona, of Tasso in Ferrara's madman's cell. It is better for the artist not to live with Princes. The Pope may be cultivated. Many Popes have been; the bad Popes have been. The bad Popes loved Beauty, almost as passionately, nay, with as much passion as the good Popes, hated Thought. To the wickedness of the Papacy humanity owes much. The goodness of the Papacy owes a terrible debt to humanity. Yet, though the Vatican has kept the rhetoric of its thunders and lost the rod of its lightning, it is better for the artist not to live with Popes. It was a Pope who said of Cellini to a conclave of Cardinals that common laws and common authority were not made for men such as he; but it was a Pope who thrust Cellini into prison, and kept him there till he sickened with rage, and created unreal visions for himself, and saw the gilded sun enter his room, and grew so enamoured of it that he sought to escape, and crept out from tower to tower, and falling through dizzy air at dawn, maimed himself, and was by a vine-dresser covered with vine leaves, and carried in a cart to one who, loving beautiful things, had care of him. There is danger in Popes. And as for the People, what of them and their authority? Perhaps of them and their authority one has spoken enough. Their authority is a thing blind, deaf, hideous, grotesque, tragic, amusing, serious and obscene. It is impossible for the artist to live with the People. All despots bribe. The people bribe and brutalize. Who told them

to exercise authority? They were made to live, to listen, and to love. Someone has done them a great wrong. They have marred themselves by imitation of their inferiors. They have taken the sceptre of the Prince. How should they use it? They have taken the triple tiar of the Pope. How should they carry its burden? They are as a clown whose heart is broken. They are as a priest whose soul is not yet born. Let all who love Beauty pity them. Though they themselves love not Beauty, yet let them pity themselves. Who taught them the trick of tyranny?

There are many other things that one might point out. One might point out how the Renaissance was great, because it sought to solve no social problem, and busied itself not about such things, but suffered the individual to develop freely, beautifully, and naturally, and so had great and individual artists, and great and individual men. One might point out how Louis XIV., by creating the modern state, destroyed the individualism of the artist, and made things monstrous in their monotony of repetition, and contemptible in their conformity to rule, and destroyed throughout all France all those fine freedoms of expression that had made tradition new in beauty, and new modes one with antique form. But the past is of no importance. The present is of no importance. It is with the future that we have to deal. For the past is what man should not have been. The present is what man ought not to be. The future is what artists are.

It will, of course, be said that such a scheme as is set forth here is quite unpractical, and goes against human nature. This is perfectly true. It is unpractical, and it goes against human nature. This is why it is worth carrying out, and that is why one proposes it. For what is a practical scheme? *A practical scheme is either a scheme that is already in existence, or a scheme that could be carried out under existing conditions.* But it is exactly the existing conditions that one objects to; and any scheme that could accept these conditions is wrong and foolish. The conditions will be done away with, and human nature will change. The only thing that one really knows about human nature is that it changes. Change is the one quality we can predicate of it. The systems that fail are those that rely on the permanency of human nature, and not on its growth and development. The error of Louis XIV. was that he thought human nature would always be the same. The result of his error was the French Revolution. It was an admirable result. All the results of the mistakes of governments are quite admirable.

It is to be noted also that Individualism does not come to man with any sickly cant about duty, which merely means doing what other people want because they want it; or any hideous cant about self-sacrifice, which is merely a survival of savage mutilation. *It*

fact, it does not come to man with any claims upon him at all. It comes naturally and inevitably out of man. It is the point to which all development tends. It is the differentiation to which all organisms grow. It is the perfection that is inherent in every mode of life, and towards which every mode of life quickens. And so Individualism exercises no compulsion over man. On the contrary it says to man that he should suffer no compulsion to be exercised over him. It does not try to force people to be good. It knows that people are good when they are let alone. Man will develop Individualism out of himself. Man is now so developing Individualism. To ask whether Individualism is practical is like asking whether Evolution is practical. *Evolution is the law of life, and there is no evolution except towards Individualism.* Where this tendency is not expressed, it is a case of artificially-arrested growth, or of disease, or of death.

Individualism will also be unselfish and unaffected. It has been pointed out that one of the results of the extraordinary tyranny of authority is that words are absolutely distorted from their proper and simple meaning, and are used to express the obverse of their right signification. What is true about Art is true about Life. A man is called affected, now-a-days, if he dresses as he likes to dress. But in doing that he is acting in a perfectly natural manner. Affectation, in such matters, consists in dressing according to the views of one's neighbour, whose views, as they are the views of the majority, will probably be extremely stupid. Or a man is called selfish if he lives in the manner that seems to him most suitable for the full realisation of his own personality; if, in fact, the primary aim of his life is self-development. But this is the way in which everyone should live. *Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live.* And unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type. Unselfishness recognises infinite variety of type as a delightful thing, accepts it, acquiesces in it, enjoys it. It is not selfish to think for oneself. A man who does not think for himself does not think at all. It is grossly selfish to require of one's neighbour that he should think in the same way, and hold the same opinions. Why should he? If he can think, he will probably think differently. If he cannot think, it is monstrous to require thought of any kind from him. A red rose is not selfish because it wants to be a red rose. It would be horribly selfish if it wanted all the other flowers in the garden to be both red and roses. Under Individualism people will be quite natural and absolutely unselfish, and will know the meanings of the words, and realise them in their free, beautiful lives. Nor will men be egotistic as they are now. For the egotist is he

who makes claims upon others, and the Individualist will not desire to do that. It will not give him pleasure. When man has realised Individualism, he will also realise sympathy and exercise it freely and spontaneously. Up to the present man has hardly cultivated sympathy at all. He has merely sympathy with pain, and sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. *All sympathy is fine, but sympathy with suffering is the least fine mode.* It is tainted with egotism. It is apt to become morbid. There is in it a certain element of terror for our own safety. We become afraid that we ourselves might be as the leper or as the blind, and that no man would have care of us. It is curiously limiting, too. One should sympathise with the entirety of life, not with life's sores and maladies merely, but with life's joy and beauty and energy and health and freedom. The wider sympathy is, of course, the more difficult. It requires more unselfishness. Anybody can sympathise with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature—it requires, in fact, the nature of a true Individualist—to sympathise with a friend's success. In the modern stress of competition and struggle for place, such sympathy is naturally rare, and is also very much stifled by the immoral ideal of uniformity of type and conformity to rule which is so prevalent everywhere, and is perhaps most obnoxious in England.

Sympathy with pain there will, of course, always be. It is one of the first instincts of man. The animals which are individual, the higher animals that is to say, share it with us. But it must be remembered that while sympathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the world, sympathy with pain does not really diminish the amount of pain. It may make man better able to endure evil, but the evil remains. Sympathy with consumption does not cure consumption; that is what Science does. And when Socialism has solved the problem of poverty, and Science solved the problem of disease, the area of the sentimentalists will be lessened, and the sympathy of man will be large, healthy, and spontaneous. Man will have joy in the contemplation of the joyous lives of others.

For it is through joy that the Individualism of the future will develop itself. *Christ made no attempt to reconstruct society, and consequently the Individualism that he preached to man could be realised only through pain or in solitude.* The ideals that we owe to Christ are the ideals of the man who abandons society entirely, or of the man who resists society absolutely. But man is naturally social. Even the Thebaid became peopled at last. And though the cenobite realises his personality, it is often an impoverished personality that he so realises. Upon the other hand, the terrible truth that pain is a mode through which man may realise himself exercised a wonderful fascination over the world. Shallow speakers and

shallow thinkers in pulpits and on platforms often talk about the world's worship of pleasure, and whine against it. But it is rarely in the world's history that its ideal has been one of joy and beauty. The worship of pain has far more often dominated the world. Mediævalism, with its saints and martyrs, its love of self-torture, its wild passion for wounding itself, its gashing with knives, and its whipping with rods—Mediævalism is real Christianity, and the mediæval Christ is the real Christ. When the Renaissance dawned, upon the world, and brought with it the new ideals of the beauty of life and the joy of living, men could not understand Christ. Even Art shows us that. The painters of the Renaissance drew Christ as a little boy playing with another boy in a palace or a garden, or lying back in his mother's arms, smiling at her, or at a flower, or at a bird; or as a noble stately figure moving nobly through the world, or as a wonderful figure rising in a sort of ecstasy from death to life. Even when they drew him crucified they drew him as a beautiful God on whom evil men had inflicted suffering. But he did not preoccupy them much. What delighted them was to paint the men and women whom they admired, and to show the loveliness of this lovely earth. They painted many religious pictures, in fact, they painted far too many, and the monotony of type and motive is wearisome, and was bad for art. It was the result of the authority of the public in art-matters, and is to be deplored. But their soul was not in the subject. Raphael was a great artist when he painted his portrait of the Pope. When he painted his Madonnas and infant Christs, he is not a great artist at all. Christ had no message for the Renaissance, which was wonderful because it brought an ideal at variance with his, and to find the presentation of the real Christ we must go to mediæval art. There he is one maimed and marred; one who is not comely to look on, because Beauty is a joy; one who is not in fair raiment, because that may be a joy also; he is a beggar who has a marvellous soul; he is a leper whose soul is divine; he needs neither property nor health; he is a God realising his perfection through pain.

The evolution of man is slow. The injustice of men is great. It was necessary that pain should be put forward as a mode of self-realisation. Even now, in some places in the world, the message of Christ is necessary. No one who lived in modern Russia could possibly realise his perfection except by pain. A few Russian artists have realised themselves in Art, in a fiction that is mediæval in character, because its dominant note is the realisation of men through suffering. But for those who are not artists, and to whom there is no mode of life but the actual life of fact, pain is the only door to perfection. A Russian who lives happily under the present system of government in Russia must either believe that man has no soul, or that, if he has,

it is not worth developing. A Nihilist who rejects all authority, because he knows authority to be evil, and who welcomes all pain, because through that he realises his personality, is a real Christian. To him the Christian ideal is a true thing.

And yet, Christ did not revolt against authority. He accepted the imperial authority of the Roman Empire and paid tribute. He endured the ecclesiastical authority of the Jewish Church, and would not repel its violence by any violence of his own. He had, as I said before, no scheme for the reconstruction of society. But the modern world has schemes. It proposes to do away with poverty and the suffering that it entails. It desires to get rid of pain, and the suffering that pain entails. It trusts to Socialism and to Science as its methods. What it aims at is an Individualism expressing itself through joy. This Individualism will be larger, fuller, lovelier than any Individualism has ever been. Pain is not the ultimate mode of perfection. It is merely provisional and a protest. It has reference to wrong, unhealthy, unjust surroundings. When the wrong, and the disease, and the injustice are removed, it will have no further place. It will have done its work. It was a great work, but it is almost over. Its sphere lessens every day.

Nor will man miss it. *For what man has sought for is, indeed, neither pain nor pleasure, but simply Life.* Man has sought to live intensely, fully, perfectly. When he can do so without exercising restraint on others, or suffering it ever, and his activities are all pleasurable to him, he will be saner, healthier, more civilized, more himself. Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When man is happy, he is in harmony with himself and his environment. The new Individualism, for whose service Socialism, whether it wills it or not, is working, will be perfect harmony. It will be what the Greeks sought for, but could not, except in Thought, realise completely, because they had slaves, and fed them; it will be what the Renaissance sought for, but could not realise completely except in Art, because they had slaves, and starved them. It will be complete, and through it each man will attain to his perfection. The new Individualism is the new Hellenism.

OSCAR WILDE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NONCONFORMISTS AND UNIONISM.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR.—In connection with the recent correspondence in the *Times* respecting "The Nonconformist Conscience," you have asked me to state briefly my reasons for being a Unionist.

I have been a Nonconformist from my youth. I have also been a Liberal; but ecclesiastical views are not necessarily linked with political. My father was a Congregational deacon, while an old-fashioned Tory and proprietor of a country Conservative journal. Preference for Puritan worship ought to be consistent with freedom in political opinion. Every Christian church should be open to all parties of politicians, and a Gospel pulpit should never become a political platform. The Dissenting conscience should not be distinguished from the Christian conscience of every church alike.

I admit that in not approving a Home-Rule measure, the provisions of which have not yet been published, I am in a small minority of Nonconformists. But I am accustomed to minorities which have eventually become majorities. It was so nearly fifty years ago, when I refused to be alarmed at "Papal Aggression," and both on the platform and in the press pleaded against intolerance, when almost the whole of the Nonconformists urged the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, a measure which was soon repealed by large majorities of both Houses. Nonconformists have as a body come round to the minority whom they had condemned as abettors of Popery, when they were only advocating the equal religious liberty so dear to Dissenters. I had a similar experience with regard to the Education question.

When the American War broke out, the majority of Nonconformists, with the Liberal Party led by Mr. Gladstone, withheld sympathy from the North. It was my privilege to be one of the few who, from the first, raised their voices for the North, but it was very difficult to get a hearing at the meetings of the Congregational Union. The majority have come over to those who were then dissentients. So with the Egyptian and Soudan wars. Supporter as I was of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, I took an active part in public meetings, as well as by private remonstrance, to prevent an invasion which was both unnecessary and unjust, and I was reproved at the Congregational Union for "speaking to the man at the wheel." I feel confident that now, as then, the views of the present minority will become those of the whole body of Nonconformists.

I was present at the grand reception given to Mr. Gladstone in the Guildhall, when he announced, amid a storm of enthusiastic applause, that "the resources of civilisation were not exhausted," and that Mr. Parnell had that day been committed to prison. With hundreds of others he was confined, without trial, on suspicion of conspiracy against the Government and encouragement of acts of violence. The whole of the Liberal Party were then united in opposition to Home Rule.

After a few months' silence, Mr. Gladstone astonished most of his colleagues by reversing his former policy, allying himself with the Irish Party, and bringing forward a Home-Rule measure. I had a strong bias to induce agreement. In some humble degree I had long enjoyed Mr.

Gladstone's friendship. The better I knew him the more I honoured him. I felt and still feel that, however opinions may differ as to his judgment of methods, he is absolutely sincere in his desire to do justice to Ireland, and so to promote the security of the empire. If ambitious of power, his is the noble ambition of thereby accomplishing such desires.

I therefore was strongly influenced in favour of his scheme. I was in the East at the time, but read everything I could which he and his friends adduced. It was then, and still is, a grief that I remained unconvinced; and for these reasons:

I could not reconcile the demands of the Irish Home Rulers, which pointed towards a separate nationality, with Mr. Gladstone's pledge to preserve the supremacy of Parliament and the unity of the Empire.

I could not regard Home Rule as the demand of united Ireland when one-third of the population with more than one-half of the industry, wealth, and intelligence, were strongly opposed to it; and when very many of those who favoured it did so ignorantly, under the influence of the priests or party leaders, and under coercion of the League.

I was not satisfied that this large minority would be adequately protected in their persons, property, and religion, by a Dublin government in which the promoters of the Land League would occupy chief positions, and command an overwhelming majority.

As a Liberal I had always been an advocate of liberty, and therefore I was compelled to denounce the coercive tyranny of a secret conclave which punished with social excommunication, confiscation, personal injury, and often with death, those whose only crime was the fulfilment of their obligations, and the exercise of those rights which the law was bound to protect.

I was astonished that an alliance should be formed with one who had been a chief leader of a movement identified with crime; and felt sure that the names of men whose characters were so diametrically opposed as Gladstone and Parnell could not long be associated.

I did not wait to learn what course would be taken by others; but I was certainly confirmed in my opinion when I found that such sound Liberals as John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Goschen, the Duke of Argyll, and others who had been colleagues of Mr. Gladstone, remained firm in their leader's former views and refused to follow him in his secession to the Home Rule camp.

I long enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Bright, revered his character, and generally shared his opinions. I can never forget my last interview with him. We were alone for an hour, returning from Windsor, on May 18, 1887. With deep emotion he spoke about Home Rule. He gave emphatic expression to his view of Mr. Parnell's character, of the untrustworthiness of any declarations he might make, of his persistent object being to secure the absolute severance of Ireland from England, and of the peril of his obtaining power to carry out his plans. He said it was insanity to give Ireland liberty to dispose of herself as a separate nation, as she might join the United States or France, and in case of war become dangerous by proximity. It was absurd to say Home Rule was demanded by all Ireland when one-third of the people, and these the most industrious and intelligent, protested against it; that Ulster would never submit to a Dublin Parliament; civil war would result, and English troops be sent to slay Protestants and loyalists. He spoke with great feeling of Mr. Gladstone, and with evident grief at the separation from his former colleagues, and at the division of the Liberal Party. He said that the alliance with Mr. Parnell was fatal to the settlement of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Gladstone was hampered by it, for he must either submit to Parnell's terms or lose the Irish vote. As long as that alliance lasted he could

not secure the English vote and carry Home Rule. He himself had pleaded the cause of Ireland long before Mr. Gladstone, and it was his knowledge of Ireland's wrongs and needs, and of the character and designs of the chiefs of the Irish party, that convinced him that the Home Rule they sought would aggravate the disease rather than prove a remedy.

Mr. Bright's whole career has been one of brave, disinterested advocacy of freedom, justice, and peace. Most of his opinions have been verified by facts, and his struggles crowned with success. It is not likely that this tribune of the people was seriously mistaken in his final protests. I have heard him thrill the House of Commons with his denunciation of Ireland's wrongs. He opposed the present proposal for Home Rule solely because convinced that it would be ruinous to Ireland, as well as disastrous to the Empire. Among Nonconformist Unionists, John Bright's name occupies a foremost place.

I was in court when Mr. Parnell deliberately declared on oath that he had said in the House of Commons what he knew to be false in order to mislead the House. It was surprising that, after this, any member of that House treated him with confidence. After a careful investigation of the facts, the judges in their report declared that he and his associates had been morally guilty of the offences committed in connection with the boycotting which they had encouraged, knowing it would result in intimidation, spoliation, and murder. Possessing this knowledge, subsequent disclosures of personal character caused me no surprise, and had no effect in altering my opinion. I was never a Home Ruler; and these facts strengthened my conviction of the folly and peril of entrusting the welfare of Ireland to such men.

These, more or less, are the opinions of many Nonconformists. Amongst their clergy may be mentioned Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Allon, Dr. Dale, E. White, Dr. Fraser, and the venerable and learned Wesleyan, William Arthur, whose thoughtful words in the *Times* deserve the study of every Nonconformist. A still larger proportion of the Nonconformist laity are, I have reason to believe, Unionists. At the same time, I honour those who, while of contrary judgment, are animated by a sincere desire for truth, righteousness, and the public weal. It is odious to impugn motives because of difference of judgment. The two sections of Nonconformists differ only as to the methods of attaining the same end.

It is to the honour of the whole Nonconformist body that, without waiting for others to speak, and without regard to the interests of party, they have protested against any countenance being given to immorality. Proved violation of the moral law has been pronounced by them to disqualify for political trust. The moral law is at the basis of government, the function of which is to protect all alike in their property, reputation, personal security, and the sanctity of home. Those who notoriously disregard these obligations are obviously unfit to make and execute laws for upholding them. Morality is therefore an essential qualification. All parties should be in accord here. Better to send to Parliament an honest and virtuous representative, who is totally opposed in politics, than another who professes the same party creed but violates fundamental principles of morality. They who undermine the foundation should never be trusted to erect the superstructure. Surely the nation owes a debt of gratitude to the Unionists for having preserved Ireland from a Home Rule which, if carried two years ago, would have made Parnell and his co-conspirators the practical rulers of Ireland.

Let us hope that the majority both of Unionists and Home Rulers, united as they are in upholding the moral law, will henceforth refuse alliance with any who (whatever their political influence) sanction, or excuse, or refrain from condemning every violation of it; and that, wearied with

mere party squabbles, they may unite in one great national confederation to promote the welfare of the whole nation.

As regards Ireland let us hope that, instead of further controversy respecting a theory which is undefined, the great majority of Liberals and Conservatives may unite in effecting a settlement which, while securing the supremacy of Parliament and Imperial Unity, will grant such administration of local affairs as may be shared alike by England, Scotland, and Wales; together with the removal of all real grievances, the protection of all citizens in their civil and religious rights, and the promotion of whatever may secure the peace, contentment, and prosperity of the nation, so that there shall be no need of, no desire for, any other Home Rule. Let us all, casting off the tyrannies of party, party names, and party leaders, unite in efforts as well as prayers "that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

Yours faithfully,

NEWMAN HALL.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BURDEN UPON NESTA.

COULD there be confidences on the subject of Mrs. Marsett with Captain Dartrey?—Nesta timidly questioned her heart: she knocked at an iron door shut upon a thing alive. The very asking froze her, almost to stopping her throbs of pity for the woman. With Captain Dartrey, if with any one; but with no one. Not with her mother even. Toward her mother, she felt guilty of knowing. Her mother had a horror of that curtain. Nesta had seen it, and had taken her impressions: she, too, shrank from it; the more when impelled to draw near it. Louise de Seilles would have been another self; Louise was away; when to return, the dear friend could not state. Speaking in her ear, would have been possible; the theme precluded writing.

It was ponderous combustible new knowledge of life for a girl to hold unaided. In the presence of the simple silvery ladies, Dorothea and Virginia, she had qualms, as if she were breaking out in spots before them. The ladies fancied, that Mr. Stuart Rem had hinted to them oddly of the girl; and that he might have meant, she appeared a little too cognizant of poor Mr. Abram Posterley's malady—as girls, in these terrible days, only too frequently, too brazenly, are. They discoursed to her of the degeneracy of the manners, nay, the morals of young Englishwomen, once patterns! They sketched the young English gentlewoman of their time; indeed a beauty; with round red cheeks, and rounded open eyes, and a demure shut mouth, a puppet's divine ignorance; inoffensive in the highest degree, rightly worshipped. They were earnest, and Nesta struck at herself. She wished to be as they had been, reserving her painful independence.

They were good: they were the ideal women of our country; which demands if it be but the semblance of the sureness of stationary excellence; such as we have in Sèvres and Dresden, polished bright and smooth as ever by the morning's flick of a duster; perhaps in danger of accidents—accidents must be kept away; but enviable, admirable, we think, when we are not thinking of seed sown or help given to the generations to follow. Nesta both envied and admired; she revered them; yet her sharp intelligence, larger in the extended boundary of thought coming of strange crimson-lighted new knowledge, discerned in a dimness what blest conditions had fixed them on their beautiful barren eminence. Without challenging it, she had a rebellious rush of sympathy for our evil-fortuned of the world; the creatures in the battle, the wounded, trodden, mud-stained: and it alarmed her lest she should be at heart one out of the fold.

She had the sympathy, nevertheless, and renewing and increasing with the pulsations of a compassion that she took for her reflective survey. The next time she saw Dartrey Fenellan, she was assured of him, as being the man who might be spoken to; and by a woman: though not by a girl; not

spoken to by her. The throb of the impulse precipitating speech subsided to a dumb yearning. He noticed her look: he was unaware of the human sun in the girl's eyes taking an image of him for permanent habitation in her breast. That face of his, so clearly lined, quick, firm, with the blue smile on it like the gleam of a sword coming out of sheath, did not mean hardness, she could have vowed. O that some woman, other than the unhappy woman herself, would speak the words denied to a girl! He was the man who would hearken and help. Essential immediate help was to be given besides the noble benevolence of mind. Novel ideas of manliness and the world's need for it were printed on her understanding. For what could women do in aid of a good cause! She fawned: she deemed herself very despicably her hero's inferior. The thought of him enclosed her. In a prison, the gaoler is a demi-God—hued bright or black, as it may be; and, by the present arrangement between the sexes, she, whom the world allowed not to have an intimation from eye or ear, or from nature's blood-ripeness in commune with them, of certain matters, which it suffers to be notorious, necessarily directed her appeal almost in worship to the man, who was the one man endowed to relieve, and who locked her mouth for shame.

Thus was she, too, being put into her woman's harness of the bit and the blinkers, and to get to know herself for the weak thing, the gentle parasite, which the fashion of our civilization expects her, caressingly and contemptuously, to become in the active, while it is exacted of her—O Comedy of Clowns!—that in the passive she be a rock-fortress impregnable, not to speak of magically encircled. She must also have her feelings; she must not be an unnatural creature. And she must have a sufficient intelligence; for her stupidity does not flatter the possessing man. It is not an organic growth that he desires in his mate, but a happy composition. You see the world which comes of the pair.

This burning Nesta, Victor's daughter, tempered by Nataly's milder blood, was a girl in whom the hard shocks of the knowledge of life, perforce of the hardness upon pure metal, left a strengthening for generous imagination. She did not sit to brood on her injured senses or set them through speculation touching heat; they were taken up and consumed by the fire of her mind. Nor had she leisure for the abhorrences, in a heart all flowing to give aid, and uplift and restore. Self was as urgent in her as in most of the young; but the gift of humour, which had previously diverted it, was now the quick feeling for her sisterhood, through the one piteous example she knew; and broadening it, through her insurgent abasement on their behalf, which was her scourged pride of sex. She but faintly thought of blaming the men whom her soul besought for justice, for common kindness, to women. There was the danger, that her aroused young ignorance would charge the whole of the misery about and abroad upon the stronger of those two: and another danger, that the vision of the facts below the surface would discolour and disorder her views of existence. But she loved, she sprang to, the lighted world; and she had figures of male friends, to which to cling; and they helped in animating glorious historical figures on the world's library-shelves or under yet palpitating earth. Promise of a steady balance of her nature, too, was shown in the absence of any irritable urgency to be doing, when her bosom bled to help. Beyond the resolve,

that she would not abandon the woman who had made confession to her, she formed no conscious resolutions. Far ahead down her journey of the years to come, she did see muffled things she might hope and would strive to do. They were chrysalis shapes. Above all, she flew her blind quickened heart on the wings of an imaginative force; and those of the young who can do that, are in their blood incorruptible by dark knowledge, irradiated under darkness in the mind. Let but the throb be kept for others. That is the one secret, for redemption, if not for preservation.

Victor descended on his marine London to embrace his girl, full of regrets at Fredi's absence from the great whirl 'overhead,' as places of multitudinous assembly, where he shone, always appeared to him. But it was not to last long; she would soon be on the surface again! At the first clasp of her, he chirped some bars of her song. He challenged her to duet before the good ladies, and she kindled, she was caught up by his gaiety, wondering at herself; faintly aware of her not being spontaneous. And she made her father laugh, just in the old way; and looked at herself in his laughter, with the thought, that she could not have become so changed; by which the girl was helped to jump to her humour. Victor turned his full front to Dorothea and Virginia, odder sunny beam of delight: and although it was Mr. Stuart Rem who was laughing, Nesta's victim, and although it seemed a trespass on her part to speak in such manner of a clerical gentleman, they were seized: they were the opposite partners of a laughing quadrille, lasting till they were tired out.

Victor had asked his girl, if she sang on a Sunday. The ladies remembered, that she had put the question for permission to Mr. Stuart Rem, who was opposed to secular singing.

"And what did he say?" said Victor.

Nesta shook head: "It was not what he said, papa; it was his look. His duty compelled him, though he loves music. He had the look of a Patriarch putting his handmaiden away into the desert."

Dorothea and Virginia, in spite of protests within, laughed to streams. They recollected the look; she had given the portrait of Mr. Stuart Rem in the act of repudiating secular song.

Victor conjured up a day when this darling Fredi, a child, stood before a famous picture in the Brera, at Milan: when he and her mother noticed the child's very studious graveness; and they had talked of it; he remarking, that she disapproved of the Patriarch; and Nataly, that she was taken with Hagar's face.

He seemed surprised at her not having heard from Dudley.

"How is that?" said he.

"Most probably because he has not written, papa."

He paused after the cool reply. She had no mournful gaze at all; but in the depths of the clear eyes he knew so well, there was a coil of something animate, whatever it might be. And twice she drew a heavy breath.

He mentioned it in London. Nataly telegraphed at night for her girl to meet her next day at Dartrey's hotel.

Their meeting was incomprehensibly joyless to the hearts of each, though it was desired, and had long been desired, and mother was mother, daughter

daughter, without diminution of love between them. They held hands, they kissed and clasped, they showered their tender phrases with full warm truth, and looked into eyes and surely saw one another. But the heart of each was in a battle of its own, taking wounds or crying for supports. Whether to speak to her girl at once, despite the vehement contrary counsel of Victor, was Nataly's deliberation, under the thought of the young creature's perplexity in not seeing her at the house of the Duvidney ladies: while Nesta conjured in a flash the past impressions of her mother's shrinking distaste from any such hectic theme as this which burdened and absorbed her; and she was almost joining to it, through sympathy with any thought or feeling of one in whom she had such pride; she had the shudder of revulsion. Further, Nataly put on rather cravenly an air of distress, or she half designingly permitted her trouble to be seen, by way of affecting her girl's recollection when the confession was to come, that Nesta might then understand her to have been restrained from speaking, not evasive of her duty. The look was interpreted by Nesta as belonging to the social annoyances dating, in her calendar, from Creckholt, apprehensively dreaded at Lakeland. She hinted asking, and her mother nodded; not untruthfully; but she put on a briskness after the nod; and a doubt was driven into Nesta's bosom.

Her dear Skepsey was coming down to her for a holiday, she was glad to hear. Of Dudley, there was no word. Nataly shunned his name, with a superstitious dread lest any mention of him should renew pretensions that she hoped, and now supposed, were quite withdrawn. So she had told poor Mr. Barmby only yesterday, at his humble request to know. He had seen Dudley on the pantiles, walking with a young lady, he said. And "he feared," he said; using a pardonable commonplace of deceit. Her compassion accounted for the "fear" which was the wish, and caused her not to think it particularly strange, that he should imagine Dudley to have quitted the field. Now that a disengaged Dartrey Fenellan was at hand, poor Mr. Barmby could have no chance.

Dartrey came to her room by appointment. She wanted to see him alone, and he informed her, that Mrs. Blathenoy was in the hotel, and would certainly receive and amuse Nesta for any length of time.

"I will take her up," said Nataly, and rose, and she sat immediately, and fluttered a hand at her breast. She laughed: "Perhaps I'm tired!"

Dartrey took Nesta.

He returned, saying: "There's a lift in the hotel. Do the stairs affect you at all?"

She fenced his sharp look. "Laziness, I fancy; age is coming on. How is it Mrs. Blathenoy is here?"

"Well! how?"

"Foolish curiosity?"

"I think I have made her of service. I did not bring the lady here."

"Of service to whom?"

"Why, to Victor!"

"Has Victor commissioned you?"

"You can bear to hear it. Her husband knows the story. He has a

grudge . . . commercial reasons. I fancy it is, that Victor stood against his paper at the table of the Bank. Blathenoy vowed blow for blow. But I think the little woman holds him in. She says she does."

"Victor prompted you?"

"It occurred as it occurred."

"She does it for love of us?—Oh! I can't trifle. Dartrey!"

"Tell me."

"First, you haven't let me know what you think of my Nesta."

"She's a dear good girl."

"Not so interesting to you as a flighty little woman!"

"She has a speck of some sort on her mind."

Nataly spied at Dudley's behaviour, and said: "That will wear away. Is Mr. Blathenoy much here?"

"As often as he can come, I believe."

"That is? . . ."

"I have seen him twice."

"His wife remains?"

"Fixed here for the season."

"My friend!"

"No harm, no harm!"

"But—to her!"

"You have my word of honour."

"Yes: and she is doing you a service, at your request; and you occasionally reward her with thanks; and she sees you are a man of honour. Do you not know women?"

Dartrey blew his pooh-pooh on feminine suspicions. "There's very little left of the Don Amoroso in me. Women don't worship stone figures."

"They do:—like the sea-birds. And what do you say to me, Dartrey?—I can confess it: I am one of them: I love you. When last you left England, I kissed your hand. It was because of your manly heart in that stone figure. I kept from crying: you used to scorn us English for the 'whimpering fits' you said we enjoy and must have—in books, if we can't get them up for ourselves. I could have prayed to have you as brother or son. I love my Victor the better for his love of you. Oh!—poor soul!—how he is perverted since that building of Lakelands! He cannot take soundings of the things he does. Formerly he confided in me, in all things: now not one;—I am the chief person to deceive. If only he had waited! We are in a network of intrigues and schemes, every artifice, in London—tempting one to hate simple worthy people, who naturally have their views, and see me an impostor, and tolerate me, fascinated by him:—or bribed—it has to be said. There are ways of bribing. I trust he may not have in the end to pay too heavily for succeeding. He seems a man pushed by Destiny; not irresponsible, but less responsible than most. He is desperately tempted by his never failing. Whatever he does! . . . it is true! And it sets the thinking of those who have never had an ailment, up to a certain age, when the killing blow comes. Latterly I have seen in him: I never did before. Had I been stronger, I might have saved, or averted. . . . But, you will say, the stronger woman would not have

occupied my place. I must have been blind too. I did not see, that his nature shrinks from the thing it calls up. He dreads the exposure he courts—or has to combat with all his powers. It has been a revelation to me of him—life as well. Nothing stops him. Now it is Parliament—a vacant London Borough. He counts on a death: Ah! terrible! I have it like a snake's bite night and day."

Nataly concluded: "There: it has done me some good to speak. I feel so base." She breathed heavily.

Dartrey took her hand and bent his lips to it. "Happy the woman who has not more to speak! How long will Nesta stay here?"

"You will watch over her, Dartrey? She stays—her father wishes—up to . . . ah! We can hardly be in such extreme peril. He has her doctor, her lawyer, and her butler—a favourite servant—to check, and influence, her. She—you know who it is!—does not, I am now convinced, mean persecution. She was never a mean-minded woman. Oh! I could wish she were. They say she is going. Then I am to be made an 'honest woman of.' Victor wants Nesta, now that she is away, to stay until . . . You understand. He feels she is safe from any possible kind of harm with those good ladies. And I feel, she is the safer for having you near. Otherwise, how I should pray to have you with us! Daily I have to pass through, well, something like the ordeal of the red-hot ploughshares—and without the innocence, dear friend! But it's best that my girl should not have to be doing the same; though she would have the innocence. But she writhes under any shadow of a blot. And for her to learn the things that are in the world, through her mother's history!—and led to know it by the falling away of friends, or say, acquaintances! However ignorant at present, she learns from a mere nothing. I dread! . . . In a moment, she is a blaze of light. There have been occurrences. Only Victor could have overcome them! I had to think it better for my girl, that she was absent. We are in such a whirl up there! So I work round again to 'how long?' and the picture of myself counting the breaths of a dying woman. The other day I was told I was envied!"

"Battle, battle, battle;—for all of us, in every position!" said Dartrey, sharply, to clip a softness: "except when one's attending on an invalid uncle. Then it's peace; rather like extinction. And I can't be crying for the end either. I bite my moustache and tap foot on the floor, out of his hearing; make believe I'm patient. Now I'll fetch Nesta."

Mrs. Blathenoy came down with an arm on Nesta's shoulder. She held a telegram, and said to Nataly: "What can this mean? It's from my husband; he puts 'Jacob:' my husband's Christian name:—so like my husband, where there's no concealment! There—he says: 'Down to-night else pack ready start to-morrow.' Can it signify, affairs are bad with my husband in the city?"

It had that signification to Nataly's understanding. At the same time, the pretty little woman's absurd lisping repetition of 'my husband' did not seem without design to inflict the wound it caused.

In reality, it was not malicious; it came of the bewitchment of a silly tongue by her knowledge of the secret to be controlled: and after contrast-

ing her fortunes with Nataly's, on her way down-stairs, she had comforted herself by saying, that at least *she* had a husband. She was not aware that she dealt a hurt until she had found a small consolation in the indulgence : for Captain Dartrey Fenellan admired this commanding figure of a woman, who could not legally say that which the woman he admired less, if at all, legally could say.

"I must leave you to interpret," Nataly remarked.

Mrs. Blathenoy resented her unbefitting queenly style. For this reason, she abstained from an intended leading up to mention of the 'singular-looking lady' seen riding with Miss Radnor more than once ; and as to whom, Miss Radnor (for one gives her the name) had not just now, when questioned, spoken very clearly. So the mother's alarms were not raised.

And really it was a pity, Mrs. Blathenoy said to Dartrey subsequently ; finding him colder than before Mrs. Radnor's visit ; it was a pity, because a young woman in Miss Radnor's position should not by any possibility be seen in association with a person of commonly doubtful appearance.

She was denied the petulant satisfaction of rousing the championship bitter to her. Dartrey would not deliver an opinion on Miss Radnor's conduct. He declined, moreover, to assist in elucidating the telegram by "looking here," and poring over the lines beside a browny cheek. He was petulantly whipped on the arm with her glove, and pouted. And it was then—and then only or chiefly through Nataly's recent allusion—that the man of honour had his quakings in view of the quagmire, where he was planted on an exceedingly narrow causeway, not of the firmest. For she was a pretty little woman, one of the prize gifts of the present education of women to the men who are for having them quiescent domestic patterns ; and her artificial ingenuousness or candid frivolities came to her by nature to kindle the nature of the gentleman on the other bank of the stream, and witch him to the plunge, so greatly mutually regretted after taken : an old duet to the moon.

Dartrey escaped to the Club, where he had a friend. The friend was Colonel Sudley, one of the modern studious officers, not in good esteem with the authorities. He had not forgiven Dartrey for the intemperateness which cut off a brilliant soldier from the service. He was reduced to acknowledge, however, that there was a sparkling defence for him to reply with, in the shape of a fortune gained ; and where we have a Society forcing us to live up to an expensive level, very trying to a soldier's income, a fortune gained will offer excuses for misconduct short of disloyal or illegal. They talked of the state of the Army : we are moving. True, and at the last Review, the 'march past' was performed before a mounted generalissimo profoundly asleep, head on breast. Our English military 'moving' may now be likened to Somnolency on Horseback. "Oh, come, no rancour," said the colonel ; "you know he's a kind old boy at heart ; nowhere a more affectionate man alive !"

"So the sycophants are sure of posts !"

"Come, I say ! He's devoted to the Service."

"Invalid him, and he shall have a good epitaph."

"He's not so responsible as the taxpayer."

There you touch home. Mother Goose can't imagine the need for defense until a hand's at her feathers."

"What about her shrieks now and then?"

"Indigestion of a surfeit?"

They were in a laughing wrangle when two acquaintances of the colonel's came near. One of them recognized Dartrey. He changed a prickly subject to one that is generally as acceptable to the servants of Mars. His companion said: "Who is the girl out with Judith Marsett?" He flavoured eulogies of the girl's good looks in easy garrison English. She was praised for sitting her horse well. One had met her on the parade, in the afternoon, walking with Mrs. Marsett. Colonel Sudley had seen them on horseback. He remarked to Dartrey: "And by the way, you're a clean stretch ahead of us. I've seen you go by these windows, with the young lady on one side, and a rather pretty woman on the other too."

"Nothing is unseen in this town!" Dartrey rejoined.

Strolling to his quarters along the breezy parade at night, he proposed to himself, that he would breathe an immediate caution to Nesta. How did she come to know this Mrs. Marsett? But he was more seriously thinking of what Colney Durand called 'The Mustard Plaster;' the satirist's phrase for warm relations with a married fair one: and Dartrey, clear of any design to have it at his breast, was beginning to take intimations of pricks and burns. They are an almost positive cure of inflammatory internal conditions. They were really hard on him, who had none to be cured.

The hour was high midnight. As he entered his hotel, the porter ran off to the desk in his box, and brought him a note, saying, that a lady had left it at half-past nine.—Left it?—Then the lady could not be the alarming lady. He was relieved. The words of the letter were cabalistic; these, beneath underlined address:—

"I beg you to call on me, if I do not see you this evening. It is urgent; you will excuse me when I explain. Not late to-morrow. I am sure you will not fail to come. I could write what would be certain to bring you. I dare not trust any names to paper."

The signature was, Judith Marsett.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWS HOW THE SQUIRES IN A CONQUEROR'S SERVICE HAVE AT TIMES TO DO KNIGHTLY CONQUEST OF THEMSELVES.

By the very earliest of the trains shot away to light and briny air from London's November gloom, which knows the morning through increase of gasjets, little Skepsey was hurried over suburban chimneys, in his friendly third-class carriage; where we have reminders of ancient pastoral times peculiar to our country, as it may chance; but where a man may speak to his neighbour right off without being deemed offensive. That is homely. A social fellow knitting closely to his fellows when he meets them, enjoys it, even at the cost of uncushioned seats: he can, if imps are in him, merry-

andrew as much as he pleases ; detested punctilio does not reign there ; he can proselytize for the soul's welfare ; decry or uphold the national drink ; advertize a commercial firm deriving prosperity from the favour of the multitude ; exhort to patriotism. All is accepted. Politeness is the rule, according to Skepsey's experience of the Southern part of the third-class kingdom. And it is as well to mark the divisions, for the better knowledge of our countrymen. The North requires volumes to itself.

The hard-grained old pirate-stock Northward has built the land, and is to the front when we are at our epic work. Meanwhile it gets us a blowzy character, by shouldering roughly among the children of civilization. Skepsey, journeying one late afternoon up a Kentish line, had, in both senses of the word, encountered a long-limbed navvy ; an intoxicated, he was compelled by his manly modesty to desire to think ; whose loathly talk, forced upon the hearing of a decent old woman opposite him, passed baboonish behaviour ; so much so, that Skepsey civilly intervened ; subsequently inviting him to leave the carriage and receive a lesson at the station they were nearing. Upon his promising faithfully, that it should be a true and telling lesson, the navvy requested this pygmy spark to flick his cheek, merely to show he meant war in due sincerity, and he as faithfully, all honour, promising not to let it bring about a breaking of the laws of the Company, Skepsey promptly did the deed. So they went on.

Skepsey alluded to the incident, for an example of the lamentable deficiency in science betrayed by most of our strong men when put to it ; and the bitter thought, that he could count well nigh to a certainty on the total absence of science in the long-armed navvy, whose fist on his nose might have been as the magnet of a pin, was chief among his reminiscences after the bout, destroying pleasure for the lover of Old England's might. One blow would have sent Skepsey travelling. He was not seriously struck once. They parted, shaking hands ; the navvy confessing himself to have " drunk a drop ; " and that perhaps accounted for his having been " topped by a dot on him." He declined to make oath never to repeat his offence ; but said, sending his vanquisher to the deuce, with an amicable push at his shoulder, " Damned if I ever forget five foot five stretched six foot flat ! " Skepsey counted his feet some small amount higher ; but our hearty rovers' sons have their ballad moods when giving or taking a thrashing. One of the third-class passengers, a lad of twenty, became Skepsey's pupil, and turned out clever with the gloves and was persuaded to enter the militia, and grew soon to be a corporal. Thus there was profit of the affair, though the navvy sank out of sight. Let us hope and pray he will not insult the hearing of females again. If only females knew how necessary it is, for their sakes, to be able to give a lesson now and then ! Ladies are positively opposed. And Judges too, who dress so like them. The manhood of our country is kept down, in consequence. Mr. Durance was right, when he said something about the state of war being wanted to weld our races together : and yet we are always praying for the state of peace, which causes cracks and gaps among us ! Was that what he meant by illogical ? It seemed to Skepsey—oddly, considering his inferior estimate of the value of the fair sex—that a young woman with whom he had recently made acquaintance ; and who was in Brighton now, upon missionary work ; a member of the ' Army,' an officer of advancing rank, Matilda

Pridden, by name; was nearer to the secret of the right course of conduct for individual citizens and the entire country than any gentleman he knew.

Yes, nearer to it than his master was! Thinking of Mr. Victor Radnor, Skepsey fetched a sigh. He had knocked at his master's door at the office one day, and imagining the call to enter, had done so, and had seen a thing he could not expunge. Lady Grace Halley was there. From matters he gathered, Skepsey guessed her to be working for his master among the great folks, as he did with Jarniman, and Mr. Fenellan with Mr. Carling. But is it usual, he asked himself—his natural veneration framing the rebuke to his master thus—to repay the services of a lady so warmly?—We have all of us an ermined owl within us to sit in judgement of our superiors as well as our equals; and the little man, notwithstanding a servant's bounden submissiveness, was forced to hear the judicial pronouncement upon his master's behaviour. His master had, at the same time, been saying most weighty kind words more and more of late; one thing: that, if he gave all he had to his fellows, and did all he could, he should still be in their debt. And he was a very wealthy gentleman. What are we to think? The ways of our superiors are wonderful. We do them homage: still we feel, we painfully feel, we are beginning to worship elsewhere. It is the pain of a detachment of the very roots of our sea-weed heart from a rock. Mr. Victor Radnor was an honour to his country. Skepsey did not place the name of Matilda Pridden beside it or in any way compare two such entirely different persons. At the same time and most earnestly, while dreading to hear, he desired to have Matilda Pridden's opinion of the case distressing him. He never could hear it, because he could never be allowed to expound the case to her. Skepsey sighed again; he as much as uttered: Oh, if we had a few thousands like her!—But what if we do have them? They won't marry! There they are, all that the country requires in wives and mothers; and like Miss Priscilla Graves, they won't marry!

He looked through sad thoughts across the benches of the compartments to the farther end of the carriage, where sat the Rev. Septimus Barmby, looking at him through a meditation as obscure if not so mournful. Few are the third-class passengers outward at that early hour in the winter season, and Skepsey's gymnastics to get beside the Rev. Septimus were unimpeded; though a tight-packed carriage of us poor journaliers would not have obstructed them with as much as a sneer. Mr. Barmby and Skepsey greeted. The latter said, he had a holiday, to pay a visit to Miss Nesta. The former said, he hoped he should see Miss Nesta. Skepsey then rapidly brought the conversation to a point where Matilda Pridden was comprized. He discoursed of the 'Army' and her position in the Army, giving instances of her bravery, the devotion shown by her to the cause of morality, in all its forms. Mr. Barmby had his fortunes in his hands at the moment, he could not lend an attentive ear; and he disliked this Army, the title it had taken, and the mixing of women and men in its ranks; not to speak of a presumption in its proceedings, and the public marching and singing. Moreover, he enjoyed his one or two permissible glasses: he doubted that the Chiefs of the Army had common benevolence for the inoffensive pipe. But the cause of morality was precious to him; morality and a fit of softness,

and the union of the most pious contrast of voices, had set him for a short while, before the dawn of Nesta's day, hankering after Priscilla Graves. Skepsey's narrative of Matilda Pridden's work down at the East of London, was effective; it had the ring to thrill a responsive chord in Mr. Barmby, who mused on London's East, and martyrly service there. His present expectations were of a very different sort; but a beautiful bride, bringing us wealth, is no misleading beam, if we direct the riches rightly. Septimus, a solitary minister in those grisly haunts of the misery breeding vice, must needs accomplish less than a Septimus the husband of one of England's chief heiresses:—only not the most brilliant, owing to circumstances known to the Rev. Groseman Buttermore: strangely, and opportunely, revealed: for her exceeding benefit, it may be hoped. She is no longer the ignorant girl, to reject the protecting hand of one whose cloth is the best of cloaking. A glance at Dudley Sowerby's defection, assures our worldly wisdom too, that now is the time to sue.

Several times while Mr. Barmby made thus his pudding of the desires of the flesh and the spirit, Skepsey's tales of Matilda Pridden's heroism caught his attention. He liked her deeds; he disliked the position in which the young woman placed herself to perform them, and he said so. Women are to be *women*, he said.

Skepsey agreed: "If we could get men to do the work, *that*!"

Mr. Barmby was launching forth: Plenty of men!—His mouth was blocked by the reflection, that we count the men on our fingers; often are we, as it were, an episcopal thumb surveying scarce that number of followers! He diverged to censure of the marchings and the street-singing: the impediment to traffic, the annoyance to a finely musical ear. He disapproved altogether of Matilda Pridden's military display, pronouncing her to be, "Doubtless a worthy young person."

"Her age is twenty seven," said Skepsey, spying at the number of his own.

"You have known her long?" Mr. Barmby asked.

"Not long, sir. She has gone through trouble. She believes very strongly in the will:—If I *will* this, if I *will* that, and it is the right will, not wickedness, it is done—as good as done; and force is quite superfluous. In her sermons, she exhorts to prayer before action."

"Preaches?"

"She moves a large assembly, sir."

"It would seem, that England is becoming Americanized!" exclaimed the Conservative in Mr. Barmby. Almost he groaned; and his gaze was fish-like in vacancy, on hearing the little man speak of the present intrepid forwardness of the sex to be publicly doing. It is for men the most indigestible fact of our century: one that by contrast throws an overearthly holiness on our decorous dutiful mothers, who contentedly worked below the surface while men unremittently attended to their interests above.

Skepsey drew forth a paper-covered shilling-book: a translation from the French, under a yelling title of savage hate of Old England and cannibal glee at her doom. Mr. Barmby dropped his eyelashes on it, without comment; nor did he reply to Skepsey's forlorn remark: "We let them think they could do it!"

Behold the downs. Breakfast is behind them. Miss Radnor likewise: if the poor child has a name. We propose to supply the deficiency. She does not declare war with tobacco. She has a cultured and a beautiful voice. We abstain from enlarging on the charms of her person. She has resources, which representatives of a rival creed would plot to secure.

"Skepsey, you have your quarters at the house of Miss Radnor's relatives?" said Mr. Barmby, as they emerged from tunnelled chalk. "Mention, that I think of calling in the course of the day."

A biscuit had been their breakfast without a name. They parted at the station, roused by the smell of salt to bestow a more legitimate title on the day's restorative beginning. Down the hill, along by the shops, and Skepsey, in sight of Miss Nesta's terrace, considered it still an early hour for a visitor; so, to have the sea about him, he paid pier-money, and hurried against the briny wings of a South-wester; green waves, curls of foam, flecks of silver, under low-flying grey-dark cloud-curtains shaken to a rift, where at one shot the sun had a line of Nereids nodding, laughing, sparkling to him. Skepsey enjoyed it, at the back of thoughts military and naval. Visible sea, this girdle of Britain, inspired him to exultations in reverence. He wished Mr. Durance could behold it now and have such a breastful. He was wishing he knew a song of Britain and sea, rather fancying Mr. Durance to be in some way a bar to patriotic poetical recollection, when he saw his Captain Dartrey mounting steps out of an iron anatomy of the pier, and looking like a razor off a strap.

"Why, sir!" cried Skepsey.

"Just a plunge and a dozen strokes," Dartrey said; "and you'll come to my hotel and give me ten minutes of the 'recreation'; and if you don't come willingly, I shall insult your country."

"Ah! I wish Mr. Durance was here," Skepsey rejoined.

"It would upset his bumboat of epigrams. He rises at ten o'clock to a queasy breakfast by candlelight, and proceeds to composition. His picture of the country is a portrait of himself by the artist."

"But, sir, Captain Dartrey, you don't think as Mr. Durance does of England!"

"There are lots to flatter her, Skepsey! A drilling can't do her harm. You're down to see Miss Nesta. Ladies don't receive quite so early. And have you breakfasted? Come on with me quick." Dartrey led him on, saying: "You have an eye at my stick. It was a legacy to me, by word of mouth, from a seaman of a ship I sailed in, who thought I had done him a service; and he died after all. He fell overboard drunk. He perished of the villain stuff. One of his messmates handed me the stick in Cape Town, sworn to deliver it. A good knot to grasp; and it's flexible and strong; stick or rattan, whichever you please; it gives point or caresses the shoulder; there's no break in it, whack as you may. They call it a Demerara supple-jack. I'll leave it to you."

Skepsey declared his intention to be the first to depart. He tried the temper of the stick, bent it a bit, and admired the prompt straightening.

"It would give a good blow, sir."

"Does its business without braining."

Perhaps for the reason, that it was not a handsome instrument for dis-

play on fashionable promenades, Dartrey chose it among his collection by preference; as ugly dogs of a known fidelity are chosen for companions. The Demerara supple-jack surpasses bull-dogs in its fashion of assisting the master; for when once at it, the clownish-looking thing reflects upon him creditably, by developing a restrained courtliness of style, while in no way showing a diminution of jolly ardour for the fray. It will deal you the stroke of a bludgeon with the playfulness of a cane. It bears resemblance to those accomplished natural actors, who conversationally present a dramatic situation in two or three spontaneous flourishes, and are themselves again, men of the world, the next minute.

Skepsy handed it back. He spoke of a new French rifle. He mentioned, in the form of query for no answer, the translation of the barking little volume he had shown to Mr. Barnby: he slapped it his breast-pocket, where it was. Not a ship was on the sea-line; and he seemed to deplore that vacancy.

"But it tells both ways," Dartrey said. "We don't want to be hectoring in the Channel. All we want, is to be sure of our power, so as not to go hunting and fawning for alliances. Up along that terrace Miss Nesta lives. Brighton would be a choice place for a landing."

Skepsy temporized, to get his national defences, by pleading the country's love of peace.

"Then you give up your portion of the gains of war—an awful disgorgement," said Dartrey. "If you are really for peace, you toss all your spare bones to the war-dogs. Otherwise, Quakerly preaching is taken for hypocrisy."

"I'm afraid we are illogical, sir," said Skepsy, adopting one of the charges of Mr. Durance, to elude the abominable word.

"In you run, my friend." Dartrey sped him up the steps of the hotel.

A little note lay on his breakfast-table. His invalid uncle's valet gave the morning's report of the night.

The note was from Mrs. Blathenoy: she begged Captain Dartrey, in double under-linings of her brief words, to mount the stairs. He debated, and he went.

She was excited, and showed a bosom compressed to explode: she had been weeping. "My husband is off. He bids me follow him. What would you have me do?"

"Go."

"You don't care what may happen to your friends, the Radnors?"

"Not at the cost of your separation from your husband."

"You have seen him!"

"Be serious."

"Oh, you cold creature! You know—you see: I can't conceal. And you tell me to go. 'Go!' Gracious heavens! I've no claim on you; I haven't been able to do much; I would have—never mind! believe me or not. And now I'm to go: on the spot, I suppose. You've seen the man I'm to go to, too. I would bear it, if it were not away from . . . out of sight of—I'm a fool of a woman, I know. There's frankness for you! and I could declare you're saying 'impudence' in your heart—or what you have for one. Have you one?"

"My dear soul, it's a flint. So just think of your duty." Dartrey played the horrid part of executioner with some skill.

Her bosom sprang to descend into abysses.

"And never a greater fool than when I sent for you to see such a face as I'm showing!" she cried, with lips that twitched and fingers that plucked at her belt. "But you might feel my hatred of being tied to—dragged about over the Continent by that . . . perhaps you think a woman is not sensible of vulgarity in her husband! I'm bothering you? I don't say I have the slightest claim. You never made love to me, never! Never so much as pressed my hand and looked. Others have—as much as I let them. And before I saw you, I had not an idea of another man but that man. So you advise me to go?"

"There's no other course."

"No other course. I don't see one. What have I been dreaming of! Usually a woman feeling . . ." she struck at her breast, "has had a soft word in her ear. 'Go!' I don't blame you, Captain Dartrey. At least, you're not the man to punish a woman for stripping herself, as I've done. I call myself a fool—I'm a fanatic. Trust me with your hand."

"There you are."

She grasped the hand, and shut her eyes to make a long age of the holding on to him. "Oh, you dear dear fellow!—don't think me unwomanly; I must tell you now: I am naked and can't disguise. I see you are ice—feel: and if you were different, I might be. You won't be hurt by hearing you have made yourself dear to me—without meaning to, I know! It began that day at Lakelands; I fell in love with you the very first minute I set eyes on you. There's a confession for a woman to make!—and a married woman! I'm married, and I no more feel allegiance, as they call it, than if there never had been a ceremony and no Jacob Blathenoy was in existence. And why I should go to him!—But you shan't be troubled. I did not begin to live, as a woman, before I met you. I can speak all this to you because—we women can't be deceived in that—you are one of the men who can be counted on for a friend."

"I hope so," Dartrey said, and his mouth hardened as nature's electricity shot sparks into him from the touch and rocked him.

"No, not yet: I will soon let it drop," said she, and she was just then thrillingly pretty; she caressed the hand, placing it at her throat and moving her chin on it, as women fondle birds. "I am positively to go, then?"

"Positively, you are to go; and it's my command."

"Not in love with anyone at all?"

"Not with a soul."

"Not with a woman?"

"With no woman."

"Nor maid?"

"No! and no to everything. And an end to the catechism!"

"It is really a flint that beats here?" she said, and with a shyness in adventurousness, she struck the point of her forefinger on the rib. "Fancy me in love with a flint! And running to be dutiful to a Jacob Blathenoy at my flint's command. I'm half in love in doing what I hate, because this

cold thing here bids me do it. I believe I married for money, and now it looks as if I were to have my bargain with poverty to bless it."

"There I may help," said Dartrey, relieved at sight of a loophole, to spring to some initiative out of the paralysis cast on him by a pretty little woman's rending of her veil. A man of honour alone with a woman who has tossed concealment to the winds, is a riddled target indeed: he is tempted to the peril of cajoling that he may escape from the torment and the ridicule; he is tempted to sigh for the gallant spirit of his naughty adolescence. "Come to me—will you?—apply to me, if there's ever any need. I happen to have money. And forgive me for naming it."

She groaned: "Don't! I'm sure, and I thought it from the first, you're one of the good men, and the woman who meets you is lucky, and wretched, and so she ought to be! Only to you should I! . . . do believe that! I won't speak of what excuses I've got. You've seen."

"Don't think of them: there'll be danger in it."

"Shall you think of me in danger?"

"Silly, silly! Don't you see you have to do with a flint! I've gone through fire. And if I were in love with you I should start you off to your husband this blessed day."

"And you're not the slightest wee wee bit in love with me!"

"Perfectly true; but I like you; and if we're to be hand-in-hand, in the time to come, you must walk firm at present."

"I'm to go to-day?"

"You are."

"Without . . . one? I dare say we shan't meet again."

The riddled target kicked. Dartrey contrasted Jacob Blathenoy with the fair wife, and commiseratingly exonerated her; he lashed at himself for continuing to be in this absurdity of postures, and not absolutely secure for all that. His head shook: "Friends, you'll find best."

"Well!" she sighed, "I feel I'm doomed to go famished through life. There's never to be such a thing as love, for me! I can't tell you—no woman could: though you'll say I've told enough. I shall burn with shame when I think of it. I could go on my knees to have your arms round me once. I could kill myself for saying it!—I should feel that I had one moment of real life.—I know I ought to admire you. They say a woman hates if she's refused. I can't: I wish I were able to. I could have helped the Radnors better by staying here and threatening never to go to him unless he swore not to do them injury. He's revengeful. Just as you like. You say 'Go,' and I go. There. I may kiss your hand?"

"Give me yours."

Dartrey kissed the hand. She kissed the mark of his lips. He got himself away by promising to see her to the train for Paris. Outside her door, he was met by the reflection, coming as a thing external, that he might veraciously and successfully have pleaded a passionate hunger for breakfast: nay, that he would have done so, if he had been downright in earnest. For she had the prettiness to cast a spell; a certain curve at the lips, a fluttering droop of the eyelids, a corner of the eye, that led long distances away to forests and nests. This little woman had the rosy-peeping June bud's plumpness. What of the man who refused to kiss her once? Cold antecedent immersion had to be thanked; and stringent vacuity; perhaps a

spotting ogre-image of her possessor. Some sense of right-doing also, we hope. Dartrey angrily attributed his good conduct to the lowest motives. He went so far as to accuse himself of having forbore to speak of breakfast, from a sort of fascinated respect for the pitch of a situation that he despised and detested. Then, again, when beginning to eat, his good conduct drew on him a chorus of the jeers of all the martial comrades he had known. But he owned he would have had less excuse than they, had he taken advantage of a woman's inability, at a weak moment, to protect herself: or rather, if he had not behaved in a manner to protect her from herself. He thought of his buried wife, and the noble in the base of that poor soul; needing constantly a present helper, for the nobler to conquer. Be true man with a woman, she must be viler than the devil has yet made one, if she does not follow a strong right lead:—but be patient, of course. And the word patience here means more than most men contain. Certainly a man like Jacob Blathenoy was a mouthful for any woman: and he had bought his wife, he deserved no pity. Not? Probably not. That view, however, is unwholesome and opens on slides. Pity of his wife, too, gets to be fervidly active with her portrait, fetches her breath about us. As for condemnation of the poor little woman, her case was not unexampled, though the sudden flare of it startled rather. Mrs. Victor could read men and women closely. Yes, and Victor, when he schemed—but Dartrey declined to be throwing blame right or left. More than by his breakfast, and in a preferable direction, he was refreshed by Skepsey's narrative of the deeds of Matilda Pridden.

"The right sort of girl for you to know, Skepsey," he said. "The best in life is a good woman."

Skepsey exhibited his book of the Gallic howl.

"They have their fits now and then, and they're soon over and forgotten," Dartrey said. "The worst of it is, that we remember."

After the morning's visit to his uncle, he peered at half a dozen sticks in the corner of the room, grasped their handles, and selected the Demerara supple-jack, for no particular reason; the curved knot was easy to the grasp. It was in his mind, that this person signing herself Judith Marsett, might have something to say, which intimately concerned Nesta. He fell to brooding on it, until he wondered why he had not been made a trifle anxious by the reading of the note overnight. Skepsey was left at Nesta's house.

Dartrey found himself expected by the servant waiting on Mrs. Marsett.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWS HOW TEMPER MAY KINDLE TEMPER AND AN INDIGNANT WOMAN GET HER WEAPON.

JUDITH MARSETT stood in her room to receive Nesta's hero. She was flushed, and had thinned her lips for utterance of a desperate thing, after the first severe formalities.

Her aim was to preserve an impressive decorum. She was at the same time burning to speak out furious wrath, in words of savage rawness, if

they should come, as a manner of slapping the world's cheek for the state to which it reduces its women; whom one of the superior creatures can insult, and laugh.

Men complaining of the 'peace which is near their extinction,' have but to shuffle with the sex; they will experience as remarkable a change as if they had passed off land on to sea.

Dartrey had some fitting notion of the untamed original elements women can bring about us, in his short observant bow to Mrs. Marsett, following so closely upon the scene with Mrs. Blathenoy.

But this handsome woman's look of the dull red line of a sombre fire, that needed only stir of a breath to shoot the blaze, did not at all alarm him. He felt refreshingly strung by it.

She was discerned at a glance to be an aristocratic member of regions where the senses perpetually simmer when they are not boiling. The talk at the club recurred to him! How could Nesta have come to know the woman? His questioning of the chapter of marvellous accidents, touched Nesta simply, as a young girl to be protected, without abhorrently involving the woman. He had his ideas of the Spirit of Woman stating her case to the One Judge, for lack of an earthly just one: a story different from that which is proclaimed pestilential by the body of censors under conservatory glass; where flesh is delicately nurtured, highly prized; spirit not so much so; and where the pretty tricking of the flesh is taken for a spiritual ascendancy.

In spite of her turbulent breast's burden to deliver, Mrs. Marsett's feminine acuteness was alive upon Dartrey, confirming here and there Nesta's praises of him. She liked his build and easy carriage of a muscular frame: her Ned was a heavy man. More than Dartrey's figure, as she would have said, though the estimate came second, she liked his manner with her. Not a doubt was there, that he read her position. She could impose upon some: not upon masculine eyes like these. They did not scrutinize, nor ruffle a smooth surface with a snap at petty impressions; and they were not cynically intimate or dominating or tentatively amorous: clear good fellowship was in them. And it was a blessedness (whatever might be her feeling later, when she came to thank him at heart) to be in the presence of a man whose appearance breathed of offering her common ground, whereon to meet and speak together, unburdened by the hunting world, and by the stoneing world. Such common ground seems a kind of celestial to the better order of those excluded from it.

Dartrey relieved her midway in a rigid practice of the formalities: "I think I may guess that you have something to tell me relating to Miss Radnor?"

"It is." Mrs. Marsett gathered up for an immediate plunge, and deferred it. "I met her—we went out with the riding-master. She took to me. I like her—I could say" (the woman's voice dropped dead low, in a tremble), "I love her. She is young:—I could kneel to her. Do you know a Major Worrell?"

"Worrell? no."

"He is a—calls himself a friend of my—of Captain Marsett's. He met us out one day."

"He permitted himself to speak to Miss Radnor?"

She rejoiced in Dartrey's look. "Not then. First let me tell you. I can hardly tell you. But Miss Radnor tells me you are not like other men. You have made your conclusions already. Are you asking what right I had to be knowing her? It is her goodness. Accident began it; I did not deceive her; as soon as ever I could I—I have Captain Marsett's promise to me: at present he's situated, he—but I opened my heart to her: as much as a woman can. It came! Did I do very wrong?"

"I'm not here to decide—continue, pray."

Mrs. Marsett aimed at formal speech, and was driving upon her natural in anger. "I swear I did it for the best. She is an innocent girl . . . young lady: only she has a head; she soon reads things. I saw the kind of cloud in her. I spoke. I felt bound to: she said she would not forsake me.—I was bound to! And it was enough to break my heart, to think of her despising me. No, she forgave, pitied; she was kind. Those are the angels who cause us to think of changeing. I don't care for sermons, but when I meet charity:—I won't bore you!"

"You don't."

"My . . . Captain Marsett can't bear—he calls it Psalmody. He thinks things ought always to be as they are, with women and men; and women preachers he does detest. She is not one to preach. You are waiting to hear what I have to tell. That man Major Worrell has tried to rob me of everything I ever had to set a value on:—love, I'd say;—he laughs at a woman like me loving."

Dartrey nodded, to signify a known sort of fellow.

"She came here." Mrs. Marsett's tears had risen. "I ought not to have let her come. I invited her—for once: I am lonely. None of my sex—none I could respect! I meant it for only once. She promised to sing to me. And, Oh! how she sings! You have heard her. My whole heart came out. I declare I believe girls exist who can hear our way of life—and I'm not so bad except compared with that angel, who heard me, and was and is, I could take oath, no worse for it. Some girls can; she is one. I am all for bringing them up in complete innocence. If I was a great lady, my daughters should never know anything of the world until they were married. But Miss Radnor is a young lady who cannot be hurt. She is above us. Oh! what a treasure for a man!—and my God! for any man born of woman to insult a saint, as she is!—He is a beast!"

"Major Worrell met her here?"

"Blame me as much as you like: I do myself. Half my rage with him is at myself for putting her in the way of such a beast to annoy. Each time she came, I said it was to be the last. I let her see what a mercy from heaven she was to me. She would come. It has not been many times. She wishes me either to . . . Captain Marsett has promised. And nothing seems hard to me when my own God's angel is by! She is! I'm not such a bad woman, but I never before I knew her knew the meaning of the word virtue. There is the young lady that man worried with his insulting remarks! though he must have known she was a lady:—because he found her in my rooms."

"You were present when, as you say, he insulted her?"

"I was. Here it commenced; and he would see her downstairs."

"You heard?"

"Of course, I never left home."

"Give me a notion. . ."

"To get her to make an appointment: to let him conduct her home."

"She was alone?"

"Her maid was below."

"And this happened . . .?"

"Yesterday, after dark. My Ned—Captain Marsett encourages him to be familiar. I should be the lowest of women if I feared the threats of such a reptile of a man. I could tell you more. I can always refuse his visits, though if Ned knew the cur he is! Captain Marsett is easy-going."

"I should like to know where he lives."

She went straight to the mantelpiece, and faced about with a card, handing it, quite aware that it was a charge of powder.

Desperate things to be done excused the desperate said; and especially they seemed a cover to the bald and often spotted language leaping out of her, against her better taste, when her temper was alive.

"Somewhere not very distant," said Dartrey, perusing. "Is he in the town to-day, do you know?"

"I am not sure; he may be. Her name . . ."

"Have no fear. Ladies' names are safe."

"I am anxious that she may not be insulted again."

"Did she show herself conscious of it?"

"She stopped speaking: she looked at the door. She may come again—or never! through that man!"

"You receive him, at his pleasure?"

"Captain Marsett wishes me to. He is on his way home. He calls Major Worrell my pet spite. All I want is, not to hear of the man. I swear he came yesterday on the chance of seeing—for he forced his way up past my servant; he must have seen Miss Radnor's maid below."

"You don't mean, that he insulted her hearing?"

"Oh! Captain Fenellan, you know the style."

"Well, I thank you," Dartrey said. "The young lady is the daughter of my dearest friends. She's one of the precious—you're quite right. Keep the tears back."

"I will." She heaved open-mouthed to get physical control of the tide. "When you say that of her!—how can I help it? It's I fear—because I fear . . . and I've no right to expect ever . . . but if I'm never again to look on that dear face, tell her I shall—I shall pray for her in my grave. Tell her she has done all a woman can, an angel can, to save my soul. I speak truth: my very soul! I could never go to the utter bad after knowing her. I don't—you know the world—I'm a poor helpless woman!—don't swear to give up my Ned if he does break the word he promised once; I can't see how I could. I haven't her courage. I haven't—what it is!—You know her: it's in her eyes and her voice. If I had her beside me, then I could starve or go to execution—I could, I am certain. Here I am, going to do what you men hate. Let me sit."

"Here's a chair," said Dartrey. "I've no time to spare; good day, for the present. You will permit me to call."

"Oh! come;" she cried, out of her seats, for excuse. They were genuine, or she would better have been able to second her efforts to catch a distinct vision of his retreating figure.

She beheld him, when he was in the street, turn for the district where Major Worrell had his lodgings. That set her mind moving, and her tears fell no longer.

Major Worrell was not at home. Dartrey was informed, that he might be at his Club.

At the Club he heard of the major as having gone to London and being expected down in the afternoon. Colonel Sudley named the train: an early train: the major was engaged to dine at the Club. Dartrey had information supplied to him concerning Major Worrell and Captain Marsett, also Mrs. Marsett. She had a history. Worthy citizens read the description of history with interest when the halo of Royalty is round it. They may, if their reading extends, perceive, that it has been the main turbid stream in old Mammon's train: since he threw his bait for flesh. They might ask, too, whether it is likely to cease to flow while he remains potent. The lady's history was brief, and bore recital in a Club; came off quite honourably there. Regarding Major Worrell, the tale of him showed him to have a pass among men. He managed cleverly to get his pleasures out of a small income and a 'fund of anecdote.' His reputation indicated an anecdotist of the table, prevailing in the primitive societies, where the art of conversing does not come by nature, and is exercised in monosyllabic undertones or grunts until the narrator's well-masticated popular anecdote loosens a digestive laughter, and some talk ensues. He was Marsett's friend, and he boasted of not letting Ned Marsett make a fool of himself.

Dartrey was not long in shaping the man's character: Worrell belonged to the male birds of upper air, who mangle what female prey they are forbidden to devour. And he had Miss Radnor's name: he had spoken her name at the Club overnight. He had roused a sensation, because of a man being present, Percy Southweare, who was related to a man as good as engaged to marry her. The major never fell into a quarrel with sons of nobles, if he could help it, or there might have been a pretty one.

So Colonel Sudley said.

Dartrey spoke musing: "I don't know how he may class me; I have an account to square with him."

"It won't do in these days, my good friend. Come and cool yourself; and we'll lunch here. I shan't leave you."

"By all means. We'll lunch, and walk up to the station, and you will point him out to me."

Dartrey stated Major Worrell's offence. The colonel was not astonished; but evidently he thought less of Worrell's behaviour to Miss Radnor in Mrs. Marsett's presence than of the mention of her name at the Club: and that, he seemed to think, had a shade of excuse against the charge of monstrous. He blamed the young lady who could go twice to visit a Mrs. Marsett; partly exposed a suspicion of her. Dartrey let him talk. They strolled along the parade, and were near the pier.

Suddenly saying: "There, beside our friend in clerical garb: here she comes; judge if that is the girl for the foulest of curs to worry, no matter where she's found," Dartrey directed the colonel's attention to Nesta and Mr. Barmby turning off the pic and advancing.

He saluted. She bowed. There was no contraction of her eyelids; and her face was white. The mortal life appeared to be deadened in her cold wide look; as when the storm-wind banks a leaden remoteness, leaving blown space of sky.

The colonel said: "No, that's not the girl a gentleman would offend."

"What man!" cried Dartrey. "If we had a Society for the trial of your gentleman!—but he has only to call himself gentleman to get grant of licence: and your Society protects him. It won't punish, and it won't let you. But you saw her: ask yourself—what man could offend that girl!"

"Still, my friend, she ought to keep clear of the Marsetts."

"When I meet him, I shall treat him as one out of the law."

"You lead on to an ultimate argument with the hangman."

"We'll dare it, to waken the old country. Old England will count none but Worrells in time. As for discreet, if you like!—a young lady might have been more discreet. She's a girl with a big heart. If we were all everlastingly discreet!"

Dartrey may have meant, that the consequence of a prolonged conformity would be the generation of stench to shock to purging tempests the tolerant heavens over such smooth stagnancy. He had his ideas about movement; about the good of women, and the health of his England. The feeling of the hopelessness of pleading Nesta's conduct, for the perfect justification of it to son or daughter of our impressing conventional world—even to a friend, that friend a true man, a really chivalrous man!—drove him back in a silence upon his natural brotherhood with souls that dare do. It was a wonder, to think of his finding this kinship in a woman. In a girl?—and the world holding that virgin spirit to be unclean or shadowed because its rays were shed on foul places? He clasped the girl. Her smitten clear face, the face of the second sigh after torture, bent him in devotion to her image.

The clasping and the worshipping were independent of personal ardours: quaintly mixed with semi-paternal recollections of the little 'blue butterfly' of the days at Craye Farm and Creekholt; and he had heard of Dudley Sowerby's pretensions to her hand. Nesta's youthfulness cast double age on him from the child's past. He pictured the child; pictured the girl, with her look of solitariness of sight; as in the desolate wide world, where her noble compassion for a woman had unexpectedly, painfully, almost by transubstantiation, rack-screwed her to woman's mind. And above sorrowful, holy were those eyes.

They held sway over Dartrey, and lost it some steps on; his demon temper urging him to strike at Major Worrell, as the cause of her dismayed expression. He was not the happier for dropping to his nature; but we proceed more easily, all of us, when the strain which lifts us a foot or two off our native level is relaxed.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCXCI. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1891.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL.

I.

• MARLOWE, the father of the sons of song

Whose praise is England's crowning praise, above
All glories else that crown her, sweet and strong

As England, clothed with light and fire of love,
And girt with might of passion, thought, and trust,
Stands here in spirit, sleeps not here in dust.

II.

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,

To fade when heaven took fire from Shakespeare's light,
A soul that knew but song's triumphal curb

And love's triumphant bondage, holds of right
His pride of place, who first in place and time
Made England's voice as England's heart sublime.

Marlowe bade England
 The light he lifted up
 He spake, and life sprang
 As fire or lightning, sweet,
 Song was a dream where day
 "Let there be life," he said : and

IV.

Marlowe of all our fathers first beheld
 Beyond the tidal ebb and flow of things
 The tideless depth and height of souls, impelled
 By thought or passion, borne on waves or wings,
 Beyond all flight or sight but song's : and he
 First gave our song a sound that matched our sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

HOW REPUBLICS ARE MADE AND UNMADE.

No. II.

I.

IN *The Fortnightly* for December, 1890, I stated and illustrated the conditions under which the voters of France are permitted by the authorities of the Third Republic to exercise their right of electing Deputies to represent them in the Legislative Chamber which now controls the executive machinery of the Government. I am not dealing in these papers with any theory of politics, but simply with things as they now are in France. The existing French Constitution affirms the sanctity of the suffrage and the freedom of political elections. What does that signify to the average French citizen, who not only finds himself without redress against the most bare-faced pressure of the local authorities upon a political canvass in the district where he lives, but is forced by a majority vote in the Chamber at Paris to accept as his representative a man who has been declared by a Committee of the Chamber itself to have been elected only by "forgeries and frauds"? "Was such a thing ever heard of," exclaims the indignant Bedreddin Hassan in the Oriental story, "as that a man should be impaled for not putting red pepper into a cream tart? The law gives you no right to pronounce such a sentence upon me for such an offence." "Possibly," replies the imperturbable Cadi; "nevertheless you will observe that I have pronounced this sentence upon you for this offence."

It might not be altogether pleasant to live in a country the law of which made a failure to put red pepper in cream tart a capital felony. But it would certainly be much more unpleasant to live in a country in which a magistrate might without or in contempt of the law inflict for such an offence the penalty of impalement. Cruel and terrible things were done under the law in England and in the American colonies of England long after the revolution of 1688. The grandsons of Henry Fielding long outlived Thackeray, and were doubtless personally known to some of the readers of this issue of *The Fortnightly*, yet it would be hard to find in the annals of the *ancien régime* in France any picture of "man's inhumanity to man" more revolting, from the point of view of natural human feeling, than Robinson's exhibition to Mr. Booth in *Amelia* of the young English girl and her poor old father, slowly starving to death in an English jail, the girl for having stolen a loaf of bread to feed her famished father, and the father for having taken the loaf knowing that it had been stolen. Nevertheless it is altogether probable that in the England of 1750 men lived more freely and more happily than in the

the sufficient reason that the English judiciary on the favour of the executive in 1750 than France of 1750, for beside "Ce n'est pas l'amour qui nous nuit— the French magistracy. It is less the laws of a land which c'est la manière de le faire, than the administration of the laws. It make or mar its happiness, what the laws of a country may be, if matters comparatively little was interpret and apply those laws becomes the magistracy charged to interpret the executive or of the legislature. the instrument and tool either my first paper, the majority of the

In France, as I have shown in my first paper, the majority of the Legislature, in 1879, took complete control of the Executive. From a co-ordinate branch of the French Government, the Executive thereupon became, and has ever since continued to be, the mouthpiece and weapon of a party majority. France ceased to be a united country, and became the theatre of a chronic contest between two great camps of political opinion. It was in that nature of such a state of things that the dominant party should work through the Ministry of Justice to draw into its own control the official administration of France. How completely it has succeeded in doing this is the purpose of this paper to show.

Two or three recent and unusually notorious trials in Paris have drawn the attention of foreign observers to the fact that the administration of justice in France has undergone of late years a serious change, and a change not for the better but for the worse. Nothing more discreditable to the French police has recently happened than the escape from Paris of Padlewski, who is supposed to have murdered the Russian General Seliverstov, in broad daylight, and in a fashionable hotel. It was followed by the trial of a Parisian reporter, named La Bruyère, who published a melodramatic account of his own share in that mysterious evasion and defeat of justice. This trial was conducted in such a theatrical and truculent fashion by the tribunal as to excuse the impression which prevails in quarters not friendly to France, that the French authorities wished to hide their own reluctance to be troubled with Padlewski under a portentous display of indignation against the self-proclaimed contriver and partner of his flight. La Bruyère was found guilty. But the prison doors had hardly closed on him when a Court of Appeals quashed the conviction and set him free. At the same time (little more now than six weeks ago), the Procureur-Général, de Beaurepaire, intervened to secure the release of La Bruyère's alleged associate, Mme. Duc Quercy, the wife of a leading Socialist, locked up for declaring that she had sheltered Padlewski, and invited her friend to dine with him as a hero and tyrannicide! Of course, all this can have but one meaning for the Russians, who remember the insult offered to their sovereign at Paris by a French public man who holds to-day the whiphand of the Republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

Not more creditable, in quite another sense, were the proceedings which took place during the trial of Eyraud and of his mistress for the murder of Gouffé. These were conducted by M. Q. de Beaurepaire, the Procureur-Général just mentioned, who earned his present position by accepting the task of prosecuting General Boulanger before an extemporised "High Court of Justice," after that task had been peremptorily declined by his Republican predecessor, M. Léon Renault, a man of admitted character and ability. I may content myself here with citing, as to those proceedings, the opinion of them expressed on the 21st December, 1890, by the Parisian correspondent of the London *Times*, a witness who cannot well be charged with any disposition to speak ill or lightly of the powers that be in France.

"PARIS, December 21.

"The miserable Gouffé trial has ended, as I said it would from the first day, in the condemnation to death of Eyraud, and in a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment, with hard labour, on Gabrielle Bompard. Seldom has a case been worse managed or conducted by a more incompetent president. It has been intentionally magnified, in order to make it an event in the history of crime. President Robert was obliged to clear the hall, and to leave the task of keeping order in the hands of the Procureur-Général. Every one agreed in thinking that greater incapacity had never been displayed in similar circumstances.

"On his side the Procureur-Général, who was justly blamed for occupying the place of Public Prosecutor, usually left to a subordinate, has thought it necessary to say, by way of justification, that it was to combat the theories on hypnotism of the school of Nancy. He should have considered that, by attributing so much importance to these theories, he encouraged their supporters and placed them in a conspicuous position, thus counteracting the very purpose he alleged to be the cause of his intervention. The Procureur-Général behaved exactly as an actor would have done performing a similar part. Everybody saw that it was a personal success, the success of an actor rendering a part, that he wanted. The whole affair is pitiable, and from the school of Nancy to the chief criminal prosecutor of France, the one object seemed that of obtaining notoriety."

This is surely a deplorable picture of French justice as administered in the highest tribunals of the Republic after the Republican majority of the Chamber of Deputies have for more than a decade been masters of their country in a sense far from being true of a majority of the British House of Commons, and further still from being true of a majority of the American House of Representatives. For we must always remember that the administrative machinery of the French Government remains to-day substantially what it was under the first Empire, and that under the first Empire it remained substantially what it was under the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV. The Revolutionists of 1792 took this machinery substantially as they found it, and used it to overthrow the Constitutional monarchy of 1789, and to establish the ephemeral First Republic. There is no more amusing incident in the by no means generally amusing story of the first Revolution than the abortive attempt of Manuel to get

Pétion invested with the symbols of a semi-royal authority at the outset of the Republican experiment; and the first Empire was assured from the moment when Bonaparte, taking his seat alone at the head of the consular table, motioned his two colleagues into their chairs on his right hand and on his left.

Prussians take a just pride in the story of the Miller of Sans-Souci. There were "judges at Berlin" in whose hands justice was safe, even under the autocratic rule of Frederick the Great. How is it with the judges of France under the Third Republic?

One of the least questionable abuses of the *ancien régime* in France was the conversion of the French magistracy from a judicial into a political machine. It began very early in the history of the French monarchy, and, like most abuses, began in the guise of a reform.

From the death of Louis XIV. to the assemblage of the States-General of 1789 by Louis XVI. the magistracy was the chief disturbing political factor in French history. Its judicial functions became the secondary and incidental, its political aspirations the primary and substantial objects of its existence.

When, after the orgie of the first Revolution, Napoleon reconstituted order and the law in France, he organized the French magistracy as he organized all the other public services, on the centripetal principle. The magistracy ceased to be a caste, but it became a hierarchy. Under the Terror it had been proclaimed that every citizen, no matter how ignorant or how incompetent, ought to be eligible to the magistracy; and France, sickened by the lawlessness and the brutalities of that dreary time, gladly accepted the Imperial system, under which the magistracy became a career like the army, open indeed to "all the talents," but subject, throughout all its grades, to the supervision and the approval of the supreme authority of the State.

The strong point of this system in its relations to private life and the rights of French citizens was that it made the magistracy a career. It gave to every Frenchman who entered upon the judicial service of the country rights like those which it gave to every Frenchman who entered upon the military service of his country. Promotion might be slow. His merits might be tardily recognised or obstinately disregarded. They might be obscured or illumined by his political opinions and sympathies as governments went and came. But he could not be thrust out of his career, except for cause. His independence was protected by the organization of the legal hierarchy, of which he was a member. It is not the least of the many titles of Royer-Collard to the respect of France that he saved this essential guarantee of the character of the French magistracy, after the fall of Napoleon in 1815 and the return of the Bourbons, by a clear and fearless defence of the life tenure of judicial office.

Under the Monarchy of July as under the Restoration, under the Second Republic as under the Monarchy of July, under the Third Empire as under the Second Republic, this guarantee was respected. Baron Antoine Jean Séguier, one of the latest and not least distinguished scions of an illustrious family which had given magistrates to France for three centuries, was made President of the Court of Appeals at Paris by the First Consul in 1802. He rose from post to post under the Empire, under the Restoration, under the Monarchy of July, and he died under the Second Republic in 1848, honoured by men of all classes and of all opinions. The Marquis de Belbœuf, a member of another family of the "noblesse de la robe," made President of the Court of Appeals at Lyons by Charles X., continued to occupy the highest judicial positions under Louis Philippe, and was made a Senator of the Empire by Napoleon III. M. Piou, the father of one of the most distinguished living members of the French bar, was put at the head of the highest tribunal in Toulouse by Louis Philippe, and maintained there by the Empire. He was one of the eminent public servants of France whom the "Government of the National Defence," on the very eve of their disappearance under the crushing weight of their own folly and incompetence, denounced to the electors of France as men not to be returned to the National Assembly of 1871, because they had served their country under the monarchical governments by which, for forty years, the French people had chosen to be ruled!

This denunciation had little or no effect on the elections of 1871. But it clearly foreshadowed the intention of the Republican leaders to ostracise and drive from public life, should they ever get control of the State, every man not of their own way of thinking and of their own party. This included, of course and necessarily, the abrogation of the good-service tenure of the French magistracy, and a return in substance, though not in form, to the worst of the practices which in the eighteenth century had converted the magistracy from a judicial and independent into a political and dependent body of public servants.

We have learned in the United States by practical experience how wise the founders of the American Republic were when they unanimously agreed to put the tenure of the Federal judiciary beyond the reach either of popular or of executive caprice. Almost every clause of the American Constitution was hotly and earnestly debated in the State Conventions by which that great Charter of American liberty and law was finally adopted. But James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, could say with truth in the Conventions of that State:—"I hear no objection to the tenure by which the judges hold their offices. It is declared that the judges shall hold them during good behaviour; and as to the security which they will have for their salaries, that they shall at stated times receive for their

services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." Well would it have been for the American people had no departure from this sound system been made in the judicial organization of the several States!

II.

The French magistracy consists of two branches—the *magistrature assise* and the "*parquet*." These may be not inaccurately described as the official bench and the official bar. The good-service tenure was enjoyed under the French judicial system as the Republicans found it when they took possession of the Government, in 1879, by the official bench alone. Promotion was more rapid at the official bar, and it was always easy for a member of the "official bar" to secure on the official bench a position equal to that which he held at the bar. The position, for example, of a *procureur-substitut* at the official bar is equal to that of a "*juge*" on the official bench; the position of a *procureur de la République* to that of a President; the position of an *avocat-général* to that of a *Conseiller à la Cour*. The salaries of the magistrates in both branches and of all grades would be thought inadequate even in the United States, where millionaires speak disdainfully of the "pittance" of £2,000 a year paid to the judges of the Supreme Court. The scale of the French salaries was constructed in conformity with the Spartan maxim of the great Chancellor d'Aguesseau. There is much to be said for this maxim under the good-service tenure. But strike the element of permanence out of the position of a magistrate, and there will be as much or more to be said against it. The man who might have gladly accepted a career of modest but well-assured private comfort, and public consideration, may easily succumb to the enticements of "the land of fortune" when he finds that integrity and fidelity have ceased to be sufficient guarantees of his daily bread.

From the time when the "Delegation of the Government of the National Defence," the self-appointed representatives of a self-appointed oligarchy, issued at Bordeaux their astonishing "Decree" of February, 1871, forbidding the electors of France to send up to the National Assembly certain classes and categories of French citizens who had dared to discharge certain functions in the service of the State "between the 2nd of December, 1851 and the 4th of September, 1870," it must have been clear to every judicial officer in France that, with the accession to power of the authors of this "Decree," there would be an end made of the independence of the French magistracy. For one of the four signatures appended to the "Decree" was that of M. Crémieux, "Minister of Justice" in the Government of the National Defence; and on the 24th of October, 1870, M. Crémieux had sent the following message from Tours to

the Government at Paris:—"The tribunals and the courts are well looked after, to the great joy of our friends. I am mowing down the justices [*juges de paix*]. Send me by telegram the names of the justices whom you wish me to dismiss, and of those whom you wish me to appoint, and it shall be done without delay"! This dispatch may be bracketed in the annals of our time with a notable judicial utterance of one of the most energetic judicial allies of the Tweed Ring in New York. This excellent magistrate had appointed a kinsman of his to be the receiver of an important financial establishment. One of the counsel concerned in the proceedings which had led to the appointment ventured to comment upon the circumstance. "You are quite right, sir," said the judge very calmly and affably. "The gentleman I have just appointed is my cousin. The gentleman whom I appointed Receiver this morning in another case is a cousin of my wife. The gentleman whom I intend to appoint Receiver in another case this afternoon is my brother-in-law. I am attending to-day to family business."

M. Crémieux, as "Minister of Justice in the Government of the National Defence," was not, perhaps, attending to "family business" in October, 1870. But he certainly was attending to party business, and he attended to it with exemplary energy and activity. When an inquiry was opened into this subject after the fall of the Government of the National Defence, it was found that during M. Crémieux's brief administration of the department, six hundred and forty-eight justices had been dismissed, three hundred and one had been removed or put on the retired list, and two hundred and sixty-nine magistrates of the courts and tribunals had been "rigorously dealt with." M. Crémieux was surprised to find that he had done so little! His own impression, publicly proclaimed, was that he had got rid of at least "eighteen hundred justices." These *juges de paix* whom, for convenience' sake rather than accurately, I call "justices," are to be found in every canton in France. The office was formally created by the "Constituent Assembly," in 1790, and then made elective. Under the Consulate the Chief of the State took into his own hand the nomination of these magistrates, and gave them a tenure of ten years. The Charter of the Restoration gave them a life tenure, but made them removable by the Executive. Under the monarchy of July the functions of these justices were considerably enlarged, and many extra-judicial powers were conferred upon them. The *juge de paix* in France comes directly into contact with the people of his canton in all their daily affairs. He acts as a sort of official arbiter for the amicable settlement of quarrels; he convokes and presides over the "family councils" which play so large a part in the domestic history of the French people; he puts his official seal on the property and papers of the dead and of bankrupts, and he alone can release the documents and goods thus

quarantined. He validates contracts for the adoption of children, and authenticates the coming into their majority of minors. He is a police justice, too, in his canton, and as such acts in conjunction with the *Procureur de la Republique*, while under a law passed in 1873 he enjoys himself the assistance (or is subject to the supervision) of a commissary of police appointed by the Minister of Justice. In the matter of disputed accounts not exceeding 100 francs in amount, and not arising out of an exchange of commercial papers, the *juge de paix* has a summary and final jurisdiction; and in disputes between travellers or lodgers and the keepers of hotels, inns, and lodging-houses, the *juge de paix* settles the matter summarily if the sum in question does not exceed a hundred francs, and gives a decision subject to appeal when it lies between that amount and fifteen hundred francs. If the carriage you hire for a journey breaks down on the way and your driver makes himself disagreeable (it is usually your own fault, I think, in France when this happens), you must take him, unless he begins by taking you, before the *juge de paix*. In short, and without going too far into detail, it will be seen that the *juge de paix*, in every nook and corner of France, practically, and on most of the occasions of ordinary life, represents to the French peasant and small tradesman, the French mechanic and agricultural labourer—the “little people,” in a word, of France—the justice of their country. To strike at the *juges de paix*, therefore, as M. Crémieux struck at them, was to notify the whole country that the character and the official conduct of the representatives of French justice were thenceforth to be of less value and importance than their political opinions and sympathies in the sight of the men who arrogated to themselves the title of the only “true Republicans.” Furthermore, it was not an appeal to the people of France to co-operate with these men through the ballot-box in making the French magistracy Republican. M. Crémieux and his coadjutors never, for a moment, dreamt of reverting to the theories of their predecessors, the Republicans of 1793, and making the *juges de paix* elective. On the contrary, this remarkable colleague of Gambetta took the business as calmly into his own hands as any Prefect of the Empire could have done. He turned out one set of *juges de paix* by telegraphic orders from his own office, and filled their places in the same fashion. The work could not be begun too soon or pressed too promptly. Had not the Sub-prefect of Roanne telegraphed to his superior, the Minister of the Interior: “If you do not put Republicans alone into office, the Republicans will rise, and we shall have a civil war”?

The victory of the German invaders, the collapse of the incompetent Government of the National Defence, and the Convocation in 1871 of the National Assembly arrested the public development of the system so candidly made public by M. Gambetta, M. Crémieux,

and their associates. But it went on steadily in the private councils of the party. In March, 1876, the Republican members of the Chamber of Deputies held a meeting, at which a very "drastic" speech was made by M. Floquet, now, in 1891, President of the Chamber. At this meeting it was resolved that the party should insist upon getting possession of all the public functions, and of the whole official hierarchy, including the magistracy. In October, 1877, led by Gambetta, the Republicans at last got control of a working majority in the Chamber. On the 16th of December, 1877, a Cabinet meeting was held under the presidency of M. Dufaure, who announced from the Chair that he was proceeding "with the utmost rigor against all functionaries who, even in private life, had opposed or spoken ill of the Government." In January, 1879, the Republican majority having driven Marshal McMahon into retirement, elected M. Grévy to do their bidding in the executive office as President of the Republic. The work of "reforming" the magistracy in common with all the other public services began at once on the lines laid down by M. Crémieux in 1870. It was prosecuted with ardour, but not ardently enough to satisfy the "true Republicans." In December M. Waddington, then President of the Council, found it necessary to defend himself and his colleagues against the charge of lukewarmness in dealing with this great work. "We are accused," he said, "of not having sufficiently weeded out the public functionaries. If you will run over the columns of the Official Journal you will see how numerous have been the changes, how frequent the dismissals." A month afterwards M. de Freycinet, having then just taken office himself, loudly proclaimed his intention of "reforming the *personnel* of all branches of the administration." Yet at that time so much had been done in the way of "reform," that M. Gabriel Charmes, himself a Republican, assures us "not a single *juge de paix* open to the least suspicion as to his opinions had escaped the avenging hand of MM. Le Royer¹ and Jules Ferry." On the 30th of March, 1880, the same writer declared that "public opinion was excited by the relentless ferocity with which the Cabinet was pursuing its work of turning out the servants of the State." "It is a complete upsetting of the public machinery." "The rural constables even do not escape." "The country counts for nothing in these executions which it deplores and condemns." "The 'purification' policy has carried anarchy and a kind of consternation into all branches of the public administration." "Under this word 'purification' lie hidden the most deplorable lust of office and the most discreditable personal spite and rancour."

(1) M. Le Royer, now President of the Senate, congratulated his colleagues on the 16th January, 1891, on the "tranquillization" of the country! This is as good as the dying Carlist chief who found "no enemies to forgive," having taken pains to get them all shot!

While M. Gabriel Charmes was inditing these words an affair was going on at Nîmes which sufficiently illustrates their precise accuracy. In February, 1880, M. Clappier, an Advocate-General at Nîmes, was dismissed from his post by the Minister of Justice. What was his offence? M. Seignobos, a deputy from the Department of the Ardèche, was dissatisfied with the decision given against him in a case at law by M. Clappier. He accordingly went to the Minister of Justice, and demanded the dismissal of M. Clappier. The minister hesitated, and offered to remove the offending magistrate to another post. But the intolable M. Seignobos insisted, and he carried his point. He was so proud of carrying his point that he made no secret of it. He telegraphed to M. Clappier, "I am delighted with the large share I have had in this act of justice, which was due to your ideas of impartiality and to your love of truth"! On the 8th of February, 1880, he wrote thus to his own solicitor:—"I yesterday had the pleasure of giving this bit of news to M. Clappier. The minister at first only removed him to another post, but I insisted he should have no place at all. Now you may draw on me for 350 francs. I do not conceal the decisive share I have had in the dismissal of M. Clappier."

As the matter came up before the Chamber, M. Seignobos had an excellent opportunity, of which he availed himself, to prove how large and effectual the share was which he had taken in making the Minister of Justice punish this insolent magistrate who had dared to give a decision disagreeable to a Republican deputy. Of course the lesson was not thrown away upon the magistracy in general. For the majority of the Chamber, as a majority, stood by the victorious deputy, and left the higher moral aspects of his victory to be idly criticized by a small coterie of supersensitive Republicans, not of the genuine and thorough type—a coterie made up, among others, of M. Léon Say, M. Picot of the Institute of France, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, one of President Grévy's Foreign Ministers, and M. de Montebello. These fastidious persons published a curious and instructive tract on "The Interference of the Deputies with the Administration of Public Affairs." In this tract we find the following picture of this "interference":—

"Electoral interests, the satisfaction of personal revenge, and the desire of place are the provoking causes of this prodigious 'purification.' Does it result from any investigations made by the staff of the ministries? No. The person charged to carry out these operations passed long hours in the lobbies of the Chamber. He seemed indeed to live there. There he received the denunciations upon the strength of which he prepared 'decrees' for the ministers. The members of the Chamber, one after another, came up to this personage with their demands and complaints; and he came daily to the Palais-Bourbon to take the orders of the deputies for the ministers."

This is tolerably plain speaking, is it not? But it is quite certain that the only people on whose minds it produced any effect were the

public servants, magistrates, and others whom it helped to measure the extent of the peril in which they lived from day to day their precarious official lives. The perambulator of the lobbies and the deputies laughed at it. Between 1877 and 1882, nine hundred and eighty-two "irremovable" French magistrates were removed, many of them being left unemployed and the others sent to posts which they did not wish to occupy. Of the two thousand one hundred and forty-eight French magistrates of the *parquet*, whom I have called the official bar, seventeen hundred and sixty-three were during this period dismissed and otherwise punished for their opinions by the ministry. Of the two thousand nine hundred and forty-one French justices, or *juges de paix*, during the same period no fewer than two thousand five hundred and thirty-six were turned out of their places or removed from one canton to another without their consent.

But all this did not suffice !

On the 22nd of January, 1883, M. Jules Ferry, then President of the Council, declared before the Chamber that "the honour of the Parliament required a further 'reform' of the magistracy"; and in August of the same year we find the Official Journal recording a speech of M. Martin Feuillee, the Keeper of the Seals, in which he said : "The public interest requires the expulsion from the magistracy of every man who does not loyally accept the institutions which the country has chosen to establish." M. Yves Guyot, a member of the present Cabinet, improved upon M. Martin Feuillee. He demanded the dismissal of all functionaries "whose wives did not love the Republic." As a means to this laudable end, an officer of the Ministry of Justice ordered a grand inquest into "the opinions, the conduct, and the social relations of the wives of all magistrates"! The outcome of these "ideas of progress" was a law "suspending for three months the irremovability of all magistrates," a law which, in the clear and eloquent words of M. Allai, a member of the Senate, was simply "a proscription of eight hundred and fifty magistrates." "You are suppressing the law," exclaimed an eminent Republican, M. Jules Simon, "in order to 'expurgate' the magistracy"!

The text of this extraordinary enactment was a deliberate reproduction of the decree of ostracism launched from Bordeaux on the 20th of January, 1871, by Gambetta and Crémieux, to which I have already more than once referred. "No magistrate" said one of the clauses of the enactment, "shall be maintained in any jurisdiction whatever who after the 2nd of December, 1851, shall have sat upon any mixed commission"!¹ By this enactment the demoralisation and degradation of the French magistracy were completed. The

(1) It is worth while to mention here, as an illustration of the persistently revolutionary purpose of the party which now controls the French Republic, that a "decree" identical in spirit and intent with this monstrous Bordeaux decree of Jan. 20, 1871,

French magistracy once more became what it had been before the Revolution of 1789, and during the worst period of the eighteenth century—the spoil, the sport, and the instrument of political intrigue and of official corruption. The basis of permanence and of independence founded first by the First Consul—who, with all his autocratic instincts, had practical sense enough to know how indispensable to the stability of any government is the establishment of public confidence in the administration of justice—was subverted. From that moment it became possible for any enterprising deputy or group of deputies to own judges on the official bench and advocates at the official bar. From that moment it became impossible for any French citizen to feel assured that any case in which his liberty, his character, or his property might be at stake would be tried by a tribunal concerned first, last, and only to ascertain the facts of the case and to apply to those facts, without fear or favour or prejudice, the law of the land. This is not my verdict. It is the verdict of one of the ablest Republican journals in Paris, the *Journal des Débats*. Said the *Journal des Débats* in March 1887—

“After the law was passed, and the time for executing it had come, we saw this system of political ‘purification’ of the judiciary display itself in all its shameless cynicism. The executioners of the magistracy, rolling up their sleeves, assisted by a band of informers, and surrounded by a mob of hungry place-hunters, fell joyously to work. And when they had done with their task, when senators publicly stated, in the Senate, what had been dared and done, and cited monstrous facts which the Keeper of the Seals could neither contradict nor explain, and which he could only meet with stammering replies, there was an end of all illusions. Men saw that what had been decorated with the lying name of a judicial reconstruction was in reality quite another matter”!

Is it surprising, in the face of this verdict given in March, 1887, that the formal reports of committees of the Chamber proving the election of M. Ménard-Dorian as a deputy from Lodève to have been carried by “fraud and forgery” in September, 1889, should have slumbered in the archives of the Minister of Justice from the day on which they were sent up to him to the present moment?

Is it not, on the contrary, surprising that M. Leroy-Beaulieu, who by these frauds and forgeries was deprived of the seat which the electors of Lodève chose him to fill, should have for one single moment imagined that any Minister of Justice holding his portfolio at the pleasure of the Parliamentary majority which includes M. Ménard-Dorian, would permit his subordinates to lay such reports before him, or to trouble him about them?

and with the clause heretofore of the Enactment of August, 1883, was actually issued on the 3rd of November, 1870, at Toulouse, by M. Duportal, who had been appointed Prefect of Toulouse by the “Government of the National Defence” after the Parisian “revolution” of September 4. This by way of “defending” France against the victorious German invaders!

For M. Leroy-Beaulieu, though a political economist and a student, is a man of the world also, and a man of affairs. As a Republican by conviction, he must have watched with intelligent anxiety the process of political "expurgation" carried on in the name of the Republic with the results so forcibly stated by the *Journal des Débats*. He took an active part in the canvass which preceded the election of 1889 at Lodève. He saw with his own eyes the manœuvres employed by the agents of the Government to secure his own defeat and the election of his antagonist. He wrote letters protesting against these manœuvres to the local authorities and to the Prefect of the Department, and he tells us himself that these letters, though registered, were never so much as acknowledged by the Prefect. He must have seen the circular addressed on the eve of the election by the Keeper of the Seals to the magistrates of the *parquet*, the "official bar" of France, a circular in which the Keeper of the Seals explicitly informed those magistrates that they would be required by the Government of the Third Republic to perform for the official candidates of the Republic in 1889, precisely the same services which had been required of the functionaries of the Second Empire in 1863.

This circular was issued on the 31st of August, 1889, and ran as follows:—

"M. le Procureur-Général: By a circular issued January 31, 1886, to which I beg to refer you, one of my predecessors requested the magistrates of the *parquet* to keep up with the Prefects of the Departments the permanent understanding and the reciprocal good relations which are indispensable to the movement of affairs. *This understanding is now more necessary than ever*, and I cannot too earnestly recommend you to second, with all your might, any efforts made by the administration with the object of maintaining order. The Government counts upon your vigilance and your energy to bring at once before the tribunals of repression, *in accordance with the procedure prescribed by the law of May 20, 1863, any persons who may be denounced to you as having taken part in factious manifestations.*"

Did M. Leroy-Beaulieu for an instant seriously suppose that the Minister of Justice who had issued this circular on the 31st of August, 1889, would ever institute proceedings against the Prefect of the Hérault for permitting, or ordering, or conniving at "frauds and forgeries" intended to suppress such a "factious manifestation" as the appearance of M. Leroy-Beaulieu in the Chamber of Deputies? Did he for an instant suppose that the magistrates who had been required by this circular to lend their support to the Prefect of the Hérault would respond to any call made upon them by an opposition candidate who had nothing more to say for himself than that he had been "defrauded" of his seat in the Chamber? Put this circular issued by the Republican Minister of Justice in August, 1889, side by side with the Republican "decree" issued at Bordeaux in January, 1871, and what a picture we have of the aims and the methods

of the party which now dominates France, and which, after making the national executive its puppet, has made the national judiciary its tool!

By the Republican decree of January, 1871, all French citizens were forbidden to vote for any man who had served France in responsible positions under the Empire of the Third Napoleon. By the Republican circular of August, 1889, every magistrate of the *parquet* in France was ordered to put himself under the command of the Prefect of his Department, and to render the Prefect whatever services might be exacted of him in conformity with a law passed to strengthen and support the Empire of the Third Napoleon! Could the force of cynicism further go? In what circumstances and, to what end did the Second Empire enact this law of 1863? Fortunately we have an unimpeachable witness on this point: no less a person indeed, than M. Jules Ferry, the author of the "purification" of the French magistracy, which was ordered to be completed by an enactment passed in 1883, and which was so completely with the results I have drawn.

In 1863 M. Jules Ferry was a deputy. He was, as he himself tells us, "one of the five Liberal and Democratic deputies who then constituted in France the legal opposition." These five deputies, be it observed, were opposed, not only to the policy, but to the very existence of the Imperial Government under which they were elected: a Government constituted by such an appeal to the people of France as has never, from 1793, to this time, been made by any French Republic to the people of France. To his four colleagues, M. Jules Ferry, in 1863, dedicated a small treatise, which he entitled *The Electoral Contest*. The treatise is very curious reading now. It might have been republished with advantage in 1883, when M. Ferry was pressing through a Republican Chamber an enactment meant to arm a Republican Government for an "electoral contest" as the Imperial Government, according to M. Jules Ferry, was armed in 1863.

Let us hear what M. Jules Ferry has to say:—

"People in Paris, in general, have no notion what a prefect is in the provinces. Of course the authorities are used there as they are elsewhere. But the crowd is so great in Paris, so varied, so full of movement; independent interests meet there in such large numbers, the men who think for themselves form there so respectable a minority, the exchange of ideas is so rapid there, and public opinion so ungovernable, that people have always been more free to think, to speak, to live as they like than anywhere else in the world. Terrorism there has always been superficial and ephemeral; the most open despotisms have broken down there under the influence of two irresistible forces, conversation and songs. The authorities will never venture there upon these meddlesome and paternal liberties which are the curse of the provinces."

One might really suppose that M. Jules Ferry had written this to

explain, at one and the same time, the overwhelming defeat of the Republican despotism at Paris by the Boulangists in January, 1889, and the instructions under which the Republican prefects fought the electoral contest for the Republic in the provinces in September, 1889! In 1863 M. Jules Ferry cited with Spartan reprobation a circular addressed by the then Imperial Prefect of the Aude on the 26th of March to the mayor of the department, in which that functionary reminded the municipal authorities that "the general elections enable the Government of the Empire to measure the influence and the devotion of the men whom it associates with itself in its work." How was it in September, 1889, with the Government of the Republic and the men whom the Minister of the Interior before the elections invited to Paris?

III.

So effectual has been the transformation under the Third Republic of the French magistracy from a body of impartial and independent ministers of the law into a body of dependent and complaisant servants of the Government, that a Frenchman, distinguished alike by his character and by his abilities, the Count d'Haussonville, addressing an audience of three thousand French citizens at Lyons, on the 25th of November, 1888, did not hesitate to speak of its results in terms which it would hardly have been becoming for me as a foreigner to employ. "The men who now govern us," said the Count d'Haussonville, "have shaken to its foundations the respect due to justice, and there is not a citizen in France to-day who, if he loses a political or even a private case, will not have the right to ask himself whether our courts have not come to rendering services in the place of decisions!"

This terrible indictment was received, the reports assure us, with cheering and with applause. In what other country in Europe could a public man so eminent, and in all ways so worthy of public confidence and respect as the Count d'Haussonville, pronounce such an indictment as this of the national courts of justice? In what other country in Europe would such an indictment as this so pronounced be received with cheers and applause?

Such indictments are not lightly framed or lightly uttered by such men. Such indictments are not received with cheers and with applause by such audiences as that before which these burning words were uttered, unless they are felt and known to formulate the indignant experience of a great community.

The facts upon which this indictment was framed meet one at every turn in the daily life of the French people. In civil disputes,

in criminal trials, in great matters and in small, Frenchmen are made to feel the stinging truth of this indictment. Litigants in all countries and in all times, no doubt, have found the ear of the court no unimportant contribution to the merits of a case. But in France, under the Third Republic, a Republican litigant is always presumably in the right, an anti-Republican litigant always presumably in the wrong. If the case arise out of a political complication of any sort, the presumption in each direction ripens into certainty in the mind of the magistrate. How should this be otherwise? Did not M. Chauveau, bringing before the Chamber a bill for the "reform and reconstitution" of the Council of State, which from the point of view of its deliberative power ought to be an essentially judicial body, calmly say, "It is necessary that the Government should feel entire confidence in the Council of State—that it should, in fact, be entirely at home in the Council of State"?

The Government has made itself "entirely at home," not only in the Council of State, but in every courthouse and judicial chamber in France.

Only a few weeks ago a lively controversy went on in the department of the Jura over the unexpected and as yet, I believe, publicly unexplained, resignation of his post by a distinguished magistrate, M. Trapp, President of the Civil Tribunal at Lons-le-Saulnier. The Keeper of the Seals kept M. Trapp's letter of resignation to himself, and no official account could be had of it. But the public voice made it perfectly well understood that M. Trapp had declined to retain his position because he found that the opposition of the administrative authorities to the prosecution of certain electoral agents, who had been accused of criminal conduct not affecting politics at all, was absolutely insuperable. The Republican *parquet*, it was openly said, positively declined to proceed against the inculpated agents, and M. Trapp, finding it useless to call upon the higher power at Paris to set the prosecution in motion, made up his mind to liberate himself from all real responsibility for such a frustration of justice, by simply resigning his office and abandoning his career. Commenting upon this case, a Conservative deputy was frivolous enough to observe that the President of the Civil Tribunal of Lons-le-Saulnier was unfit for his post, as not understanding the difference between "absolute" and "relative" justice. "It is absolute justice," he said, "to punish violations of the law committed by enemies of the Government. It is relative justice to overlook offences against the law committed by those who have relations with the Government."

This must not be taken as a mere pleasantry. The official report of certain proceedings held in the month of October, 1890, before the tribunal of the Republic at Blois, will show that "relative justice"

in France at this time is a rather serious matter for French citizens whose relations with the Government are not what the Government thinks they ought to be.

In that month a sworn gamekeeper of the Count de Salaberry, a landed proprietor and a Conservative, living near Blois, caught a poacher, *in flagrante delicto*, on his employer's property. He carried his man before the authorities, but the poacher declared that he had voted for the Government candidates always and was a good Republican. Upon this the procureur refused to prosecute him; and the sworn gamekeeper naturally complained of this to his employer.

Sworn gamekeepers in France are, in a sense, public officers, even though they are appointed and paid by private proprietors. The French law is explicit on this point, as appears from the following clauses of an Act passed May 3rd, 1844:—

ARTICLE 22.—The affidavits of mayors and their assistants, commissaries of police, and subaltern officers of the gendarmerie, forest-keepers, fish-keepers, rural constables, or sworn gamekeepers of private proprietors, shall command full faith until positive proof against them has been adduced.

ARTICLE 26.—All offences set forth in this law shall be officially taken up and prosecuted by the public authorities.

When M. de Salaberry and his gamekeeper, armed with this plain law, asked why the poacher caught by the latter had not been prosecuted, the Procureur calmly replied that it was because he, the Procureur, did not choose to prosecute him. The phrase used was precisely this—"The public authorities are to judge whether it is or is not worth while to follow up the affidavits presented!"

This is almost identical with the reply made by the Government when it was challenged to proceed against certain of the associates of General Boulanger who remained defiantly in Paris after Boulanger himself had fled to Brussels: "We prosecute when we please and whom we please."

M. de Salaberry, however, declined to accept in silence this version of an explicit law. He complained to the highest law officer at Blois. "If I cannot enforce my rights as a proprietor," he said—"if one offender is prosecuted and another is not, justice is no longer absolute but relative in France."

What followed?

The Procureur of the Republic, instead of directing his inferior officer to prosecute the poacher, immediately instituted a proceeding himself against the Count de Salaberry for "insulting the magistracy!" M. de Salaberry was formally summoned to appear and answer the charge on a given day. As he was unavoidably prevented from responding in person to this summons, the case was proceeded with in his absence—his absence was treated as a fresh

"insult to the magistracy," and he was actually sentenced to "two months' imprisonment!"

Of course he appealed against this. But the appeal was heard before the judge who had pronounced the sentence, and the *parquet* was represented by the Procureur who had promoted both the charge and the sentence. The report of this hearing appeared in the *Avenir* of Blois, on Sunday, October 12, 1890. I wish I had space to give it in full.

"Before we begin," said M. Martin, the counsel for M. de Salaberry, "I must request that my client may be examined as to the reasons which prevented him from appearing. This has been imputed to him as an offence. The tribunal ought to hear what he has to say."

"There is no occasion to hear it," replied the judge.

The counsel then went on to explain why his client had complained that the poacher was not prosecuted according to the law.

"I advise you to be more careful what you say," broke in the judge; "go on and you will see!"

This tone was taken up in turn by the Procureur, who accused M. Martin of "violating his professional duties" by defending M. de Salaberry. And the hearing ended by a new sentence pronounced against M. de Salaberry of "imprisonment for twenty days!"

Meanwhile the poacher, who knew how to vote when elections are going on, is left at liberty to pursue his avocations in peace; and the "sworn gamekeeper," who imagined himself to be doing his duty under the law of the land, will probably have a pleasant time of it with the local functionaries as long as the Republic lasts!

One other instance of this "relative justice" which is the natural product of a political magistracy, and I may safely leave the intelligent reader to make up his own mind as to the guarantees of independent and impartial justice, public and private, which now exist in France.

IV.

It would hardly be fair to take this illustration from a docket of cases affecting directly the interests or the policy of the Government; hardly fair even to take it from what may be called the docket of sensational crimes. Instances, and "modern instances" too, might easily be cited from the judicial annals both of the United States and of Great Britain, to show that, in seasons of extreme political excitement, the best-organized and the most independent courts of justice are in no country absolutely secure against imputations of undue subserviency to the influences either of administrative power or of popular emotion.

There are still "Judges at Berlin," but certain recent disclosures

attributed to the President of the High Court at Leipsic, seem to prove that the prosecution and imprisonment of Dr. Geffcken put a sharp strain on the respect of intelligent Germans for German law and the German tribunals. To generalise as to the impartiality and independence of the French Republican magistracy from such proceedings as those which were taken against General Boulanger, would doubtless be misleading, though I do not know where, in recent English or American history, any parallel is to be found for the slight put upon the tribunal constituted to try General Boulanger by M. Léon Renault, the distinguished Republican advocate, who resigned one of the highest posts open to men of his profession rather than make himself a party to its proceedings. I am not even sure that, taken separately and by themselves, the most disgraceful scenes witnessed of late at the trial of exceptionally scandalous criminal cases in France, would justify us in extending to the whole organization of the French magistracy the verdict passed by the Parisian correspondent of the *London Times* upon the court and the government prosecutor in the Gouffé case. Yet what are we to think of the following extract, taken from a still more recent account given by the same correspondent, on the 9th of January, 1891, of a case at Toulon, which resulted in the conviction of the mayor of that important city, and in his sentence to five years of solitary confinement.

“The court adjourned as soon as the counsel had finished his speech. When the hour for the resumption of the hearing arrived the crowding about the doors was such that the soldiers on duty had to guard the entrance to the court with fixed bayonets. In the tumult several women were thrown down and trampled upon, and the president of the civil court was severely hustled. So great was the uproar and agitation that the proceedings of the court could not be commenced for a long time after the hour appointed.”

If such a report as this could be truly given of the trial on a criminal charge of the Mayor of Portsmouth or of Hull, most Englishmen, I think, would begin to believe there must be something rotten in the judicial system of England.

But it is by their conduct in purely civil cases that the courts of a civilised country may most fairly be judged. In a civilised country such cases make up the great body of judicial business. Even in the criminal courts of such a country offences against property greatly outnumber offences against the person, and it may be broadly said that the adjustment of questions of *meum* and *tuum* is the chief function of the magistracy. So long as this function is impartially performed, so long as men feel that the judges before whom they go from day to day to assert a lawful or to resist an unlawful pecuniary claim may be trusted to deal with every case submitted to them on its intrinsic merits alone in law and in fact, so long the social fabric may pass substantially unscathed through the severest political

agitations. But when the civil judge begins to show himself, politically speaking, a "respector of persons," and political sympathies or antipathies begin to affect the judicial interpretation of the law of contracts, the patience even of prudent men must begin to give way.

The tocsin may not be sounding, nor the roll of drums be heard in the streets; but a civil war has already begun, and the nation is already divided into hostile camps, tending to revert to the good old rule and simple plan that

"They should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Party rancour and party prejudices are not absolutely unknown either in England or in the United States. Neither in England nor in the United States have considerations of party advantage invariably been overlooked in the appointment of judges, and it is quite conceivable that an English or an American judge should now and then incline his mind more willingly to the arguments of a counsel with whom he is in political sympathy than to those of a party antagonist. But what would Englishmen think of a Gladstonian judge who, after giving a decision in a purely commercial case against a Conservative plaintiff, should completely reverse that decision in a precisely similar case in favour of a Gladstonian plaintiff? Can Englishmen so much as conceive of such a judge? Yet here before me, while I write, lie the official documents which show, with all the formal precision and minute repetitions of French legal phraseology, that upon two successive hearings of a purely commercial case, all the elements of the case remaining absolutely unchanged, two wholly inconsistent and contradictory decisions were pronounced by the same chamber of the same civil tribunal at Paris, in circumstances which leave room for no possible doubt that the action of the tribunal must have been determined neither by the law nor by the facts set forth before it, but simply and solely by the political complexion, not even of either of the parties to the suit, but of the counsel selected by one of the parties to present his case!

The story is so curious that I am almost tempted to regret the impossibility of putting it before my readers without note or comment in a simple translation of the long and circumlocutory legal papers in which it is told.

A little more than ten years ago some leading members of Parisian society were moved to found a sort of international club in that metropolis, to which they gave the name of the "New Club." Their object was to establish a club which should be more hospitable without being less fashionable than "the Jockey," or the "Cercle de l'Union." While foreigners are admitted to full membership in the best clubs of Paris, no provision is made in them for extending to

foreigners temporarily resident in Paris, the courtesies and advantages of the temporary membership system which exists in several of the London clubs. Parisians whose visits to London had been made agreeable to them under this system, were naturally anxious to requite in their own capital the civilities bestowed upon them beyond the Channel. Such men as the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Bisaccia and M. Alphonse de Rothschild took an active part in promoting the "New Club;" and its chairmanship was accepted by Mr. Blount, the Chairman of the West of France Railway, and one of the best-known English residents in Paris. The Prince of Wales, who is as popular in Paris as in London, took it under his protection. The British Embassy and the Legation of the United States were enrolled in support of it; and though it assumed the English name of a club instead of the French name of a "cercle," it was absolutely free from any such suspicion of "politics" as has usually attached in France to the words "club" and "clubiste," ever since the first Revolution. The typical London club of 1891 is a very different thing from the typical London club of 1780. Fox might recognise indeed the famous private doorway of his favourite haunt were he to revisit the glimpses of the moon in St. James's Street, but once within its reconstructed hall he would probably feel himself a stranger in his native land. Where then in modern Paris would Fox's friend, the Duke of Orleans, look for his "Boston Club" of 1782, with its gruesome progeny of "Cordeliers" and "Jacobins," and its final outcome of a prince of the blood royal faultlessly attired in a dark green coat, with buckskin breeches and "highly polished top-boots," making his way in a cart through the howling streets from the Palais Royal to the Place de la Guillotine?

The "New Club" of 1879 was organized as a proprietary club. An Englishman undertook to conduct it, under the superintendence of a committee, assuming for himself all the risks and responsibilities of the enterprise, and relying for his profits upon the subscriptions of the members, and upon their expenditure of all sorts made within the club. Some years after the club was founded, the proprietor, who had associated a partner with himself in the affair, died, leaving a family. The business seems to have got into a snarl, out of which it was eventually extricated by a sale to other parties, by whom, I believe, it is still carried on.

Out of the confusion apparently resulting from the death of the first proprietor, sundry suits at law arose; tradesmen who had dealt with him, finding their accounts unsettled, not unnaturally clamoured for cash; and in 1886 the idea occurred to some of these tradesmen, the chief of them being a butcher, that they might recover the money due them by suing the committee of the club. An action was accordingly brought, on behalf of the butcher and of two or

three of his fellow-creditors, against sundry members of the committee and of the club, including the Baron de Mandat-Grancey, who had succeeded Mr. Blount as chairman of the club, Mr. Edmond Kelly, the counsel of the American Legation in Paris, and others. M. de Mandat-Grancey, who is well known in England as the author of a lively and interesting book on Ireland, *Chez Paddy*, and who is not only a large landowner in France, but a successful "ranchman" in the United States, promptly put the case into the hands of his *avoué*, or solicitor, and it was defended for him before the Third Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine by an eminent Conservative advocate, Maître Auffray. There was no question that the goods had been supplied to the proprietor of the club, and the evidence showed that credit had been given to him and not to the "New Club," or to the committee of the "New Club." The subscriptions of the members had been paid over to the proprietor under his contract with the club, and the articles supplied by him had been paid for to him by the members who consumed them. To sue the members or the committee in these circumstances was like suing the lodgers in a private hotel for the debts of the landlord. Great, then, to use his own language, was the "stupefaction" of M. de Mandat-Grancey and of his advocate when the tribunal announced its decision to be in favour of the butcher and his colleagues. Still greater was their stupefaction, no doubt, as they listened to the grounds, or *considérants*, given for this decision, one of these *considérants* being in effect that the "New Club" was an aristocratic body made up of persons who fared sumptuously and lived delicately! From which, of course, it clearly appeared to be just and fitting that the chairman of the Club should pay the butcher's bill of the proprietor. Of course if the chairman was liable for the butcher's bill, he was liable for all the other bills of the proprietor, and an indefinite vista of unsettled accounts unrolled itself before the eyes of M. de Mandat-Grancey and his colleagues. A few days after the promulgation of the decision a person familiar with the mysteries of the Palais de Justice came to see M. de Mandat-Grancey, not to condole with him but to give him practical advice. "How could you possibly imagine," said in substance this experienced observer—

"that you would get a decision in your favour? Not content with being yourself a notorious monarchist, you must needs put your case in the hands of Maître Auffray, whose name is an abomination in the ears of all good Republicans. Be sure the affair is not ended. This verdict against you will let loose all the other tradesmen who dealt with the Club to attack you. Turn the matter over at once to Maître Cléry, who is not only an excellent lawyer, but a friend—and a very particular friend—of one of the most influential of the Republican leaders. Let him take it up, and you will see what will befall all the creditors of your hapless proprietor, who are already dividing your spoil among them."

M. de Mandat-Grancey, like a man of sense, took the advice. He

was just in time. Within a week the grocer sued him before the same Third Chamber of the same Civil Tribunal. But Maître Cléry set forth the same defence on the merits of the case; and with equal formality, precision, and emphasis the court which had previously declared the chairman of the "New Club" and his colleagues to be responsible for debts which they had never contracted, now declared that for these debts the chairman and the members of the "New Club" never had incurred, and could not have incurred, any responsibility whatever, and sent the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and all the rest of the plaintiffs about their business to seek their remedy from the heirs and assigns of the proprietor to whom and to whom alone they had given credit!

I do not enter, and there is no reason why I should enter, into the merits of either decision, though I fancy there will hardly be two opinions as to which of the two ran on all fours with the facts and with equity as well as with the law. But is it possible to imagine a more instructive illustration of "relative justice," as "relative justice" is now administered in France by the political magistracy of the Third Republic?

Fortunately for M. de Mandat-Grancey, he found this happy issue out of his afflictions as chairman of the "New Club" before the close of the year 1888.

When the general legislative elections came on in September, 1889, M. de Mandat-Grancey presented himself as a monarchist candidate at Château-Thierry, where all the power of the administration and of the French secret societies was concentrated to defeat him. Had the case of the "New Club" and of the tradesmen still been open before the Third Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, may we not doubt whether Maître Cléry himself could then have carried his client safely through?

We have now seen what the unchecked rule of a parliamentary majority means in its relations to the freedom of elections, and to the impartial administration of public justice. In my next paper I shall consider this form of modern despotism in its relations to the public treasury, and to the finances of the State.

W. HENRY HURLBERT.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

I.

SHERTON STREET, W.

WHETHER the utilitarian or the intuitive theory of the moral sense be the true one, it is beyond question that there are a few subtle-souled persons with whom the absolute gratuitousness of an act of reparation is an inducement to perform it; while exhortation as to its necessity would breed excuses for leaving it undone. A case once came under the writer's notice which particularly illustrates this; and something more.

There were few figures better known to the local crossing-sweeper than Mr. Millborne's, in his daily comings and goings along Sherton Street, where he lived inside the door marked eleven, though not as householder. In age he was fifty at least, and his habits were as regular as those of a person can be who has no occupation but the study of how to keep himself employed. His route was almost always to the left on getting to the end of Sherton Street, then ~~St~~-ward across Casterbridge Square and Oxford Street, down Bond Street, and so on, to his club, whence he returned by precisely the same-course about six o'clock, on foot; or, if he went to dine, later on in a cab. He was known to be a man of some means, though apparently not wealthy. Being a bachelor he seemed to prefer his present mode of living as a lodger in Mrs. Towney's best rooms, with the use of furniture which he had bought ten times over in rent during his tenancy, to having a house of his own.

None among his acquaintance tried to know him well, for his manner and moods did not excite curiosity or deep friendship. He was not a man who seemed to have anything on his mind, anything to conceal, anything to impart. From his casual remarks it was generally understood that he was country-born, a native of some place in Wessex; that he had come to London as a young man in a banking house, and had risen to a post of responsibility; when, by the death of his father, who had been fortunate in his investments, the son succeeded to an income which led him to retire from a business life somewhat early.

One evening, when he had been unwell for several days, Doctor Bindon came in, after dinner, from the adjoining medical quarter, and smoked with him over the fire. The patient's ailment was not such as to require much thought, and they talked together on indifferent subjects.

"I am a lonely man, Bindon—a lonely man," Millborne took occasion to say, shaking his head gloomily. "You don't know such loneliness as mine. . . . And the older I get the more I am dis-

satisfied with myself. And to-day I have been, through an accident, more than usually haunted by what, above all other events of my life, causes that dissatisfaction—the recollection of an unfulfilled promise made twenty years ago. In ordinary affairs I have always been considered a man of my word; and perhaps it is on that account that a particular vow I once made, and did not keep, comes back to me with a magnitude out of all proportion (I dare say) to its importance, especially at this time of day. You know the discomfort caused at night by the half-sleeping sense that a door or window has been left unfastened, or in the day by the remembrance of unanswered letters. So does that promise haunt me from time to time, and has done to-day particularly."

There was a pause, and they smoked on. Millborne's eyes, though fixed on the fire, were really regarding attentively a town in the West of England.

"Yes," he continued, "I have never really forgotten it, though during the busy years of my life it was shelved and buried under the pressure of my pursuits. And, as I say, to-day in particular, an incident in the law report of a somewhat similar kind has brought it back again vividly. However, what it was I can tell you in a few words, though no doubt you, as a man of the world, will smile at the thinness of my skin when you hear it. I came up to town at one-and-twenty, from Toneborough, in Lower Wessex, where I was born, and where, before I left, I had won the heart of a young woman of my own age. I promised her marriage, took advantage of my promise, and—am a bachelor."

"The old story."

The other nodded. "I left the place, and thought at the time I had done a very clever thing in getting so easily out of an entanglement. But I have lived long enough for that promise to return to bother me—to be honest, not altogether as a pricking of the conscience, but as a dissatisfaction with myself as a specimen of humanity. If I were to ask you to lend me fifty pounds, which I would repay you next midsummer, and I did not repay you, I should consider myself a shabby sort of fellow, especially if you wanted the money badly. Yet I promised that girl just as distinctly; and then coolly broke my word, as if doing so were rather smart conduct than a mean action, for which the poor victim herself, encumbered with a child, and not I, had really to pay the penalty, in spite of certain pecuniary aid that was given. . . . There, that's the retrospective trouble that I am always unearthing; and you may hardly believe that though so many years have elapsed, and it is all gone by and done with, and she must be getting on for an old woman now, as I am for an old man, it really often destroys my sense of self-respect still."

"Oh, I can understand it. All depends upon the temperament.

Thousands of men would have forgotten all about it; so would you, perhaps, if you had married and had a family. Did she ever marry?"

"I don't think so. Oh, no—she never did. She left Toneborough and later on appeared under another name at Exonbury, in the next county, where she was not known. It is very seldom that I go down into that part of the country, but in passing through Exonbury on one occasion I learnt that she was quite a settled resident there, as a teacher of music, or something of the kind. That much I casually heard when I was there two or three years ago. But I have never set eyes on her since our original acquaintance, and should not know her if I met her."

"Did the child live?" asked the doctor.

"For several years, certainly," replied his friend. "I cannot say if she is living now. It was a little girl. She might be married by this time as far as years go."

"And the mother—was she a decent, worthy young woman?"

"Oh, yes; a sensible, quiet girl, neither attractive nor unattractive to the ordinary observer; briefly, commonplace. Her position at the time of our acquaintance was not so good as mine. My father was a solicitor, as I think I have told you. She was a young girl in a music-shop; and it was represented to me that it would be beneath my position to marry her. Hence the result."

"Well, all I can say is that after twenty years it is probably too late to think of mending such a matter. It has doubtless by this time mended itself. You had better dismiss it from your mind as an evil past your control. Of course, if mother and daughter are alive, or either, you might settle something upon them, if you were inclined and had it to spare."

"Well, I haven't much to spare; and I have relations in narrow circumstances—perhaps narrower than theirs. But that is not the point. Were I ever so rich I feel I could not rectify the past by money. I did not promise to enrich her. On the contrary, I told her it would probably be dire poverty for both of us. But I did promise to make her my wife."

"Then find her and do it," said the doctor jocularly as he rose to leave.

"Ah, Bindon. That, of course, is the obvious jest. But I haven't the slightest desire for marriage; I am quite content to live as I have lived. I am a bachelor by nature, and instinct, and habit, and everything. Besides, though I respect her still (for she was not an atom to blame), I haven't any shadow of love for her. In my mind she exists as one of those women you think well of, but find uninteresting. It would be purely with the idea of putting wrong right that I should hunt her up, and propose to do it off-hand."

"You don't think of it seriously?" said his surprised friend.

"I sometimes think that I would, if it were practicable; simply, as I say, to recover my sense of being a man of honour."

"I wish you luck in the enterprise," said Doctor Bindon. "You'll soon be out of that chair, and then you can put your impulse to the test. But—after twenty years of silence—I should say, don't!"

II.

HIGH STREET, EXONBURY.

THE doctor's advice remained counterpoised, in Millborne's mind, by the aforesaid mood of seriousness and sense of principle, approximating often to religious sentiment, which had been evolving itself in his breast for months, and even years.

The feeling, however, had no immediate effect upon Mr. Millborne's actions. He soon got over his trifling illness, and was vexed with himself for having, in a moment of impulse, confided such a case of conscience to anybody.

But the force which had prompted it, though latent, remained with him and ultimately grew stronger. The upshot was that about four months after the date of his illness and disclosure, Millborne found himself on a mild spring morning, at Paddington Station, in a train that was starting for the west. His many intermittent thoughts on his broken promise from time to time, in those hours when loneliness brought him face to face with his own personality, had at last resulted in this course.

The decisive stimulus had been given when, a day or two earlier, on looking into a Post-office Directory, he learnt that the woman he had not met for twenty years was still living on at Exonbury under the name she had assumed after her disappearance from her native town and his, when she had reappeared from abroad a year or two later as a young widow with a child, and taken up her residence at the former town. Her condition was apparently but little changed, and her daughter seemed to be with her, their names standing in the Directory as "Mrs. Leonora Frankland and Miss Frankland, teachers of music and dancing."

Mr. Millborne reached Exonbury in the afternoon, and his first business, before even taking his luggage into the town, was to find the house occupied by the teachers. Standing in a central and open place, it was not difficult to discover, a well-burnished brass door-plate bearing their names prominently. He hesitated to enter without further knowledge, and ultimately took lodgings over a toy shop opposite, securing a sitting-room which faced a similar drawing or sitting-room at the Franklands', where the dancing lessons were given. Installed here he was enabled to make indirectly, and without suspicion, inquiries and observations on the character of the ladies over the way, which he did with much deliberateness.

He learnt that the widow, Mrs. Frankland, with her one daughter, Frances, was of cheerful and excellent repute, energetic and pains-taking with her pupils, of whom she had a good many, and in whose

tuition her daughter assisted her. She was quite a recognised townswoman, and though her profession was perhaps a trifle worldly, she was really a serious-minded lady who, being obliged to live by what she knew how to teach, balanced matters by lending a hand at charitable bazaars, assisting at sacred concerts, and giving musical recitations in aid of funds for making happy savages miserable, and other such enthusiasms of this Christian country. Her daughter was one of the foremost of the bevy of young women who decorated the churches at Easter and Christmas, was organist in one of those edifices, and had subscribed to the testimonial of a silver pitch-pipe that was presented to the Reverend Mr. Walker as a token of gratitude for his faithful and arduous ministry of six months as a vicar-choral in the cathedral. Altogether mother and daughter appeared to be a typical and innocent pair among the genteel citizens of Exonbury.

As a natural and simple way of advertising their profession they allowed the windows of the music-room to be a little open, so that you had the pleasure of hearing all along the street fragmentary gems of classical music as interpreted by the young people of twelve or fourteen who took lessons there. But it was said that Mrs. Frankland made most of her income by letting out pianos on hire, and by selling them as agent for the makers.

The report pleased Millborne; it was highly creditable, and far better than he had hoped. He was curious to get a view of the two women who led such blameless lives.

He had not long to wait to gain a glimpse of Leonora. It was when she was standing on her own doorstep, opening her parasol, on the morning after his arrival. She was thin, though not gaunt; and a good, well-wearing, thoughtful face had taken the place of the one which had temporarily attracted him in the days of his nonage. She wore black, and it became her in her character of widow. The daughter next appeared; she was a smoothed and rounded copy of her mother; the same decision in her walk that Leonora had, and a bounding tread in which he traced a faint resemblance to his own at her age.

For the first time he absolutely made up his mind to call on them. But his antecedent step was to send Leonora a note the next morning, stating his proposal to visit her in the evening—a time he suggested because she seemed to be so greatly occupied in her professional capacity during the day. He purposely worded his note in such a form as not to require an answer from her which would be possibly awkward to write.

No answer came. Naturally he should not have been surprised at this; and yet he felt a little checked, even though she had only refrained from volunteering a reply that was not demanded.

At eight, the hour fixed by himself, he crossed over and was promptly admitted. Mrs. Frankland, as she called herself, received him in the large music and dancing-room on the first-floor front,

and not in any private little parlour as he had expected. This cast a distressingly business-like colour over their first meeting after so many years of severance. The woman he had wronged stood before him, well dressed, even to his metropolitan eyes, and her manner as she came up to him was dignified even to hardness. She certainly was not glad to see him. But what could he expect after a neglect of twenty years!

"How do you do, Mr. Millborne?" she said cheerfully, as to any chance caller. "I am obliged to receive you here because my daughter has a friend downstairs."

"Your daughter—and mine."

"Ah—yes, yes," she replied hastily, as if the addition had escaped her memory. "But perhaps the less said about that the better, in fairness to me. You will consider me a widow, please."

"Certainly, Leonora. . . ." He could not get on, her manner was so cold and indifferent. The expected scene of reproach, subdued to delicacy by the run of years, was absent altogether. He was obliged to come to the point without preamble.

"You are quite free, Leonora—I mean as to marriage? There is nobody who has your promise, or—"

"Oh, yes; quite free, Mr. Millborne," she said, somewhat surprised.

"Then I will tell you why I have come. Twenty years ago I promised to make you my wife; and I am here to fulfil that promise. Heaven forgive my tardiness!"

Her surprise was increased, but she was not agitated. She seemed to become gloomy, disapproving. "I could not entertain such an idea at this time of life," she said after a moment or two. "It would complicate matters too greatly. I have a very fair income, and require no help of any sort. I have no wish to marry. I remember no such promise of yours. . . . What could have induced you to come on such an errand now? It seems quite extraordinary, if I may say so."

"It must—I daresay it does," Millborne replied vaguely; "and I must tell you that impulse—I mean in the sense of passion—has little to do with it. I wish to marry you, Leonora; I much desire to marry you. But it is an affair of conscience, a case of fulfilment. I promised you, and it was dishonourable of me to go away. I want to remove that sense of dishonour before I die. No doubt we might get to love each other as warmly as we did in old times."

She dubiously shook her head. "I appreciate your motives, but you must consider my position; and you will see that, short of the personal wish to marry, which I don't feel, there is no reason why I should change my state, even though by so doing I should ease your conscience. My position in this town is a respected one; I have built it up by my own hard labours, and, in short, I don't wish to alter it. My daughter, too, is just on the verge of an engagement to be married, to a young man who will make her an excellent

husband. It will be in every way a desirable match for her. He is downstairs now."

"Does she know—anything about me?"

"Oh, no, no; God forbid! Her father is dead and buried to her. So that, you see, things are going on smoothly, and I don't want to disturb their progress."

He nodded. "Very well," he said, and rose to go. At the door, however, he came back again.

"Still, Leonora," he urged, "I have come on purpose; and I don't see what disturbance would be caused. You would simply marry an old friend. Won't you reconsider? It is no more than right that we should be united, remembering the girl."

She shook her head, and patted with her foot nervously.

"Well, I won't detain you," he added. "I shall not be leaving Exonbury yet. You will allow me to see you again?"

"Yes; I don't mind," she said, reluctantly.

The obstacles he had encountered, though they did not reanimate his dead passion for Leonora, did certainly make it appear indispensable to his peace of mind to overcome her coldness. He called frequently. The first meeting with the daughter was a trying ordeal, though he did not feel drawn towards her as he had expected to be; she did not excite his sympathies. Her mother confided to Frances the errand of "her old friend," which was viewed by the daughter with strong disfavour. His desire being thus uncongenial to both, for a long time Millborne made not the least impression upon Mrs. Frankland. His attentions pestered her rather than pleased her. He was surprised at her firmness, and it was only when he hinted at moral reasons for their union that she was ever shaken. "Strictly speaking," he would say, "we ought, as honest persons, to marry; and that's the truth of it, Leonora."

"I have looked at it in that light," she said, quickly. "It struck me at the very first. But I don't see the force of the argument. I totally deny that after this interval of time I am bound to marry you for honour's sake. I would have married you, as you know well enough, at the proper time. But what is the use of remedies now?"

They were standing at the window. A smoothly-shaven young man, in clerical attire, called at the door below. Leonora flushed with interest.

"Who is he?" said Mr. Millborne.

"My Frances's lover. I am so sorry—she is not at home! Ah! they have told him where she is, and he has gone to find her. . . . I hope that suit will prosper, at any rate."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Well, he cannot marry yet; and Frances sees but little of him now he has left Exonbury. He was formerly living here, but now he is curate of St. John's, Ivel, fifty miles away. There is a tacit agreement between them, but—there have been friends of his who

object, because of our vocation. However, he sees the absurdity of such an objection as that, and is not influenced by it."

"Your marriage with me would help the match, instead of hindering it, as you have said."

"Do you think it would?"

"It certainly would, by taking you out of this business altogether."

By chance he had found the way to move her somewhat, and he followed it up. This view was imparted to Mrs. Frankland's daughter, and it led her to soften her opposition. Millborne, who had given up his lodging in Exonbury, journeyed to and fro regularly, till at last he overcame her negations, and she expressed a reluctant assent.

They were married at the nearest church; and the goodwill—whatever that was—of the music and musical connection was sold to a successor only too ready to jump into the place, the Millbornes having decided to live in London.

III.

LONDON AGAIN.

MILLBORNE was a householder in his old district, though not in his old street, and Mrs. Millborne and their daughter had turned themselves into Londoners. Frances was well reconciled to the removal by her lover's satisfaction at the change. It suited him much better to travel a hundred miles to see her in London, where he frequently had other engagements, than fifty in the opposite direction where nothing but herself required his presence. So here they were, furnished up to the attics, in one of the small but popular streets of the West district, in a house whose front, till lately of the complexion of a chimney-back, had been scraped to show to the surprised wayfarer the bright yellow and red brick that had lain lurking beneath the soot of fifty years.

The social lift that the two women had derived from the alliance was considerable; but when the exhilaration which accompanies a first residence in London, the sensation of standing on a pivot of the world, had passed, their lives promised to be somewhat duller than when, at despised Exonbury, they had enjoyed a nodding acquaintance with three-fourths of the town. Mr. Millborne did not criticise his wife; he could not. Whatever defects of hardness and acidity his original treatment and the lapse of years might have developed in her, his sense of a realized idea, of a re-established self-satisfaction, was always thrown into the scale on her side, and outweighed all objections.

It was about a month after their settlement in town that the household decided to spend a week in Cowes, and while there the Reverend Percival Cope (the young curate aforesaid) came to see them, Frances in particular. No formal engagement of the young

pair had been announced as yet, but it was clear that their mutual understanding could not end in anything but marriage without grievous disappointment to one of the parties at least. Not that Frances was sentimental; she was rather of the imperious sort, indeed; and, to say all, the young girl had not fulfilled her father's expectations of her. But he hoped and worked for her welfare as sincerely as any father could do.

Mr. Cope was introduced to the new head of the family, and stayed with them at Cowes two or three days. On the last day of his visit they decided to venture on a two-hours' sail in one of the small yachts which lay there for hire. The trip had not progressed far before all, except the curate, found that sailing in a breeze did not quite agree with them; but as he seemed to enjoy the experience, the other three bore their condition as well as they could without grima^{ce} or complaint, till the young man, observing their discomfort, gave immediate directions to tack about. On the way back to port they sat silent, facing each other.

Nausea in such circumstances, like midnight watchings, fatigue, trouble, fright, has this marked effect upon the countenance, that it brings out strongly the divergences of the individual from the norm of his race, accentuating superficial *nuances* to distinctions of tribal intensity. Unexpected physiognomies uncover themselves at these times in well-known faces; the aspect becomes invested with the spectral presence of entombed and forgotten ancestors; and family lineaments of special or exclusive cast, which in ordinary moments are masked by regulation lines and curves, start up with crude insistence to the view.

Frances, sitting beside her mother's husband, with Mr. Cope opposite, was naturally enough much regarded by the curate during the tedious sail home; at first with sympathetic smiles; then, as the middle-aged man and girl grew each grey-faced, as the pretty blush of Frances disintegrated into spotty stains, and the soft rotundities of her features diverged from their familiar and reposeful beauty into elemental lines, Cope was gradually struck with the resemblance between a pair in their discomfort who in their ease presented nothing to the eye in common. Mr. Millborne and Frances were strangely, startlingly alike.

The inexplicable fact absorbed Cope's attention quite: he forgot to smile at Frances, to hold her hand; and when they touched the shore he remained sitting for some moments like a man in a trance.

As they went homeward, and recovered their complexion and curves, the similarities one by one disappeared, and Frances and Mr. Millborne were again masked by the commonplace differences of sex and age. It was as if, during the voyage, a mysterious veil had been lifted, temporarily revealing a strange pantomime of the past.

During the evening he said to her, casually: "Is your step-father a cousin of your mother, dear Frances?"

"Oh, no," said she. "There is no relationship. He was only an old friend of hers. Why did you suppose such a thing?"

He did not explain, and the next morning started to resume his duties at Ivell.

Cope was an honest young fellow, and shrewd withal. At home in his quiet rooms in St. Peter's Street, Ivell, he pondered long and unpleasantly on the revelations of the cruise. The tale it told was distinct enough, and for the first time his position was an uncomfortable one. He had met the Franklands at Exonbury as parishioners, had been attracted by Frances, and had floated thus far into an engagement which was indefinite only because of his inability to marry just yet. The Franklands' past had apparently contained mysteries, and it did not coincide with his judgment to marry into a family whose mystery was of the sort suggested. So he sat and sighed, between his reluctance to lose Frances and his natural dislike of forming a connection with people whose antecedents would not bear the strictest investigation.

A passionate lover of the old-fashioned sort might possibly never have halted to weigh these doubts; but though he was in the church Cope's affections were distinctly tempered with the alloys of the century's decadence. He delayed writing to Frances for some while, simply because he could not tune himself up to enthusiasm when worried by suspicions of such a kind.

Meanwhile the Millbornes had returned to London, and Frances was growing anxious. In talking to her mother of Cope she had innocently alluded to his curious inquiry, if her mother and her *quasi* step-father were connected by any tie of cousinship. Mrs. Millborne made her repeat the words. Frances did so, and watched with inquisitive eyes their effect upon her elder.

"What is there so startling in his inquiry then?" she asked. "Can it have anything to do with his not writing to me?"

Her mother flinched, but did not inform her, and Frances also was now drawn within the atmosphere of suspicion. That night, outside the chamber of her parents, she heard for the first time their voices engaged in a sharp altercation.

The apple of discord had, indeed, been dropped into the house of the Millbornes. The scene within the chamber-door was Mrs. Millborne standing before her dressing-table, looking across to her husband in the dressing-room adjoining, where he was sitting down, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Why did you come and disturb my life a second time?" she harshly asked. "Why did you pester me with your conscience, till I was driven to accept you to get rid of your importunity? Frances and I were doing well: the one desire of my life was that she should marry that good young man. And now the match is broken off by your cruel interference! Why did you show yourself in my world again, and raise this scandal upon my hard-won respectability—won

by such weary years of labour as none will ever know!" She bent her face upon the table and wept passionately.

There was no reply from Mr. Millborne. Frances lay awake nearly all that night, and when at breakfast-time the next morning still no letter appeared from Mr. Cope, she entreated her mother to go to Ivell and see if the young man were ill.

Mrs. Millborne went, returning the same day. Frances, anxious and haggard, met her at the station.

Was all well? Her mother could not say it was; though he was not ill.

One thing she had found out, that it was a mistake to hunt up a man when his inclinations were to hold aloof. Returning with her mother in the cab, Frances insisted upon knowing what the mystery was which plainly had alienated her lover. The precise words which had been spoken at the interview with him that day at Ivell, Mrs. Millborne could not be induced to repeat; but thus far she admitted, that the estrangement was fundamentally owing to Mr. Millborne having sought her out and married her.

"And why did he seek you out—and why were you obliged to marry him?" asked the distressed girl. Then the evidence pieced themselves together in her acute mind, and, her colour gradually rising, she asked her mother if what they pointed to were indeed the fact. Her mother admitted that it was.

A flush of mortification succeeded to the flush of shame upon the young woman's face. How could a scrupulously correct clergyman and lover like Mr. Cope ask her to be his wife after this discovery? She covered her eyes with her hands in a silent despair.

In the presence of Mr. Millborne they at first suppressed their anguish. But by-and-by their feelings got the better of them, and when he was asleep in his chair after dinner Mrs. Millborne's desolation broke out. The embittered Frances joined her in reproaching the man who had come as the spectre to their intended feast of Hymen, and turned its promise to ghastly failure.

"Why were you so weak, mother, as to admit such an enemy to your house—one so obviously your evil genius—much less accept him as a husband, after so long? If you had only told me all I could have advised you better! But I suppose I have no right to reproach him, bitter as I feel, and even though he has blighted my life for ever!"

"Frances, I did hold out; I saw it was a mistake to have any more to say to a man who had been such an unmitigated curse to me. But he would not listen; he kept on about his honour and mine, till I was bewildered, and said 'Yes! . . . Bringing us away from a quiet town where we were known and respected—what an ill-considered thing it was! Oh the content of those days! We had society there, people in our own position, who did not expect

more of us than we expected of them. Here, where there is so much, there is nothing! He said London society was so bright and brilliant that it would be like a new world. It may be to those who are in it; but what is that to us two lonely women; we only see it flashing past! . . . Oh, the fool, the fool that I was!"

Now Millborne was not so soundly asleep as to prevent his hearing these animadversions that were almost execrations, and many more of the same sort. As there was no peace for him at home, he went again to his club, where, since his reunion with Leonora, he had seldom if ever been seen. But the shadow of the troubles in his household interfered with his comfort here also; he could not, as formerly, settle down into his favourite chair with the evening paper, reposeful in the sense that where he was his world's centre had its fixture. His world was now an ellipse, with a dual centrality, of which his own was not the major.

The young curate of Ivell still held aloof, tantalising Frances by his elusiveness. Plainly he was waiting upon events. Millborne bore the reproaches of his wife and daughter almost in silence; but by degrees he grew meditative, as if revolving a new idea. The bitter sense of blighting their existence at length became so impassioned that one day Millborne calmly proposed to return again to the country; not necessarily to Exonbury, but, if they were willing, to a little old manor-house which he had found was to be let, standing a mile from Mr. Cope's town of Ivell.

They were surprised, and, despite their view of him as the bringer of ill, were disposed to accede. "Though I suppose," said Mrs. Millborne to him, "it will end in Mr. Cope's asking you flatly about the past, and your being compelled to tell him; which may dash all my hopes for Frances. She gets more and more like you every day, particularly when she is in a bad temper. People will see you together; and I don't know what may come of it."

"I don't think they will see us together," he said; but he entered into no argument when she supposed otherwise. The removal was eventually resolved on; the town-house was disposed of; and again came the invasion by furniture-men and vans, till all the movables and servants were whisked away. He sent his wife and daughter to an hotel while this was going on, taking two or three journeys himself to Ivell to superintend the refixing, and the ordering of the grounds. When all was done he returned to them in town.

The house was ready for their reception, he told them, and there only remained the journey. He accompanied them and their personal luggage to the station only, having, he said, to remain in town a short time on business with his lawyer. They went, dubious and discontented; for the much-loved Cope had made no sign.

"If we were going down to live here alone," said Mrs. Millborne

to her daughter in the train; "and there was no intrusive tell-tale presence! . . . But let it be!"

The house was a lovely little place in a grove of elms, and they liked it much. The first person to call upon them as new residents was Mr. Cope. He was delighted to find that they had come so near, and (though he did not say this) meant to live in such excellent style. He had not, however, resumed the manner of a lover.

"Your father spoils all!" murmured Mrs. Millborne.

But three days later she received a letter from him, which caused her no small degree of astonishment. It was written from Boulogne.

It began with a long explanation of settlements of his property, in which he had been engaged since their departure. The chief feature in the business was that Mrs. Millborne found herself the absolute owner of a comfortable sum in personal estate, and Frances of a life interest in a larger sum, the principal to be equally divided amongst her children if she had any. The remainder of his letter ran as hereunder:—

"I have learnt that there are some derelictions of duty which cannot be cancelled by tardy accomplishment. Our evil actions do not remain isolated in the past, waiting only to be reversed: like locomotive plants they spread and re-root, till to destroy the original stem has no material effect in killing them. I made a mistake in searching you out; I admit it; whatever the remedy may be in such cases, it is not marriage, and the best thing for you and me is that you do not see me more. You had better not seek me, for you will not be likely to find me: you are well provided for, and we may do ourselves more harm than good by meeting again. "F. M."

Millborne, in short, disappeared from that day forward. But a searching inquiry would have revealed that, soon after the Millbornes went to Ivell, an Englishman, who did not give the name of Millborne, took up his residence in Brussels; a man who might have been recognised by Mrs. Millborne if she had met him. One afternoon in the ensuing summer, when this gentleman was looking over the English papers, he saw the announcement of Miss Frances Frankland's marriage. She had become Mrs. Cope.

"Thank God!" said the gentleman.

But his momentary satisfaction was far from being happiness. As he formerly had been weighted with a bad conscience, so now was he burdened with the bitter thought which oppressed Antigone, that by honourable observance of a rite he had obtained for himself the reward of dishonourable laxity. Occasionally he had to be helped to his lodgings by his servant from the *Cercle* he frequented, through having imbibed a little too much liquor to be able to take care of himself. But he was harmless, and even when he had been drinking said little.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE EASTERN SOUDAN.

IN the House of Commons last May Mr. Bryce gave notice of the following question :—" What is the present position of affairs in the Eastern Soudan, and in particular whether the famine is still raging there?" The second half of the question could at that time have been answered only in the affirmative, but it is pleasant to be now able to record a distinct improvement in the condition of the country. As regards the first and more comprehensive portion of Mr. Bryce's inquiry, I shall endeavour in the following pages to supply the answer from such knowledge and experience as I gathered upon the spot, in the course of a recent visit to the shores of the Red Sea.

In March last year I found myself at Suakin, in company with my friend Mr. John Taylor Wills, who had recently established the Soudan Trading Company in the town, with a view to opening up trade with the interior. The experiment proved for the time unsuccessful, owing partly to the prevailing famine, the difficulties of transport, the exactions of Mahdist governors, and above all to the insecurity of life and property all over the country. But if the hopelessness of trading under existing conditions was demonstrated, none the less much good was done by inducing the natives, for the first time for many years, to enter into close commercial relations with Europeans, thereby paving the way for the future pacification and development of the Eastern Soudan. A large number of chiefs, including many of the principal sheikhs of the Hadendoas, Amarahs, and other leading clans, had collected in Suakin awaiting Mr. Wills' arrival, and their professions of good-will, and their eagerness to enter into trading agreements with the company, showed at any rate that the old spirit of antagonism to foreign intrusion in any shape had, as far as they were concerned, completely died out. The company made and now possesses a large number of contracts with these sheikhs for the planting and growing of cotton, the company supplying the seed, which contracts may ultimately prove valuable in the event of the country being pacified and opened to trade. Daily intercourse with the chiefs naturally gave us exceptionally favourable opportunities of learning the truth, both as regards the state of the country, and the feelings, wishes, and aspirations of the natives; and I propose to set forth as succinctly as possible the result of our investigations and the conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

At the time of our arrival the entire Soudan was undergoing the horrors of a famine of almost unexampled severity. The visitation extended over an immense area, from the frontiers of Lower Egypt in the north, down to Abyssinia and Sennaar in the south, and across to Darfour in the west. Not a town or a district escaped, and such

fragments of news as appeared from time to time in the English newspapers, so far from exaggerating, fell short of representing the terrible reality. At Suakin there were fully three thousand starving natives congregated outside the city walls, and the scenes of misery I witnessed daily will not readily be effaced from my mind. Eleven people died the day of our arrival. Cats and dogs were devoured, dead bodies dug up for food, and one heard terrible stories of the murder of children by their famished kinsfolk. Day by day the throng of famine-stricken wretches augmented in numbers, attracted by the news of the bread served out daily by the Suakin Relief Committee, and the dhurra distributed by the Soudan Trading Company. Native reports agreed in describing a still more shocking state of affairs in the interior. One of the company's Arab traders, who had just returned with a caravan from Berber and Khartoum, gave us a graphic account of the scenes of desolation he had encountered on his journey. The road south of Berber, he said, was strewn with human bones and skulls, and the people were dying like flies. At Metammeh, where, it will be remembered, Sir Charles Wilson's force fought a battle with the dervishes, not a soul was left. Khartoum was full of widows and orphans, and dhurra was selling at thirty dollars a bag. South of Khartoum things were not nearly so bad. He further expressed his opinion that Mahdism was done for, and that a force of one thousand men could make a promenade through the country. All the owners of the mills were dead or gone—"Not a sound of a water-wheel to be heard throughout the land." It is well known that the Mahdists destroyed all the water-wheels, so as to force the owners to join their ranks or else remain behind and starve. This enlightened policy, pursued for a number of years and over a vast extent of country, has contributed not a little to reduce the Arabs to their present wretchedness.

Making due allowance for native hyperbole, there seems no reason to doubt that this was a substantially accurate description of the state of affairs up country at that time. The causes of the distress are not hard or far to seek. The evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt in 1885 left the country a prey to anarchy and rapine. Since then intertribal feuds, wars with the Egyptians and English, battles with the Abyssinians and the followers of Senoussi have decimated the male population. About four thousand dervishes perished at Tamai, and more than half that number were slaughtered in 1889 at Toski. Heaven only knows how many fell before the walls of Kassala, and Ras Alula can account for many thousands of slain. Add to this that locusts and three dry seasons in succession had ruined their crops, that murrain and Mahdist raids had played havoc with their cattle, and it will be seen how deep must have been their distress.

Such was the position of affairs through the spring and summer. A famine relief fund had been collected and supplemented by

grants from the Egyptian Government, and the duty of distributing it was entrusted to Dr. Harpur, who won golden opinions from all by his unremitting labours through the heat and discomfort of a Soudanese midsummer. But in September, to the astonishment of everyone, the Government suddenly issued an edict suspending all import trade with the interior, and forbidding the sale or conveyance of corn outside the city gates. This was followed shortly after by a second decree establishing a sanitary cordon round the town, and expelling from the environs all the famine-stricken natives who had come in to be fed. Some of the women and children were deported to the island of Aghig, where they were maintained (on short rations, I fear) by the Government, and a few of the worst cases were allowed to remain in Dr. Harpur's and the Government hospitals. The remainder of the starving wretches, to the number of about two thousand, were given four days' rations apiece and driven outside the cordon into the desert. The greater number of these unfortunate people are said to have perished, and indeed it is difficult to see what other fate can have overtaken them, since, the import of corn being prohibited, it is almost inconceivable that they can have obtained food from the tribesmen in the interior, who were famishing themselves. The distress in the surrounding country was of course greatly intensified, and grain at Tokar rose to six times its normal price.

Loud was the outcry against what was described as the inhuman and unnecessary cruelty of these edicts, which, it was said, were a stain upon the fair fame and honour of England. It is not known whether the local authorities were responsible, or whether the decrees emanated from Cairo. Colonel Holled Smith, the Governor of the Red Sea littoral, who certainly cannot be accused of inhumanity in his dealings with the natives, is understood to have been strongly opposed to them. In any case, immediately upon his return to Suakin in November the sanitary cordon was withdrawn, and not long afterwards trade with the interior was re-opened. It would be unwise, until both sides have been heard and we are in full possession of the facts, to express a definite opinion upon all of these deplorable events, but it is a noteworthy fact that acts of maladministration are always most rife during the absence of the Governor in the hot season. This much may be said, that nothing short of the most absolute and stringent necessity could justify measures involving the infliction of such terrible suffering upon thousands of helpless natives. Granted that the cholera may have rendered sanitary precautions advisable, was it necessary, at the same time that these poor wretches were being driven forth, to augment the horrors of the famine by cutting off their only possible chance of obtaining food? The matter certainly demands the strictest inquiry at the hands of the home Government, who are

ultimately responsible for what is done in the Soudan. The plea advanced at Cairo was that the import trade was stopped in order to prevent the grain getting into the hands of the Mahdists, who were said to be meditating an attack upon Lower Egypt. This is not the first time by any means that the bogey of a Dervish invasion has been trotted out for the benefit of Egyptian officials, but it is surely to overtax our credulity to ask us to believe that the shattered and starving remnants of Osman Digna's Baggaras constituted a serious menace to the stability of the Khedivial Government.

Whatever may have been the origin of the decrees, I suspect that they are traceable to native sources. Egyptian officials, whether civil or military, are as little remarkable for their humanity as for their probity or valour, and they are notoriously incensed against the heroic tribesmen who, before hunger had quenched their spirit and laid them low, inflicted so many crushing defeats on the Khedivial troops. Eastern despots, particularly those who occupy subordinate positions, are never above kicking a man when he is down, and the temptation to score off their quondam conquerors may have been too strong to be resisted. Due note will have to be taken of this temper of the Egyptians whenever the country is re-opened, or the natives will be made to suffer and pacification will be imperilled. Oriental officials of dubious character and antecedents have had far too large a share in the direction of affairs at Suakin for some time past, and their influence has certainly not tended to promote harmony between the Government and the tribes. It is almost inevitable that this should be so, in consequence of the numerous changes of Governors and their enforced absence at intervals during the heat of the summer months. In any case, whosesoever be the responsibility, the power of stopping and re-opening trade at a moment's notice, inflicting as it does untold suffering, and affording scope for jobbery of every kind, requires the most jealous scrutiny from the English Government.

For, let it be once more repeated, England cannot escape responsibility for Egyptian blundering and cruelty on the Red Sea littoral, or for the sufferings of the tribes which have in great measure resulted therefrom. We have a big debt still owing to those unfortunate natives of the Eastern Soudan. The fruits of our miserable policy of alternate slaughter and "scuttle" are too apparent and too disastrous for thoughtful Englishmen to regard with easy consciences all that has happened out there during the last seven years. The people of this country have no right to fold their arms and say that the misery of the Suakin Arabs is no affair of theirs, since they have beyond all question largely been its cause. Many of the poor creatures we saw starving outside the gates were the widows and orphans of men slaughtered by British troops in one of the most wanton, purposeless, and idiotic wars ever waged. Can it be said, more-

over, that we have incurred no responsibilities towards those tribes whose aid we gained against our enemies by inducing them to believe that we would continue to protect them? Hard indeed was their fate, placed, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea, and forced to choose between the Mahdists and ourselves. When finally, relying on representations made no doubt in good faith at the time, they threw in their lot with us, our troops were withdrawn by orders from Downing Street, and our unfortunate allies abandoned to the tender mercies of the dervishes. What those mercies were men acquainted with affairs at Suakin know best. Since then Nature has combined with the folly and cruelty of their fellow-creatures to make the lives of the Arabs one long struggle with misfortune. Be it further remembered that it was at the instigation, amounting practically to the command, of England that Egypt evacuated the Soudan, and left its inhabitants to taste the bitter fruits of five long years of bloodshed and anarchy.

Surely, then, it will be conceded that England has amends to make, and duties to perform, towards the natives of the Eastern Soudan. And other work remains to be done besides supplying the temporary necessities of the famine-stricken tribesmen. It is a sheer absurdity for the Egyptian Government to maintain a large and expensive garrison at Suakin, if the scope of its action and authority is to be limited for all time by the city walls. From a commercial point of view the place is at present a dead failure, as it is being run at a considerable loss. Nor is the balance-sheet ever likely to make a better show until life and property are rendered reasonably secure, and trade is made possible, in the surrounding districts.

At the date of our visit the political situation was as follows. While nearly three thousand troops were cooped up within the town, the scattered forces of the dervishes, then amounting in the aggregate to about five or six hundred men, were allowed to dominate the neighbourhood, to bully and fleece the natives, and to render impossible any permanent improvement in their condition. The nearest Mahdist outpost was at Bir Handoub, about eleven miles from Suakin, where one Achmed Mahmoud, who was formerly in the employ of the Egyptian Government, had established himself with a force of about one hundred and fifty dervishes, and levied heavy blackmail on all caravans passing to and from Berber. Tokar was occupied by one of Osman Digna's lieutenants, and the number of his fighting followers was estimated not to exceed three hundred and fifty. The lives of Europeans were unsafe a few miles outside the gates of Suakin. Commerce with the interior still languishes under the brigandage and highway robbery in the guise of taxation to which merchants are subjected at the hands of Mahdist governors. Agriculture is no less distressed by the heavy dues in kind exacted from the cultivators. Meanwhile the natives, learning wisdom by bitter experience, are sick to

death of their new oppressors. Eight years' turmoil and misery have opened their eyes to the true character of Mahdist rule, and they now say their woes are the judgment of Allah upon them for following the False Prophet. Too late they find that Osman's little finger is thicker than the loins of the Egyptian pashas, and the scorpions of Mahdist dominion a bad exchange for the kourbashs wherewith their old masters were content to chastise them. In conversations with numerous sheikhs we learned their feelings in the matter.

"God give you great relief!" said one. "The Mahdists are a sore trouble to the country."

"If the dervishes were destroyed we would have plenty of food," said another.

A third told us that "the Arabs are all hungry and much vexed with the dervishes."

The last sentence gives the key to the whole situation. Misery has brought the once haughty Hadendoas low. The fanatical frenzy which six years ago made them such formidable foes has now evaporated, and their attitude and bearing towards Europeans has undergone a complete revulsion. That the old spirit of independence is lost is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that many leading chiefs are anxious to be recognised by the Egyptian Government, and are ready to accept pensions. I even saw (*proh pudor!*) the brother of the Sheikh of Sheikhs of the Hadendoas in a black frock-coat and a pair of check trousers. This must surely be the beginning of the end! Indeed, a petition, numerously signed, has already been sent in for the expulsion of the Mahdists.

It may be asked, "Why, if the Arabs are so dissatisfied with the dervishes, do they not band together and drive them out?" The answer is that the tribes are too scattered and disorganized, too much overwhelmed by their calamities, to form any concerted plan of action. Further, they are unprovided with firearms, while many of the dervishes are armed with Remingtons. The strength of Mahdism lies in the fact of its being the only political organization in the Soudan, the governors of the various towns and provinces deriving their authority from the central power at Khartoum. Numerically the dervishes are comparatively insignificant, but the peasantry are too cowed and dispirited to offer any effectual resistance to their inroads, and bands of marauding Baggaras can scour the country, plundering and raiding cattle with impunity. Before the war the natives were equally in dread of their Egyptian masters, until Osman's preaching and early successes in the field kindled the smouldering fires of fanaticism into a blaze, and the cowardly, vacillating English policy caused us to abandon the territory where our arms were finally victorious. Now the natives have returned to their old habit of passive non-resistance, from which they only departed under strong fanatical impulses,

and they would gladly see the old régime re-established, or indeed any régime, whatsoever which would secure to them the blessings of order and settled government.

Such being the state of affairs, there were only two reasonable courses open to the Government, namely, to press the policy of "scuttle" to its logical conclusion by the evacuation of Suakin, or else to rid the surrounding country of its Dervish pests, and to occupy Tokar, Sinkat, and Handoub with Egyptian garrisons. It is a matter for deep congratulation that they appear to have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the changed temper of the natives, and to have finally decided upon the latter and more statesmanlike of these alternatives. Following upon the capture and occupation of Handoub, there comes as I write the news of the great battle at Tokar and the defeat and dispersal of Osman Digna's levies. It is sad, indeed, to read of renewed slaughter on those Soudan sands, already stained with the blood of so many thousands of our gallant foes. Yet there can be no doubt of the wisdom and necessity of the advance from Suakin which, if successfully prosecuted to the end, may prove to be the salvation of the country. Be it remembered that the conditions of the present struggle are entirely different from those which obtained in the former campaigns. Instead of the fighting being against a people "rightly struggling to be free," it is now on behalf of the same people who are crushed beneath a more cruel despotism than that which formerly ground them down.

The backbone of Osman Digna's forces are the Baggaras, a free-booting tribe, half Arab, half Negro, from Kordofan, and Jaaleens from the neighbourhood of Dongola. It is worthy of note that none of those killed at Tokar belonged to the neighbouring tribes, which confirms the view that they have deserted Mahdism and are ready to range themselves on the side of the Egyptians. Let it only be definitely announced by the Government that such country as it occupies it will permanently retain, and it will find no lack of allies in its task of freeing the peasants from their alien oppressors. Remembering the way the Government deserted its auxiliaries in the last war the Arabs are naturally afraid of meeting with similar treatment now, and it will be necessary to reassure them on this point. As soon as this is done their submission will be readily obtained.

It is reasonable to anticipate that this crushing defeat will render unnecessary, for awhile at any rate, further military operations on an extensive scale. The rout of the Mahdists places Egypt virtually in command of the entire coast region, between which and the interior bands of desert form a distinct line of demarcation. She is unlikely at this late season of the year to push her conquests much further afield, though Sinkat should be likewise occupied, and, the fighting once over, the task of the administrator begins.

The future of the Eastern Soudan hangs in large measure upon the use the Government makes of its latest victory. Let us trust that all these lives may not have been sacrificed in vain, and that now for the first time the establishment of order, good government, and justice will follow in the train of successes in the field. If this is so, and wise councils prevail, the battle of Tokar may herald the dawn of a new era in the Soudan, and the blood that has been shed may be the seed of future peace and prosperity. Happily our English ship of state is now piloted by very different men from those who were at the helm six years ago, when our army was withdrawn from the scene of its conquests, and the country twice abandoned to Osman Digna and anarchy. It may safely be assumed that we shall not witness a repetition of that grim and gory farce, and that the newly conquered territory will be held permanently. No other possible justification could be found for the Tokar expedition, and it is inconceivable that the Government, having put its hand to the plough, should now draw back and shirk the further responsibility which its action entails, but which its predecessors so persistently refused to recognise.

It is to be hoped that all future operations will be conducted with the same thoroughness as those which have just been brought to so successful an issue. Let there be no half measures, no resuscitation of previous attempts to expel the Dervishes by means of the so-called "friendlies" without the co-operation of regular soldiers. Such a policy is as cruel as it is fruitless, and can only result in protracted and inoperative bloodshed. If the thing is to be done at all, let it be done with governmental troops. There can be no finality in any other measures. The Arabs will bow before the superior might of a foreign force, but they will never submit to defeat at the hands of men of their own race. A leading sheikh of the Fadlals, the principal tribe of "friendlies," described to us with much *naïveté* their attitude towards the Government.

"When out of Suakin," he said, "they (the Fadlals) follow Achmed Mahmoud (the Dervish commander at Handoub); when in the town they follow the English."

It is not in the nature of things that any permanent settlement of the country can be effected through the agency of such men. The only result of setting one tribe against another is the perpetuation of blood-feuds from one generation to another, and turmoil and strife must inevitably follow such makeshift expedients.

The only alternative plan to the permanent occupation of the country by Egyptian troops, would be to hand Suakin over to an English chartered company. Apart, however, from the difficulty of getting the requisite capital subscribed for such an undertaking, it is more than doubtful if the Khedive's government would consent to cede their sole possession in the Soudan to a foreign corporation. Egypt certainly has a prior claim to the territory she evacuated only under

strong pressure from England, and this country would hardly be justified in taking possession of provinces which she induced the Egyptians to give up. Moreover, England already has territories enough and to spare in the Dark Continent, and the note of warning against a too wide extension of our responsibilities abroad was sounded by Lord Salisbury none too soon. Our action, therefore, in the Soudan should be limited to aiding and co-operating with the Egyptian Government in regaining its lost dominions; and the re-occupied territory should, like Lower Egypt, where our presence has been so abundantly justified by results, be largely ruled and administered by English officials. This would insure justice being done, and would smooth over any difficulties with the tribesmen which might arise from fear of a revival of the oppression formerly exercised by the Pashas. That the Government of the Khedive has left an evil name behind it in the Soudan is undeniable, though the recollection of the misdeeds of its satraps is somewhat weakened by the far greater iniquities and the more grinding tyranny of Mahdism. But the memory of Gordon as a just and true man still lives fresh and green in the hearts of the Arabs, and the appointment of English administrators would be accepted as a guarantee of order and good government.

"We knew Munzinger and Gordon, and served them," said an old Hadendoa sheikh from the neighbourhood of Kassala. "We know the English, and we want to serve them."

This speech, I would observe parenthetically, is an indication how completely the old love of independence has been extinguished by the sufferings the Arabs have had to endure. It must not be forgotten that the rebellion in the Soudan was in its inception a political far more than a religious movement, having its origin and cause in Egyptian misgovernment and oppression. As, however, Church and State always go hand in hand in the East, the religious element of Mahdism was imported into the movement as a means of working upon the fanatical impulses of the peasantry with a view to the acquisition of political power. The fanaticism has almost run its course and ebbed away, but the sense of wrong and injustice suffered is a far more permanent feeling. Hence the redress of all real grievances must always be the primary means of tranquillising the country, and the tribal customs of the natives should be interfered with as little as possible. If only the co-operation of the larger clans, such as the Hadendoes, Amarahs, and Bishareen, is secured, the smaller sub-tribes will speedily fall in with any arrangement which may be made.

The advantage to the country of such an arrangement would be incalculable. Trade, which now, for the reasons stated above, is practically impossible, would revive, to the great benefit of the Egyptian exchequer. Sinkat would supply the fortress, as in former days, with a much-needed sanatorium during the summer months. The Arabs, for the first time for many years, would be enabled to

plant their crops and tend their cattle in peace and security. Abandoning their nomadic life, which they now lead from necessity rather than choice, they would settle down as permanent cultivators of the soil. The agricultural resources of the country, which under favourable conditions are not inconsiderable, could be developed by a proper system of irrigation. The peasantry could be taught to store the water which in the rainy seasons rushes down the *khors*, or river beds, but which is now wasted for want of reservoirs. The famines would thus be rendered a thing of the past, or their effect at any rate mitigated, and the material condition of the Arabs would in other ways be vastly ameliorated. The opening up of trade would bring home to them the pecuniary advantages of keeping quiet. The large and fertile delta of Tokar could be rendered available for the cultivation of cotton, from which excellent results have been obtained in past years; and this, perhaps the most promising and profitable industry in the Soudan, could in time be extended to other and wider areas.

I say "wider areas" advisedly, because in time the larger question of whether or not the other Soudan provinces are to be regained for Egypt will be pressing for an answer. The Anglo-German arrangement in Equatoria has cleared the way for the consideration of the Soudanese problem with a view to its final solution. Events in Africa are marching apace, and sooner or later the Upper Nile basin will fall into the hands of some civilised Power. Egypt has undoubtedly the strongest claim to it, alike from her geographical position and from the fact of past ownership. In fact, Italy would seem to be her only possible rival; and Italy, having already spent some £15,000,000 on Massowah, is not in a position to further extend her responsibilities. Let it be remembered that the Power which holds the Upper Nile valley controls the destinies of Egypt, for the waters of the river, now often insufficient for the wants of the fellaheen, could, without serious difficulty, be diverted in the higher reaches in such manner as to bring absolute ruin upon the Delta. In fact, any system of irrigation on a large scale in the Upper Nile basin, if carried out without due precautions, might cause incalculable damage to the agriculture of Lower Egypt. It cannot be too often repeated that the Power which possesses the Soudan is in this respect complete master of the situation. Can Egypt afford to give up the key of her prosperity, and so place herself at the mercy of a foreign government? If, on the other hand, she retakes the Soudan, she will join hands with the British East African Company in Unyoro; the huge gap between the Albert Nyanza and Wady Halfa will be filled up; and an uninterrupted highway will be opened for commerce from the Great Lakes to the Mediterranean, throughout the entire length of the valley of the Nile.

This is not the time or place to rake up bygone political contro-

versies or to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of the evacuation of the Soudan. Many things have happened since that step was decided upon, and the Egyptian Government is now confronted by an entirely different state of affairs. Events have moved rapidly of late, for famine is a swift and sure persuader of men's minds. The revulsion of native feeling towards the Dervishes has sealed the doom of Mahdism as a political principle. The comparative pacification of the country which has recently taken place is not the work of any man's hands, but is the result of the operation of natural causes, and the present time affords an opportunity, which may not again recur, of setting about a permanent settlement of the Soudan question. With the departure of Emin the last link connecting the Western world with those vast territories, won for civilisation by the labours of twenty years, was snapped; but the chain must be forged anew, and the forces of barbarism must once more surrender the lands they now hold in bondage and darkness.

It would be absurd to talk of reconquering the Soudan for its former owners in a single campaign. Events must be allowed to further develop themselves before that consummation is reached. But a beginning has now been made. The capture of Tokar is a blow to Mahdist prestige in the place where it has hitherto stood highest, and it paves the way for further operations later on. When the Government has settled down in its new possessions it must endeavour to consolidate its position by a strong and just administration. Prosperity will then revive, and the natives will gradually accommodate themselves to the new order of things. As soon as order and confidence are restored the Suakin-Berber Railway can be completed, when the benefits resulting from improved and cheapened modes of transport will be immediately felt. The slow laborious voyage upon the Nile and the portorage over the cataracts being thus saved, trade will flow by its natural outlet to the Red Sea, and Suakin will become a source of profit instead of loss to the Egyptian treasury. With the interior opened up, and commerce and agriculture established on a firm basis, slave-hunting will become too precarious to be profitable, and the traffic in human flesh will thus be cut out by the roots.

A chance is now offered us to do a vast service to the cause of humanity and progress, and to earn the undying gratitude of the natives. Let us hope that the Government will avail themselves of it; that, profiting by experience, they will avoid the errors and blunders of the past, and so inaugurate a new and brighter era for the unfortunate Arabs—such an era, let me add, as by England's agency has already dawned upon Lower Egypt. Then perhaps some future chronicler may be able to write, what could never have been written of the Soudan before, "And the land had rest for many years."

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

THE POET VERLAINE.

I.

WERE I called on to declare in a word what I think the keynote of Verlaine, I should reply—it is to be found in his peculiar thrill of *grief*. “You have invented a new shudder,” wrote Victor Hugo to Baudelaire. What Verlaine has invented, is a new shade of woe.

In the attempt to define in its full distinctness and uniqueness the particular, mournful, world-weary, world-wounded thrill which is the Verlaine *leit-motiv*, recourse must be had to negatives. It is not wistfully cold and pure like the melancholy of De Vigny; not raging and wailing by turns like the angry sorrow of Musset; not deliberately and calmly desperate like the pessimism of Leconte de Lisle; not quivering continually at the precise point between tears and smiles like the pathos of Heine, and not consistently, logically agonising like the world-horror of Leopardi. Something less material it is than even the least material of these. . . Something imperceptibly faint and slight, like the liliputian wreath of vapour that might rise from hot tears shed silently one by one in secret; something throbbing in a sort of reproachful dumbness of amaze, a dulness and deadness of pain, like some very frail and small creature crushed bleeding to the ground by a big and brutal force or being that it cannot rightly understand. . .

In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, in a fine grassy enclosure, is a group of tiny animals, the smallest antelopes known. They will come, about the size of so many cats, close behind their low wire grating, and stand and doubtfully gaze up at you with enormous liquid eyes. And such is the effect of their littleness, their timorousness, their almost absurd delicacy—so small, so delicate, those little, little hoofs, those little tender limbs, those fragile fawn-coloured sides, that little humid twitching muzzle; so small, and yet so keenly, tremulously perceptive and sensitive so intensely; so little, yet all alive and quivering with nerves; so small, so weak, so helpless, and apparently so unfitted for aught except to apprehend; such minute atoms and specks of sentient being, so lost amid a universe's vast incomprehensibility—that my heart has been smitten to look upon those miniature living things, with the quite inordinate frailty of their body and the disproportionate bigness of their eyes.

Symbols or suggestions of humanity's every aspect may, one fancies, be discovered in animal creation. And I think those antelopes are symbols of a state of soul rare enough among men, and yet too

frequent. A somewhat similar combination of hopeless powerlessness to resist with the most unbounded capacity to suffer ("As-tu réfléchi combien nous sommes organisés pour le malheur?" Flaubert wrote to George Sand) is reflected in Verlaine's verse.

"Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Balance sa palme.

"La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte;
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille;
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

"—Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,
Pleurant sans cesse;
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?"

To my perhaps excessive sensibility, there is about that little piece, with the melting silvery softness and sweetness of its opening and the broken suddenness and sternness of the closing apostrophe to the sinner by his soul, a sort of breath, as it were, of haggard horror. Intensity, so profound as to be almost quiescent; despair too great for words, and best expressed by the choking abruptness of a sob.

In these lines, too, that follow, what mournfulness of brooding, and what strange imaginative effect:—

"Je ne sais pourquoi
Mon esprit amer
D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer.
Tout ce qui m'est cher
D'une aile d'effroi

Mon amour le couvre au ras des flots. Pourquoi, pourquoi?"

The above stanza for mere workmanship is very striking. The extraordinary prolongation of the Alexandrine: "D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer," which suggests the protracted sonorous unfurling of the wave upon the beach or the heavy tardy winging of the gull against the wind, is effected, technically speaking, by the use of the two lengthened "a" sounds in "aile" and "inquiète," and of the "o" sound in the rhyming "folle" and "vole." Here it may be noted that Verlaine makes somewhat frequent, and always most felicitous use of casually recurrent rhymes within the verse. Another characteristic of Verlaine's manner is his employment of irregular nine-foot, eleven-foot, and thirteen-foot metres, giving results of lightness, fluidity, and softness not to be obtained with the artificial, Versailles-park trimness of such forms as the classic Alexandrine for example. In this as in divers similar par-

ticulars, Verlaine's art, by reason of its varied originality and ingenuity, would well repay a greater amount of study than the limits of this paper will allow.

Among Verlaine's "pièces de tristesse" the following is perhaps the best known :—

" Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

" Tout suffoquant
Et blême quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure,

" Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
De ci, de là,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte."

Who, walking in some silent wood in late November, has not been conscious, if for an instant only, of the scent, faint yet sharp and fresh although so eloquent of decay, that breathes from matted heaps of fallen leaves at the foot of the denuded trees? Some such fragrance seems to hang upon the quaintness of those lines, with their tremulous indecision of design so justly and subtly corresponding to the undefined sadness of the emotion.

In days comparatively distant Verlaine occasionally could indulge without admixture of acerbity or grief in the delicate, graceful lyric strain constituting one of the chief notes of his genius. For sweetness, simpleness, and freshness, the little piece that follows is like the thrush's silver trill :—

" La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Dans la ramée . . .

O bien aimée !

" L'étang reflète
— Profond miroir—
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure . . .

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

HOW REPUBLICS ARE MADE AND UNMADE.

No. II.

I.

In *The Fortnightly* for December, 1890, I stated and illustrated the conditions under which the voters of France are permitted by the authorities of the Third Republic to exercise their right of electing Deputies to represent them in the Legislative Chamber which now controls the executive machinery of the Government. I am not dealing in these papers with any theory of politics, but simply with things as they now are in France. The existing French Constitution affirms the sanctity of the suffrage and the freedom of political elections. What does that signify to the average French citizen, who not only finds himself without redress against the most bare-faced pressure of the local authorities upon a political canvass in the district where he lives, but is forced by a majority vote in the Chamber at Paris to accept as his representative a man who has been declared by a Committee of the Chamber itself to have been elected only by "forgeries and frauds"? "Was such a thing ever heard of," exclaims the indignant Bedreddin Hassan in the Oriental story, "as that a man should be impaled for not putting red pepper into a cream tart? The law gives you no right to pronounce such a sentence upon me for such an offence." "Possibly," replies the imperturbable Cadi; "nevertheless you will observe that I have pronounced this sentence upon you for this offence."

It might not be altogether pleasant to live in a country the law of which made a failure to put red pepper in cream tart a capital felony. But it would certainly be much more unpleasant to live in a country in which a magistrate might without or in contempt of the law inflict for such an offence the penalty of impalement. Cruel and terrible things were done under the law in England and in the American colonies of England long after the revolution of 1688. The grandsons of Henry Fielding long outlived Thackeray, and were doubtless personally known to some of the readers of this issue of *The Fortnightly*, yet it would be hard to find in the annals of the *ancien régime* in France any picture of "man's inhumanity to man" more revolting, from the point of view of natural human feeling, than Robinson's exhibition to Mr. Booth in *Amelia* of the young English girl and her poor old father, slowly starving to death in an English jail, the girl for having stolen a loaf of bread to feed her famished father, and the father for having taken the loaf knowing that it had been stolen. Nevertheless it is altogether probable that in the England of 1750 men lived more freely and more happily than in the

is often, as Baudelaire's verse for instance forcibly suggests, nothing more than the logical action in the last resort of an excessive ideality deprived of all exterior aliment and thrown back violently upon itself. Verlaine profoundly touches this point in a line of his allegorical poem entitled—all too significantly—*Crimen Amoris*. In a palace blazing with silk and gold, at Ecbatane in Asia, to the sound of Mohammedan melodies strange and strident, a band of juvenile Satans “font litière aux sept péchés de leurs cinq sens.” The demons (demons, remember, are angels degraded) desire vainly to break away from the Evil to which they are attached, but which at heart they abhor. And one, youngest and brightest of them all, despairingly exclaims:—

“Nous avons tous trop souffert, anges et hommes,
De ce conflit entre le Pire et le Mieux !”

Yes, evidently, a soul is like a blade. The more purely, finely tempered, the more in danger of losing its edge. What less Verlaine-like existence—what, to all exterior appearances, less Verlaine-like character—than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne? Yet see how thoroughly, in his tale *The Artist of the Beautiful*, the American psychologist comprehends and how capitally expresses this truth, so saddening if rightly considered, and last crowning cruelty among the hardships attaching to genius's earthly lot: “He [the Artist] abandoned himself to habits from which it might have been supposed that the mere delicacy of his organisation would have availed to secure him. But, when the ethereal portion of a man of genius is obscured, the earthly part assumes an influence the more uncontrollable, because the character is now thrown off the balance to which Providence had so nicely adjusted it; and which, in coarser natures, is adjusted by some other method.” Paul Verlaine, like Owen Harland in that story, “abandoned himself to habits from which it might have been supposed,” &c. Also like François Villon, his prototype four hundred years ago. In Verlaine's life, as in Villon's, the same complication is presented of essential moral loveliness with the most lamentable ignominy of circumstance. To say “conduct,” in reference to such bruised reeds swirling in the brook or dead leaves whirling in the wind as are the Villons and Verlaines, one feels would not be just.

For all the degradation, however, of this Parisian *brasserie* sphere which for years was Paul Verlaine's, it has within the limits of the present generation attracted and detained genius, not his alone. Men, with whom in times not so very long past the poet has sat imbibing *chopes* of Munich beer, and hardly money enough among the lot to be quite certain of “settling” at the end of the evening, have come since to be the rulers of France:—

Not more creditable, in quite another sense, were the proceedings which took place during the trial of Eyraud and of his mistress for the murder of Gouffé. These were conducted by M. Q. de Beaurepaire, the Procureur-Général just mentioned, who earned his present position by accepting the task of prosecuting General Boulanger before an extemporised "High Court of Justice," after that task had been peremptorily declined by his Republican predecessor, M. Léon Renault, a man of admitted character and ability. I may content myself here with citing, as to those proceedings, the opinion of them expressed on the 21st December, 1890, by the Parisian correspondent of the London *Times*, a witness who cannot well be charged with any disposition to speak ill or lightly of the powers that be in France.

"PARIS, December 21.

"The miserable Gouffé trial has ended, as I said it would from the first day, in the condemnation to death of Eyraud, and in a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment, with hard labour, on Gabrielle Bompard. Seldom has a case been worse managed or conducted by a more incompetent president. It has been intentionally magnified, in order to make it an event in the history of crime. President Robert was obliged to clear the hall, and to leave the task of keeping order in the hands of the Procureur-Général. Every one agreed in thinking that greater incapacity had never been displayed in similar circumstances.

"On his side the Procureur-Général, who was justly blamed for occupying the place of Public Prosecutor, usually left to a subordinate, has thought it necessary to say, by way of justification, that it was to combat the theories on hypnotism of the school of Nancy. He should have considered that, by attributing so much importance to these theories, he encouraged their supporters and placed them in a conspicuous position, thus counteracting the very purpose he alleged to be the cause of his intervention. The Procureur-Général behaved exactly as an actor would have done performing a similar part. Everybody saw that it was a personal success, the success of an actor rendering a part, that he wanted. The whole affair is pitiable, and from the school of Nancy to the chief criminal prosecutor of France, the one object seemed that of obtaining notoriety."

This is surely a deplorable picture of French justice as administered in the highest tribunals of the Republic after the Republican majority of the Chamber of Deputies have for more than a decade been masters of their country in a sense far from being true of a majority of the British House of Commons, and further still from being true of a majority of the American House of Representatives. For we must always remember that the administrative machinery of the French Government remains to-day substantially what it was under the first Empire, and that under the first Empire it remained substantially what it was under the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV. The Revolutionists of 1792 took this machinery substantially as they found it, and used it to overthrow the Constitutional monarchy of 1789, and to establish the ephemeral First Republic. There is no more amusing incident in the by no means generally amusing story of the first Revolution than the abortive attempt of Manuel to get

Pétion invested with the symbols of a semi-royal authority at the outset of the Republican experiment; and the first Empire was assured from the moment when Bonaparte, taking his seat alone at the head of the consular table, motioned his two colleagues into their chairs on his right hand and on his left.

Prussians take a just pride in the story of the Miller of Sans-Souci. There were "judges at Berlin" in whose hands justice was safe, even under the autocratic rule of Frederick the Great. How is it with the judges of France under the Third Republic?

One of the least questionable abuses of the *ancien régime* in France was the conversion of the French magistracy from a judicial into a political machine. It began very early in the history of the French monarchy, and, like most abuses, began in the guise of a reform.

From the death of Louis XIV. to the assemblage of the States-General of 1789 by Louis XVI. the magistracy was the chief disturbing political factor in French history. Its judicial functions became the secondary and incidental, its political aspirations the primary and substantial objects of its existence.

When, after the orgie of the first Revolution, Napoleon reconstituted order and the law in France, he organized the French magistracy as he organized all the other public services, on the centripetal principle. The magistracy ceased to be a caste, but it became a hierarchy. Under the Terror it had been proclaimed that every citizen, no matter how ignorant or how incompetent, ought to be eligible to the magistracy; and France, sickened by the lawlessness and the brutalities of that dreary time, gladly accepted the Imperial system, under which the magistracy became a career like the army, open indeed to "all the talents," but subject, throughout all its grades, to the supervision and the approval of the supreme authority of the State.

The strong point of this system in its relations to private life and the rights of French citizens was that it made the magistracy a career. It gave to every Frenchman who entered upon the judicial service of the country rights like those which it gave to every Frenchman who entered upon the military service of his country. Promotion might be slow. His merits might be tardily recognised or obstinately disregarded. They might be obscured or illumined by his political opinions and sympathies as governments went and came. But he could not be thrust out of his career, except for cause. His independence was protected by the organization of the legal hierarchy, of which he was a member. It is not the least of the many titles of Royer-Collard to the respect of France that he saved this essential guarantee of the character of the French magistracy, after the fall of Napoleon in 1815 and the return of the Bourbons, by a clear and fearless defence of the life tenure of judicial office.

IV.

Of Verlaine's sense for love in the abstract, meaning, in the concrete, woman—and as everyone knows who *quâd* critic knows anything, 'tis the nature and degree of his sense for love that give the truest measure of the poet—I shall only say that it is most delicate, most exquisite at once and most unhappily questioning and revolted. The core of animalism in even the feminine nature is apparent odiously to Verlaine's sense. Vigny's line, so shocking in its ferocious physiologism of denunciation:—

“La femme, enfant malade et douze fois impur. . . .”

that line, that hideous line, haunts his imagination and taints, with both the fact and the allegory it involves, all the loveliness, all the super-delicacy of his passion for—

“L'or des cheveux, l'azur des yeux, la fleur des chairs.”

The cruel faculty of the analyst is Verlaine's: the painfully piercing glance, painful alike to him and to his victim, that gazes half-involuntarily upon the nudeness of the poor flawed stigmatised clay:—

“Tu m'as, ces pâles jours d'automne blanc, fait mal,
A cause de tes yeux où fleurit l'animal. . . .”

Never, to Verlaine, is woman so divine as when her animal nature sinks into latency, quiescence, and may, for one moment, be lost to his perception:—

“Beauté des femmes, leur faiblesse et ces mains pâles
Qui font souvent le bien et peuvent tout le mal,
Et ces yeux, où plus rien ne reste d'animal
Que juste assez pour dire ‘assez’ aux fureurs mâles. . . .”

Verlaine could write, and, doubtless, often think:—

“ heure sainte
Ou non, qu'importe à votre extase, Amour et Chair ? ”—

but in moments when, true to the essential Platonism of his nature, he rises into purer regions than those haunted by a Mendès or Baudelaire, what he thinks, and writes, is the following:—

“Va, l'étreinte jalouse et le spasme obsesseur
Ne valent pas un long baiser, même qui mente. . . .”

His disgust at the brutality of material love well expresses itself in a line of his sonnet “Dandysme”:—

“Pauvres gens que les gens ! Mourir pour Célimène,
Epouser Angélique ou venir de nuit chez
Agnès et la briser. . . .”

Carnality (never, by the way, more ruthless, more sheer, than when completely and most "respectably" legal: M. Filon, the French critic, expressed acutely an undeniable truth when he wrote of "*la sensualité légale, cette chose essentiellement anglaise*"), carnality, *per se*, Verlaine abhors. To him it seems a loathsome thing, the slimy slug upon the plant:—

"Tel un pur, un sublime amour,
Qu'eût étreint la luxure infâme." . . .

But if carnality pure and simple repels him, depravity in its more refined forms exercises a quite morbid attraction for his spirit. Take as proof his *Fêtes Galantes*. Redolent it is, of all possible loveliness of sin; all imaginable grace, charm, force, terror, diabolism, delight, of the thoroughly corrupt. A tiny wreath, woven with delicate, delicious art, of the rarest, subtlest, sweetest flowers of passionnal aberrance and unhealth, insinuating—so strongly!—on the sense the languor, torpor, from which there may be no awaking. The fullest essence is herein, of that dangerous eighteenth-century compound of sensuality the most determined, refinement the most delightful, intelligence the most vivid, elegance the most extreme. Twenty little pieces, as cunningly coquettish, suggestive as scientifically, of all by which depravity may be, has been, rendered stronger than love and than death, as one fancies the bewitching patches were that showed black upon the pulp-whiteness of the Dubarry's nude skin. Twenty little pieces of verse, steeped to the lips in the French *dix-huitième siècle's* perfumed and gilded putrescence. Yet, by a touch here and there, as of an organ note now and again among the "pleasing" of flutes and lutes, is made to be felt the poet's own occasional interior thrill at the thought of the essential horror underlying this "gallantry" and these "fêtes." For example, the two typical young lovers, in their satins and their ruffles, and their courtly high-heeled shoes, escorting through the decorous old park two glittering belles, all smiles, all furbelows, all freshness. . . The youths eye the daintiness of the ladies' attire, and note furtively the provoking, distracting, half-display, half-concealment of a score of secret charms. Each little incident of the scene and hour—the leafy contact of an overhanging bough, the hum of some presumptuous insect—provides a pretext for *rapprochements* which the young men seem to dread, while the belles more boldly desire:—

"Parfois aussi le dard d'un insecte jaloux
Inquiétait le col des belles sous les branches,
Et c'était des éclairs soudains de nuques blanches,
Et ce régal comblait nos jeunes yeux de fous.

"Le soir tombait, un soir équivoque d'automne:
Les belles, se pendant rêveuses à nos bras,
Dirent alors des mots si spécieux, tout bas,
Que notre âme depuis ce temps tremble et s'étonne!"

Oh, how admirably is Verlaine's own attitude of soul there expressed, as, whilst succumbing to the "*specious words, low-whispered*" of all which is most delicate among the lusts of the flesh, he yet feels that wild strange thrill of doubt and terror and amaze,—the throbbing of the breast of the bird, when it finds its foot glued irrecoverably to the twig! . . .

" . . . Fardée et peinte comme au temps des bergeries,
Frêle parmi les nœuds énormes de rubans,
Elle passe, sous les ramures assombries,
Dans l'allée où verdit la mousse des vieux bancs
Avec mille façons et mille afféteries
Qu'on garde d'ordinaire aux perruches chéries.
Sa longue robe à queue est bleue, et l'éventail
Qu'elle froisse en ses doigts fluets aux larges bagues
S'égaie en des sujets érotiques, si vagues
Qu'elle sourit, tout en rêvant à maint détail.
—Blonde en somme. Le nez mignon avec la bouche
Incarnadine, grasse, et divine d'orgueil
Inconscient.—D'ailleurs plus fine que la mouche
Qui ravive l'éclat un peu niais de l'œil."

That precious little sonnet, a *Watteau retouché à l'eau-forte*, comprises the whole eighteenth-century Frenchwoman, most efficient of stalking-horses behind which the Devil has gone hunting for souls. Comment upon the art of the thing would be useless. No one susceptible of perceiving its dainty *pimant* grace has need that the same should be expounded, whilst to others, what amount of explanation could convey the entire effect?

See how, in a further piece, the poet curiously, keenly, but not unkindly, stands contemplating Colombine—little head, no heart, appetite, perhaps, but no real passion, and in a word, all small, sure, shrewd, cold, hard, *self-love*—as she leads her pack of dangles a merry dance:—

"Léandre le sot,
Pierrot qui d'un saut
De puce
Franchit le buisson,
Cassandre sous son
Capuce,

Arlequin aussi. . . ."

Touched to seriousness for one moment, the moralist inquires of the mute fatefulness of the stars:—

"Fatidique cours des astres
Oh! dis-moi vers quels
Mornes ou cruels
Désastres

"L'implacable enfant
Preste et relevant
Ses jupes,

La rose au chapeau,
Conduit son troupeau
De dupes ? ”

Yet even Colombine—even this typical coquette—is not without the faintest shadow of a flutter, sometimes, in the place where might be situated her heart :—

“ Colombine rêve, surprise,
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix.”

V.

. . . And so with Paul Verlaine, the fatal process went on. . . . From temptation to excess, excess to satiety, satiety to disgust; all, all in love, all love and every kind of love, is hollow utterly, utterly false :—

“ Toutes les amours de la terre
Laissent au cœur du délétere
Et de l'affreusement amer ;
Fraternelles et conjugales,
Paternelles et filiales,
Civiques et nationales,
Les charnelles, les idéales,
Toutes ont la guêpe et le vor. . . ”

11

From disgust finally to remorse :—

“ J'aurais dû passer dans l'odeur et le frais
De l'arbre et du fruit sans m'arrêter jamais ;
Le ciel m'a puni . . . J'aurais dû, j'aurais dû ! ”

Till at last the poet turns him away from the vanities of earthly passion, and seeks a refuge in the pity, and the pardon, and the tenderness ineffable, that some declare and perhaps believe and feel to be existent within the depths of a heaven, to others a blank and void.

“ . . . Il faut n'être pas dupe en ce farceur de monde
Où le bonheur n'a rien d'exquis et d'alléchant,
S'il n'y frétille un peu de pervers et d'immonde,
Et pour n'être pas dupe il faut être méchant.”

Yes, but :—

“ Bien de n'être pas dupe dans ce monde d'une heure.
Mais pour ne l'être pas durant l'éternité,
Ce qu'il faut à tout prix qui règne et qui demeure,
Ce n'est pas la méchanceté, c'est la bonté.”

Indeed, throughout the thickest of his impiety Verlaine had not been without some latent sense of grace :—

“ Mais sans doute, et moi j'inclinerais fort à le croire,
Dans quelque coin bien discret et sûr de ce cœur même
Il avait gardé comme qui dirait la mémoire
D'avoir été ces petits enfants que Jésus aime. . . ”

and the day came, when under circumstances of great disgrace, affliction, and despair, he seems actually to have been penetrated with the "peace that passeth all understanding" (as indeed, anyone not personally possessing it must confess that it does). But such is the strange complexity of the artist nature, that to it the finest, noblest, highest emotions, as well as, perchance, the darkest and worst, must be always themes, for emotional and artistic treatment and expression, rather than direct, absolute, genuine sentiments in themselves. The artist has but one genuine sentiment, and that is : Art. A doubt therefore subsists as to the completeness of this conversion of Verlaine's. And such doubt becomes, to a mind possessed of any critical acumen, an almost certainty when one finds Verlaine claiming the right to produce "*Parallèlement*," as he calls it, by way of title to one of his more recent volumes, verse devoted to emotions of religion on the one hand, and emotions of the senses on the other : a striking instance of the wish poetically to serve those two irreconcilable masters, God and the World. Thus art, plainly, is stronger in Verlaine's breast than faith.

He has lived for his art alone, and by reason of his art he must die ; because, full of art, he is void of many things else. Void of broad general humanity, void of the deeper world-wisdom, void of the eloquence most penetrating and profound that coming from the heart goes to the heart not of the time merely but of all time, and speaks, a lofty Voice, along the ages.

No great poet, no world-poet, is Paul Verlaine. But the exquisite, delightful, diseased, lacerated poet of a morbid *élite*. In the main, however, a touching figure, with the intensity of his emotion, elevation of his impulse, and fatal weakness of his will. Poor knight-errant, bruised and broken, with that headpiece of "singing gold," that flaming Nessus's "tunic" of grief and sin, and the red blood from his breast raining down upon the "azure ground" of his illusions :—

" J'étais né pour plaire à toute âme un peu fière.

J'étais, je suis né pour plaire aux nobles âmes,
Pour les consoler un peu d'un monde impur,
Cimier d'or chanteur et tunique de flammes,
Moi, le Chevalier qui saigne sur azur ! "

Yes, poor wandering, worsted Knight, wandering and worsted and woeful and utterly downcast, but not, when all is said and done, not ignoble, and so painstricken, and so pitiable ! •

EDWARD DELILLE.

ROSSETTI AND THE MORALISTS.

THERE are lines of Rossetti's which are heavy with an overpowering sweetness as of many hyacinths. The atmosphere is like that of a hot-house, in which, amid all the odorous deliciousness, we gasp for a breath of outer air again. To some of his work, a line in his sonnet, "Willow-wood,"

"And pity of self through all made broken moan,"

is peculiarly applicable; while there are occasional passages in which the thought is morbid, if not unhealthy. "What is it," we are moved to say to ourselves as we read—"what is it, after all, that Mr. Rossetti makes such a hullabaloo about? Is this an expression of genuine and unexaggerated feeling, or is it the posing of self-consciousness?" nor are we altogether certain, as we lay down the book, to which of the questions the answer should be in the affirmative.

The fact is, however, that the intensity of Rossetti's emotions cannot accurately be estimated by the standard of contemporary conventionality, for his presence among us in these later days was in every respect an anachronism. He was the posthumous son of an age long since passed away, a literary and artistic Rip Van Winkle, who was for ever harking back with the tenderest reminiscences to that vanished Mediævalism with which, in taste and sympathy, he was so thoroughly at one.

In these nineteenth-century days we live at so rapid a pace that no inconsiderable number of our fellow-countrymen regard their occasional peeps into Literature and the Arts as they regard a meal, snatched hastily and between whiles at some bustling junction, when each traveller looks out, not for the fare which is best worth the having, but for that which can be disposed of hastily and without trouble. This being so, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that some of the more commercially-minded of our literary craftsmen have come to consider the market for their work rather than the merit of it, aiming, like the tradesmen that they are, at "effect" instead of at thoroughness, at popularity instead of at perfection. Nor do they forget, when laying out their goods to advantage, to cast certain sidelong glances upon the readers for whom these goods are intended, in order that their literary "show counter" may not be wanting in articles likely to please that whimsical, novelty-loving, but promptly-paying customer, the public.

Not thus did Rossetti accommodate himself to the requirements

of the day. He was "in" the nineteenth century, but not "of" it. He had no wish to catch the public vote, and erred, if at all, on the side of contemptuous apathy. Popular in the sense of being read and appreciated by the multitude, which looks first at the sentiment, and secondly, and often indifferently, at the form in which that sentiment is expressed, his work neither is nor will be. It is too purely artistic to appeal to those who are incapable of appreciating a work of art on its artistic merits, and if one were to read a score of the *House of Life* sonnets to a "popular entertainment" audience, two-thirds of those present would consider the selection peculiarly and perplexingly dull, and would probably go away with the remark that they "had not been educated up to it," which would be, on the whole, a tolerably correct statement of the case. There is no "playing to the gods," no attempt "to fetch the gallery," in any line of Rossetti's. All that he does he does thoroughly. Some of his poems remind us of Oriental ivory-work, in which every available inch and corner has been used for ornamental purposes, and in which, too, among the multiplicity of minor decorations we are often at a loss to remember what was the design with which we started. His sonnets are finished now and then to faultiness, and would gain rather than lose, were they a trifle harsher and ruder, were they more evidently the outcome of impulse and spontaneity, and less suggestive of the dexterity of the craftsman. That he must have taken infinite pains with them is certain, for they have been tuned and re-tuned to concert pitch. Every consonant has been considered in connection with the consonant which precedes or follows it, and each vowel-sound has been calculated to a nicety. As musical compositions they are unique. There is a fascination in the very ring of them, independently of their meaning. They touch and thrill us like melodies, and melodies, in fact, they are, each word being a note, and each line a bar. All Rossetti's work is noticeable for its confluent volume of sound and rhythmic splendour, and sonority, but to attain this he is occasionally guilty of making sense subservient to sound, as exemplified in the third line of the sonnet, "Through Death to Love":—

"Like labour-laden moonclouds faint to flee
From winds that sweep the winter-bitten wold,
Like multiform circumfluence manifold
Of night's flood tide," etc.,

in which, "like multiform circumfluence manifold" is apparently introduced, less on account of its descriptive or imaginative significance than for the sake of the unusual combination of alliterative sounds which it affords. It is very rarely, however, that Rossetti allows his rapturous and exultant delight in sweet and sonorous measures to interfere with his otherwise analytical attention to per-

spicuity and logical relationship, for in his most passionate inspirations he was not too absorbed to cast an occasional sidelong glance at that standard of "fundamental brainwork" which he held to be the very first consideration of Art.

"I grudge Wordsworth every vote he gets," said Rossetti once to a friend, and the remark is a significant one. Wordsworth and Rossetti stand at opposite poles of poetic and personal individuality, and Wordsworth is as distinctively the poet of the open air and of the hillside as Rossetti is of the studio and the study. In the former there is seldom wanting a background of sky and mountain, and his bracing and breezy verses are blown through as by a wind from lofty hill-summits. There are passages in his poems in which Nature herself speaks to us—passages which are as truly an utterance of the Great Mother as is the rippling, running, bell-like tinkling of the brooklet over its pebbly bed. To the artist who is truly in sympathy with her, Nature's voice is audible in the study or studio, as well as on the mountain or in the field; and when he returns to the mountains and fields he does not leave his Art behind him as an unreal representation of nature, which would there be out of place. On the contrary, the hymn or sonnet which then (supposing him to be a poet) rises involuntarily to his lips, is as much a part of the landscape at which he gazes as is the lustre of red sorrel which darkens the hillside as if it had been shot with burnished copper, or as the tawny gold of withered leaves on a clump of autumnal beeches. The melody which echoes in his heart in his secluded moments is but a continuation of the song which the wind sang to him when it rustled among the dry reeds on the river's marge; and the poem which gleams out rainbow-like from the dark cloud-screen of his soul, is born of that gleam of blue sky framed in among rain-beaten and glistening tree-tops which caught his eye in his morning's walk. Hence it is that there are poems by Wordsworth in which, to a sympathetic reader, suns seem to rise and set in the verses, stars to sparkle between the lines, or the scent of blossoming clover-fields to exhale from the pages. It is less Art than Nature which lends such charm to his lines, for viewed apart from their matchless interpretations of the Great Mother, many of them are cold and colourless, and all are lacking in that life-giving element of passion which is so characteristic of Rossetti's creations. Moreover, not a little of the workmanship of the elder poet is deficient in sensuous beauty, while in that of the younger this element is never wanting. To pass from *The Excursion* to *The House of Life* is, to use a far-fetched comparison, like turning aside from the white sunlight and crystalline freshness of a spring morning into the seclusion of some temple of a bygone age. Outside the heart beat high and the blood ran swiftly, under the exultant exhilaration born of broad sky-spaces and

windy meadows, but here there is no glad rush of morning sunlight to greet us, and the perfumed air, sweet almost to oppressiveness, hangs hot and heavy as a curtain. Is it within the precincts of a Catholic sanctuary that we are standing? Shadow-shrouded aisles, solemnly-sensuous music, and the serene splendour of jewel-tinted panes!—surely these are the surroundings which we associate with the emotional religion of the Sunny South! Yet there is something in the scene that savours less of the Christian cloister than of the Pagan temple, more of the worship of Venus than of the Virgin, for amid the clouds of wreathing incense we see white arms wander wooingly towards us above the billowy ebb and flow, the stormy rising and falling of whiter and warmer bosoms. And then the melody dies away, the poem is ended, and, all drowsy-eyed and slumber-steeped, we waken to real life again, like men who have been rudely roused from some drug-born but delicious dream of an Oriental paradise.

That the supersensuousness and Southern warmth of colouring which are so characteristic of Rossetti should have caused readers, who imperfectly apprehend the passionate nature of the man and the symbolical character of his poetry, to take exception to the voluptuousness of his language, is not surprising. The fact is, however, that to Rossetti, whose whole nature was dominated by his artistic instincts, Art was in and of herself pure, sacred, and inviolate, and he was shocked (the word is not too strong) to find that what in his eyes was but a faithfully-finished and harmonious work of art was regarded by others as wanting in delicacy and in discretion. Moreover, he held, and held strongly, that the Non-Sensuous can best be apprehended by means of an image dealing with the Sensuous; and hence the things of the senses became to him sublimated to the nature of sacraments. It is herein that he has been most misinterpreted, for some of his censors have failed to appreciate to the full the symbolism which appealed so powerfully to his nature, and while they—sticking fast at the sensuous image—see only “fleshliness” and “materiality,” he saw through and beyond it to the Non-Sensuous which it typified. All this, however, has been exhaustively discussed in the famous Rossetti-Buchanan dispute, and we have neither the intention nor the desire to take up the cudgels afresh against those who proclaim Rossetti’s poetry to be “fleshly.”

There is a class of writers, however, well-meaning enough as individuals, but undeniably incompetent as critics, upon whose recent remarks in regard to Rossetti we have a word to say. We mean, of course, the folk who complain querulously that he has nothing to teach or to tell them, that they search in vain for moral or religious instruction in his work, the sole aim of which is, they assert, to gratify the artistic perceptions and to charm the senses. “Is this

all?" they say with outstretched palms of protest, lugubrious countenances, and a general air of injured probity, not altogether unlike that of a cabman who has received sixpence over and above his legitimate fare—"is this all, then, that Mr. Rossetti has to tell us?" Now we do not admit the justice of the criticism which fails to find in Rossetti's poems any sign of an attempt at teaching. That he was neither the discoverer of a new star in our philosophical heavens, nor the propounder of a theory for the social and personal amelioration of the race, we are well aware, for to be either the one or the other was never at any time his aim. He was a man of meditative, rather than of speculative order of mind, somewhat narrow in tastes and sympathies, and far too absorbed in the contemplation of his own many-hued moods and emotions to trouble himself much about those of his fellow-creatures who had no part to play in the all-important rôle of ministering to his overmastering and exquisitely-developed sense of beauty. Nevertheless there are passages and poems of depth and dignity in his volume—passages in which teaching of high ethical order is delicately, if not dogmatically, interwoven with the text; while exceptional power of observation and profound insight into the subtle workings of the human mind are characteristic of all his work.

But we do not want Rossetti to be a moralist. We are content to have him just what he is—one of the most unique interpreters and creators of the beautiful in two separate but kindred realms of art, that can be instanced since the days of Michelangelo. Of moralists there is no scarcity; but such artists as Rossetti are, alas! too rare. That the influence of the highest art must be, directly or indirectly, ethical is undeniable, but it is not for that reason the bounden duty of every artist to pose as a moralist; and the folk who can call no thing good, unless it carry, dog-like, at its tail a tin-can of noisy and rattling morality, and the critics who cannot award their grudging meed of praise for honest work done, without complaining that something else has been left undone, are, to our thinking, a thankless and ungracious set. Instead of accepting gratefully what each writer is and can be to his readers, and seeking elsewhere for the spiritual and intellectual gifts which he does not pretend to bestow, they demand that he shall be all things to all men, forgetting that the very overweighting of individuality—genius, as we call it—which gives a man such power on one side and in one direction, necessitates, by natural and inevitable law, a corresponding under-balance on the other. After Carlyle had devoted his life to labour little better than slavery, in order that he might leave behind him a *Frederick* or a *French Revolution* and in so doing had injured his general health and digestion (and, consequently, his temper), they turned round and blamed him for his irritability in that which

is, after all, no affair of theirs in any way—his private and domestic life. And after Rossetti had with infinite pain and spirit-travail—pain and travail with which, as he himself said, his “very life ebbed out”—succeeded in producing some of the most exquisite poems in the language, as well as many unique and remarkable pictures, they reproach and upbraid him because, forsooth, they fail to find in his work the sign of a purpose for which he never at any time intended it, namely, the propagation of moral and religious truth.

Moreover, and notwithstanding what has been said about it theoretically, experience has long since demonstrated that love of the outward forms and phases of beauty cannot be taken as necessitating a corresponding love of moral and spiritual beauty, any more than the love of moral comeliness can be considered as necessarily implying a corresponding artistic development. On the contrary, the rapturous love of outward beauty, which is so strongly-marked a feature in the artistic temperament, is, unless restrained by a practised will and high ideals, an element of undoubted danger. It is at all times perilously akin to animal love of pleasure, and has, in only too many instances, degenerated into voluptuousness, and even sensuality. Every high gift with which a man is endowed carries with it the possibility of a degradation correspondingly dark and deep; and it is amid the ruins of the purest part of our nature that the poison plants of low desires and evil passions find the most favourable soil in which to flower.

“To be a poet,” sighs some reader of susceptible age and emotional temperament, as he or she closes a volume which has been the means of exciting a not unpleasurable feeling of melancholy, “must be indeed delightful! It is to have the divine gift of seeing a hidden beauty and grace in objects which to less favoured beings speak only of the commonplace; it is to have a nature so exquisitely attuned to enjoy that a sunrise, a sunset, or a wildflower can awaken an ecstasy beyond expression, and it is to live a life spent ever in the search for the beautiful, and full of summer sunshine, blue sky, and the song of birds.”

Is it? Well, perhaps it is in some rare instances; but not seldom it is, too, to have a nature which, just in proportion as it is fitted to keenly enjoy, is fitted also to suffer intensely; it is to have nerves strung to such a pitch of susceptibility that every little discord in life's music causes an agony beyond endurance; it is to have a spirit more sensitive than is the mercury in the thermometer, and it is, in some cases, and as far as personal comfort is concerned, one of the greatest calamities which can befall one. A calamity, or little less, it appears to have been sometimes to Rossetti, for he was emotional even to morbidness, and never was there a nature more keenly attuned to

suffer than his. It is only by a poet, however, that a poet can be interpreted rightly, and one there is—Rossetti's dearest brother-singer and friend, Mr. Theodore Watts, who has told us in singularly beautiful language, how exquisite was the pang which the painter-poet's poetry too often cost him. With that tribute let us close our paper. The sonnet, be it observed, was addressed nominally to Heine, to whom it was not altogether appropriate. It was intended in reality for Rossetti:—

“Thou knew'st that island, far away and lone,
 Whose shores are as a harp where billows break
 In spray of music, and the breezes shake
 O'er spicy seas a woof of colour and tone,
 While that sweet music echoes like a moan
 In the island's heart, and sighs around the lake,
 Where, watching fearfully a watchful snake,
 A damsel weeps upon her emerald throne.

“Life's ocean, breaking round thy senses' shore,
 Struck golden song, as from the strand of day:
 For us the joy, for thee the fell foe lay—
 Pain's blinking snake around the fair isle's core,
 Turning to sighs the enchanted sounds that play
 Around thy lovely island evermore.”

THE AUTHOR OF “A DEAD MAN'S DIARY.”

THE PAPUAN AND HIS MASTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the graphic descriptions which Mr. Chalmers and others give of the discomforts, anxieties, and dangers which go to make the lives of the primitive savages a burden and a misery to them before the benign influences of religion and civilization reach them, we are inclined to doubt very much whether these are to be compared to the anxieties and dangers which daily encompass the lives of our own home-bred savages, the "Submerged Tenth."

About one point, however, experience has taught us very definitely, and that is, whereas these distant lands have been found thickly populated at the time of their discovery by the pioneers of civilization, not many years are allowed to pass under this vaunted "protection" before the nations have become nearly, if not altogether, extinct, and left their heritage to their "protectors."

Do I blame the missionaries for this? Certainly not, for the land is generally, if not always, discovered and so far contaminated before they put their feet upon it. The "beachcombers," pearl fishers, scientific enthusiasts, and other adventurers precede the missionary, and help to make his work harder; for in reality it is the missionary who attempts the vain task of keeping the native in the simplicity in which he was first discovered, while trying to root out his vices and terrors. It is the discoverer who has doomed the land, as far as its original natives are concerned.

If I was asked which class the natives have the greatest cause to dread as a guest, I should say the scientific enthusiast; the naturalist, who comes to spy the ground, and bag his specimens, whose watchword is "Forward" through forests and swamps, regardless of fevers and dangers, dreading only delay, over mountains in spite of fatigue, and amongst tribes whom he only regards as specimens, the enthusiast, who is equally lavish with his gifts and his dynamite; these are the men whom savages respect and fear the most—and not without good reason.

The legitimate trader is not in such a deadly hurry to get over the land, and he knows that he has a better chance of doing well if he can persuade the natives to labour willingly for him; therefore he sets to work to win his place amongst them by kindness, or at least by fair barter. He will most likely marry a native woman, and so chain the tribe to his interests in that way, leaving them alone in the practice of their native rites and customs, and demanding only their services for a consideration, which as a rule they freely give.

It is one of the inscrutable laws of nature, I suppose, that

wherever the pale faces intrude the dark skins disappear; the white man is the strongest, and he invariably uses his strength without scruple or mercy and so clears the land for his own occupation.

The explorer discovers fresh ground, and imparts his information to the Geographical Society of his country, the map makers bring out their charts, and then the speculators, great and little, push on and take full advantage of what the discoverer has done for glory. Then the missionary comes along and represents a very slender dam between this advancing torrent of civilization and the hereditary rights of the original owners. The missionaries retard "progress," *i.e.* extermination; they retard this progress for a year or so, and make converts of the broken savages while they can, until their crop fails and they also are swept away, while the land becomes the property of the white man, and the natives who occupied and flourished upon it for ages become extinct, as are the native tribes of Tasmania to-day, as will be the Maories of New Zealand, the natives of the South Sea Islands, and these noble specimens of savagedom, the Papuans of New Guinea to-morrow.

When a nation is doomed to perish it becomes an open question which is the most merciful—the invader who strides on quickly, shooting them down wholesale, or the invader who spreads over them the ghostly mirage of his protection and permits them to be gradually demoralised and filtered from the face of the earth; for that is the position of the country which I write about at the present time, and what we, as the representatives of civilization have done and are doing to-day with this island to the north of Australia, which ought either to belong to us as Australia now belongs, altogether, or else be definitely protected from the rest of the world, and particularly from the masters to whom we have yielded the upper and best portion.

During the short period that I spent in New Guinea there were over half-a-dozen German emigrant vessels landed on the north side, filled with German adventurers, and more were coming as quickly as they could be sent from their Fatherland. These emigrants were not landed as we land our emigrants on a new country, without provision or prospects, but each settler was hired by his Government for a certain number of years, and compelled to stay in the country, and given a salary for the period of his exile, which he had to work for by "clearing the land"; depôts were formed where they could purchase provisions, arms, &c., as they advanced. No missionaries were permitted to interfere with them, their work was plainly marked out for them, to clear the land from all impediments; these shiploads had been all ready and had started from Germany the moment that the treaty was signed which gave them full rights to

the northern portion of New Guinea. On our side nothing of the sort has yet been done; our flag of protection floats over the land from the Government bungalow at Port Moresby; half-a-dozen white representatives of Government exist in Port Moresby; two white missionaries, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, reside in the mission house above the fishing village of Elavira, and take occasional trips round the coast stations where their Kanaka coloured teachers work, to look after them, and where also a few traders camp, with the addition of those adventurers who are allowed to land by permission of the missionaries and the Government officials; and the few more lawless beachcombers who steal into the land without permission, take what they can while there by force of arms, and, sailing away again with their booty, leave behind them the seeds of future massacres to ripen and bear fruit in due season.

So our portion of New Guinea lies at the present time like a piece of mortgaged land without an owner, while the natives are being preyed upon and wronged individually without adequate redress or compensation, while on the German side their rights as owners are not recognised at all, for there they are regarded as a conquered country, or rather as a land with all its *stock* upon it, live and otherwise, *bought* from or given up by England, to do with as they like, *without conditions*. Their policy, therefore, is to make as short work as possible over the clearing away of all encumbrances, dense forests, and dead wood, obnoxious natives, and whatever else may hinder the progress of their cultivation of the country.

I have been asked, did I believe in the rumours of German cruelty to natives lately? Knowing the conservative ideas of the Papuan as regards property, as I do, with their code of morality and justice, also what the German emigrants are sent out to accomplish, with their innate contempt for all outsiders, and their grasping qualities, particularly for land, and taking into consideration the obligations they are under to the Home Government, the *carte blanche* licence which they carry with them to use upon landing in this tropical German outpost, and the lack of all other authority or restraint, excepting military control, it is impossible to give them credit for any higher desire than to "clear the land" and make themselves comfortable and safe as quickly as possible in their new quarters; and there is only one way for a *thief* to live safely in New Guinea, and that is to *exterminate the whole tribe of the man he has stolen from*.

They may try to make examples of the discontented in some civilized fashion, in order to terrify the rest of the natives into obedience and respect, such as flogging the "offender" severely, shooting him, or hanging him outside the township, or torturing him in some other way which might succeed as a warning amongst civilized nations; but any of these systems will fail utterly in New

Guinea, where revenge is the most sacred of their moral obligations, and the most enduring.

They cannot possibly make friends with the natives, as I shall presently show, seeing that they have purchased their land from their own Government, who has had it as a gift from England. Therefore, as individual settlers, the Germans are under no greater obligation to consult the rights or comforts of the native owners than an English tenant might have if sent by his landlord to occupy the farm of an evicted Irishman. That is an affair which has been already settled between their Government and England. Their duty to themselves and to their own country is to occupy the land and drive out the dispossessed owners as quickly and as completely as they possibly can.

Of late years we have had vivid pictures drawn of the sufferings and wrongs of the Irish tenants who have been evicted from the farms which they and their forefathers have held for generations. Their attachment to their native soil has been described tenderly and with much effect, and these harrowing pictures have roused much sympathy in all classes. But what would our feelings have been if, instead of hearing that these evictions had taken place because the hereditary tenant could not pay his rent to the hereditary landlord, we had heard that England had bestowed Ireland as a gift on the Germans to occupy as suited them best; and when, instead of defaulting tenants being evicted, both landlords and tenants were driven from the land, or, if they resisted, killed off indiscriminately by the new owners, who had come to occupy and cultivate the land for themselves? And yet this is exactly what England has done to New Guinea.

In New Zealand, and formerly in Tasmania, as well as throughout some portions of Australia, our Government did drive some kind of bargain with the original owners of the country. We gave them the choice of an equivalent for their property, and I daresay that if our share of New Guinea is put up into allotments for sale, some kind of arrangement and compensation will be given to the tribes for the land which we shall take from them. But in this gift which we handed over to Germany it was not in our power to make any provision of this kind; and as for them, they take the gift and leave to us all the moral responsibility of the transaction. They wanted, and got the land, while the native rights are left to us or any others who care to take the philanthropic burden upon their shoulders. The land has become the German's by right of gift, and they are packing out sufficient numbers of their children to grip and hold it, as they do with all their good bargains.

Now for the native side of the question, and to show you why it is impossible for the German emigrant, who does not recognise the

right of the Papuan as landowner, to be able to live upon the land while a native remains alive upon it.

The Papuan of New Guinea, in his domestic and tribal government, offers a decided contrast to all the other tribes which occupy or have occupied the islands and lands of the southern ocean. The Maori, who most nearly approaches him in independence, is bound to his feudal chieftains as were the ancient Scottish clans, *i.e.*, the tribes are entirely dependent upon their chiefs, who make laws and hold lands. This also is the case with all the different races of the Polynesians; each chief has complete control over the lives and property of his subjects; he can kill them or dispose of their bodies as he likes, and none of his subjects dare to dispute his unlimited authority; therefore when a trader comes to the islands to treat for a cargo of "hands" to supply the "black labour market" of Queensland or elsewhere, it is the chieftain to whom he applies and offers his terms, and who lends or sells to him his subjects or his captives of war; true, the subjects themselves are asked by the Government official, who is on board the trader as supercargo, or something of that sort, if they are willing to engage themselves as servants; but before this can be done, they are already paid for to the chief and set apart, and they never refuse *him*, because the penalty of their refusing to obey his orders would be death, after the trader had left the island.

In New Guinea the case is different altogether: they are divided into tribes or families, and each tribe has a directing head over it; but every male and female of the tribe possesses separate property, and each is as distinctly a landowner, in a greater or lesser degree, as their chief is, in the same sense that our large or small landlords are in England. The influence of the chief is not gained through consideration of his superior property, but is either a birthright, or else he has been chosen by his people to represent them in war or other matters of business; often the chief is by no means the richest man in his tribe, although in times of emergency he is obeyed willingly enough, after he has laid the matter before the common council and they have unanimously agreed that it should be carried out, and at this council women have their votes as well as men.

Every foot of land, with the cocoa-nut, or mammy-apple, or banana tree upon it, belongs exclusively to some individual of the tribe, either male or female; is jealously guarded, and poaching is promptly punished, women's rights being recognised and protected strictly.

In fact, in many ways, the woman is a more fortunate and valued personage than the man; for instance, a young man courts his sweetheart and must be approved by her before he attempt matrimonial negotiations. After this is settled he has to offer her parents compensation for her loss as a member of the household, which is

generally a little over the equivalent of what she takes away with her. Husband and wife thus join a kind of life partnership, in which it is strictly understood that what property she has brought with her remains hers, as his own property remains his during their lifetime, or while they agree to live together, for they have separations and divorces also, at times, in New Guinea, in which case if the woman goes back to her parents, they have to refund her compensation to the disappointed husband, unless she can prove ill-usage, in which case it is confiscated and the man has no redress.

If the couple live and die together, and have children, their joint property is equally divided amongst the survivors. There is no eldest son system amongst the Papuans as far as property is concerned.

They are an industrious race, and male and female have each their own allotted portions of work, and do not vary it in any way. For instance, perhaps half-a-dozen tribes are allies, one tribe devoting all its energies to market-gardening; that is, the inland tribes are mostly gardeners, while the sea-coast tribes may be pot-makers, boat-builders, net and mat makers, or fishers; so they hold markets and barter their different wares amongst each other.

Each tribe owns its own war-canoe, which has been purchased equally by every property holder in the tribe, so that, although the chief may be captain while on the waters, he has no greater right to the Lakatoi than anyone else, and if it is lost all the partners suffer in the same proportion.

When a trading ship drops anchor at one of the coasting villages, they all come off individually in their canoes with what they may have of their own property, which they trade for tobacco, beads, cloth, or weapons; the husband does not interfere with his wife's bargain, nor does he attempt to take possession of what she gets in return; while the chief only trades for his own hand, without monopolising any of the other profits. Indeed, in piping times of peace, it is sometimes a difficult matter to distinguish the head man, for, unlike the Polynesian of the Pacific, they have not two languages in each tribe; therefore they are much easier to get on with, for, throughout the islands of the South Seas, it is exceedingly dangerous for a stranger to go about unless he is thoroughly up to the different idioms of the chief language and the serf language; for, if he addresses a chief as he would an ordinary member of the tribe, it is regarded as an insult not to be pardoned. Also, if he address an ordinary member as he ought to address the chief only, again he insults the touchy chief.

In New Guinea, however, as they all have their equal rights of property, so each tribe has its own single language. Of course this particular dialect may only serve for that one tribe with their

allies, for I have found an article called totally different names at every few miles' distance, but that is not to the present purpose. When you have made yourself understood in the tribe you are amongst, you need be under no apprehension of risking your life by addressing the chief as you would do any other, for they stand upon no social dignity at all. If the trader lands amongst them, he will know which is the head man by his taking him in hand and acting as his guide and host, so that to be a chieftain in New Guinea means extra duty rather than aristocratic dignity.

As they are in their ideas of right of property, so they are in their marital relation. They are exceedingly jealous and constant; they do not hide their wives, but they watch over them very closely, and an adulteress would be promptly killed by general consent, and her death avenged upon her partner in guilt if discovered. Yet they are not limited in their number of wives. If the man can afford to purchase more than one, and the wife he has already does not object, he may do so; but as wives are rather expensive luxuries, considering that their work afterwards is so far independent, the men are generally content with one experiment in this direction. Still I have seen at one village a man who owned four at a time, but I don't think that he looked any the happier with these extra advantages; they went to prove, however, that he was a wealthy as well as a reckless member of the tribe. At another place I passed the grave of a man who had three widows mourning over him, and waiting patiently to divide his bones amongst them: for even in this they are rigid about their rights of property.

They do not have large families; two is usually the limit for one wife to offer her husband; indeed, a man is hooted by his companions as an object of contempt and shame if his wife has another baby before the first is able to run about and join the general barracks of children able to take care of themselves.

In this barrack system they are not unlike what the Spartans were; the boys and girls do not sleep together in the houses of their parents, but as soon as they are old enough to walk the boys go to the sleeping quarters of the young men, and the girls to where the single women sleep, working and eating, however, during the day-time with their parents.

It seems an invidious task to an Englishman who has been through the wretched and infamous slums of his own country, as I have, to describe in detail the many charming points in the domestic life of the Papuan savage, their courtesy and affability towards strangers in times of peace, when all is going right, and they have no wrongs to redress, the purity of their lives, the perfect concord which reigns in a native village, their industry during working days, the wise arrangement of their holidays, their athletic exercises — racing,

wrestling, swimming, throwing the spear, their sham fights on land and sea, their fishing and trading expeditions, and their general sobriety and Spartan-like simplicity of eating (the Maori gorges when he feasts, the Papuan eats only to satisfy his hunger, and at regular intervals); and over all this that glowing tropic sun lighting up the bronzy, naked, and perfect limbs upon the golden sands, with the sapphire waves dancing within the white-fringed coral reefs on the ocean side, and the bone-like trunks of the feathery palms shining out from the dark and intricate foliage of the gardens behind on land; it makes one bitter to contrast all this ease and comfort, glory and beauty, with the pestilential dens of our wretched rag-covered savages in England, and to think that we have carelessly given up this full life to the spoilers to be wiped out, and yet we can spare so much sympathy and indignation over those who have been evicted from such hovels, or even deprived of such miserable lives.

The contrast is too great to be regarded calmly, for what is an extra calamity added, or even the release of death from such constant miseries, compared to the taking from such a people their dearly cherished rights and privileges, and the giving over of lives so complete as theirs are to the butchers and ravishers?

Have the Germans slaughtered these natives wholesale in New Guinea? What else can they do with a nation that will stand up to the last man, woman, and child for their own property—for their own cocoa-nut when ripe, far more for the tree on which it hangs? Did they spare the men, women, or children who resisted them when they invaded France?

This is one of the crimes that England committed when she gave up her self-elected right to protect New Guinea. Now let us consider for a moment how these savages receive strangers who have wronged them, that is to say, the sterner and darker side of their characters, both towards strangers and their own tribal enemies, so that we may understand how they are likely to treat the invader who ignores their claims.

It is said that their slumbers are light and uneasy, and so in a sense they are, for night is the time when war-raids take place amongst all savage races, as their battles mostly consist of treacherous surprises, yet it is marvellous what a complete system of signal telegraphy there exists throughout this land, and how seldom surprises really take place; the blowing of the conch shells in a rival tribe, which is the first proclamation or intimation of war, will be passed on through the midst of the neutral tribes in an incredibly short space of time, and the warning to prepare reach the threatened village, hours, sometimes days, before the surprise party can put in an appearance, and once more back again the news will fly, that they

are prepared, when ten chances to one, the raid has to be postponed. That they are found by the white man living peacefully and in numbers over the country when he first comes on the scene, is a clear proof, I think, that although often threatened and alarmed with rumours of war there is not so much bloodshed amongst themselves as we are sometimes given to understand, and that they decline visibly under the influence of the white man is another convincing proof that the native wars do much less damage than does our benign and boasted civilization.

In New Guinea the natives do not go to war, as we do, to acquire territory, but to avenge some private or tribal feud; therefore they are much more easily satisfied with their revenge.

A man or woman has been murdered, or more often is missed from a tribe, and straightway the friends put their heads together and hold council; then they remember that a cousin or some relation of the murdered or missing man or woman once upon a time killed and devoured some one from the rival distant tribe, out of revenge for another murder which occurred in the dim past. While they are consulting, one of the scouts comes in and informs the council that a great cooking fire has been seen in the far-away village, and then they all know without further surmise what has become of the missing member, and wait their chance to retaliate.

So the vendetta goes on indefinitely; sometimes it may happen that two rival hunting parties will fall foul of each other on common ground, and then there is a general battle with some slain and captured; the vanquished retreat to their own ground, while the victors leaving them there, return home with their captives and their dead. Their own dead they count and bury when they get home, counting likewise the missing; the dead enemies and captives they also number and set against their losses, life for life; if they are equal numbers they rest satisfied, for justice has been done; if they have gained some figures over the number, they look forward to a return raid of revenge at some future time; therefore they prepare to sleep lightly and warily.

Meantime they settle down to solid enjoyment and the feast of human flesh, for be it remarked that these are nearly the only occasions when they have butcher meat to eat, as with the exceptions of a few wallabies and bush-turkeys, or fish if near the shore, the land is not over plentifully supplied, except with vegetable food, and therefore their general diet throughout the year is garden produce, so that although they are cannibals pure and simple when they can get such meat without paying too high a price for it, they are not too eager for it, but can exist very comfortably for months and even years on vegetarian diet; *i.e.*, they really enjoy human flesh when they are forced to have it, but unless for the sacred duty

of revenge they will not go out of their way to procure it, the price for such a delicacy being too high—namely, inevitable retaliation. It may be very nice for a party to sit down and enjoy roast sucking pig, but if the party had to bear in mind that at some future date some of them would in consequence have to become food for the friends of the porker, it might make them pause before they rushed wantonly to the feast.

They are savages, and therefore they never willingly allow a captive to escape once they have him in their power; they are very just in their dealings when treated fairly, and demand their pound of flesh to the last half-ounce; but they are not magnanimous in the smallest degree towards an enemy; the slain they cook and eat first, dividing the portions equally, and, in this division, the chief gets his choice, which is the breast piece; the other portions are divided according to laws of tradition. The living captives they keep and feed up until they are required, when they bring them out and torture them first in various ways, according to the habits of the particular tribe; there is no mercy expected and none asked, and when their turn comes they will not ask or expect any; no exchange of prisoners ever takes place; and never a thought of patching up a peace with their hereditary enemies enters their minds.

But they are scrupulously honest with each other as regards belongings, and even an enemy would not wantonly destroy property or devastate gardens, for this would entail too horrible a calamity, or perhaps they are satisfied with the eye for the eye system of revenge. It is only on the sea, that some stranger tribe, which has had a bad season, may board and seize an unknown trading-vessel, and this is, I believe, the only plunder which it is considered lawful to take and to hold, and even this seldom happens except in times of famine, as they will rather barter with their own allies than seize upon an enemy's property.

That some of the coast tribes have become thieves since their intercourse with the white traders during the last few years I will allow, for evil communication is apt to corrupt the most mannerly, but inland it is still the same; a stranger may leave his baggage and goods behind him for months with any of the mountain tribes, and find them not only untouched upon his return, but most carefully guarded.

At Kerepunu, on the coast, I dropped amongst the grass a pocket-knife, which is one of their most coveted treasures, and got it back again from a native who had hunted after me for six hours to return it, knowing it to be mine because he saw me sharpen my pencil with it. At Milne Gulf or Bay we spent a day trying to propitiate the tribe of that region, and purchase the forfeited life of a trader who had stolen a hen from a brood which the coloured teacher had left behind him, when he was forced to abandon the station there; they

considered that the hen had been under their protection, and that their honour had been taken away with that hen, also that no payment could wipe out this disgrace, except the life of the robber or that of a substitute. I have related this incident at length in *A Colonial Tramp*, so that I only mention it here. The robber had made his escape and we got safely away ourselves, but we did not leave them completely satisfied, so that probably, although we did our best, some future adventurer will have to pay up for that stolen hen with his life, for they are implacable, and have everlasting memories.

Many innocent men are massacred by the natives of New Guinea ; indeed, I believe the majority of the parties who have been treacherously cut off have been innocent, paying the penalty for some evil-doer who has gone before them, for to the natives all white men are relations, and so as the men who have wronged them have managed to escape their vengeance they store it up and pay it off upon the first comers who happen to trust themselves in their power, and who may be over-confident in the consciousness of their own rectitude. A savage never complains of the injustice done to him by strangers or outsiders ; if he did he might be appeased and the innocent escape, or be warned ; he waits his time, speaks fair to his intended victim, luring him into some forest shade where he dispatches him quietly. Therefore, notwithstanding the many massacres which happen, I do not believe a single outrage has ever taken place in which the original cause could not be laid directly upon some white man, if the case was only thoroughly investigated.

Owing to this reticence on the part of the natives themselves, it is difficult to get them to give the whole history of their wrongs and grievances ; and the white men who have committed the outrages are not likely to open their mouths too widely. Sometimes you may drop upon an adventurer who has had his head nearly cut off, or another who shows you the spear wounds on his body, and when you ask them how they came by these marks, they will tell you that they had a bit of a shindy at so and so, and change the conversation. If you ask them if they killed any natives in return, they will look at you in an amazed fashion, and inquire if they look like fools who would carry marks like that about them without paying off the score ; or if you thought that they would carry revolvers and Winchestersters with ammunition about New Guinea to pop at birds of paradise ?

These free-traders, like the natives, will not go into particulars about themselves, but they are always ready to enliven a passing hour by telling you about the atrocities of some friend of theirs ; how so and so ran amuck through a village before he sailed away, shooting down the natives as long as he had a shot left in his pouch

to cram into his Winchester, because one of the men refused him his wife. And the bulk of them will inform you that the only safe way to settle a dispute or shindy is to kill every man, woman, and child of the tribe, if you want to go back again. Sometimes they will tell you that they dare not go to such and such a village, and give you as their reason that they were too —— merciful, and so are marked men in that tribe.

At other places, if an adventurer accompanies you, as one of the worthies accompanied me along a short portion of my journey as guide, the moment the natives catch a glimpse of him with his Winchester, they will vacate the village in a mass, rushing shrieking to the shelter of the woods with horror in their faces, and leaving behind them in that wild stampede only the decrepid old men and women with babies which they could not stop to pick up, and who cannot run, while the old folks who are left behind fall on their faces, half dead with fear, and cannot be made to utter a word. If you remark, "They appear to know you in this part?" perhaps a grim smile will pass over his lips while he laconically answers, "Yes." But that is not evidence enough to charge a man, or even sufficient to name him for, although it is plain enough evidence to make one shudder as if he had walked in the woods with Jack the Ripper.

The Government officials at Port Moresby may know the men I mean when I describe these experiences, and desire more conclusive evidence about these men, for they may be watching them as closely as they can with their limited opportunities, but what can half-a-dozen, or a dozen officials, with two missionaries and a few Kanaka teachers do in the way of watching and protecting the natives of a land of the extent of British New Guinea?

You will hear that so-and-so travelled over the land with dynamite amongst his other necessities, and never lay down a night without a wide circle of these charges about him ready laid, so that a passing foot would set them off and blow the unfortunate passer-by into atoms; you will hear that these dynamite charges sometimes did go off. If you ask the natives who can speak broken English if these awful stories of atrocity are true they will shake their heads and answer, "Yes, very bad fellow that."

I dare not name these men because no white man would incriminate himself, and the natives have not confidence enough in the white men to speak straight out; or else the Government would name them quickly enough, as I would do, and as also would the missionaries, who are doing their level best to civilize and protect the land. We will not hear more than rumours of outrages from the German quarter until the last of the northern tribes are driven over the mountainous Stanley ranges—if those enterprising German emigrants leave a remnant of the last northern tribes to make their escape, or

the horror-stricken wretches are able to climb over the precipices which wall them in; then we may learn for certain how completely these strong masters have cleared the land, how prosperous they are in their new colony, and how their scientific professors and naturalists have filled their museums with skulls and with preserved heads of the exterminated Papuan race.

I have been asked, "Who are these men who cause the natives to revenge themselves on innocent travellers?" They are not the legitimate traders, although these traders have often to suffer for them; they are what is called throughout the South Seas "beach-combers," a name synonymous to "wrecker," "slaver," "pirate," or any other title you please to give to a man who is owner of a small smack, manned by Malays or degenerate South-Sea Islanders, who goes sailing about the southern waters to pick up what he safely can in the way of "trade."

These small skippers know full well that they are not likely to get permission to land on New Guinea, therefore they do not ask for it; they sail round the parts furthest removed from Port Moresby, keeping a wary look out for the Government war sloop, which they can easily do, for they know the dangerous passages inside the coral reefs a great deal better than do the Government pilots; they have sailed these waters and lived amongst the natives until they are hardly to be recognised as Europeans. Some of them have gone squarely to work and married into different tribes, and so have a right where they land to a home welcome. They lead a free and easy, if dangerous, life. Their native wives and relations do not like them, but they have a wholesome respect for their Winchester and revolvers; and for their own lives they do not appear to care a penny-piece. They drink, damn, and debauch whenever they have an opportunity, and force the natives to find them a cargo by the force of their rifles; then they sail away to the ports of Queensland and dispose of it there, a cargo consisting of copra, bêche-de-mer, pearl oyster shells, birds of paradise, curios, and sometimes, although not often, black flesh to sell to the plantations of Mayborough, &c. They are not particular so that they get a *safe enough* cargo without exertion, pay nothing for it, and are able to lead the lives they like best. They are murdered sometimes, of course; indeed, I believe most of them wind up their merry lives in that fashion, but that does not deter them, and these are the men who make New Guinea dangerous to travellers and well-wishers.

The legitimate traders can easily be named, as they are all entered on the official books and hold special permits to live and trade on the land, and as a fair example of an honest trader, I will mention Mr. Keswick, of Teste Island. He is a native of the Isle of Man, where

I believe his people still live. He treats the natives of the island upon which he has his station fairly and honourably, never interfering with their freedom or domestic customs, and paying them liberally for the work they do. Teste Island lies off the mainland beyond South Cape, and the natives were originally considered, before he came amongst them, to be the most dangerous and treacherous along the coast, yet he sleeps with open doors and lets them use his stores as sleeping quarters for their young men; and on the night I stayed with him at his station, he was called up four times to give medicine to some natives who had the fever; for he unites with his occupation of trader that of doctor, general adviser, as well as spiritual comforter, a task which he willingly shares with the Kanaka teacher sent there by the missionaries. He leads a quiet and easy life, in a lovely island with perfect surroundings; far out of reach of mails or news of the world, except when the vessel comes for his cargo, when he may get some books, papers, and letters; he has artistic tastes, and has decorated his rooms with prints, books, and native curios. He is a bachelor, and lives without reproach, otherwise the news would quickly reach Port Moresby, and his "permit" in that case would be taken from him. The natives obey him with affection and regard him like a father. So he has civilized without weeding out the native tribe of Teste Island.

The question now to be considered is an open one for us as Englishmen. Shall we take up this land of a hundred democratic states and purchase it from the natives at their own price? It will cost us a good deal more in this way than most of our other colonies have cost us, for the natives are intelligent savages, and good hands at a bargain; shall we buy it from them and employ them as labourers for us, while they continue to exist, or protect them properly by sending out such traders as Mr. Keswick to live amongst them and deal fairly with them, with a strong enough Government force to see that justice is administered equally to Papuan and European? in which case we will have to send out a sufficiently strong force to be able to protect our boundary lines from the German invaders, who when they have crowded their own side of the mountain wall, may next think about occupying the no man's land under our "protection;" or shall we leave the natives yet a little longer to their fate, while we settle affairs nearer home—leave them open to the ravages of unscrupulous adventurers, as they are at present, to be wronged and defrauded, with revenge and hatred breeding in their hearts, and horrible murders of whites and blacks taking place every month or so? or lastly must we put into practice the broad lesson which our sturdy and southward-pushing German neighbours to the north have already taught us so effectually, and "clear the land" for the advance of "Christian" commerce and civilisation?

HUME NISBET.

THE MACEDONIAN QUESTION.

OF all the various subdivisions of the great Eastern question, the difficulties in Macedonia are at present the most threatening, and the least understood. The means of obtaining reliable information are limited to the Vice-Consulates at Monastir, and their reports do not reach the public, which is thrown back upon the biassed statements of the Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian press. These statements are so diametrically opposed to each other as to make it evident that most of them are false, since no two can equally be accurate, and the natural conclusion to arrive at is that there is scarcely a word of truth in any of them. It was in order to gain a real insight into the situation that I resolved this summer to visit Macedonia, and learn on the spot what it was impossible to gather from outside. The moment was a favourable one, since the newly appointed Bulgarian bishops had recently taken up their residences, and were already commencing to make their authority felt. I decided to make Monastir my headquarters, since the whole struggle is virtually confined to that Vilayet. The Bulgarians have no ambitions in the direction of Salonica, Yanina, or Scutari, and it is for Monastir that the keenest jealousies rage. The following remarks must therefore be taken as applying to the Vilayet of Monastir, and not to the districts of Albania or of Old Servia.

It may be useful at the outset clearly to define in what the Macedonian Question consists. The point at issue, though it is not often so nakedly stated, is simply which of the three adversaries, Greeks, Serbs, and Bulgars, is to be so favoured by Turkey as to enable it, when that Power is in extremity, to seize Macedonia for itself. The object of the Porte hitherto has naturally been to prevent any one of them from securing the necessary preponderance. It is noteworthy that whilst the Greek papers do not hesitate to advance their claims to a portion of the Turkish Empire, and whilst in Servia, during the debate on the address to the Crown, a deputy proposed that measures should be taken "to oppose the Bulgarian propaganda in Macedonia," the Bulgars, being still in a state of vassalage, only use the *vis inertiae*, and confine themselves to defending their position against attack. None the less, however, Bulgarian aspirations are not a whit inferior to those of the Serbs and Greeks, if they are somewhat more discreetly brooded over. The patience and apparent indifference with which Turkey regards this conflict, indirectly aimed against herself by all parties concerned, is not one of the least curious features of the situation. Her somewhat enigmatic reserve is always enveloped in well-known

formulæ, as to the fatherly interest felt by the Sultan in all his Christian subjects, who are perpetually pestering him with demands for special favours as against each other. These favours are distributed with considerable judgment and discretion, so as to hold the balance still even; but each one is the signal for fresh dissatisfaction in all but the recipient. Up till quite lately the Greeks held a decided lead, principally owing to their almost uncontested ecclesiastical supremacy. The whole of Macedonia was under the Greek Patriarchate, and Greek priests and Greek schools were ceaselessly pushing on the Panhellene idea. With the southern population nothing was easier than to keep alive a keen sympathy with Greece. Suffering under various tyrannous acts and exactions, speaking the Greek tongue, and living under the Greek Patriarchate, the Rayahs of the south have always been, and will always be, ready to declare themselves Greeks at the first opportunity. In the north, however, the mass of the population is Slav in language, manners, customs, names, and aspirations. The only bond of sympathy between them and Greece is that of religion. By race they must indisputably be considered as originally either Serbs or Bulgars. Probably in the districts of Prizrend and Kossovo, the Servian element still exists, but, confining myself to Monastir, it has certainly disappeared, if ever it was to be found, in that Vilayet. It is over this Bulgarian population that the fiercest strife rages. No excuse is too transparent, and no mis-statement too gross, for either Greeks or Serbs, in order to attempt to claim it as their own.

One example will suffice to show the manner in which the Serbs endeavour to hoodwink Europe. Lately a priest named Stoyan was murdered, and immediately the official telegraphic Agencies of Belgrade proclaimed that he had been assassinated by the followers of the Bulgarian Bishop Senessi, and the journals of Belgrade appeared in deep black borders for the Servian priest who had been martyred, according to their version, for refusing to open the doors of a church in a Servian village to the encroaching Bulgarians. The Bulgarians, though incensed at the accusation against their bishop, did not reply beyond demanding an enquiry to be made by the impartial Turkish authorities on the spot. The facts then proved to be as follows:—The Pope Stoyan was under the Greek Church, and acting on his instructions, locked up his chapel and fled. His flock, the pretended Servians, broke open the door for the Bulgarian bishop to officiate. Some days afterwards the Pope was travelling with a small sum of money on his person and was set upon by an Albanian outlaw, killed, and robbed. The Albanian was almost immediately caught and shot down by a friend of the Pope. The whole of these facts must have reached Belgrade simultaneously. The official journal of Monastir, in publishing the result of the

enquiry, remarked in conclusion that the contention of the Serbs was ridiculous, since "there were no Serbs in the Vilayet, and consequently certainly no Servian priests." In fact, both Turks and Greeks are equally amused at Servian pretensions, which, however much they may gain credence, on the faith of statements concocted as in the instance just quoted, in Belgrade and elsewhere, have not the slightest weight in Macedonia itself. There are plenty of Serbs in the Banat, in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Croatia, but none in Monastir. It may seem hard so rudely to dispel the day-dream, but the truth being so plain there can be no harm in stating it plainly.

The Greek claim was at one time much more formidable, and is still being defended with the utmost energy. In order to understand how it is that the Greeks would call the Slavs their brothers, it is necessary to go back to the days when Bulgaria had not the slightest apparent prospect of gaining that large measure of power and independence she now enjoys. Bulgaria was as much a province of the Porte as Macedonia now is, and the only protection the Christian Rayahs had to look to, was that of the Greek Church. The Bulgarians from the very first stoutly resisted all endeavours to Hellenise them, but the issue might have been doubtful had it not been for the sudden rise of the Principality. As soon as Bulgaria obtained a voice of her own, she determined to have also her own Church. This was vehemently opposed by the Patriarchate, which finally pronounced the schism against the Bulgarian Exarch and the whole Bulgarian Church. This extreme measure succeeded to the extent of frightening a certain number of Macedonian Bulgarians into remaining under the banner of the Orthodox Church of the Phanar. On the other hand a considerable portion of them braved the wrath of the mother church, and enrolled themselves as Schismatics. Over these Schismatics the Greeks could no longer have any shadow of a claim, but *per contra* they asserted that all Slavs who remained Orthodox were "Greek." The irregular position of the Schismatics, without bishops, and unrecognised by any local authorities, civil or ecclesiastical, was the subject of continual representations from Sofia to Stamboul, culminating in the granting of Berats to two Bulgarian bishops, giving them authority to travel wherever the Bulgarian population was in a majority, and there to consecrate churches and priests. It may be imagined with what dismay the tidings of this disaster was received by the Greek Church. If any proof were needed that the population was Bulgarian and not Greek, it would be afforded by the strenuous, not to say frantic resistance of the Greek Phanar, to the appointment of the Bulgarian bishops. There never was or will be the slightest danger of any real Greeks forsaking their own Church for the

Schismatic, but on the other hand the Bulgarians, now that the Schismatic bishops are recognised by the Porte, are deserting the foreign priests to betake themselves to the care of their own bishops. On what grounds the Greeks can oppose the Bulgarians entering their own folds it is difficult to see. The real reason of course is that the utter hollowness of their theory of "Bulgarophone Greeks" is at once made manifest. This famous idea must be abandoned immediately that the "Bulgarophones" enter the Schismatic camp. As long as the Bulgars remained under the Patriarchate, and were Greek, ecclesiastically (they could be nothing else, without choosing religious outlawry), they were complacently termed "Bulgarophone Greeks," and most people outside Macedonia actually believed that they were Greek in sympathies. It is quite time, however, that this colossal hoax should be exposed. After travelling for weeks through the country in daily and hourly contact with the natives, I do not hesitate to assert that it would be quite as correct to term the southern Rayahs "Grecophone Bulgars" as it would to style the northerners "Bulgarophone Greeks." Except in the matter of religion there is absolutely nothing Greek about the Slav population, and with the advent of the bishops this tie will soon vanish, as they will quit the Greek Church for their own now that it has an official status.

In Bulgaria proper, there are numbers of Greeks who speak Bulgarian, but there we have the motive which is absent in Macedonia. They are living in the midst of Bulgarians, subject to their laws, and dependent on their authorities for trade and wealth. Gradually they assume Bulgarian names and "Bulgarize" themselves. The Georgieffs, Dimitrieffs, Panayotoffs, &c., are of course of Greek origin, just as Mahmoudoff and Abdulloff are of Turkish stock. But in Macedonia it is the pure Bulgarian, who, if he had been Greek would never have taken to speaking Bulgarian, but who, on the contrary, far from having had inducements to call himself a Bulgar, has maintained his name, his speech, and his nationality under every imaginable disadvantage and persecution, that the Greek calls a "Bulgarophone." I have dwelt at this length on the point because it is one on which the greatest misapprehensions have always existed, and which is well worth clearing up decisively once and for all.

Palpable as the "Bulgarophone" fallacy is, however, when examined *in loco*, and simple as it may be to explode it in an English article, it will not be given up without a struggle, which at present, far from showing signs of dying out, is waxing daily fiercer. The first thought which would naturally strike the onlooker who has grasped the real situation is, what interest can the Greeks have in fighting for a possession already lost, and which if gained would be of no use to them? It is perfectly evident that Greece could never

hold Macedonia, but on the other hand, she has a vital objection to having the Bulgarian frontier extended. The keynote to the Macedonian quarrel is the ever-present fear of the young principality, which is equally felt by Greece and Servia. As far as Greece is concerned she is safe so long as she can maintain at least a balance of power, influence, call it what you will, in Macedonia. Her visions of preponderance are well-nigh gone, but at least she can hope for equality. And there is no reason why, in the event of a distribution of Macedonia, this equality might not be arranged as between Greece and Bulgaria. The line of ethnological division is marked with curious, not to say significant distinctness. A boundary drawn across the map from Salonica to Durazzo would hardly leave a Bulgarian to the south of it, nor a Greek to the north. This would somewhat curtail Bulgarian pretensions, and would still further destroy Panhellenic claims, but it would none the less be a fair apportionment which neither party could really be otherwise than pleased at. But if Greece and Bulgaria would accept it contentedly, Servia would certainly have the best of reasons for declining to countenance it. With no substantial ground on which to base her opposition to Bulgarian aggrandisement in Macedonia, still more than Greece has Servia reason to look with mistrust on any increase in the power of her warlike neighbour. During the recent Serbo-Bulgarian war the temper of the Macedonians was sufficiently shown by their despatch of a large volunteer contingent which, under the late Major Panitza, rendered signal service to the Bulgarians. Up to the present day the southern districts of Servia, given to her by the Berlin Treaty, remain far too Bulgarian to please the rulers of Belgrade, and the smallest excuse would be welcomed for the inhabitants of Nisch and Pirot to return to the allegiance of their ancestors. When Prince Alexander's victorious troops entered Servian territory they were greeted with presents of flowers, bread, and wine; and M. Stamboloff himself has assured me that the peasants on the way to Nisch spoke as pure a Bulgarian as he himself. It is perfectly clear to the Servians that for Bulgaria to gain possession of Northern Macedonia would only shortly precede a reconquest of the original Bulgarian territory up to Nisch, which would only be the beginning of the total extinction of Servia. In a conversation I once had with M. Garashanin, then Prime Minister of Servia, he declared that he had undertaken the war against Bulgaria wholly and solely on his own responsibility as being an absolute political necessity. He added that Servia was too hemmed in, and unless she could extend her territory, must die of strangulation. If, instead of extending it, the fortunes of war were further to curtail it, the hour of political strangulation would be nearer. The only direction in which there is even a vague possibility of finding an outlet is in

Macedonia, and it is for this reason that Servia appears ready to risk her all in that province. If, as M. Garashanin thought in 1883, and as the best judges still think, standing still means death to Servia, she is right in pushing forward. It is another question whether she has much chance of success. In the same conversation, M. Garashanin remarked to me, "The naked man leaps farthest," in other words, those who have nothing to lose go the greatest lengths. If Servia stands still Bulgaria will not, and sooner or later it seems inevitable that they must again meet. The consideration of these eventualities take the student outside the Macedonian question proper, but I wish to point out all that it holds, and to prove that it is not merely a series of squabbles as to whether one community or another shall establish a new school, or consecrate a church. The real issues are far wider, and it is more than possible that the future of the Balkans will be decided on a question which attracts far too little attention from the great Powers at present.

The actual situation, which it is as well to understand before drawing conclusions, may be stated briefly as follows. To begin with, draw the imaginary boundary from Salonica to Durazzo. To the north of this line the immense majority of the population is agricultural Bulgarian. In the large towns there remain the ruling element of Turks and the commercial element of Greeks and Wallachs. For the most part these Wallachs are Greek in sympathy and religion, though there is a dissident party with headquarters at Monastir, under the leadership of M. Apostol Margariti, which holds out for maintaining its Roumanian nationality. Still, to all intents and purposes the Wallachs may be counted Greeks. Round the feet of the mountains are various Albanian villages, which, however, have no political importance. In some of the larger villages and a few towns, the Bulgarians have also ousted the Greeks from commercial supremacy, as, for instance, at Perlipeh. In the north-west there is a population composed almost exclusively of Albanians, whose allegiance is not coveted by any claimants. In Monastir, and in the north generally, the Ottoman authorities are inclined to favour the Bulgarians rather than the Greeks. This is due to a mistrust of the Greek spirit of intrigue, which is viewed with great disfavour, and suppressed with very unnecessary rigour and much injustice of late. The temporary indulgence accorded to the Bulgars cannot be counted upon as a factor in their favour, as it is liable to be withdrawn at any moment. Since the appointment of the Bulgarian bishops, however, further liberties in the matter of communal self-government have been granted to the Bulgars, who are largely represented on the Municipal Council of the Vilayet, and who, in fact, are now, except in the matter of a Consul, as well off as either Greeks or Serbs. Compared with Eastern Roumelia, the

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north of Macedonia has a perfect claim to be incorporated with Bulgaria proper. There are fewer Turks and Greeks there than there were in Roumelia before the union, and many more Bulgars. In fact a simple removal of the Turkish rule would suffice at once for that portion of Macedonia, if left to itself, to amalgamate naturally with the principality. Turning southwards, we find a homogeneous Greek population, that is to say, Greek and Wallach, with less of the Wallach as we approach the Greek frontier. Southern Albania also offers a certain field for Greek propaganda, and beyond a feeble sort of pretension put forward in the publication of various so-called ethnological maps, Bulgaria has no opposition to offer to Greece becoming mistress of the whole of the country south of the line. It may be asked where the Servian claim comes in, to which I must answer that I was unable to discover any peg on which to hang one, beyond the determination not to allow that of Bulgaria.

It remains now to deal with "the man in possession," and to examine the methods of the Porte in governing a province which everybody seems to take for granted will soon pass out of its grasp. I propose to enter at some length into this part of the question, not because the administration of the Vilayet of Monastir differs materially from that of any other Turkish Vilayet, but because I believe a small percentage only of the public has any idea of this administration, and because it is probably on some one or other of its abuses that will be founded the pretext for finally settling the dispute as to who is to have Macedonia.

In the first place the Vilayet of Monastir is not so much governed by the Porte as by Dervish Pasha. It has long been traditional at Stamboul that the patronage of outlying provinces should be vested in the hands of some palace favourite. Since the time when Dervish Pasha roamed with his army over Albania, the reversion of Monastir has fallen to him. It is Dervish Pasha who appoints the Vali, the Caïmacams, Mudirs, police authorities, &c. Each of his nominees, in return for his place, is expected to forward a proportionate yearly sum to his patron. It was stated at Monastir that Dervish Pasha's annual income from Monastir was over £25,000. During my stay there the Vali's son left for Constantinople. No secret was made in the Bazaars of the allegation that he carried with him £2,500, and that he would return with promotion in the army. The Vali's own contribution to Dervish Pasha was supposed to be £10,000 per annum. This official had formerly been Mutessarif of Uskub. At the time of the Bulgarian revolution he imprisoned all the Bulgarian notables, in spite of protests even from their Moslem fellow-townsmen. A price was fixed for their release, and a European gentleman told me that he remembered seeing the plates held at the church at Istib "for the Mutessarif." On another occasion

the son of a certain Kassim Agha committed a murder, but was released on payment of £550. On receiving this money the Mutesarif commenced to build a little mosque which the inhabitants christened in derision the "Kassim Agha Djanissy," a standing monument to his corruption. Since his appointment as Vali of Monastir, Faik Pasha has sustained his reputation, and it is an axiom that it is of no use approaching him with less than £100. With this individual at the head of the administrative machine, an idea can be formed of the rest. Being struck with the peculiar imbecility of the Mudir of Kailar, I inquired if he was a direct nominee of Dervish Pasha's. I then learnt that he had been a favourite in the household of — Pasha at Constantinople. This pasha possessed two farms near Uskub, which he had asked Faik Pasha to look after for him. In order to please his friend, Faik Pasha had named his ex-favourite Governor of Kailar. At Kojaneh and Siatista I also found Albanians as governors. He of Kojaneh boasted of having been a Bashi Bazouk under Dervish, and could neither read nor write. His district is perhaps the most important in the Vilayet. I shall later on have occasion to allude to the Mudir of Siatista. Suffice it to say that every post of importance is held by Albanians, almost invariably named through Dervish Pasha. Besides the fact that these nominees have to provide money for their patron, the colossal evil remains that they are all both afraid of each other and bound together by common interests. They do not administer the law of the Sultan in punishing each other when guilty of offences, but consider themselves servants of Dervish Pasha, all bound to one master, and either uphold or wink at all misdeeds committed by any member of the "ring." And as the ring comprises almost all the higher officials, it is perfectly useless to complain of one to the other. It is superfluous to add that as long as the wretched old Constantinople pasha, whose enormous wealth and cupidity are notorious from one end of the Ottoman Empire to the other, is allowed to spend his last remaining years in perverting the administration of Monastir Vilayet for his own benefit, there is no hope of amelioration.

No better illustration could be given of the condition of the Vilayet than that furnished by the case of Siatista. This village is situated about eight hours from the Greek frontier, and an equal distance from the flourishing town of Kojaneh. It is in itself of some importance, producing some seven hundred thousand okes (an oke is equivalent to about $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.) of wine annually; and furthermore possessing a Gymnase which gives diplomas in law and medicine. It is, however, comparatively of small population, consisting entirely of Greek Christians. The late Mudir was an Albanian named Fetih Effendi. He had been a Government employé in Bulgaria, and boasted that he had signed the death warrants for three hundred and

seven of the victims of the Batak massacre in which he had also taken an active part. On taking up his post at Siatista he at once inaugurated a systematic persecution of the inhabitants, apparently from no other motives than a determination to crush out the last spark of independence, and a purely bestial delight in torture. Two successive petitions sent to Monastir and Constantinople produced no effect beyond marking out the signatories for special pursuit. Amongst his other amusements Fetih Effendi was in the habit of procuring, by force if necessary, the wives of the villagers, and it was out of this that arose the case of Nicolas Despo. He was a cloth-worker, a fine young fellow of twenty-eight, married to a pretty woman with two children. The Mudir's advances having been repulsed he seized Despo on pretence of his being in communication with brigands, and proceeded to beat him unmercifully. He then threw him into an empty house, and sent word to his wife that he would be let out "if she would come herself and ask for his pardon." The spirited woman replied that he might tear Despo in pieces first. The beating was then twice repeated, a similar message being sent and a similar answer returned on each occasion. This took place in the third week in May, when, having no armed force in Siatista, Fetih Effendi sent to his superior at Lapsista for twenty cavalry soldiers. Immediately on their arrival he determined to profit by their presence, and summoning some forty or fifty of the notables of the village he marched them all off to a monastery situated in the gorge of Serushina. The watchman of Serushina was an Albanian of Dibra, a ruffian named Ghikas, whose exploits alone would fill an article, and who acted as henchman and executioner to the Mudir. Having secured all his victims in the monastery, together with Despo, he commenced cudgelling them, a few escaping through the paid intercession of the Hegumen or Abbot. When he had done with them he sent about twenty to Lapsista, where they were kept in prison for a month, and one was deported in chains to Serfitcheh. No form or pretence of a trial had ever taken place, and the only crime of which they were supposed to have been guilty was the common pretext—connection with brigands.

To return to Despo, who was beaten for the fourth time with exceptional severity, and again relegated to confinement till the 25th May. On that day he was marched out, scarcely able to stand, to a piece of bare rocky ground just outside the village. The soldiers with fixed bayonets formed a cordon to keep off the assemblage of frantic women, and Ghikas again began beating him till he fell senseless. The Mudir then turned the body over with his foot, and, on his victim's groaning, picked up a piece of rock and struck him on the temple. Leaving him for dead, Fetih Effendi and his faithful Ghikas then left the modern Aceldama and strode into the

bazaars, revolvers in hand, demanding from the angry crowd whether it was "worth while to make such a fuss for the carcass of a Christian dog." Meanwhile, Despo's friends picked him up and carried him to the house of one of them, at the same time sending an indignant message to the Caimacam of Lapsista who arrived next day. He visited the still inanimate body of Despo with his own doctor, and then repaired to the Metropole, where, from the midst of the throng, Despo's wife rushed out and threw her children at his feet, crying that now her husband was dead they might as well kill the children. The ultimate result was that the Mudir was removed three weeks later, but not with punishment. He was merely appointed to another Christian village the other side of the valley. Despo was slowly nursed back to life by his devoted wife and friends, and as soon as he was able to bear the move was smuggled out of the district, a cripple for life, with St. Vitus's dance arising from the last blow from Fetih Effendi's own hand.

As a rule stories of atrocities of this nature must be received with much caution, but I have no hesitation in relating the foregoing, since it has been reported in identical terms officially to the various Embassies at Constantinople, and since I had every opportunity in Siatista itself of interrogating eye-witnesses. There was no discrepancy in the gruesome tale, whether told by the doctors, by the men who had nursed Despo, or by his unfortunate wife herself, and no room for a doubt as to the entire truth of the bare facts as above stated.

It is most significant of the terrorism exercised by the authorities in out-of-the-way districts, that news of Despo's maltreatment only filtered indirectly through to Monastir, and was not known at Salonica till four months after the occurrence. It is also worthy of remark that in spite of strong representations made to the Vali nothing in the way of punishment was done either to Fetih Effendi or Ghikas, both of whom are probably quite ready to begin again when opportunity offers.

I have mentioned that one of the notables was sent in chains to Serfitcheh, which brings us to the consideration of the Court Martial which sits in perpetuity at that town. It is composed of a Binbashi (Major) as President, with a few inferior officers as members. It represents a state of Martial Law which nothing in the condition of the Vilayet justifies, and its sentences are without appeal except to the Sultan himself, which of course is hopeless. As far as I could learn there was no single instance of this Court Martial having condemned a Mussulman, whereas it acted with unusual severity towards Christians. Whilst passing through Kojaneh I found a great feeling of irritation, owing to thirteen of its most respectable citizens having been sent in chains to Serfitcheh, on a transparently trumped-up charge of being concerned in a trifling burglary. They had been condemned by the Court Martial to eighteen years' imprisonment in

the fortress of Fazan. It is extremely improbable that such a sentence should have been imposed without some political charge and corroborative testimony having been adduced; but, proceedings being secret, they were, to all intents and purposes, condemned for a crime of which they were certainly guiltless. Many more instances might be quoted, but they would all be simple variations of the same fashion of procedure.

I had intended to enter fully into the question of the abuse of power by the Alai Bey or Chief of Police, but any revelations here made would only point out the persons named, or their relatives, for future injustice. There is also the danger of making charges which it would be impossible from a distance to prove. I cannot refrain, however, from relating one instance, merely prefacing the story by saying that it is repeated as told to me by many witnesses, as it was made the basis of strong remonstrances officially addressed to the Vali by various consular authorities, and as it will remain for ever on record in the archives of the Vilayet, and in the memories of the people. If it meets with a denial unsupported by the evidence of an impartial commission of inquiry on which Europeans are seated, every one may attach its respective importance to the statement and its contradiction.

Close to the village of Gornitchevo, in the Florina district, some muleteers, carrying a sum of money belonging to Monastir merchants, were attacked and robbed, on the 22nd April, 1890. The police were soon on the spot and called on the villagers to denounce the brigands. They replied that beyond the fact of their believing them to be wandering Albanians they knew nothing. Thereupon, the majority of the inhabitants, including women and children, were beaten, and thirteen, amongst whom was the village priest, Pope Tassa, were selected for further inquisition. After being dragged about by the beards and hair and well cudgelled, four of them, named respectively Georgi Tanass, Rista Gruo, Ivan Vultcha, and Yovan Chanko, the last being seventy years old, were stripped, and had heated stones and eggs laid under their armpits, and in other sensitive parts of the body, till the skin and flesh peeled off. For another, named Mitza Yovan, an oven was prepared, but by some accident he escaped his fate. Nitra Romeh had splinters of pine thrust under his nails and then lighted. None of them uttered a word to implicate each other, merely protesting the perfect innocence of the whole village. All the thirteen were sent to Florina prison, where they were kept for thirty-five days, when seven were released. The six whose wounds were still unhealed were kept in gaol. They were visited by four doctors, whose reports confirmed their account of their sufferings, and the inhabitants of Gornitchevo came in *en masse* and gave sworn evidence of what had occurred. Meanwhile the real brigands, whose chief was an Albanian of

Nicolitza named Zufel, were captured, and the innocence of the villagers clearly demonstrated. Yet neither this fact, nor the repeated representations from all quarters made to the Vali, led to the release of the six, who, when I was at Monastir in September, were "to come up for judgment" in a month's time, namely, when their wounds would no longer bear such eloquent testimony. This story, with many more painful details which I have omitted, is notorious at Monastir, and, as far as I know, has met with no attempt at justification. If any is forthcoming, it would be welcome.

Barbarous as the conduct of the police appears to have been at Gornitchevo, I have in my note-book cases far exceeding this one in refined cruelty and contempt for all forms of trial and justice. The head and front of the offenders is of course a direct nominee of Dervish Pasha's, and though the Vali Faik Pasha has often assured complainants that if their stories were true he would punish him, there is of course no chance of his doing so.

Almost on the last day of my stay in the town I assisted at a ceremony of prize distribution at the girls' school. The notorious Alai Bey stalked into the room, but was not greeted by several of the Consular corps, who, to their honour be it said, refuse to return the salute of a man who stands accused, and by public voice convicted, of deeds which hardly bear narration. But half-way through the proceedings a gorgeously dressed Albanian entered, and seated himself by the Chief of Police. He was a special envoy of the Sultan, and was a guest in the house of the Alai Bey. This alone would be sufficient to prove how difficult any attempt to visit the sins of this official would be. There is nobody strong enough to face the protection which he enjoys through his patron at Stamboul.

As I have suggested, the only possible method would be an European commission, for which there is abundant ground if one-tenth of what is reported as taking place is true.

In conclusion, I think the deductions to be drawn from my experience may be stated in a very few words. The Government of the Vilayet is essentially bad to a degree which might at any moment afford a pretext, if desired, for internal rising or foreign intervention. As regards the former, Turkey is still quite strong enough to put down anything like a revolution, but if it did so, there would certainly follow scenes which would force the Powers to step in. As to spontaneous intervention for sentimental and philanthropic motives, though there are many revolting instances periodically occurring of torture and injustice, the general state of the people is not such as to warrant it. When the match is laid to the train it will be by Greece or Servia, not as against Turkey, but as against Bulgaria. I prefer not to carry prediction to any further point.

A. HULME-BEAMAN.

CONDUCT AND GREEK RELIGION.

A PROTEST.

IN order to prove a theory there is sometimes a temptation to misrepresent facts; and Miss Cobbe may not unfairly be considered to have yielded to it in an article called "The Two Religions," which was lately published by her in *The Contemporary Review*. In that article she describes early Greek religion as a mere "power worship"; and she repeatedly speaks of its rites as a slavish propitiation of brute force. Here, for instance, are the words in which she dismisses it: "There is nothing very ennobling in all this; and we may apprehend that the gratitude of the Greeks sometimes took the proverbial character of a lively sense of favours expected. Still it was the best emotion their religion in its crude stage was qualified to call forth."

How Miss Cobbe arrived at her conclusions we are informed in the following statement: "A little reflection," she writes, "will prove that, on the basis of Nature-worship, Religion could have nothing whatever to do with Righteousness; nay, that if it influenced conduct at all, it must have been in a direction adverse to morality": in fact, that "while the gods were such as Homer drew" it was quite impossible that they should exercise an influence for good upon their worshippers.

This argument seems to be based on the assumption that Theology makes Religion, not Religion, Theology; and it ignores the true position which they bear to each other, which is this—that purely spiritual and eternal truths must first be perceived by the religious temperament, before there can be any attempt made to embody them in dogma or Theology. Thus with the Greek, it was his perception of the divine in the human, that caused him to trace his genealogy, step by step, from the heroes to the Gods, and from the Gods to Zeus, the father of all created things. And so it was with regard to the natural world. First came the perception of the divine in nature, then the elaboration of this thought into deities, each presiding over and controlling some element, and initiating, under Zeus, every natural process.

But before we venture to form an opinion on the religion of the Greeks, we must not be satisfied with merely putting together for ourselves the bare skeleton of their mythology, upon that skeleton forming our own opinion, and asking ourselves "could these bones live?" But we must take the trouble to become informed what was the effect their mythology had upon the Greeks themselves—what help, or inspiration, or what ideal they themselves possessed in their

gods—what was the meaning conveyed to them by the names of Pallas Athene, of Apollo, and of Aphrodite.

Now, if we search through the pages of Homer, we shall find that these deities were regarded with the deepest reverence and the most confiding faith. We shall see with absolute clearness that it was love not appetite which was inspired and blessed by Golden Aphrodite; that Phoebus Apollo's far-darting arrows were for the erring and sinful, whilst Pallas Athene guided the hero with words of wisdom, and girt him about with every kind of courage. So it was no want of awe, no mean conception of Zeus, that caused Hector to refuse to offer a libation with unwashed hands, or to enter the presence of the Cloud-gatherer still covered with the filth and blood-stains of war. Nor can we afford to despise a religion, which presented to the same hero such an ideal of conduct that, foreseeing death, and with the iron entering into his soul of sorrows far bitterer than death, he yet did not refuse to drink the cup of duty, but drained it to the uttermost dregs.

There is, however, no doubt a fact about the Greek religion, which seems strange at first to us, the inheritors of the Jewish tradition, and this is the fact that not only did the Greeks idealise and deify everything that appeared to them wonderful, admirable, and miraculous in the natural world: but also, that in human nature every quality which appealed to the Greek sense of fitness and beauty as being worthy of reverence and admiration, was equally idealised and personified in a special divinity; and every spark of these divine qualities realized in individuals was recognized as a partaking in the nature of the gods.

The whole truth is that the Greeks, unlike the Jews, did not narrow the realm of the Divine to the realm of the moral consciousness only. The sense of Beauty and Truth and the guiding and controlling power of Reason were recognised and adored equally with the sense of morality, as an emanation and revelation of God.

In fact that exquisite sense of justice and proportion, which was such an essential characteristic of the Greeks, and prevented them from arrogating to one faculty only what was equally the origin of all, might well be said to have constituted the Greek conscience—the arbiter to which everything was referred. Consequently the practical ideal towards which their conduct would tend, was the widest and most perfect development of every human faculty. It was not the cultivation of one set of qualities at the expense of another set, but excellence in every characteristic and accomplishment that “doth become a man.” In Homer, we must be specially struck by the true manliness, the real humility, and the simple religion displayed in the characters of the heroes. Every brave action or successful undertaking, every exhibition of what we now call self-control, is due only to the inspiration

and guidance of the gods, who are sent by Zeus to the help of man; and to the gods is given the glory. So, too, all the sorrows and misfortunes from which the heroes suffer are represented as the consequence of sins and misdeeds, which must in each case be brought home to the doer of them, in order that he may repent of his fault, and be reconciled to the Deity.

Nor when we talk of such deities are we talking of any mere abstractions—of ideal qualities personified. To the Greek his gods were intensely real. For though they did embody for him an ideal of conduct in every circumstance of daily life, they were at the same time most real and living personalities, who could and actually did help him to attain to that ideal. "They were about his path, and about his bed, and spied out all his ways," in a sense so near and so familiar that we can hardly understand it now. When Achilles was conscious of his reason and better judgment coming to his aid, it was Pallas Athene, sent by Zeus, whose touch was upon his head. It was the same vivid and instant perception of the divine origin of every faculty of man that led Helenos to account for the wisdom of his advice to Hector, by representing himself as having heard the gods taking counsel together and as merely repeating the conclusions at which they had arrived. And surely it is not for us to look down on the frame of mind in which reason is recognised as one of the many voices of God.

Indeed, it may well seem to some of us that the soul of man has suffered a loss since the days of those devout Greeks—that the recognition of the moral sense alone as the voice of God, has cast a blight on the other equally God-given, equally essential and eternal faculties of man.

Who shall deny that our ceasing to perceive the Divine in the Beautiful has tended to degrade all art, and to make it vulgar and sensual? or that its spiritual and material sides are so nearly connected together, that what aims a blow at one must vitally injure the other? and do not we realise this most when we remember that it was the religion of the Greeks which created the Parthenon?

Perhaps it is the unconscious desire to restore the lost balance of our powers that works in the minds of many a modern atheist. It may be the fact of Christianity having so long denied that the revelation of Beauty is any part of the revelation of God, which has prompted them to deny, what is certainly not denied here, that there is any revelation of Him even in ideal goodness. So far have we succeeded in materialising everything in heaven and earth since the days of the simple religion of Homer.

This conscience of the Greeks, this sense of proportion and balance, the harmony of the whole and the value of the parts, was afterwards also their ruling idea in ethics and politics. In *The*

Republic of Plato, in the *Ethics* of Aristotle, this sense of justice and proportion, of harmony and of dignity, which, united with the something compelling and divine, that can be felt but not defined, and is expressed by the word *Beauty*, always occupied the judgment-seat of the highest court of appeal—a composite sense which we now profess to have ousted, and have replaced by that simple and meagre one—the mere sense of right and wrong.

At all events, the religion of the Greeks was very far from being what Miss Cobbe describes it—a mere idealization of physical force. That is a discovery the systematic teaching of which has been left to philosophers of a later day; and though it is certainly true that the Greek religion did not do what the Jewish did—give the moral idea that peculiar prominence which was the result of its being the only ideal given—yet in the wonderful diversity of the Greek mind the moral sense was profoundly and sharply developed. Whose vision ever penetrated further into the groaning and travail-ing heart of Humanity than the vision of *Æschylus*? Who had a deeper sense than he of the all-compelling grandeur of the moral law, or a more devout faith in the eternal working for righteousness behind the seeming inconsistencies of Time?

And it is this people, with their wide and joyous freedom of self-development, restrained only, and almost unconsciously, by their inherent sense of harmony and beauty—a sense whose proper cultivation became the chief theme of teachers and philosophers—this people, who recognised in all their schemes of education the unity of all the duties that education discharged; it is this people who are accused of a brutalising and sordid worship of a dreadful and unknown supernatural power.

The mythology of the Greeks, like the dogma of all religions, was the vessel that held the sacred fire. It was the subjective consciousness of the divine in man and nature made visible—visible in a form which taught Plato to believe that ideal Truth and Beauty, and also ideal Goodness, though they can only be seen through a glass darkly in time, will be seen face to face in eternity. No doubt philosophers, in the case of all mythologies, should see, as Plato did, behind the veil of flesh, and perhaps discard, so far as they themselves are concerned, appearances and symbols altogether. But ordinary men and women required then, as they do now, objective representations of abstract truths. For abstract truths as such are but as wandering ghosts without a body, and, except in the cases of men who may be called ghost-seers, can have no influence on practical life.

As the Jewish religion, through its one channel of revelation, was essentially a revelation of God to man, so one of the aspects of Greek religion might be said to be a revelation of man to himself—of him-

self as just come into his inheritance, and rejoicing in the full consciousness of his heaven-sent powers and possibilities. And if all this had its dark side at a later date in history, when liberty in some cases was lost in licence, did not Christianity, as the development of Judaism, also have its excesses in the cruel degradation and scorn expressed by the vilest treatment of every human faculty, except that one which, distorted and caricatured as it often was, Christians have so long acknowledged as alone being the gift of God? If this curious but too lasting phase of Christian theory had indeed been correct, the devil must have had a great deal more to do with the creation of the world than the Father of Light himself.

Although, therefore, Miss Cobbe allows only two religions to have existed for all time—the worship of power and the worship of morality—we must still claim place for a third in the conception and belief of the Greeks that Zeus, the greatest God, can be best perceived and worshipped by an ideal development of not one only, but of all the faculties he has equally given to man.

NORAH GRIBBLE.

THE SLOW DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW FOREST.

IN order to make it clear what are the charges brought against those who manage and are responsible for the New Forest, it is well to put before the public a memorial that is being signed, and of which the contents are as follows:—

The memorial, which will be presented to the Prime Minister, prays that there may be no more cutting of trees on any pretext whatever in the oldest woods (about 4,600 acres); that only the most carefully-limited cutting, simply for Crown repairs, should be allowed in the King William the Third Woods; that fuel rights should be bought up, and until bought up should be satisfied from windfalls and loppings from the unenclosed plantations; that returns on these points should be made yearly to Parliament; that all non-indigenous trees lately planted in the old woods and open spaces be removed; that the young trees of indigenous kinds lately planted be examined with a view to the removal of a part of them; that no more such plantings be allowed; that fern-cutting be disallowed in a few special places for the sake of the young growth; that the expenses of management be reduced. On the point of the cuttings in the old woods the memorial says:—

“It should be borne in mind that the old woods now only consist of a few scattered patches forming a very small part of the whole forest. It is calculated that they are about 4,600 acres out of an area between 60,000 and 70,000 acres; and we would urge that these few priceless bits that remain after a long-continued and very deplorable destruction should not be subjected to any official or forestry experiments, but should simply be preserved in their present wild and natural state for the sake of their great beauty, and the special historic interest that is attached to them.”

The following are the names of gentlemen and ladies who have either signed the memorial—of which an abstract has been given—or have joined the (Shilling) Old Woods Protection Society, or who wrote letters, or signed a petition, to be laid before the Select Committee on Woods and Forests, to protest against the cuttings in the old woods, their letters and petition being rather ungraciously refused on the plea that the writers could not be personally examined. I will not discuss this plea on the present occasion. It is sufficient to remark that such a reason did not guide the Committee of 1875 on the New Forest in their acceptance of papers.¹

(1) I ought to say here that all references, unless otherwise stated, are to Blue Book 333, 1890, containing evidence taken before the Select Committee on Woods and Forests.

MR. J. ANSTIE, Q.C.
 MISS MARY ANDERSON.
 RT. HON. EVELYN ASHLEY.
 PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE.
 MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.
 MR. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.
 MRS. A. BESANT.
 MR. JOHN BOYD, Lord Provost of
 Edinburgh.
 SIR A. W. BLOMFIELD, A.R.A.
 LT.-GEN. SIR E. BULWER.
 LT.-COL. TREVOR CLARKE, J.P.
 SIR ARTHUR CLAY, Bart.
 MRS. CRACKENTHORPE.
 W. B. CHEADLE, Esq., M.D.
 HON. JOHN COLLIER.
 PROFESSOR CHURCH.
 MR. G. DU MAURIER.
 MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.
 HERBERT FISHER, Esq.
 PROF. W. H. FLOWER.
 MRS. FAWCETT.
 SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, Bart.
 MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.
 MR. J. C. HOOK, R.A.
 MR. D. E. HUTCHINS, Conservator
 of Forests, Cape Colony.
 MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.
 MRS. JEUNE.

MR. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.
 SIR FREDK. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.
 MR. A. J. LEWIS.
 MR. J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.
 SIR J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.
 MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART.
 MR. J. W. MURRAY, A.R.W.S.
 PROFESSOR F. T. PALGRAVE, Oxford.
 MR. ALBERT PELL, late M.P. for
 South Leicestershire.
 SIR F. POLLOCK, Bart.
 MISS BEATRICE POTTER.
 DR. RANSOM.
 MR. G. RICHMOND, R.A.
 MRS. THACKERAY RITCHIE.
 LORD ST. OSWALD.
 MR. W. T. STEAD.
 MR. LESLIE STEPHEN.
 MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.
 MR. REGINALD T. G. TALBOT, J.P.
 LORD TENNYSON.
 DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF WATER-
 FORD.
 MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.
 MR. WATERHOUSE, R.A.
 PROFESSOR J. WESTLAKE.
 MR. HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
 DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
 SIR GEORGE YOUNG, Bart.

As will be seen from the Memorial, the great object that some of us have at heart is to keep these old woods—the few remaining fragments of an old England that never can be replaced—unchanged from their natural condition. We want to prevent, *under any excuse whatsoever*, the cutting of trees in them, the fencing of them round, which has long been an official project for bringing them completely under official control, the planting in them, which, even if well and carefully done, alters their character, and, above all, the planting of new and fanciful species of trees which are not indigenous to the Forest. As regards the question of planting, some of us who live on the spot are prepared to show that there is, generally speaking, throughout these old woods a thoroughly satisfactory young growth coming up; that, making allowance for the fact that under crowded beech-trees you cannot have young growth, and that it would not live if you put it there, the young growth of the Forest is more than sufficient to reproduce the old woods. It is true that cattle, ponies, donkeys, deer, all do their share of mischief, but with the present moderate stock of animals that are turned out, it can be shown that unless the deer—which individually are more destructive than cattle and ponies—are allowed to increase unduly, the young growth grows and prospers in the face of all its enemies—excepting only, perhaps, one, its official enemy, of whom I shall speak presently. The truth is, that the struggle of the young growth is one of those interesting

incidents in nature which so richly repay careful watching. The young trees require protecting tangle; and the consequence is that the larger part of those that attain their majority have grown out of thorn bushes, or hollies, or furze, or clusters of bramble, fulfilling the Forest saying, "Where there is bush, there there is tree." These natural nurses are admirably fitted for the purpose, for they grow more slowly than the young tree that they protect; and, in the case of that best of all nurses, the thorn, are rather ungratefully killed by the sapling, that soon overtops them, and then needs them no longer. The holly has such power of bearing shade and drip that it generally struggles on, even when fairly overshadowed. But, as may be perceived from what has been said, where there is no tangle, there the young growth has but a poor chance. It is true that cattle and ponies do but little harm in the winter, for at that time they are rarely to be found in the old woods. They then haunt the open ground, the ponies feeding on gorse, the cattle on heath. But in the late spring when the grass has begun to move in the glades of the old woods, and the bite of the young leaves is sweet, then they do their share of mischief; and it is then that the natural nurses are such good friends. I should, however, say that with our present moderate number of stock in the Forest, a fair number of the unprotected young trees escape. The best proof of this is—as anybody can see for himself—that a considerable number of young trees in the spring, before the new leaves have come, are still carrying their old leaves.

On what then does the protecting tangle depend? The Forest favours the growth of thorn, holly and bramble; why are there to be seen some few places in the old woods where we have not tangle sufficient to defend the young growth? The answer will appear difficult of belief to the outside public. Because our officials—who have already fenced in one beautiful old King William the Third wood on the plea of protecting it against the cattle, and who—it is an open secret—want to get an Act of Parliament to allow them to fence in the older woods, themselves destroy the tangle. They negligently allow the fern cutting (which in itself is one of the greatest boons to the people of the Forest, and against which I am not saying a word) to be carried on not only in the wide tracts where it does no harm, but also in those few spots of the old woods where there is this deficiency of young growth. Of course as long as the scythe passes every year over these places, even if the young trees themselves escape, the tangle is sacrificed, and thus the young trees cannot grow. It might be replied that in old days Mr. Cumberbatch—then Deputy Surveyor of the Forest—for a certain number of years did not allow some of these patches to be mown, and yet that the young trees, according to his evidence, were not saved from the cattle. That is I think likely.

From repeated cuttings it is probable that the roots of the old tangle had died, and in consequence more time was wanted for new tangle to be sown and to come up. That tangle will come in time in all ordinary parts of the Forest, is what almost everybody accustomed to the Forest will admit—for thorn, holly and bramble are its natural growth—the very weeds of its soil; and only a little more patience and a little more time were wanted to make Mr. Cumberbatch's experiment a success. Tangle must come; and quite as certainly young growth will come with it.¹

A few more words about the enemies of the young growth in the Forest. The cattle and ponies do some harm, but only, as I have said, during a short time of the year, and the harm that they do is not sufficient to prevent a very satisfactory reproduction.²

The deer and donkeys do more harm, for they both haunt the old woods in winter, and both are given to what the old foresters call "maggotting," that is, picking fancifully a little here and a little there. At present the number of donkeys is small, and the growth of the young trees is so vigorous that there is no occasion for anxiety. Should the donkeys ever be very largely increased, it is a question whether a limit should not be put to their number. As regards the deer, they do more harm, I suspect, than any other animal. It is not only the bite but the rub of the horn. They are said at those times when they rub in order to get rid of the velvet, to prefer certain trees like the willow; but they also rub through the winter, and I have seen three or four young oaks and beeches almost fatally hurt by their rub within a hundred yards of each other. It is easy to distinguish their rub from the rub of the ponies, who also do some harm, but much less, since the deer has a way of rubbing on both sides of a young tree and thus completely stripping the bark. I do not write this from any ill-will to the deer. I am for preserving a moderate

(1) The only exceptions I should be inclined to make are (1) where beech-trees grow densely and no growth of any kind comes up; but in these cases gaps are presently made by our strong sea-winds, and then with the new light and space, the tangle grows and is followed by the young growth; (2) where beech or oak are growing on "lawns," which have good pasture and which are closely fed; here the young tree, and each bit of tangle that shows itself, is nipped off. This happens in some very few spots in the Forest, and here I don't think the particular bit of wood will reproduce itself; but new wood is coming up in altogether new places, whose area is many and many times greater than these few spots where there will not be reproduction. It would be stupid of us to require that the new woods should in all cases occupy exactly the same ground as the old woods. They will not.

(2) It is, however, well to say here that the limited amount of mischief done by the Forest stock depends upon the preservation of their natural food, the furze and the heath. The Crown—which never has been very friendly to the commoners—has during late years neglected the furze, and a rather serious future lies ahead, when the Forest supply of furze will be considerably diminished. As it is, large tracts of ground that used to be under furze now bear it no longer. It would be well if the care of furze and heath were made a joint concern of the verderers (who at present have no powers in the matter) and the Crown.

number of deer in the Forest, as I do not believe in putting the young trees in cotton-wool, and am convinced that if nothing is done to prevent the growth of tangle the young trees are well able to take care of themselves. The deer are a pleasure to many people, who like to come across them in their old immemorial haunts; and of course they are much loved by the deer-hunters. Personally I am not an admirer of deer-hunting; but there are many things we may not admire personally, which at the same time we need neither attack nor try to prevent; and the only point on which I wish to lay stress is that the deer should not be allowed to increase—as to all appearances they have been allowed in the past—to furnish shooting for the deputy-surveyor. Up to what a point that increase was allowed to go is clear from the statement of Mr. Gerald Lascelles when examined this year by the Woods and Forests Committee, that in one year he and the keepers had shot over 100 (957). His estimate of the total number of deer in the Forest as between 200 and 300, must have been read with a smile by some who know most about it. One forester within the last two or three years counted—if I remember rightly—close upon fifty in one day's ride. The whole of the deer question wants light thrown upon it. Some of the deer when shot are given away locally; but I believe only the smaller part. At whose dinner table do the remainder appear?

So much about the deer; but we have the last and worst enemy of the young trees left—the official administrators of the Forest. Of course it is a matter of common-sense that, where the scythe passes every year, there the tangle, and the young trees themselves, can hardly grow; and yet, whilst our officials long to be allowed to enclose the old woods on the plea of the young growth, they placidly allow the cutting of the fern to go on in the bare places of the old woods. Sir W. Harcourt, whose truly charitable attitude towards the Forest officials I shall speak of presently, with his trained eye for introducing the poor man where he can be made use of, asked, on this point: "But you know the poor people in the Forest did greatly resent not having fern for litter, &c.?" The question was cleverly put, because it at once conveyed the idea—which was carried down to the Forest—that some lovers of trees wished to interfere with the fern cutting. In truth, the quantity which it is proposed not to cut is infinitesimal, not worth considering. It might possibly be one cartload in thirty or forty. If it were more than this, it would be easy to deal with only a few old woods at a time; moreover, the loss would only be for a short time. Probably in twelve or fifteen years the bare places would have clothed themselves with tangle. But Sir W. Harcourt knew, or ought to have known, that the official administration, which he so zealously defends, is not over-solicitous about the poor man. When, some few years ago, a beautiful King William's wood called

Burley Old was enclosed, against our strong protest, it was not a mere fraction but the whole of the fern that was taken from the poor man; and so it would be were the Crown allowed to enclose the old woods.

It is pleasant, however, to see that notwithstanding its enemies—official or otherwise—the young growth is winning all along the line. Following the example set by Mr. Esdaile, of Burley, I had some of the woods counted, dividing them into old trees and young trees over 8 feet high.* I picked out, on purpose, some of the woods that had been quoted as the very worst examples, and was surprised to find how good a proportion even in these the young trees bore to the old trees. I picked out Ridley Wood, Bratley Wood, Little Huntley Banks, Great Huntley Banks, part of Gritnam Wood (the counters had not time to finish this last wood), as the specially unfavourable examples of young growth, as woods that had been quoted to me by a correspondent as flagrant examples of deficient reproduction. Even in these, which I may call the worst class, Class III., where the circumstances are most adverse, and over large parts of which young growth cannot yet be reasonably looked for on account of the dense growth still in possession of the soil, the proportion of young trees is nine to nineteen old trees; whilst in the more favourable woods, which might be called Class II., the proportions might be put, I think, at three to four young trees to one old tree.¹

To give a homely example from a wood (Berry Wood), which as a whole I should put in Class II., in a block 100 yards deep, drawn all the way round my own little place, we found 107 old trees, and 460 young trees. In another section of this same old wood there were 289 old, 239 young; in another section, 295 old, 1,855 young; in the outlying parts of Ridley Wood (mentioned above), 90 old, 244 young. In another small wood, which would belong to Class I., Stinking Edges, there were 68 old, 716 young. In Mark Ash, in some parts of which the conditions are most unfavourable for the young growth, taking the whole wood, the figures were slightly in favour of the young trees—5,677 young, 5,577 old. Now, excepting Stinking Edges, these are not the best woods as regards reproduction; and had I chosen to have counted the best woods, the young trees would be found to exceed the old trees many times. But the figures, as they stand, will satisfy most people of the extraordinary rashness of our deputy surveyor when he allowed himself, in 1887, to say to the Committee on Forestry that the old woods were “dying back, and steadily going to wreck and ruin.”

(1) In Class I. I should put a fair number of woods; and in these I should expect the proportion of young trees to old trees to be not less than five or six (or more) to one. Stinking Edges, however, is the only one of this class I have had counted. I thought it more important to count Class II. and Class III.

If the young growth is satisfactory, another important point follows—there is no need for the official people to plant. At present a man is sent into many of the old woods and open spaces with a bundle of seedlings, and the horrible result forthcoming is easy to imagine. A glade is filled up with young trees carefully planted at regular distances from each other. In certain cases they have been planted with a truer sense, and are to be seen growing out of a thorn-bush, as if they were natural “self-comers.” But in whatever way they are planted, with or without discretion, it is a mistake, and a stupid mistake. The real charm of the forest is to watch the struggle of nature going on on all sides, and it is a thousand pities to interfere in these crude unthinking ways. That struggle is full of interesting incidents—the birds, such as the jay and rook, which carry and plant acorns, the jay carrying them and letting them drop, the rook burying them with his bill; the many birds which feed on the berries of the hawthorn and holly, and thus help the tangle to grow; the stores of mouse and squirrel, and the strange habit of bird and beast, to bury and then to forget what they have buried; the natural thinning which takes place in a holly grove, which at first is too thick to allow of any young trees to come up; the natural thinning which takes place amongst the young beech and oak themselves; the struggle between beech and oak; the steady encroachment of the Scotch fir over the open plains; the attacks of the forest stock and the wiles of the young trees to find shelter; all these and many other like things help to make up a deeply interesting drama, which is for ever being played in the old woods, and which should not be disturbed by any clumsy interference. The old woods should be a bit of sacred ground for the painter, the naturalist, and the forester, who learns by observation; and no tree should be cut, no sapling planted. From generation to generation there should be no interference, except to cut up and cart away the trees that fall in their ripe old age.

The official people, however, not only plant in the old woods; but, as if they did not care the least for the fact that these few fragments of wood are almost the unique relics of old English forest in its unaltered state, they exercise their taste and indulge their fancies by planting new kinds of trees, which form no part of the old forest growth, such as limes, coloured sycamores, scarlet oaks, and in one case, as I found, cedars. This is a very real sin, and cannot be too publicly and strongly castigated. England is crowded with parks and pleasure grounds, where different kinds of trees are cultivated, and where taste—whether good or bad—finds a large enough field for its exercise. But the old woods should be safe from taste. That is the one thing which should never find admission into them. The only true taste is to leave them to themselves, unaltered in character

from what they were hundreds of years ago. The spirit of their guardians should be, not the spirit of the managers of parks, but the spirit of those who understand how rare is the relic temporarily entrusted to their hands, and how utterly impossible it will be to reproduce it when once its old character is gone.

How far removed our deputy surveyor, Mr. Gerald Lascelles, is from this spirit may be shown by the defence he made to the Committee of Woods and Forests this year (Blue Book 333) for the trees he has been cutting during the years of his unfortunate administration. I had told the Committee that in this one season a friend, speaking only for certain parts of the Forest, had counted 138 trees cut in the old woods and open spaces near them; that he knew of others he had not counted; that I myself knew of 80—the larger part of these, but not all, would be included in the 138—and that another friend had counted 100 trees marked for cutting in an old wood in quite another part of the Forest. Mr. Lascelles was then asked to give a return of trees cut in the old woods during the last seven years. They amount to over 2,000,¹ and the value of the timber sold is put at £946, besides timber used for repairs, £138; besides 262 cord sold and 1,373 cord assigned for fuel rights, at, say, 12s. a cord, value nearly £1,000 (£981), not one single cord of which should have been cut for such purposes. The often-quoted Act of 1877 says: "The ancient ornamental woods and trees in the Forest shall be preserved" ["trees" may be taken to mean outlying trees, groups of trees, which lie scattered between the old woods]; and it adds, "that wood shall be provided for the satisfaction of fuel rights without the sacrifice of ornamental timber." Thus the first words are absolute; and it is only the last words (which, as I believe, were unfortunately thrown in to add greater weight) which have given any ground for the claim that the old woods might be cut *ad libitum*, only provided that ornamental timber (or what the officials choose to call ornamental timber) were not cut. This was the ground taken up by Sir W. Harcourt, as a member of the Committee, in his remarkable anxiety to justify what the officials had done and were doing. As a sort of knightly service, I presume, for the tenure of Castle Malwood, he is always ready to stand heroically in front of the Forest officials and their sins, throwing his shield of divers colours, which has been charitably lent to so many different causes, over the cutting of trees in the old woods, the neglect of the plantations, and the improper presentation of accounts. As regards the cutting of the trees, his words were: "I put it to you whether the reasonable interpretation of that is not this: that in the unen-

(1) The destructive Mr. Howard cut 1,005 beech trees for fuel and charcoal between 1871-5. Thus from year to year it goes on.—Report of Committee on N. F., 1875, Q. 772.

closed forest fuel rights shall be provided out of wood which is not to be regarded as ornamental timber?" to which the answer seems conclusive that as the old woods are absolutely protected by the earlier words ("shall be preserved"), "the waste," (fuel rights have to be provided from "waste," not from plantations, whilst still enclosed), from which fuel rights are to be satisfied, are the plantations thrown open, that have returned to the condition of waste. The noticeable point that will strike any reader of what passed before the Committee is the precipitation with which a mighty lawyer, without any careful consideration of the matter in question, placed himself on the side of the Forest officials, and urged the view that the deputy surveyor was right in cutting any trees in the old woods, so long only as they were not ornamental.¹

As for the plea that the trees cut are not ornamental, I ask any person who knows the Forest to use his own eyes and judgment. Not only are the stools left in evidence, but the sums paid for the timber sold tell their own story. Men don't pay a thousand pounds for mere poles and sticks and worthless timber. It is true that some insignificant trees are cut out of a sort of mere wantonness—for what good are they?—but fine and good trees are also cut, and are cut sometimes in places where it is least right to cut them. Mr. Gerald Lascelles says point blank:—"There has been no cutting whatever of timber which could reasonably be called ornamental timber," and again, "no injury whatever has been done . . . from an ornamental point of view" (Q. 920). Now the first thing is to traverse this statement directly. Many fine old trees have been cut, and I shall hope presently to publish the measurements of some of these trees, and the statements of those who have seen them when cut. But, in fact, Mr. Lascelles undesignedly answers himself on this point. Forgetting that he has practically said no fine trees were cut (for fine trees could not be cut without doing an injury "from an ornamental point of view") he innocently says² in another place, that amongst the trees cut were trees that were dead (920) or in an advanced stage of decay, and in reference to one particular tree to which I happened in my evidence to allude, because at that moment it lay cut, close to the road, he says (921) the tree had been a fine tree, but was stone dead, and goes on to speak of young beeches that it was injuring. Now this at once destroys his own position. If he had chosen to say, I have cut fine trees (ornamental timber), but only cut them for various reasons which I will specify; that would have been consistent; but

(1) See Mr. W. F. Phillpott's opinion, Q. 796. Blue Book 333, 1890.

(2) His actual statement is, "Every tree that has been cut has been either cut because it was dead, or in such an advanced state of decay that it was useless to leave it any longer to rot and fall of itself." (Blue Book, 333, Q. 920.) See on this point letter at end of article.

he first boldly says "there has been no cutting whatever of ornamental timber," and then he goes on to show why there has been such cutting. The whole evidence in fact is full of these unconscious contradictions.

And what a farce the whole thing is! Could it not have occurred both to Mr. Gerald Lascelles and to his advocate and protector, Sir W. Harcourt, that neither of them has the least shadow of right to decide what is ornamental timber in an old wood? Any man accustomed to the work may go through a highly-tended park, and propose to cut here and plant there. That is in keeping with the artificial character which belongs to our parks; but no man can without impertinence, and without entirely missing the mark as to what an old wood is, and what he himself is, go into one of these old woods and issue his edicts as to what shall be cut, and what shall be spared. It would be well if Mr. Gerald Lascelles, Sir W. Harcourt, and Mr. Culley could be induced to reconsider themselves as persons of taste, and take a somewhat humbler standard of their fitness, to be judges "of the ornamental," as far as these old woods are concerned. There was another reason given by Mr. Lascelles for cutting trees, that betrays not only carelessness about the beauty of the Forest, but also carelessness from a forestry point of view:—

"Or else it [the tree] has been cut for the sake of the trees which stood immediately adjoining it; that is to say, when three or four trees were standing on the space that ought to be occupied by one, and there were open spaces round them that exposed them to all the gales, so that one tree lashed another tree in such a way as to destroy it or injure it, it has been thought advisable to remove one of the trees, and to get the trees further apart."

To most people who are fond of observing trees it will be pretty evident, from Mr. Lascelles' own words, that these were exactly the trees that ought not to have been cut. When three or four trees grow in the way described by Mr. Lascelles they almost always form "one head," which is a very beautiful object. To cut one of three or four such trees destroys this head, as much as if some one should lop off the third or fourth part of some well-grown tree. Moreover, many foresters believe that to cut one of these trees is to expose the remaining trees to great risk of chill by depriving them of a shelter to which they have always been accustomed. On this point there may be a difference of opinion, but, apart from the risk of chill, there is the well-known danger of letting in the wind and so losing the trees; this would be especially the case in the open spaces described by Mr. Lascelles. Had Mr. Lascelles taken pains to do so, he could hardly have more exactly described trees that ought not to be cut. The lashing of the trees is, I think, imaginary; for trees, that have grown in the way described, fit into one another, none of them developing their branches into the part occupied by the other.

There is also a circumstance that aggravates the cutting in the old woods. Mr. Gerald Lascelles has cut in the old woods timber both for sale and for repairs. At the same time he has been cutting away bravely in some of the King William III. woods, which, unfortunately, by the Act were left subject to his power. I know of many beautiful oaks cut in one of these woods (of which there should be a parliamentary return as there has been a return of trees cut in the old woods), and yet at the same time, whilst he could have got from these woods whatever he wanted for repairs, he has been cutting in the old woods both for repairs and sale.

One point more. In 1887 Mr. Lascelles, when examined before the Forestry Committee, used these remarkable words in complaint of the Act of 1877, "Felling is forbidden, and planting is forbidden" (850). Now either these words were very carelessly used, or else all through these years he has been deliberately breaking an Act of Parliament in cutting in the old woods over two thousand trees, and in planting his fancifully chosen trees about the forest. I believe an expense of something like £400 was incurred over the limes, sycamores, scarlet oaks, &c.; but the accounts are so carefully arranged to give the scantiest information, that one can only guess at these things. The same want of caution as regards his statements reappears in 1890. Later on in his evidence Mr. Lascelles tries to justify his having sold windfall instead of having used it for fuel rights; of course it will be perceived that the selling of windfall necessitates cutting somewhere else. He says: "It is my practice to sell no fuel timber at all from windfalls except in places where it is so near a village, or so near a road, that experience has taught me that as soon as ever it is stacked up it will disappear." My personal experience is in direct opposition to this. I have myself bought windfall close to my house (where there is no road and no village), and could show to any person interested the very spot from which it came. It is true that lately, since we complained openly of these evil cuttings that were going on, we have been punished by an edict that no cord wood should be sold to us. A certain person, with the best title to know and to speak, but who shall be nameless, told me at the time that pounds would be wasted in consequence of this order, and that wood was lying rotting on the ground which would not now be disposed of. Such is the fashion of government under which we live!

Before passing on to the reasons why this cutting has gone on, I should like to say a few words upon another part of Mr. Lascelles' evidence. I had called attention publicly to large quantities of leaf-mould that had been taken from certain woods. A witness, living on the spot, considered that during a course of years he himself had actually seen over fifty carts, and from certain reasons, including the

fact that he could only have seen a part of the carts so employed, we roughly estimated that one hundred tons must have been taken. Afterwards, from a more detailed examination of the spot, we saw how large was the surface of ground stripped, and also how rapid was the accumulation of the mould, and without confining ourselves to any special number of years, but including the old original bed of leaf-mould, we saw that the quantity taken must have been much larger. I personally believe now that it must be put as at least two hundred tons, though, as I said to Mr. Culley, this "taking" may go back many years. Now, in a personal interview with Mr. Lascelles, we spoke on this subject, and he assured me that only leaves (leaves are commonly sold) had been taken, and that no tool but a rake was used. He also, in an interview with one of the witnesses, which was reported in the *Times*, positively denied that any mould had been taken. In his evidence before the Committee (945), he says in one place, a rake and shovel were used; in another place (945), that only a rake was allowed to be used; and lastly (947), that the leaf-mould was beaten with a spade. Thus we have three different statements at least as regards the tools used. As a fact, witnesses have seen the mould being dug with a spade. The whole evidence on this point is curious. Mr. Lascelles takes pains to convey the impression that it was only decayed leaves (945), but leaf-mould is decayed leaves pure and simple, and pretends to be nothing else. Mr. Culley himself partly (not entirely) avoids this affectation, for he says, "I myself, with my fingers, scratched up the leaf-mould. I found in this way that it was leaf-mould, and I satisfied myself that nothing but the leaf-mould was there, or had been removed." But the amusing thing *par excellence* is that these gentlemen, who conducted an official examination into the matter, do not seem to have even looked at the place from which it was taken.

According to Mr. Culley, he examined some old stone pits and found some bilberry roots. These were not the pits from which the mould was taken. I have no reason to believe that any was taken from there. The pits to which I had referred in my letter to him were natural depressions in the ground all over the wood, in some of which—had he looked—he would have found several inches of leaf-mould that had accumulated since the last takings; and in these parts of the wood there are no bilberries growing. I offered Mr. Culley to accompany him; but he preferred to go with his officials, and to take their statement. I believe he did not see or question a single one of the witnesses whose written statements I had forwarded to him, and any one of whom could have shown him from where the leaf-mould was taken. He preferred to go to his officials and be absolutely guided by them. It is rather amusing that under the circumstance described, Mr. Culley should have told the com-

mittee that he felt that the decision must have been in favour of Mr. Lascelles had he been called upon to adjudicate upon the matter; and it was rather amusing that Mr. Fowler and Sir W. Harcourt should have appeared so completely satisfied with this very thin coat of official whitewash. I am afraid I have natural prejudices on the subject of official inquiries; but I hardly ever expected to see such vivid light thrown upon the way in which they can be conducted. Mr. Culley is also incorrect in his statement that I had said, at one time one hundred waggon loads. Though I have not access to the papers at present, I think I can trust my memory sufficiently to say positively that at no moment have I ever given the quantity taken in waggon loads. Mr. Culley completed his statement by saying that, on the evidence of Mr. Epps's books, it was clear that the quantity taken was only ten tons. That is an advance of "ten" upon Mr. Lascelles' original statement to me and to the witness before referred to, that none had been taken; but Mr. Culley has a good many steps still to advance. I hold a note showing the date by which a considerable quantity was sent off by rail, which never went to Mr. Epps at all, and there is evidence, which Mr. Culley has never seen, of its having been taken out of other woods.

I must now pass on to another point. Why is it that our deputy surveyor (Mr. Culley must also bear his full share of the responsibility) cuts the trees in the old woods? why does he sacrifice them to fuel rights? why does he sell them in the open market? The answer that must be given is (1) the extravagant system on which the forest has been placed; and (2) the extravagant administration of that system. As regards the first, we are made up of salaries. We have the deputy surveyor with his salary, his house, his horses, his coal, and his shooting; we have three other assistant deputies with salaries, houses, and horses; we have a clerk; we have twelve woodmen with salaries and houses—these are directors of labour, not labourers—making a grand total (see Report of W. and F. for 1889) of £1,830, a sum which does not include houses or superannuation, or any of the keepers, of whom, as we shall see presently, we have two classes—the visible and the invisible—or any part at all of the labour of the forest. And what has this imposing staff to do? I cannot answer better than in Mr. Lascelles' own words, addressed in 1887 to the Committee on Forestry, p. 137:—"Everything in the shape of forest management is put a stop to, excepting the mere thinnings and maintaining of the plantations formed under certain Acts of Parliament." In other words, there are no regular plantings carried on now, as in old days, but only the infelicitous and unauthorised sprinkling here and there over the forest of fanciful specimens and other young trees, with which the deputy surveyor occasionally amuses himself. There are only about 17,000 acres of plantation to look after—about this "looking after" there will be some words [re-

sently to say—in which the regular cuttings and thinnings have to be made, and out of which the yearly sales are provided. There is a small sale of such things as sand, gravel, fern, furze, &c.; and this pretty fairly comprises the whole of the forest work. For such simple and scant work we have this brigade of officials, simply because in all these Government matters hardly anybody from the outside understands what is being done, hardly anybody cares, hardly anybody seeks to control. If it were a private concern, Mr. Gerald Lascelles would be expected to look after the work himself. He would be given a clerk and about five foresters; and, instead of spending his time in one long holiday of shooting and hunting, he would be required to see that his plantations were in a creditable condition, to overlook the thinnings himself, to be about amongst the labourers, and to make it his first duty that the state of the plantations justified the existence of himself and his staff. At present, even the bold Sir William will hardly make the claim for his client that such work is done. As I told the committee, there is great neglect in some parts of some of the plantations; and I have taken, and could take, persons competent to judge, where the neglect could be valued in considerable sums of money.¹ The nurses have been allowed to fatally injure the young oaks; and the drains, originally made at great expense, have not been cleared for many years, so that in flood time the water overflows, stands and injures the trees. I told the committee that I had asked the Duke of Northumberland's forester, Mr. Peebles, to accompany me, before I made such grave statements and that I held in my hand his statement. In that statement he very properly, not knowing any of the circumstances of the forest, refused to express an opinion as to whether the mischief had been caused by deficient superintendence

(1) I have not Mr. Peeble's short report with me or I should quote it. Mr. D. E. Hutchins, Conservator of Forests, Cape Colony, writes:—

"I was very pleased with the natural reproduction I saw in the old forest near your house on Wednesday. It seemed that everywhere near old trees self-sown seedlings appeared in the thorn bushes. Of course this natural reproduction is not equal to what it would be in a well-ordered forest, but it seems sufficient, away from the open moorland, to gradually restore the old forest within a reasonable time. If, however, the present ill-regulated fellings are persisted in, the natural reproduction will be delayed: (1) by the reduction in the number of seed-bearing trees; (2) in the further deterioration of the forest soil from the reduction of the already miserably poor 'couvert.' The importance of this 'couvert' can only be realised by studying the forest soil and the natural re-growth in the high forests of France and Germany. In the New Forest I have seen beeches felled which no professional man would have thought of marking for felling; I have seen so-called nurses in the plantations neglected to be felled till they had dominated and killed the more valuable oak. The growth generally in the plantations shows that the restoration of the forest is a mere question of money and management. The errors of amateur work are pretty evident in the past; but the management of to-day seems more deplorable. I return the memorial signed, with my best wishes that your efforts will be able to effect a change; for surely there can be no nobler work in England than the restoration of the New Forest.—June 7th, 1890."

or by a deficient staff, but simply stated the mischief that he had seen. That statement I was not allowed to read to the committee; and it was in vain that I begged that some of the committee might come down in order to see for themselves whether these things were so or not. Sir W. Harcourt was determined for his own reasons that no scandal about the forest should be raised, and he did his utmost—are not these things written in the blue book?—to pass the matter off as insignificant. Had Mr. Fowler been alone and left to his own judgment, I think he might have been willing to get to the bottom of the matter; but he acted in a weak manner, allowing himself to be over-crowded by the noisy Sir William at his side. Anyone who reads the evidence (858-880) can judge for himself if I am describing fairly or not what passed. Both Mr. Fowler and Sir W. Harcourt allowed themselves to deny that the matter was serious (868-880) (not serious! the failure of the chief officer, notwithstanding his salary, his house, his horses, his coal, to do the one thing faithfully and efficiently which, by his own statement, there was for him to do!), while Sir W. Harcourt, with that instinctive cleverness which he possesses in face of any danger, gently appropriated a considerable part of the charge, rising by fine gradations to it. "Certain plantations have not been sufficiently thinned: I am not sure that I do not agree with you about that," was his first statement. Then as the matter went on, and the charges became more definite, he threw a little more vigour into his expressions:—"I am very much of your opinion, that the thinning has been in the past very much neglected, and that it would have been much better to have thinned more." That was a pretty fair admission, and I venture to believe that if we could only have prolonged the conversation for another half an hour, he might have told us in the end that he "was very much of your opinion," that there had been serious and culpable neglect. I should not, however, do Sir William full justice if I let him off without quoting a most remarkable statement. When the dispute was at its hottest, he had the courage to tell the committee, and to leave it recorded in the Blue Book, that he knew "these woods" "by heart." By "these woods" did he mean all the New Forest woods, or, by a most felicitous coincidence, the two plantations in question? Of course the Harcourt heart, like the other Harcourt organs, is a very remarkable institution after its own kind; but as the knowledge of these woods "by heart" requires much bodily activity, much leisure time, and some knowledge of forestry (none of which three things are, as I believe, strong points with Sir W. Harcourt), I can only believe that on this occasion the Harcourt tongue took considerable liberties with the Harcourt heart. In the same way, though I distinguish strongly between all that Mr. Fowler said, and what Sir William Harcourt said, both as regards spirit and sub-

stance, it was very ill-advised of Mr. Fowler to speak of this plantation, as if he could in any real way answer to the Committee for the condition of it. Though I live close to it, and am often in it, I could not speak for the whole of it. To be able to speak at all authoritatively of that big plantation as a whole (about 800 acres) would require, I should say, at least three full days' careful examination; and if Mr. Fowler—who, according to my guess, was *simply once driven* through it by Sir W. Harcourt—had given any considerable part of such time to it, and understands the management of plantations, he would have found stronger terms than “Wanted more thinning” to express all that he saw. As I said in my evidence, parts of it show serious and undeniable neglect. But in this matter, as in other matters, Mr. Fowler allowed himself to fall under the influence of Sir W. Harcourt, instead of picking his own way resolutely through the controversy with a determination to find out the truth.

I come now to the second ground that underlies these cuttings. For the expensive establishment in the New Forest (which I presume dates from the time when a great deal of work—clearing and planting—went on in the Forest), Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles are not directly responsible. Of course one might expect, at least, from Mr. Culley, that he should have pressed upon those responsible to Parliament that present needs and present expenditure should be brought into harmony; but as we know that it is only a very virtuous official—too virtuous, perhaps, for this wicked world—who reforms his own department, I need say no more on this point. Both Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles, however, are responsible for certain improper spendings that go on. As these improper spendings concern the shooting, it is best here to explain the footing on which it stands. Part of the shooting is let to licensees, part (the plantations that are still enclosed) is in the hands of the Crown. It is this second unfortunate part which, as one must presume, causes the improper accounts and improper spendings. When examined by the Committee I could only give them a part of the story, but it would have been quite sufficient as a clue, had either Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Fowler desired to get to the bottom of what was wrongly done. As I told them, besides the regular keepers (who appear in the accounts as foresters) there is a certain body of underkeepers (I resolutely refused to state the exact number) who are never shown at all in the published accounts, but are concealed under the head of “Maintenance: labour.” This statement had the effect upon Mr. Jackson (who, I presumed, considered himself personally aggrieved by it) which drawing the cork on a July day has upon a bottle of that famous fluid which comes from Barton-on-Trent. It would have been wiser, however, to have remained, with cork and wire duly on guard, and to have quietly examined the matter, so as to have discovered the whole truth in it. As it turns out,

the case of improper spending is stronger than I thought at the time. The number of these concealed keepers is twelve (making seventeen in all), and when their salaries are added—if we put them at 16s. a week, which, I think, is what they receive—to the salaries of the head-keepers and other game expenses, there is a considerable deficit (I am taking last year's accounts) on the shooting, amounting to close upon £300 (£294); a deficit which Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles make up by cutting trees in the old woods, and either selling them as timber or assigning them as fuel rights—the assigning of such trees as fuel of course leaving these gentlemen free to sell other timber. The nation, therefore, stands in this peculiarly cheerful position, that in order to provide somebody or other with shooting in the New Forest—and, perhaps I ought to add, some unknown persons with venison—for I suspect the deer-shooting is largely responsible for the existence of the twelve keepers—nearly £300 were spent by it last year, whilst the trees of the old woods were being cut to the number, I should judge from different accounts received, of between 300 and 400.

Let us make this quite clear. In last year's accounts the amounts received from the licensees, instead of exceeding the expenses, as any innocent reader of official figures would have supposed by about £200, fell short of the real expenses by nearly £300; in other words, the nation was paying nearly £300 for somebody's shooting. But that in reality is only a part of it. The loss to the nation when closely examined is far greater. The houses of these keepers and such forest rights as they have are not counted. Put these at a low average of £7 10s. per head (for seventeen keepers), and we have about £127 more to add. Then we must remember that the wild shooting of the forest has its own value. Supposing that no keeper were paid and not a single penny were spent on it, its primary value could hardly be put at less than £400 a year. Then there are some thousands of acres of plantation, the shooting of which the Crown retains; valued in the same manner, we may put it at £150 a year: and putting all sums together, we find actual loss of £294, loss on cottages and on value of shootings £677, total nearly £1,000.¹ A lucky somebody therefore got last year for his shooting expenses a present of nearly £1,000. Now who is that somebody? Is it the licensees? If so, why should the country pay the licensees for shooting in the New Forest; and why should Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles allow the country to do so, at all events, without telling it of the fact? But the licen-

(1) Of course far larger sums could be realised if the land were simply let for shooting under the complete management of the lessees. That, however, would be a most undesirable arrangement, and would lead to much mischief. The shooting should be simply let as wild shooting, and no great head of game encouraged. The sums I have given are sums representing initial value before any expense is incurred; by spending, say, £300 in keepers the value would be raised in proportion. I should add here that the deficit would rise and fall with the number of licensees—being some years greater, some years smaller. See Report of Woods and Forests, 1889, pp. 156-7.

sees, such of them, at least, as I have known, are reasonable men, and don't ask for any gift or Government allowance. They simply ask that the value of their licences may be debited to them; that the pheasants they pay for may be actually shot by them, and not by somebody else. Two or three years ago there was a yearly scandal, because on a great field-day the Crown shot the pheasants at Bolderwood, and some of the licensees felt that these pheasants, though actually they were shot in the plantation, and therefore technically belonged to the Crown, really were reared by their money,—in fact, however the nation was helping to pay the piper. This field-day has been stopped, but I believe that Mr. Lascelles and his friends (his office carries with it a double licence) shoot in the enclosed plantations as well as over the rest of the forest. He could, however, tell us this more accurately himself, and, as I have no wish to state the case unfairly against him, it would be much better that he should do so. Then, if it is not for the licensees, is it for Mr. Lascelles and for his shooting that the country has the privilege of paying nearly £100,000 a year? If so, he hardly seems to get a very grand return from such an expenditure. He gets, I presume, the twelve unrecognised shadows to accompany him during his deer-shooting labours—at which, as he told the Committee, on occasion he “works very hard”—and I suppose the twelve shadows improve the shooting, both in the Crown plantations and the open forest; but “the candle,” such as it is, seems hardly worth the scandal. In justice to Mr. Lascelles, I should think the scandal was partly muddle, as well as the improvement of his shooting at the nation's expense—especially as—so it is stated—these twelve ghosts haunted the forest before his time. To me personally the scandal is only interesting, because, as things are, every pheasant and every deer shot in the Forest by the Crown means unnecessary expenditure, and the certainty of more trees being cut in the old woods. If it were not for the old woods, I do not know that I should be virtuous enough to drag scandals of this kind out into the light. In themselves they can scarcely be called interesting.

Only a few more words on this point. The public will be told that the under-keepers perform some other forest duties besides keeping, that they have to prevent forest fires in the dry season, that for this purpose they are sworn in as special constables, &c.; and at the same time that the five head-keepers have duties as regards the sale of fern, furze, sand, gravel, &c. As regards the ghostly and invisible under-keepers, do not let the public be mystified. On examination they will be found to be pure and simple keepers in the flesh and blood, as real as any of their brethren of the craft elsewhere in the country, though the fiction may be kept up of paying them weekly in order that they may appear under the head of labour. As regards the head-keepers, it would be far better

to transfer their duties to the three under-deputies, or to the woodmen, than to allow the forest accounts and the game accounts to be mixed up together. As long as they are mixed up improper things are likely to be done. If the public are wise they will insist on having the shooting accounts stated in the clearest way, on having the shooting expenses largely reduced, on licences being granted to Bournemouth tradesmen, or whoever else is willing to pay for them, unless there is some better reason than the deputy surveyor's not very refined fastidiousness—which should hardly stand between the nation and its revenue—as to who shall shoot in the forest, and on a fair profit being made out of the payments of the licensees. As to what passed before the Committee on this subject, those interested must turn to the Blue Book. Sir W. Harcourt did his level best on the side of suppression; but “bullying the witness” rarely succeeds in concealing facts for any length of time. They have an awkward way of their own, sooner or later, of coming to the light. I ought to express my thanks to Mr. D. Crawford and to Mr. Hobhouse. Had it not been for Mr. Hobhouse's insistence, it would have appeared from Mr. Lascelles' evidence that those twelve under-keepers were duly mentioned in the published accounts (971-3).

What the public have to realise is that it is impossible for things to go on indefinitely as they now are. The modern plantations will not bear the present rate of cutting—which is even now, I think, excessive—beyond a certain number of years, and then the timber sales, which are the great source of revenue to the forest, will begin to fall off. Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles will have retired into private life, and, like the Mr. Howard of old days, will have escaped from all responsibility and consequences of their actions, except, perhaps, in being remembered by those who know the forest as the instruments of a very careless destruction. No more cuttings should take place (except, possibly, for occasional repairs) in the beautiful King William the Third Woods; and no more cuttings at all in the old woods; whilst the cuttings in the modern plantations should be carried out in a careful and frugal manner. We have simply been leading the life of a spendthrift during these last years, cutting and selling without a thought beyond the present. The whole of this should be changed; fuel rights should be bought up, and the official establishment, which is ridiculous, when compared with the work that has to be done, should be cut down in the most merciless fashion. The country in 1877 made up its mind that the New Forest should be a great national holiday ground, and not a very feeble imitation of a business concern, whose cost exceeded the true return, and whose history was a succession of failures and wrong-doings. Let the nation stick steadily to this view. In such a case no great establishment is needed. No officer like Mr. Gerald Lascelles is needed. What is needed is a simple and thoroughly

reliable forester, with no ambitious views, but honestly intent upon his plain work, with an income, say, of £350 a year. He might have a clerk for office work at, say, £100, and five foresters at £80 (one of these should be head, and receive an additional £20) to direct under his supervision the work in the plantations, say, total £770—making a saving on present salaries of more than £1,000; if houses and superannuation were counted, of considerably more. The shooting reserved to the Crown should be done away with. It is the source of much mischief, and of indirect expense, such as renewing of the fences of certain plantations which ought to be thrown open, and would be thrown open, if it were not that the fence were the symbol of Crown rights. The shooting should be administered simply in the interest of the licensees; it should be strictly of a natural wild kind, and a fair profit of some hundreds of pounds a year should be realised out of it. Altogether I think not less than from £2,000 to £2,500 a year could be saved by common-sense reforms. If a sense of unfitness to lead the simple hard-working life which the chief officer of the forest should lead in the plantations and among his labourers, should induce Mr. Lascelles to resign, good terms should be made with him; if on the other hand he is filled with a sense of virtue rather than shortcoming, let the whole matter, and all the details of his administration be discussed between him and the public in full daylight. Some simple qualifications are required for the new officer. He must not put his own amusement in hunting and shooting in the first place; he must not use the forest as a convenience for this purpose to the neglect of its real interests. Its real interests are strict economy in management, preservation of the old woods in their integrity and in their old character; and careful attention to the plantations, careful supervision of the work that goes on, and thorough knowledge of all that is done by the subordinate officers. On these points there is a good deal that might be said, and on them all there should be a full enquiry.

One last matter. Some men suffer in the forest from want of work—the work, owing both to the change of forest system, and the spending of money over game to the neglect of the plantations being less than it should be. Without doing anything to injure in the slightest the character of the forest, or to interfere with its wide spaces, I would create principally round the edges of the forest a considerable number (say two or three hundred) of small freeholds or perpetual leaseholds. These would give an additional number of small men the great benefits of the Forest; would relieve any congestion of labour; and would increase the forest revenue. I know it is dangerous to propose to cut and carve in such a matter; but I think the general desire to preserve an old and beautiful thing, such as the Forest, when once the public is interested, may be trusted not to let this

cutting and carving go too far. At the same time some sites for inns of different grades should be granted, so as to make the Forest more accessible to visitors of all classes.

AUBERON HERBERT.

P.S.—I add a note I received from a well-known resident which shows how savagely the cutting has been carried on this year, and which is an admirable measure of the trustworthiness of Mr. Lascelles's statement to the Committee on May 2, as regards the cutting of ornamental timber, as well as of his "affection" and "reverence" for the old woods. These were certainly brave words. I will only give one rude fact in reply. In 1888 (see return, Blue Book 333, 1890, p. 80) there were eighty trees cut. These trees, everything counted (except bark), realised £450, or the high average of £5 12s. 6d. per tree; and amongst these trees some must have been finer than others. This resident writes:—

"June 3, 1890.

"I passed through a bit of the New Forest to-day, between Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, on the Ramnor side of the road, and was distressed to find nine good big oaks felled and barked, all between two and three feet in diameter, all beginning to die on the top certainly, but of course nearly all good to give for another fifty years or more, and picturesque even after that. The trees had not been badly selected, and, except in one or two flagrant instances, will not be missed, I am bound to say; but they are all sound marketable timber, and I should say none of them likely to go towards satisfying the 'fuel rights' of the Forest, being far too good for fuel. So, though I am not in any fear of the Forest being spoilt by the loss of these nine trees, still, if the same kind of fine ornamental tree is to be felled in such quantities (for these nine are in a small area), much beauty must be lost to the Forest, and the whole proceeding seemed to me to be a distinct contravention of the Act of Parliament which prohibits the cutting of ornamental trees."

Another gentleman, intimately acquainted with the Forest, writes:—

"For my part, I have no hesitation in affirming that timber has been cut 'which could reasonably be called ornamental.' Unfortunately it is only the corpses dismembered that one comes across so often; it has never been my lot to come across the fellers at the actual work, which is done very expeditiously.

"The officials call it 'judicious thinning,' which work they might profitably take to their enclosures. The lopped trunks of much good-looking timber I have often seen near Mark Ash, and along the road from Emery Down to Woodson's Hill enclosure, at Bignall, and near the Linney Hill Ford. Then if those marked trees on Brook Hill, near the Raven's Nest enclosure (Nos. 1 to 100), are not yet cut, examination will prove that some of them do not require to be felled. With regard to young wood growing, besides the neighbourhood of Berry Wood, both sides of the Brockenhurst Road (excluding the open plantings of Mr. Cumberbatch), Botley Field, Hawkhill, Tantanny Wood, The Nodes, all round Beaulieu Manor, along the stream from the Queen's Bower to the Christchurch Road, Red-shoot, &c.—are amongst the many places where anyone can satisfy himself that natural reproduction is going on satisfactorily."

Another well-known resident writes:—

"I am astonished at the suggestion that there is no sufficient succession of

young wild trees in the Forest. I have made it my business to watch the facts year by year and give an unqualified denial to any such suggestion." He adds: "Have you seen the great charcoal hearth in S. Bartley, at the angle near Fritham? Apparently the burner is an itinerant: he has a house waggon. The piles of cord wood were many yards in length." [This probably means the massacre of many old trees.]

Another resident, who knows the woods well, writes:—

"I am certainly of opinion that several trees, both oak and beech, were felled this last season, that were to be classed as ornamental; and unless there had been a desire for turning them into money, there was no reason whatever for cutting them down."

Mr. Peebles (Forester to the Duke of Northumberland) writes as regards the plantations:—

"The point which most strikes anyone in the management of some of the plantations is their utter neglect. In some places no thinning or even cleaning of drains has taken place for twenty-five or thirty years. The nurses have been allowed to overtop and dwarf the hardwoods, which in their struggle to obtain light are slender and overdrawn, and when the nurses are removed these elongated stems double towards the earth by their own weight, and the trees are ruined. Those that remain erect will become hidebound from sudden exposure; and where severe thinning takes place after neglect (and this seems to be a mode of thinning in the New Forest) the plantation will never recover."

I shall be surprised if I cannot make Mr. Peebles scream a little and dance a little when he next honours me with a visit. The axe has made great havoc in some parts of Oakley since he saw that plantation and complained. I can show him a spot where you can stand and count thirty-eight of the nurses cut out, the furthest of them being only sixty good strides from you. And a few have been already taken away. But that is a fair sample of the way we go on—neglect succeeded by rashness.

I wish to add that I am glad at all times to forward papers about the Old Woods Protection Society (a shilling society), or copies of the Memorial, to those who write to me at Old House, Ringwood, Hants.

Thanks to the exertion of friends, our little society has grown to a considerable number of persons scattered over England; and what is now wanted is that some younger, less occupied, and more active person than myself should offer to take the responsibility of it. Only time and energy are required to make that part of the public which cares for the preservation of old things in their old condition speak out authoritatively in the matter. Will some one who feels called to this good work communicate with me, and, through me, with those who form the society?

What I have said about the staff of keepers applied to the earlier part of last year. Whether the cards have been shuffled since then, I don't know. I should think probably; in the same way as the nurses in the plantation have been cut, and the young injured oak-trees are marked for cutting.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

IN Great Britain, and in several of the larger colonies, the subject of Imperial Federation has been somewhat discussed of late. A central league has been formed at London with eminent men filling the chair in succession, and with a very formidable list of dignitaries from the four quarters of the globe as vice-presidents and members of council. Several league meetings have been held. Branch leagues have been formed in Canada, Australia, and other colonies. An official organ has been established, and the movement may be said to have a *locus standi*. In such a matter the ultimate question is the important one. It is not of much consequence whether the leading statesmen of the day recognise the movement or ignore it. The vital point is—does the project rest upon a sound basis? Does it offer a wise solution of the colonial question, which is a larger and more important one than the average Englishman is inclined to believe? If it does, then it will steadily grow in importance until the politicians will have to take it up. If it is impracticable, and surrounded by hopeless difficulties, then, of course, it will collapse, and the very worthy gentlemen who are now giving it their patronage and support, will quietly drop it.

The difficulty at the outset is want of understanding on the question. The people of the British Islands are very apt to look upon it as a matter of privilege to admit colonists to a coequal position in the control of the empire; and the people of the larger and more important colonies look upon it as a matter of considerable merit on their part that they should give up any part of their absolute freedom of action in order to throw in their lot with the empire, and that they should voluntarily resign the position of freedom from any expense in connection with the army and navy in order to assume a share of the burden. In this way the imperial federationist of Great Britain has one idea and one set of difficulties in his mind, while the colonial imperial federationist has another idea and a different set of difficulties in his mind. Under such circumstances, it is an act of superior wisdom on the part of the active promoters of federation to resist strenuously any attempt to define in words or phrases the precise meaning of the movement.

The largest and most important of Great Britain's Colonial possessions is the Dominion of Canada. It has an area of over three and a half millions of square miles. It has a population of at least five millions and is rapidly growing. It has large cities and rising towns. Its trade is expanding and its wealth accumulating. It has

two of the greatest railway lines in the world. Canada cannot be charged at home or abroad with lack of national enterprise. She has incurred a debt of hundreds of millions to secure a national highway from ocean to ocean. She has not feared to offer enormous subsidies to fast-steamers to extend her trade with the world. She stands ready to contribute to ocean cables when they can be shewn to be necessary for the purposes of her progress. She has invested tens of millions in the construction of canals. Indeed, in the willingness of the Government to embark the resources of the country to any extent in overcoming the difficulties which her vast area and geographical location impose, Canada has gone far ahead of her great neighbour, the United States. With a vast North-West already opened up by railway, containing fertile land without limit, the prospects for the future are most promising.

In such a country, where wealth is being rapidly accumulated, not, indeed, by any spasmodic influences, such as the striking of oil or the finding of gold, but by the steady progress of trade and industries, naturally a strong national sentiment must be developed. "Canada for the Canadians" is an expression often heard in the country. Bright young men, fresh from the University or just admitted to the bar, are full of a sense of national life. Everything is to be done and suffered for Canada and for the progress and well-being of the country. Overshadowing all this is a feeling of loyalty to the Empire. It is our empire and its sovereign is our Queen. A desire to see the honour of the Empire maintained, its rights respected everywhere, and its mission of civilization and enlightenment perpetuated, is almost universal throughout the whole of the wide Dominion. Nevertheless, as time advances, and as Canada assumes larger proportions, and achieves greater wealth and power, it is not unreasonable to believe that the period will be reached when her sons will begin to think of Canada *as* Canada and not as a mere dependency, and when it will be an ambition among her people in travelling over the world to make the name of Canada recognised and respected by all persons. This is surely what might be expected of such a body of men, mostly of British origin. National pride is even a deeper impulse than political allegiance. There is nothing inconsistent with true loyalty in the inevitable yearnings for a national life which must arise in a country of the proportions and possibilities of Canada.

These suggestions only serve to open up the whole Colonial question as it confronts the more enlightened of British statesmen, and will presently confront the most stolid and practical public men. Great Britain has founded many colonies within the past two or three centuries, and the nation is soon to be confronted with the question, What is to be the outcome of all this? It will be admitted that the most important movement in the way of colonization took

place in the direction of North America. The discovery of the New World, the exaggerated conceptions formed concerning its mineral wealth, the beauty of its scenery, the advantages of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the tempting field it presented for adventure and speculation, led to the development of most important colonies in North America. When the crisis occurred in 1775 the North American colonies were the only ones under the protectorate of Great Britain which could be thought of as capable of forming national aspirations. The issue in relation to this first great colonial possession is not reassuring, for the very moment the people were able to stand alone they threw off their allegiance and set up for themselves. Nevertheless it would not be accurate to conclude that this will take place in all cases hereafter. The loss of the American colonies a hundred years ago was due to unwise British policy, and the lesson has not been lost.

Since 1783, however, the other British colonies have been gradually developing and assuming proportions which raise the question of national life. Canada stands first. She has nearly double the population of the thirteen colonies that rebelled in 1776, and vastly more than double the wealth and resources. She has undertaken the responsibility of federation, and all parts of British North America (except Newfoundland) are under one central government. Australia is moving rapidly forward and will soon have the numbers, wealth, and strength, to look about her seriously and ask, What of the future? In time South Africa, as the British population increases, will be reaching the same crucial point. It is not amiss, therefore, for British statesmen to watch the drift of events in these large English communities, and it is equally proper that Colonial statesmen should be earnestly grappling with the same problems. Not, indeed, that there is any occasion for precipitancy of action, but that all incidents should be carefully studied and no accidents happen, no blunders occur, from the fruitful cause of ignorance.

One or two axioms may be stated at the outset, and, though axioms of the simplest character, the mass of men are unaccountably slow in recognising them. The first is that countries like Canada cannot always remain *Colonies*. The mass of the Canadian people have certainly never absorbed this idea, and the mass of the British people have never stopped to consider the matter at all. But it is surely a pregnant subject for consideration, for there is deduced another question of great import, namely, If Canada and Australia cease to be British Colonies, what will they be? It would be surprising if a British statesman had no interest in such a question. A Colonial statesman most undoubtedly has. It is these plain and obvious considerations which have led to the Imperial Federation movement. It is an attempt to solve the problem by means of a closer union of all the

scattered areas which owe allegiance to the British Crown—bringing together all into a common partnership, sharing the responsibilities and dangers of the Empire, and participating in its glories. Such is its aim, and it is the proper time to consider its advantages, if any, and the difficulties which are inevitable. Can it be done? Should it be done? Is it for the common interest that it should be done?

Since Canada is the first and most important of the British Colonial possessions, it may be well to consider how the matter stands in relation to this particular country. It does not follow that the example of Canada will be adopted by all the other Colonies, but Canada's action, and the reasons which will influence it, are likely to have their weight all along the line. It is too early to form definite opinions or to make dogmatic statements. The most that can be done is to honestly look over the field and throw the utmost light upon the present situation, and thus open the way for intelligent deductions for the future.

There is probably no country in the world occupying a more anomalous position than Canada, and this is beginning to impress itself upon people generally. A country of national proportions, with an assured future, independent in its government—as independent, to all intents and purposes, as Great Britain itself—and yet a colony, a dependency unable to be recognised by, or treat with, any nation, not excepting her only neighbour, the United States. Such a condition of things obviously cannot last for ever—indeed, is not likely to last much longer. A portion of the Canadian people, chiefly the more intelligent and advanced thinkers, believe that the present position of the country is humiliating, and do not hesitate to say so, and give their reasons for it. They say that Canada ought not to accept all the advantages of the Empire without paying her share of the cost. But these do not represent the major part of the population. Notwithstanding that some Imperial Federation leagues have been formed in Canada, and some public discussions taken place in regard to our relations to the Empire, and many articles have appeared in the periodical publications, and even the daily papers, on the future of the country, the fact remains that the great majority of the people are still in favour of the *status quo*, and would be inclined to regard as radical and dangerous any suggestions in the way of change.

At first this would appear strange. The most natural thing in the world is to expect that the people of a country which had reached the position achieved by Canada would be turning their gravest attention to the problem of their future position and destiny. But a second thought will furnish many reasons why there should be no desire to disturb existing conditions. The present position of the Canadian people is essentially satisfactory. They enjoy the full ad-

vantages of British institutions and constitutional government. The will of the people is supreme in the legislature and executive. Every man lives in peace under wise laws. The commerce of Canada traverses the sea under the protection of a flag the whole world is accustomed to respect. In every trading town in the two hemispheres the Canadian merchant finds a British consul to protect his interests and take care of the humblest seaman. And he cannot but reflect that he is not called upon to contribute one dollar toward the payment of the salary of this official. His ships ride the ocean in security by virtue of a navy which it does not cost him a penny to maintain. Every cottager feels that no foreign foe will ever dare to set his foot upon one inch of Canadian soil, because it is made sacred by the force of British arms, which, while thus casting the halo of its protection over the whole land, has the unspeakable merit of not costing him one farthing for its maintenance. Altogether, the colonial position is so comfortable that ordinary colonists may be pardoned if they do not agitate their souls over the future so long as the present is made secure. At the same time it must be kept in mind that while Canadians derive great and palpable benefits from British connection, these in reality cost Great Britain very little. The military and naval power which throws its protecting shield over the colonies would be essential to maintain the prestige and secure the autonomy of the Empire if no colonies existed. A regiment of soldiers and a few artillerymen and engineers are stationed at Halifax, but it costs no more to support them there than at home. A few warships ride in the harbour of Halifax every summer, but they would cost no less if kept at Portsmouth. The staff of ambassadors and consuls would have to be maintained in any case. Therefore, the fact that the colonies derive certain advantages from British connection, for which they pay nothing, does not offer any sound reason for abandoning the colonial system. It is not very costly, especially in the case of the larger and more important of them.

It would be doing great injustice, however, to the public spirit of the Canadian people to suppose that they will always be content to enjoy the benefits of British connection without sharing its burdens and responsibilities. It would be doing equal injustice to suppose that they will always be content with an exclusion from the full privileges of British citizenship. The two ideas must always be blended. The very moment the Canadian people assume a share of the responsibility of Britain's foreign policy they will claim a voice in shaping it. If they are to be affected by commercial treaties they will have a hand in framing them. If they are to be subject to the consequences of a foreign war they will demand to be heard in deciding the question of peace or war. If they are to pay the expenses of diplomacy they must have a share in directing it, and a portion of the honours and emoluments. In a word, if they give

up the comfortable position they now enjoy, they will do it for the superior powers they will exercise—for the larger field that will be opened for the display of their talents, and the superior citizenship which is involved in equality rather than in dependence.

This is the standpoint from which the Canadian Imperial Federationist looks at the question, and the most loyal and enthusiastic would spurn the idea of accepting any other position than that of absolute equality in any scheme for Federation which may be devised. Here is a difficulty at the very threshold of the discussion. There are not a few people in the British Islands with innate prejudices against admitting a large body of men from the various colonies to the Imperial House of Commons, and at the same time entrusting some of the executive departments of the State to Ministers coming from across the sea, and representing interests not exclusively insular. The temporary expedient of creating a powerless advisory council at London may be attempted, but it will not be Imperial Federation. It will not permanently settle the problem of the future of the colonies; it will not satisfy the aspirations of great and growing communities; it will not fulfil the yearnings for national life.

It must be kept in mind that each large colony will consider this question of its future from its own standpoint, and this may lead to vast differences in both motive and object. Note the wide difference between the geographical position of Australia and that of Canada. The former is surrounded, in the main, by foreign and unenlightened peoples. Its neighbours, if it may be properly said to have any, are not those with whom it would be possible to affiliate. Its chief connection with the great English-speaking world is through London. Its chief defence against attack from without is the British navy and the prestige it carries. And yet in Australia we hear the note of independence not unfrequently. The case of Canada would point still more strongly in the direction of independence. She is not surrounded by savage nations. She has upon her borders the greatest English-speaking community the world has ever seen—a nation which has to-day a population of over sixty millions, but which will have in a few decades a population close upon two hundred millions—a nation with inexhaustible resources and enormous wealth—a nation which could create a navy greater than any yet afloat in a few years, without noticing the expense or borrowing a dollar. It can be easily seen that while London is at present the centre of the English-speaking world, yet Canada could keep up her connection with the world and the race very fully by means of alliances on her own continent. For her defence from foreign invasion she looks now to British arms; but, if she chose to dispense with her British connections, she could easily ensure security by simply allying her fortunes with her great neighbour, which is an alternative not available to either the people of Australia or of South Africa. Enough

has been said to show that a line of policy which might suit the conditions of one colony would be entirely inapplicable in the case of another, and this leads to the conclusion that it would be difficult to formulate any scheme of Imperial union which would suit all interests. Such a proposal, if indeed it ever takes practical shape, must address itself to each colony in turn, and this obviously adds enormously to the difficulties of the whole scheme.

It is but just to say that though Canada has the alternative of accepting an alliance with the United States, this has never had any appreciable effect upon the loyalty of the Canadian people. It is likely that there is as much genuine regard for the interests of the Empire in Canada to-day as in Australia, and as warm a desire to promote the common glory. No Canadian public man has had occasion within the memory of the present generation to suggest the alternative as a result of any friction with the Colonial Office. But, in thinking of the future, the Canadian cannot ignore the fact that a political alliance with the rest of the continent is one of the solutions open to him. It has been thought of. It has been written of. It has been openly advocated. It has its avowed advocates in Canada to-day, and a still larger number of secret advocates. It has a great deal that is rational in support of it. During the past two centuries, and particularly during the last one, North America has developed its great progress, enlightenment, and national life. It has grown up free from the feudalism and class interests which mark European civilisation. The sense of liberty and equality is everywhere felt on the continent. Canada has imbibed this spirit, and it is a part of her institutions. North America has a civilisation of her own—a political mission and destiny quite apart from that of Europe. Canada has more direct interest in the development of North America than she can possibly have in the British Islands or the whole of Europe. It would be natural for her to seek alliances with her own great neighbour.

Commercially their interests are interlaced from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would mean no disregard for England if Canada allied herself to the United States, and chose to mould her destinies according to North American ideas rather than upon European lines. In a word, the only real objections to the federation of North America under one central government, instead of two as at present, are purely sentimental.

But these are enough. In nation-building, sentiment is a more potent factor than self-interest. Go to France and Germany, and demonstrate to the people of those two great countries that the true policy would be to federate—to have one capital, one set of officials, one united army. The logic might be irresistible, but the result would be insignificant. In a somewhat lesser degree it would be preposterous, at present, to endeavour to persuade the Cana-

dian people that political union with the United States made for their material interests. This consideration, usually so potent in guiding human action, would be absolutely powerless in this connection. There is still a deep-seated objection in the minds of a large majority of the people of Canada to union with the United States. It may be unphilosophical, it may be irrational, but it exists. It is probably the offspring, for the most part, of the spirit of loyalty to Great Britain which has long permeated the minds of the great majority of the Canadian people. It is not easy to blot out a century of history in a day, and the record of the past hundred years has had a constant tendency to confirm British Americans in their devotion to British as against American interests. The conflict of the Revolution was succeeded by the war of 1812-15, with its invasion of Canada, and since then there have been Fenian raids, fishery controversies, and other unfortunate incidents to keep up the ill-feeling engendered in 1776-83, and it is simply not a practical solution of the future of Canada to suggest political union with the United States, because the preponderating majority of the people will not hear of it. Time is the great miracle-worker and may change all this; but we must speak of things as they are. No material considerations will induce the Canadian people at present to accept political union with the United States.

A second alternative is Imperial Federation. Some of the difficulties which stand in the way of this have been already hinted at, but there are others which must be dealt with. In the first place, if the Canadian people desired any such federation, is it certain that it is possible? In other words, is it clear that the British people stand ready to give up a part of their present absolute control over the affairs of the Empire, and share it with statesmen representing the interests of the several great Colonies? At the beginning the British Islands would have the preponderating power in the federation; but it would be foreseen that this could not be permanent. The principle of representation by population could not be ignored, and in a few decades the representatives from the Colonies would outnumber those from the parent State. Great Britain would be merged into Greater Britain. It is not easy to see any reasonable objection to this from a Colonial standpoint, nor, indeed, from any impartial point of view. But such a scheme is quite sure to arouse misgivings and opposition in England. Add to this the varying conditions subsisting in the different Colonies—all of which would have to be consulted and would act freely—and the difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation are seen to be very great. The Canadian people would find this solution of the future a rather tardy one, even if they were favourable to it. But are they favourable?

This opens up a wide question. Not very many have stopped to con-

sider the matter. The few who have openly allied themselves with the Imperial Federation movement are not men occupying very prominent positions in the world of practical politics. The political leaders have studiously avoided saying anything beyond the merest generalities. Sir John A. Macdonald has said some pleasant and excessively loyal things in London before the league, but he has declared with emphasis before the Canadian people that he was a "home-ruler up to the hilt." Sir Hector Langevin, a prominent French Canadian in Sir John's government, has, within a year, denounced and repudiated any suggestion of any scheme of Imperial Federation. It seems to be understood that the French population of Quebec will resist any proposal in the direction of federation *en masse*, and if this be so then an almost insuperable barrier blocks the scheme. At present the French population undoubtedly holds the balance of power, and it would be impossible, at this time, for any government to live in Canada which had the whole phalanx of the French representatives against it. If Imperial Federation were submitted to the people at the polls it would have no more chance of being carried than annexation, though it might, perhaps, get more votes. It has not yet been seriously considered. It is altogether likely it will be, and probably the question will have to be fought out. It is by no means certain that Imperial Federation would ever become a practical question from any innate sense of its necessity or desirability on the part of the Canadian people. It is probable they would drift into some other idea if left to themselves. But it is almost impossible to believe that British statesmen will not some day wake very seriously to the problem, "What is to become of the Colonial Empire?" Lord Rosebery thinks it is worth while to consider the question now, and he seems to be not very far away from an influential place in the government of the Empire. Any day may bring forth an event which will fix attention on the whole subject. The Australian provinces may very soon accomplish a union of the whole island-continent. Then may be heard the muttering of the independence idea. It is already heard in Canada, and is likely to be heard more distinctly each year; Lord Salisbury is inclined to give but little heed to the Colonial question. But a Government may appear in England at any time which will be more disposed to recognise the vital importance of settling the problem of the numerous growing English communities the world over, and determining what relations they are ultimately to hold to the parent State. If this should come to pass, then the question might be forced upon the attention of the Canadian people, as part of a general imperial policy—forced, of course, only in the sense of a friendly proposal to consider the question in relation to the general strength and consolidation of the empire. In such a case the matter would be sure to be considered and fought out. That it would meet with

enormous and determined opposition is beyond debate. What the result would be is matter of conjecture, upon which there must needs be differences of opinion. But the balance of reasons seems to be decidedly adverse to the adoption of any scheme of Imperial union by the Dominion of Canada. Some of the reasons have been already referred to. But there is yet another, and this leads to a new branch of the subject.

Two possible alternatives for the people of Canada have been already discussed, and there remains yet a third—Independence, or an independent nationality. Like the others, this last has not been as yet very seriously considered by the Canadian people; but it is a fact that this idea is beginning to take possession of the minds of many of the most intelligent men in Canada. It is among the young generation that it finds most support. The moment it is realised that the colonial relation is not perpetual, the necessity for some solution of the problem of the future arises, and the idea of an independent existence is most calculated to fire the imagination of young men. As a sentiment of national pride develops, the thought of independence grows. To have a country of one's own, of large resources and ever-widening possibilities, is an aspiration natural as it is commendable among a people who have already achieved so much as the Canadians. A similar feeling seems to be taking possession of the people of Australia. It need not create surprise in England, as it simply demonstrates that the English are a dominant and self-governing race; and as soon as British colonies develop proportions sufficiently great to enable them to stand alone, they are ready to accept the responsibilities of national life, and are unwilling for ever to be tied to the apron-strings of the Mother-land. This implies no lack of regard for the parent State; on the contrary, the interest in and affection for the home country shows no sign of diminution. A man does not indicate want of parental regard when he creates a home for himself and assumes the duty of providing for himself and his family. It is natural and proper that this step should come in the case of the individual; it is not less so in the case of such large communities as Canada and Australia. If those who are concerned in the scheme of concentrating the powers of the English race, and making the forces of the English-speaking people at home and abroad a unit for the common glory and the common strength, addressed themselves to the work of securing enduring alliances with those great colonies which shall hereafter establish an independent existence, it would be likely to prove a more practicable undertaking than anything involved in any shadowy project of federation, which presents enormous difficulties, and may prove short-lived, even if accomplished.

Let it be understood, Independence has not yet approached the realm of practical politics in Canada. It has not been much considered by the masses of people. As has been already said, the

present position is satisfactory, and the period has not yet been reached when Canada shall feel strong enough to stand alone. This involves difficulties and responsibilities. Besides, the present generation contains many who are extremely, perhaps bigotedly, attached to Britain and British rule, and who would be unwilling to listen to any proposal involving separation. A great many prejudices must be overcome before a peaceable solution can be effected on these lines. But old generations are passing away and new generations are arising; and in proportion as the country develops in population, wealth, and power these ancient prejudices will disappear, and each day will see the spirit of national pride grow stronger. In debating societies, where young men of intelligence meet to discuss public questions, the development of a glowing sentiment of national life is plainly discoverable, and when, upon the platform, any public man of advanced views hints at an independent nationality, he is sure to be greeted with applause. The germ has been planted, and the idea is manifestly growing in the heart of young Canada.

It is too soon to say to what extent this feeling will spread, and how soon it may reach the stage of practical action. Nothing has occurred of late to give it any direct impetus. Any friction between the Canadian Government and the Colonial Office might call the full strength of the independence sentiment into formidable existence, but this does not seem likely to occur. Therefore one can but form general opinions as to the trend of events. Granted that the colonial relation is to terminate some day, it is not too much to say that independence seems, at present, the most probable solution.

There is no necessity for haste. Things are moving on wonderfully well at present. Canada has been building great railways, and expending large sums in developing the country. The period has now been reached when she can adopt a rest-and-be-thankful policy for a time. Many there are who form an exaggerated idea of the cost of national life. Representatives will have to be maintained at foreign courts, consuls located and paid in all quarters of the globe where our commerce extends. The naval strength of the country would have to be considerably augmented. All these involve heavy annual expenditures. At present, having regard to the interest on the public debt, the revenue and expenditure of the country under the existing tariff nearly balance, but the population is increasing and will continue to increase rapidly. The wealth and resources increase even more rapidly, and, therefore, in a short time, the revenue will far exceed the amount now obtained, and additional annual expenditure can be easily provided for. The cost of a diplomatic and consular service is not a very great item to a country whose annual revenue is now close upon forty millions of dollars; so that these initial difficulties stand a fair chance, in a short time, of being overcome.

The question of defence, which in Europe is such a formidable one, does not present the same difficulties in America. North America is practically divided between the United States and Canada—both English-speaking countries, and happily free from the entanglements of European diplomacy. While each great power in Europe is compelled to expend the best part of its treasure upon the maintenance of huge military and naval armaments, the United States, which is larger and wealthier than any of them, has a national police of about 25,000 men. She has no need of more. She stands in no danger of invasion, and the civil authorities are able to maintain order throughout the country. Canada, if she became an independent state, would have but one neighbour, and that one without a standing army, and without any thought of military aggression. Therefore an army and expensive fortifications would be needless. Up to a recent period the people of the United States have seen no great utility in a navy, and allowed the warships which were called into service during the civil war to fall into decay. But of late it has come to be recognised that in a great nation like the States, possessing a commerce which extends over the world, it is a matter of just pride as well as national wisdom to have a well-equipped and efficient navy, which will be ready at all times to maintain the honour of its flag in foreign waters. Such a navy is now being built, and in the course of a few years it will be discovered that the United States navy ranks among the best in the world. Canada, if she assumes the burdens of national life, would have to adopt a similar course, and this involves considerable outlay, but she would be free from the necessity of wasting her resources on expensive military armaments. It is the advantage which North American civilization has over European.

The people of Great Britain, however much they may be disposed to rely upon their own pluck and resources for maintaining the national interests and honour at home and abroad, can view with complacency the creation of an effective navy by the United States as well as Canada. Blood is thicker than water, and whatever little family jars may now and then occur between those great English-speaking peoples, if the day should ever come when British interests and honour were in real peril, owing to European combinations, depend upon it the star-spangled banner, floating proudly from the masts of American warships, would be found floating beside the glorious old Union Jack. This, perhaps, sounds too pretty, but it is not Utopian. In all parts of the United States we hear unpleasant things said about Great Britain. Party politicians are not above seeking votes by appealing to anti-British sentiment. But this is, after all, only skin deep. We can afford to quarrel with our dear relations, and make them the butts of our most polished sarcasm when they and we are prosperous; but in the hour of their adversity and

peril we must always come to their rescue. But so far as Canada is concerned, whatever future is in store for her, or however soon she may choose to float her own flag, generations and centuries would be too short to efface from the hearts of her sons the indelible traces of universal affection. *Her ships and her men* would always be at the service of Britain in the hour of need.

One serious difficulty will confront the Canadian people in the event of their adopting independence—the form of Government. Other things being equal, the limited monarchy is the cheapest and least troublesome. After the one hundred years' experience of the United States, not a single Canadian is convinced that an elective executive with supreme power during his term of office is comparable, as a system of government, with a Constitutional Sovereign governing according to the advice of Ministers, responsible every hour to Parliament and the people. Besides, there are tremendous objections to the turmoil, excitement and unrest inseparable from frequent Presidential elections. But, on the other hand, the atmosphere of America is not favourable to crowned heads. A violent prejudice against Monarchies in America prevails among the masses in the United States. The same idea permeates the leading public men in that country. While Canada has a right to do as she pleases, it is not to be forgotten that the relations existing at all times between Canada and her great neighbour, are a matter of vital importance. It is necessary for us to be on friendly—on cordial terms with her. Our interests are now closely identified in a thousand ways, and, if independent, they would become still more so. In trade, in tariff arrangements, and in many other ways, Canada cannot afford to be indifferent to American views and policy. It is certain that if Canada resolved any time within the next twenty or forty years to establish an independent existence, formed a government upon the British system, and invited a prince of the Royal blood to occupy the throne, such a step would create an unfavourable impression in the United States. The people of the United States would be very glad to see Canada independent, but they would not be pleased to see a monarchy established on this Continent. Dom Pedro was always well treated by the United States, but his presence as a monarch was never welcome. When he was bundled off to Europe minus his crown, the American people were delighted. There is a prejudice on this continent against the idea of sovereign and subject. Equal citizenship is the regnant sentiment, and the man who is Chief Magistrate of sixty millions of people for four years, possessing greater power than any constitutional monarch in the world, when his term expires, steps down among his fellow-men, and takes his place among citizens exactly as if he had never filled any great office whatever. With the ideas held by most of the great English-speaking race of North America, it is really doubtful if a monarchy

could be long maintained. And yet the majority of the Canadian people are not in love with Republicanism. To a practical statesman, this question of the form of government will be one of the most trying problems, if independence ever becomes a living political issue.

Some there are who are oppressed with the fear that if Canada were cut off from the protecting power of Great Britain she would become at once the victim of American aggression. The unfriendly course pursued by the United States Government in relation to the fisheries and seal-taking in the Behring Straits, is instanced in support of this apprehension. But the wisest and most far-seeing will not be alarmed by these imaginary fears. It would be necessary, at an early stage, to have all questions relating to trade, fisheries, navigable waters, and other matters of common interest settled upon some fair basis, and then public opinion in the two countries would enforce the spirit of the Convention. The people of the United States have never been inclined to be aggressive towards Canada, nor would they be unfriendly to an independent Canada. What is distasteful to many of them is to see growing up beside them a great country owning allegiance to a foreign sovereign, and thus in danger of becoming imbued with European rather than American ideas. There is no motive on the part of the American people for hostility toward Canada. They have abundance of territory and ample scope for development, and so long as they saw growing up beside them, and sharing with them the control of the continent, an enlightened nation with ideas similar to their own and with aspirations in the direction of civilization, liberty, and peace, what more could they wish? Besides, if it came to that, in a few decades the Canadian people would be in a position to resist any aggression, and to maintain their rights. God spare us forever the horrors and wickedness of war; but if it must come, it is the northern climes which have given to the world its invincible soldiers.

To sum up, Canada is prosperous, contented, and happy. She may have errors and evils in her administration, but the remedy for these is in the hands of her people. She is growing, and will continue to grow. She is loyal to the Empire, but cannot afford to be always a colony. She may become part of the Empire under a general confederation of the English-speaking communities scattered throughout the world. And she may be absorbed in her great neighbour. But the stronger probabilities are that she will eventually take her place among the nations of the world with splendid prospects of greatness and power. In which case, and in any case, her people will never forget the great nation from whence they derived their origin, and whose qualities implanted in them constitute their strongest hope of success and glory.

J. W. LONGLEY.

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“A PREFACE TO ‘DORIAN GRAY.’”

THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.

* * *

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

* * *

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

* * *

The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

* * *

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

* * *

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

* * *

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

* * *

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

* * *

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass. The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

* * *

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

* * *

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

* * *

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

* * *

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Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

* * *

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials of his art.

* * *

From the point of view of Form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of Feeling the actor's craft is the type.

* * *

All art is at once surface and symbol.

* * *

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

* * *

Those who read the symbol do so also at their peril.

* * *

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

* * *

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

* * *

When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.

* * *

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it inordinately.

* * *

All art is quite useless.

OSCAR WILDE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADEIRA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps consecutive visits to Madeira of five to six months for each of the last five years, give me some right to describe a residence there during the winter months.

There are three routes to Madeira, either by the "Castle" packets from London, which pick up West of England passengers at Dartmouth; or by the "Union" boats, which start from Southampton. They both take the same time, reaching their destination in four days and twelve hours, calling at Lisbon *en route*. A third way is by the *train-de-luxe* from London to Lisbon, where you pick up the boats, and so on, in thirty-six hours. Arriving at Funchal (the only town in the island), you put yourself into the hands of the hotel proprietors, who are the first to board the steamers. They are one and all most civil and attentive. There are only three of them—Mr. Reid, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Jones—all excellent in their way, and they all vie with each other in attention to you and your belongings. The best hotel is Mr. Reid's new building on the New Road, and Mr. Cardwell's close adjoining. The other so-called *hotels* are merely pretentious boarding-houses, and have no suites of apartments or private accommodation, every one being obliged to dine at the *table-d'hôte*. A Grand Hotel Company has just bought ten acres of land adjoining the New Road and advertise their intention to build a large hotel capable of holding three hundred people; it is to be lighted with the electric light, and replete with every comfort.

Having selected one of them, you have nothing to do but walk or drive to your hotel and breakfast, and wait for your luggage to come from the Custom House. Nothing can be more delightful than your drive through the town to your hotel. Palms and ficus-trees on all sides, and the bougainvillas and bignoneas in full bloom and hanging from the roofs of the houses and over the walls, while bananas and orange-trees are everywhere in profusion.

If you intend to winter at Madeira, you had better employ Mr. Payne, of the "Burlington Arcade," a large grocer and wine seller, to take you round to the different villas (or *quintas*, as they are called there, the word meaning a garden) which are to be let, and be sure to select one at the west end of the town. They range from £80 to £300 for the season of six months. The west end of the town is much to be preferred, because it is more healthy and away from the smells of the town; and all the villas are situated on or near the New Road, a splendid wide road of six miles length, and shaded all the way by oak-trees and mangoes, and yet it is within easy reach of the town. One of the drawbacks to the east end is that the mountains come right down to the outskirts of the town, and you have to pass through some of the worst slums to get to your villa (*quinta*). Still there are many beautiful houses to be rented on the east side. Portuguese men and women servants are to be had on very reasonable terms; they are excellent and all talk English.

A most important point in selecting a house is to inquire about the drains, see where they empty themselves, and whether they are well ventilated. The Portuguese have no idea of sanitary arrangements whatever; and I should advise before coming to any agreement to stipu-

late that the drains should be ventilated. Messrs. Hinton & Son are the only practical engineers in the place, and, I think, for a reasonable fee would make a report on any house before signing the agreement. Having selected a house to your liking, the next thing is to decide whether you will ride or go about in a hammock, or a bullock carriage. The first is the most healthy, and you can hire excellent sure-footed ponies. The second (a hammock) is the most luxurious, and the third (a bullock carriage) the most useful. There is one advantage in having a hammock, and that is that you can use your two "bearers" as water-carriers and to bring up your provisions from the market every morning, and this you cannot do with your horseman or bullock-men. The charge is all the same, whether you hire a horse, a hammock, or a carriage, viz., £7 a month, and you find nothing, the horse and man being fed at home by their master; and this applies to the hammock men also.

There is a fairly good reading-room at Madeira, with an excellent library and a billiard-room attached, to which you should belong. Your banker or the estimable English Consul (if you call on him) will put down your name, and this includes all the ladies of your party. There is no club or pretence of one, except the Portuguese Club, which is excellent in its way, but very few English go to it.

It is surprising that the residents do not get up a decent club, where you could get light refreshments and write your letters and play lawn tennis and whist. The amusements in Madeira are principally lawn tennis (every decent villa has an asphalt court in its grounds), picnics, and expeditions into the mountains. Those who care for society can have plenty of dinner-parties, concerts, and small dances, to say nothing of the opera. The charm of Madeira is its beautiful, equal, sunny climate, its lovely scenery and flowers. Nowhere do roses, pelargoniums, bougainvillias, bignoneas, alamandas, daturas, and orange-trees grow to such perfection; every garden is full of them, and they scent the air at night in an indescribable way.

The superiority of Madeira over the Canary Islands is that it is full of capital old houses and gardens, which were built and laid out by the old wine merchants seventy years ago, and capital house property is to be bought for next to nothing. There is only one hotel at Oratava (the health resort of Teneriffe), and that small and indifferent, whereas there are plenty of excellent so-called hotels in Madeira, which, as I have said before, are more like superior boarding-houses than hotels. Then, again, at Madeira you are forty-eight hours nearer home than at the Canaries, and you have direct telegraphic communication with England.

Some people fancy Madeira is a damp climate, but I state as a fact that during the five months I was there last winter it only rained six days; yet everything looked fresh and green owing to the marvellous water supply, which is carried by narrow cemented water courses to all parts of the country, and every villa has its allotted portion of water for so many hours a week. I will not go into statistics of rainfall and temperature, but refer your readers to Sir Morell Mackenzie's figures in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1889; and Dr. Burney Yeo on change of air, &c. But I may say the temperature varies in the winter months usually from 60° to 68°, and is the same to all intents by night as well as by day. I almost invariably slept with my window open at night. For invalids, Madeira far surpasses the Riviera in every way. For those who seek the sun from January till May, they will find it perfection. The scenery in the interior of the island equals, if not surpasses, anything in the world. A friend of mine on a visit last February went with me on a five days' tour round the north of the island, and he assured me, though he had been all over America and India, yet he had

never seen anything to compare to the scenery of the Boaventura Valley in Madeira. And all this can be done on horseback or by hammock (two ladies were of our party); but take your own provisions or you will be in a dilemma.

It is a curious fact that there are no carriages in Madeira, and everybody goes about in sledges drawn by bullocks; these sledges glide over the small pebbles with which the roads are paved, with the greatest ease.

There is no dust or dirt to blind one's eyes; and lastly, no gas to destroy one's health and one's furniture. All the town and suburbs are lighted with oil lamps, and very well lighted too. The Opera House is as large as the Gaiety, and twice as prettily fitted up; large ball-rooms attached, and all lighted with oil lamps.

The Portuguese are very civil and obliging to the English visitors. And the Governor, who happens to be a gentleman of independent means, is most courteous and hospitable. He gave a ball this year to all the visitors, which was carried out in the most sumptuous manner, the flowers being a dream to see and the music, floor, and supper were all equal to the very best London entertainment. In addition to private balls there is a regular fortnightly dance given by the members of the Portuguese Club, always well done. Portuguese society is rather shy of outsiders, but when you once get into it, nothing could be pleasanter or more genial. The educated Portuguese talk French and English; most of the servants talk fairly good English, and they are very quick in understanding what you say. One word in praise of the old English settlers: they are all either wine merchants or sugar planters, and their houses are always thrown open to the visitors who bring letters of introduction, and nothing could be more charming than their homely, kind hospitality. The quantity of English steamers that touch at Madeira is wonderful, and all heavy goods can be easily imported by them. On an average seven hundred steamers arrive there during the year.

As regards paying duty, that is one advantage Teneriffe has over Madeira. Teneriffe is a free port belonging to Spain, and you can import English goods without duty; whereas in Madeira the Government charge 25 per cent. on every description of goods, and woe betide any unlucky person who attempts to smuggle anything; a heavy fine and no appeal to Lisbon is the penalty. In addition there are first-rate doctors and a most amiable resident clergyman. To sum up in one word, Madeira is a small Paradise where you can bask in the sun far away from frost or snow or east winds. Fogs and dew are unknown, and for a quiet rest to the overworked statesman or man of business Madeira is unequalled on the face of the globe.

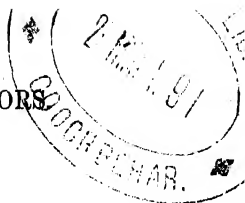
Yours faithfully,

V. F. BENETT STANFORD.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PAIR OF WOOLERS.



THAT ashen look of the rise out of death from one of our mortal wounds, was caused by deeper convulsions in Nesta's bosom than Dartrey could imagine.

She had gone for the walk with Mr. Barmby, reading the omen of his tones in the request. Dorothea and Virginia would have her go. The clerical gentleman, a friend of the Rev. Abram Posterley; and one who deplored poor Mr. Posterley's infatuation; and one besides who belonged to Nesta's musical choir in London; seemed a safe companion for the child. The grand organ of Mr. Barmby's voice, too, assured them of a devout seriousness in him, that arrested any scrupulous little questions. They could not conceive his uttering the nonsensical empty stuff, compliments to their beauty and what not, which girls hear sometimes from inconsiderate gentlemen, to the having of their heads turned. Moreover, Nesta had rashly promised her father's faithful servant Skepsey to walk out with him in the afternoon: and the ladies hoped she would find the morning's walk to have been enough; good little man though Skepsey was, they were sure. But there is the incongruous for young women of station on a promenade.

Mr. Barmby headed to the pier. After pacing up and down between the briny gulls and a polka-band, he made his way forethoughtfully to the glass-sheltered seats fronting East: where, as his enthusiasm for the solemnity of the occasion excited him to say, "We have a view of the terraces and the cliffs;" and where not more than two enwrapped invalid figures were ensconced. Then it was, that Nesta recalled her anticipation of his possible design; forgotten by her during their talk of her dear people: Priscilla Graves and Mr. Pempton, and the Yatts, and Simeon Fenellan, Peridon, and Catkin, and Skepsey likewise; and the very latest news of her mother. She wished she could have run before him, to spare him. He would not notice a sign. Girls must wait and hear.

It was an oratorio. She watched the long wave roll on to the sinking into its fellow; and onward again for the swell and the weariful lapse; and up at last bursting to the sheet of white. The far-heard roar and the near commingled, giving Mr. Barmby a semblance to the powers of ocean.

At the first direct note, the burden of which necessitated a pause, she petitioned him to be her friend, to think of himself as her friend.

But a vessel laden with merchandize, that has crossed wild seas for this particular port, is hardly to be debarred from discharging its goods on the quay by simple intimations of their not being wanted. We are precipitated both by the aim and the tedium of the lengthened voyage to insist that they be seen. We believe perforce in their temptingness; and should allurements

fail, we fall back to the belief in our eloquence. An eloquence to expose the qualities they possess, is the testification in the promise of their excellence. She is to be induced by feeling to see it. We are asking a young lady for the precious gift of her hand. We respect her; and because of our continued respect, despite an obstruction, we come to think we have a claim upon her gratitude; could she but be led to understand how different we are from some other men!—from one hitherto favoured among them, unworthy of this prize, however personally exalted and meritorious.

The wave of wide extension rolled and sank and rose, heaving lifeless variations of the sickly streaks on its dull green back.

Dudley Sowerby's defection was hinted at and accounted for, by the worldly test of worldly considerations.

What were they?—Nesta glanced.

An indistinct comparison was modestly presented, of one unmoved by worldly considerations.

But what were they? She was wakened by a lamp, and her darkness was all inflammable to it.

"Oh! Mr. Barmby, you have done me the honour to speak before; you know my answer," she said.

"You were then subject to an influence. A false, I may say wicked, sentiment upholding celibacy."

"My poor Louise? She never thought of influencing me. She has her views, I mine. Our friendship does not depend on a 'treaty of reciprocity.' We are one at heart, each free to judge and act, as it should be in friendship. I heard from her this morning. Her brother will be able to resume his military duties next month. Then she will return to me."

"We propose!" rejoined Mr. Barmby.

Beholding the involuntary mercurial rogue-dimple he had started from a twitch at the corner of her lips, the good gentleman pursued: "Can we dare write our designs for the month to come? Ah!—I will say—Nesta! give me the hope I beg to have. See the seriousness. You are at liberty. That other has withdrawn his pretensions. We will not blame him. He is in expectation of exalted rank. Where there is any shadow! . . ." Mr. Barmby paused on his outroll of the word; but immediately, not intending to weigh down his gentle hearer with the significance in it, resumed at a yet more sonorous depth: "He is under the obligation to his family; an old, a venerable family. In the full blaze of public opinion! His conduct can be exonerated by us, too. There is a right and wrong in minor things, independent of the higher rectitude. We pardon, we can partly support, the worldly view."

"There is a shadow?" said Nesta; and her voice was lurefully encouraging.

He was on the footing where men are precipitated by what is within them to blunder. "On you—no. On you personally, not at all. No. It could not be deemed so. Not by those knowing, esteeming—not by him who loves you, and would, with his name, would, with his whole strength, envelop, shield . . . certainly certainly not."

"It is on my parents?" she said.

"But to me nothing, nothing, quite naught! To confound the innocent with the guilty! . . . and excuses may exist. We know but how little we know!"

"It is on both my parents?" she said; with a simplicity that induced him to reply: "Before the world. But not, I repeat . . ."

The band-instruments behind the sheltering glass flourished on their termination of a waltz.

She had not heeded their playing. Now she said: "The music is over; we must not be late at lunch;" and she stood up and moved.

He sprang to his legs and obediently stepped out: "I shall have your answer to-day? this evening? Nesta!"

"Mr. Barmby, it will be the same. You will be kind to me in not asking me again."

He spoke further. She was dumb.

Had he done ill or well for himself and for her when he named the shadow on her parents? He dwelt more on her than on himself: he would not have wounded her to win the blest affirmative. Could she have been entirely ignorant?—and after Dudley Sowerby's defection? For such it was: the Rev. Stuart Rem had declared the union between the almost designated head of the Cantor family and a young person of no name, of worse than no birth, impossible: "absolutely and totally impossible," he had said, in his impressive fashion, speaking from his knowledge of the family and an acquaintance with Dudley. She must necessarily have learnt why Dudley Sowerby withdrew. No parents of an attractive daughter should allow her to remain unaware of her actual position in the world. It is criminal, a reduplication of the criminality! Yet she had not spoken as one astonished. She was mysterious. Women are so: young women most of all. It is undecided still whether they do of themselves conceive principles, or should submit to an imposition of the same upon them in terrorem.—Mysterious truly, but most attractive! As Lady Bountiful of a district, she would have in her maturity the majestic stature to suit a dispensation of earthly good things. And, strangely, here she was, at this moment, rivalling to excelling all others of her sex (he verified it in the crowd of female faces passing), when they, if they but knew the facts, would visit her very appearance beside them on a common footing as an intrusion and a scandal. To us who know, such matters are indeed wonderful!

Moved by reflective compassion, Mr. Barmby resumed the wooer's note, some few steps after he had responded to the salutation of Dartrey Fenellan and Colonel Sudley. She did not speak. She turned her forehead to him; and the absence of the world from her eyes stilled his tongue.

He declined the pleasure of the lunch with the Duvidney ladies. He desired to be alone, to question himself fasting, to sound the deed he had done; for he had struck on a suspicion of selfishness in it: and though Love must needs be an egoism, Love is no warrant for the doing of a hurt to the creature beloved. Thoughts upon Skepsey and the tale of his Matilda Pridden's labours in poor neighbourhoods, to which he had been inattentive during the journey down to the sea, invaded him; they were

persistent. He was a worthy man, having within him the spiritual impulse curiously ready to take the place where a material disappointment left vacancy. The vulgar sort embrace the devil at that stage. Before the day had sunk, Mr. Barmby's lowest wish was, to be a light, as the instrument of his Church in her ministrations amid the haunts of sin and slime, to such plain souls as Daniel Skepsey and Matilda Pridden. And he could still be that, if Nesta, in the chapters of the future, changed her mind. She might; for her good she would; he reserved the hope. His light was one to burn beneath an extinguisher.

At the luncheon table of the Duvidney ladies, it was a pain to Dorothea and Virginia to witness how poor the appetite their Nesta brought in from the briny blowy walk. They prophesied against her chances of a good sleep at night, if she did not eat heartily. Virginia timidly remarked on her paleness. Both of them put their simple arts in motion to let her know, that she was dear to them: so dear as to make them dread the hour of parting. They named their dread of it. They had consulted in private and owned to one another, that they did really love the child, and dared not look forward to what they should do without her. The dear child's paleness and want of appetite (they remembered they were observing a weak innocent girl) suggested to them mutually the idea of a young female heart sickening, for the old unhappy maiden reason. But, if only she might return with them to the Wells, the Rev. Stuart Rem would assure her to convince her of her not being quite quite forsaken. He, or some one having sanction from Victor, might ultimately (the ladies waiting anxiously in the next room, to fold her on the warmth of their bosoms when she had heard) impart to her the knowledge of circumstances, which would, under their further tuition concerning the particular sentiments of great families and the strict duties of the scions of the race, help to account for and excuse the Hon. Dudley Sowerby's behaviour.

They went up to the drawing-room, talking of Skepsey and his tale of Miss Pridden for Nesta's amusement. Any talk of her Skepsey usually quickened her lips to reminiscent smiles and speech. Now she held on to gazing; and sadly, it seemed; as if some object were not present.

For a vague encouragement, Dorothea said: "One week, and we are back home at Moorsedge!"—not so far from Cronidge, was implied, for the administering of some foolish temporary comfort. And it was as when a fish on land springs its hollow sides in alien air for the sustaining element; the girl panted; she clasped Dorothea's hand and looked at Virginia: "My mother—I must see her!" she said. They were slightly stupefied by the unwonted mention of her mother. Their silence now struck a gong at the girl's bosom.

Dorothea had it in mind to say, that if she thirsted for any special comfort, the friends about her would offer consolation for confidence.

Before she could speak, Perrin the footman entered, bearing the card of the Hon. Dudley Sowerby.

Mr. Dudley Sowerby begged for an immediate interview with Miss Radnor.

The ladies were somewhat agitated, but no longer perplexed as to their duties. They had quitted Moorsedge to avoid the visit of his family. If he

followed, it signified that which they could not withstand:—"the Tivoli Falls!" as they named the fatal tremendous human passion, from the reminiscences of an impressive day on their travels in youth; when the leaping torrent had struck upon a tale of love they were reading. They hurriedly entreated Nesta to command her nerves; peremptorily requested her to stay where she was; showed her spontaneously, by way of histrionic adjuration, the face to be worn by young ladies at greetings on these occasions; kissed her and left her; Virginia whispering: "He is true!"

Dudley entered the drawing-room, charged with his happy burden of a love that had passed through the furnace. She stood near a window, well in the light; she hardly gave him welcome. His address to her was hurried, rather uncertain, coherent enough between the drop and the catch of articulate syllables. He found himself holding his hat. He placed it on the table, and it rolled foolishly; but soon he was by her side, having two free hands to claim her one.

"You are thinking, you have not heard from me! I have been much occupied," he said. "My brother is ill, very ill. I have your pardon?"

"Indeed you have—if it has to be asked."

"I have it?"

"Have I to grant it?"

"Down to remissness."

"I did not blame you."

"Nesta! . . ."

Her coldness was unshaken.

He repeated the call of her name. "I should have written—I ought to have written!—I could not have expressed. . . . You do forgive? So many things!"

"You come from Cronidge to-day?"

"From my family—to you."

She seemed resentful. His omissions as a correspondent were explicable in a sentence. It had to be deferred.

Reviewing for a moment the enormous internal conflict undergone by him during the period of the silence between them, he wondered at the vastness of the love which had conquered objections, to him so poignant.

There was at least no seeing of the public blot on her birth when looking on her face. Nor when thinking of the beauty of her character, in absence or in presence, was there any. He had mastered distaste to such a degree, that he forgot the assistance he had received from the heiress for enabling him to appreciate the fair young girl. Money is the imperious requirement of superior station; and more money and more: in these our modern days of the merchant's wealth, and the miner's, and the gigantic American and Australian millionaires, high rank is of necessity vowed, in peril of utter eclipse, to the possession of money. Still it is, when assured, a consideration far to the rear with a gentleman in whose bosom love and the buzzing world have fought their battles out. He could believe it thoroughly fought out, by the prolonged endurance of a contest lasting many days and nights; in the midst of which, at one time, the task of writing to tell her of his withdrawal from the engagement, was the cause of his omission to write.

As to her character, he dwelt on the charm of her recovered features, to repress an indicative dread of some intrepid force behind it, that might be unfeminine, however gentle the external lineaments. Her features, her present aristocratic deficiency of colour, greatly pleased him; her character would submit to moulding. Of all young ladies in the world, she should be the one to shrink from a mental independence and hold to the guidance of the man ennobling her. Did she? Her eyes were reading him. She had her father's limpid eyes, and when they concentrated rays, they shot.

"Have you seen my parents, Mr. Sowerby?"

He answered smilingly, for reassuringly: "I have seen them."

"My mother?"

"From your mother first. But am I not to be Dudley?"

"She spoke to you? She told you?"

"And yesterday your father—a second time."

Some remainder of suspicion in the dealing with members of this family, urged Dudley to say: "I understood from them, you were not? . . . that you were quite? . . ."

"I have heard: I have guessed: it was recently—this morning, as it happened—I wish to go to my mother to-day. I shall go to her to-morrow."

"I might offer to conduct you—now!"

"You are kind; I have Skepsey." She relieved the situation of its cold-toned strain in adding: "He is a host."

"But I may come?—now! Have I not the right? You do not deny it me?"

"You are very generous."

"I claim the right, then. Always. And subsequently, soon after, my mother hopes to welcome you at Cronidge. She will be glad to hear of your naming of a day. My father bids me . . . he and all our family."

"They are very generous."

"I may send them word this evening of a day you name?"

"No, Mr. Sowerby."

"Dudley?"

"I cannot say it. I have to see my parents."

"Between us, surely?"

"My whole heart thanks you for your goodness to me. I am unable to say more."

He had again observed and he slightly crisped under the speculative look she directed on him: a simple unstrained look, that had an air of reading right in, and was worse to bear with than when the spark leaped upon some thought from her eyes: though he had no imagination of anything he concealed or exposed, and he would have set it down to her temporary incredulousness of his perfect generosity or power to overcome the world's opinion of certain circumstances. That had been a struggle! The peculiar look was not renewed. She spoke warmly of her gratitude. She stated, that she must of necessity see her parents at once. She submitted to his entreaty to conduct her to them on the morrow. It was in the manner of one who yielded step by step, from inability to contend.

Her attitude continuing unchanged, he became sensible of a monotony in

the speech with which he assailed it, and he rose to leave, not dissatisfied. She, at his urgent request, named her train for London in the early morning. He said it was not too early. He would have desired to be warmed; yet he liked her the better for the moral sentiment controlling the physical. He had appointments with relatives or connections in the town, and on that pretext he departed, hoping for the speedy dawn of the morrow as soon as he had turned his back on the house.

No, not he the man to have pity of women underfoot!—That was the thought, unrevolved, unphrased, all but unconscious, in Nesta: and while her heart was exalting him for his generosity. Under her present sense of the chilling shadow, she felt the comfort there was in being grateful to him for the golden beams which his generosity cast about her. But she had an intelligence sharp to pierce, virgin though she was; and with the mark in sight, however distant, she struck it, unerring as an Artemis for blood of beasts: those shrewd young wits, on the look-out to find a champion, athirst for help upon a desolate road, were hard as any judicial to pronounce the sentence upon Dudley in that respect. She raised him high; she placed herself low; she had a glimpse of the struggle he had gone through; love of her had helped him, she believed. And she was melted; and not the less did the girl's implacable intuition read with the keenness of eye of a man of the world the blunt division in him, where warm humanity stopped short at the wall of social concrete forming a part of this rightly esteemed young citizen. She, too, was divided: she was at his feet; and she rebuked herself for daring to judge—or rather, it was, for having a reserve in her mind upon a man proving so generous with her. She was pulled this way and that by sensibilities both inspiring to blind gratitude and quickening her penetrative view. The certainty of an unerring perception remained.

Dorothea and Virginia were seated in the room below, waiting for their carriage, when the hall-door spoke of the Hon. Dudley's departure; soon after, Nesta entered to them. She swam up to Dorothea's lap, and dropped her head on it, kneeling.

The ladies feared she might be weeping. Dorothea patted her thick brown twisted locks of hair. Unhappiness following such an interview, struck them as an ill sign.

Virginia bent to the girl's ear, and murmured: "All well?"

She replied: "He has been very generous."

Her speaking of the words renewed an oppression, that had darkened her on the descent of stairs. For sensibilities sharp as Nesta's, are not to be had without their penalties: and she who had gone nigh to summing in a flash the nature of Dudley, sank suddenly under that affliction often besetting the young adventurous mind, crushing to young women:—the fascination exercised upon them by a positive adverse masculine attitude and opinion. Young men know well what it is: and if young women have by chance overcome their timidity, to the taking of any step out of the trim pathway, they shrink, with a sense of forlornest isolation. It becomes a subjugation; inciting to revolt, but a heavy weight to cast off. Soon it assumed its material form for the contention between her and Dudley, in

the figure of Mrs. Marsett. The Nesta who had been instructed to know herself to be under a shadow, heard, she almost justified Dudley's reproaches to her, for having made the acquaintance of the unhappy woman, for having visited her, for having been, though but for a minute, at the mercy of a coarse gentleman's pursuit. The recollection was a smart buffet.

Her lighted mind punished her thus through her conjuring of Dudley's words, should news of her relations with Mrs. Marsett reach him:—and she would have to tell him. Would he not say: 'I have borne with the things concerning your family. All the greater reason why I must insist . . .' he would assuredly say he insisted (her humour caught at the word, as being the very word one could foresee and clearly see him uttering in a fit of vehemence) on her immediate abandonment of 'that woman.'

And with Nesta's present enlightenment by dusky beams, upon her parentage, she listened abjectly to Dudley, or the opinion of the majority. Would he not say or think, that her clinging to Mrs. Marsett put them under a kind of common stamp, or gave the world its option to class them together?

These were among the ideas chasing in a head destined to be a battle-field for the enrichment of a harvest-field of them, while the girl's face was hidden on Dorothea's lap, and her breast heaved and heaved.

She distressed them when she rose, by saying she must instantly see her mother.

They saw the pain their hesitation inflicted, and Dorothea said:—"Yes, dear; any day you like."

"To-morrow—I must go to her to-morrow!"

A suggestion of her mother's coming down, was faintly spoken by one lady, echoed in a quaver by the other.

Nesta shook her head. To quiet the kind souls, she entreated them to give their promise that they would invite her again.

Imagining the Hon. Dudley to have cast her off, both ladies embraced her: not entirely yielding-up their hearts to her, by reason of the pernicious new ideas now in the world to sap our foundations of morality; which warned them of their duty to uphold mentally his quite justifiable behaviour, even when compassionating the sufferings of the guiltless creature loved by them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTAINS DEEDS UNRELATED AND EXPOSITIONS OF FEELINGS.

ALL through the afternoon and evening Skepsey showed indifference to meals by continuing absent: and he was the one with whom Nesta would have felt at home; more at home than with her parents. He and the cool world he moved in were a transparency of peace to her mind; even to his giving of some portion of it, when she had the dear little man present to her in a vivid image of a fish in a glass-globe, wandering round and round, now and then shooting across, just as her Skepsey did: he carried his head semi-horizontally at his arrowy pace; plain to read though he was, he

appeared, under that image created of him, animated by motives inducing to speculation.

She thought of him till she could have reproached him for not returning and helping her to get away from the fever of other thoughts :—this anguish twisting about her parents, and the dreadful trammels of gratitude to a man afflictively generous, the frown of congregated people.

The latter was the least of evils ; she had her charges to bring against them for injustice : uncited, unstirred charges, they were effective as a muffled force to sustain her : and the young who are of healthy lively blood and clean conscience have either emotion or imagination to fold them defensively from an enemy world ; whose power to drive them forth into the wilderness they acknowledge. But in the the wilderness their souls are not beaten down by breath of mortals ; they burn straight flame there up to the parent Spirit.

She could not fancy herself flying thither ;—where to be shorn and naked and shivering is no hardship, for the solitude clothes, and the sole true life in us resolves to that steady flame ;—she was restrained by Dudley's generosity, which held her fast to have the forgiveness for her uncommitted sin dashed in her face. He surprised her ; the unexpected quality in him seemed suddenly to have snared her fast ; and she did not obtain release after seeing behind it ;—seeing it, by the light of what she demanded, personal, shallow, a lover's generosity. So her keen intellect saw it ; and her young blood (for the youthful are thus divided) thrilled in thinking it must be love ! The name of the sacred passion lifted it out of the petty cabin of the individual into a quiring cathedral universal, and subdued her. It subdued her with an unwelcome touch of tenderness when she thought of it as involving tenderness for her mother, some chivalrous respect for her mother. Could he love the daughter without some little, which a more intimate knowledge of her dear mother would enlarge ? The girl's heart flew to her mother, clung to her, vindicated her dumbly. It would not inquire, and it refused to hear, hungering the while. She sent forth her flights of stories in elucidation of the hidden ; and they were like white bird after bird winging to covert beneath a thundercloud ; until her breast ached for the voice of the thunder : harsh facts : sure as she was of her never losing her filial hold of the beloved. She and her mother grew together, they were one. Accepting the shadow, they were the closer one beneath it. She had neither vision nor active thought of her father, in whom her pride was.

At the hour of ten, the ladies retired for the enjoyment of their sweet reward. Manton, their maid, came down to sit with Nesta on the watch for Skepsey. Perrin, the footman, returning, as late as twenty minutes to eleven, from his tobacco promenade along the terrace, reported to Manton "a row in town" ; and he repeated to Nesta the policeman's opinion and his own of the "Army" fellows, and the way to treat them. Both were for rigour.

"The name of 'Army' attracts poor Skepsey so, I am sure he would join it, if they would admit him," Nesta said.

"He has an immense respect for a young woman, who belongs to his 'Army' ; and one doesn't know what may have come," said Manton.

Two or three minutes after eleven, a feeble ring at the bell gained admission for some person : whispering was heard in the passage. Manton played eavesdropper, and suddenly bursting on Skepsey, arrested him when about to dash upstairs. His young mistress's voice was a sufficient command ; he yielded ; he pitched a smart sigh and stepped into her presence for his countenance to be seen, or the show of a countenance, that it presented.

"Skepsey wanted to rush to bed without saying good night to me?" said she ; leaving unnoticed, except for woefulness of tone, his hurried shuffle of remarks on "his appearance," and "little accidents ;" ending with an inclination of his disgraceful person to the doorway, and a petition : "If I might, Miss Nesta?" The implied pathetic reference to a surgically-treated nose under a cross of strips of plaster, could not obtain dismissal for him. And he had one eye of sinister hue, showing beside his lighted-grey fellow as if a sullen punished dragon-whelp had couched near some quick wood-pigeon. The two eyes blinked rapidly. He was a picture of Guilt in the nude, imploring to be sent into concealment.

The cruelty of detaining him was evident.

"Yes, if you must," Nesta said. "But, dear Skepsey, will it be the magistrate again to-morrow?"

He feared it would be ; he fancied it would needs be. He concluded by stating, that he was bound to appear before the magistrate in the morning ; and he begged assistance to keep it from the knowledge of the Miss Duvidneys, who had been so kind to him.

"Has there been bailing of you again, Skepsey?"

"A good gentleman, a resident," he replied ; "a military gentleman ; indeed, a colonel of the cavalry ; but, it may so be, retired ; and anxious about our vast possessions ; though he thinks a translation of a French attack on England unimportant. He says the Germans despise us most."

"Then this gentleman thinks you have a good case?"

"He is a friend of Captain Dartrey's."

Hearing that name, Nesta said : "Now, Skepsey, you must tell me everything. You are not to mind your looks. I believe, I do always believe you mean well."

"Miss Nesta, it depends upon the magistrate's not being prejudiced against the street-processionists."

"But you may expect justice from the magistrate, if your case is good?"

"I would not say no, Miss Nesta. But we find, the opinion of the public has its effect with magistrates—their sentences. They are severe on boxing. They have latterly treated the 'Army' with more consideration, owing to the change in the public view. I myself have changed."

"Have you joined it?"

"I cannot say I am a member of it."

"You walked in the ranks to-day, and you were maltreated? Your friend was there?"

"I walked with Matilda Pridden ; that is, parallel, along the pavement."

"I hope she came out of it unhurt?"

"It is thanks to Captain Dartrey, Miss Nesta."

This time Nesta looked her question.

Manton interposed: "You are to speak, Mr. Skepsey;" and she stopped a flood of narrative, that was knocking in his mind to feel its head and to leap—an uninterrupted half-minute more would have shaped the story for the proper flow.

He began, after attending to the throb of his bruises in a manner to correct them rather than solace; and the beginning was the end: "Captain Dartrey rescued us, before Matilda Pridden suffered harm, to mention—the chin, slight, teeth unshaken; a beautiful set. She is angry with Captain Dartrey, for having resort to violence in her defence: it is against her principles. 'Then you die,' she says; and our principles are to gain more by death. She says, we are alive in them; but worse if we abandon them for the sake of living.—I am a little confused; she is very abstruse.—Because, *that* is the corruptible life, she says. I have found it quite impossible to argue with her; she has always a complete answer; wonderful. In case of Invasion, we are to lift our voices to the Lord; and the Lord's will shall be manifested. If we are robbed, we ask, How came we by the goods. It is unreasonable; it strikes at rights of property. But I have to go on thinking. When in danger, she sings without excitement. When the blow struck her, she stopped singing only an instant. She says, no one fears, who has real faith. She will not let me call her brave. She cannot admire Captain Dartrey. Her principles are opposed. She said to him, 'Sir, you did what seemed to you right.' She thinks every blow struck sends us back to the state of the beasts. Her principles. . . ."

"How was it Captain Dartrey happened to be present, Skepsey?"

"She is very firm. You cannot move her.—Captain Dartrey was on his way to the station, to meet a gentleman from London, Miss Nesta. He carried a stick—a remarkable stick—he had shown to me in the morning, and he has given it me now. He says, he has done his last with it. He seems to have some of Matilda Pridden's ideas about fighting, when it's over. He was glad to be rid of the stick, he said."

"But who attacked you? What were the people?"

"Captain Dartrey says, England may hold up her head while she breeds young women like Matilda Pridden:—right or wrong, he says: it is the substance."

Hereupon Manton, sick of Miss Pridden, shook the little man with a snappish word, to bring him to attention. She got him together sufficiently for him to give a lame version of the story; flat until he came to his heroine's behaviour, when he brightened a moment, and he sank back absorbed in her principles and theories of life. It was understood by Nesta, that the processionists, going at a smart pace, found their way blocked and were assaulted in one of the side-streets; and that Skepsey rushed to the defence of Matilda Pridden; and that, while they were engaged, Captain Dartrey was passing at the end of the street, and recognized one he knew in the thick of it and getting the worst of it, owing to numbers. "I will show you the stick he did it with, Miss Nesta;" said Skepsey, regardless of narrative; and darted out of the room to bring in the Demerara supple

jack; holding which, he became inspired to relate something of Captain Dartrey's deeds.

They gave no pleasure to his young lady, as he sadly perceived:—thus it is with the fair sex ever, so fond of heroes! She shut her eyes from the sight of the Demerara supple-jack descending right and left upon the skulls of a couple of bully lads. "That will do—you were rescued. And now go to bed, Skepsey; and be up at seven to breakfast with me," Nesta said, for his battle-damaged face would be more endurable to behold after an interval, she hoped; and she might in the morning dissociate its evil look from the deeds of Captain Dartrey.

The thought of her hero taking active part in a street-fray, was repulsive to her; it swamped his brilliancy. And this distressed her, by withdrawing the support which the thought of him had been to her since midday. She lay for sleepless hours, while nursing a deeper pain, under oppression of repugnance to battle-dealing, blood-shedding men. It was long before she grew mindful of the absurdity of the moan recurring whenever reflection wearied. Translated into speech, it would have run: 'In a street of the town! with a stick!'—The vulgar picture pursued her to humiliation; it robbed her or dimmed her possession of the one bright thing she had remaining to her. So she deemed it during the heavy sighs of night; partly conscious, that in some strange way it was as much as tossing her to the man who never could have condescended to the pugnacious using of a stick in a street. He, on the contrary, was a cover to the shame-faced.

Her heart was weak that night. She hovered above it, but not so detached as to scorn it for fawning to one—any one—who would offer her and her mother a cover from scorn. And now she exalted Dudley's generosity, now clung to a low idea of a haven in her father's wealth; and she was unaware, that the second mood was deduced from the first. She did know herself cowardly: she had, too, a critic in her clear head, to spurn at the creature who could think of purchasing the world's respect. Dudley's generosity sprang up to silence the voice. She could praise him, on a review of it, for delicacy, moreover; and the delicacy laid her under a more positive obligation. Her sense of it was not without a toneless quaint faint savour of the romantic, that her humour little humourously caught at, to paint her a picture of former heroes of fiction, who win their trying lady by their perfection of good conduct on a background of high birth; and who are not seen to be wooden before the volume closes. Her fatigue of sleeplessness plunged her into the period of poke-bonnets and peaky hats to admire him; giving her the kind of sweetness we may imagine ourselves to get in the state of tired horse munching hay. If she had gone to her bed with a noble or simply estimable plain image of one of her friends in her heart, to sustain it, she would not have been thus abject. Skepsey's discoloured eye, and Captain Dartrey's behaviour behind it, threw her upon Dudley's generosity, as being the shield for an outcast. Girls, who see at a time of need their ideal extinguished in its appearing tarnished, are very much at the disposal of the pressing suitor. Nesta rose in the black winter morn, summoning the best she could think of to glorify Dudley, that she might not feel so doomed.

According to an agreement overnight, she went to the bedroom of Dorothea and Virginia, to assure them of having slept well, and say the good-bye to them and their Tasso. The little dog was the growl of a silken ball in a basket. His mistresses excused him, because of his being unused to the appearance of any person save Manton in their bedroom. Dorothea, kissing her, said: "Adieu, dear child; and there is home with us always, remember. And, after breakfast, however it may be, you will, for our greater feeling of security, have—she has our orders—Manton—your own maid we consider too young for a guardian—to accompany you. We will not have it on our consciences, that by any possibility harm came to you while you were under our charge. The good innocent girl we received from the hands of your father, we return to him; we are sure of that."

Nesta said: "Mr. Sowerby promised he would come."

"However it may be," Dorothea repeated her curtaining phrase.

Virginia put in a word of apology for Tasso's temper: he enjoyed ordinarily a slumber of half an hour's longer duration. He was, Dorothea, feelingly added, regularity itself. Virginia murmured: "Except once!" and both were appalled by the recollection of *that night*. It had, nevertheless, caused them to reperuse the Rev. Stuart Rem's published beautiful sermon ON DIRT; the words of which were an antidote to the night of Tasso in the nostrils of Mnemosyne; so that Dorothea could reply to her sister, slightly by way of a reproof, quoting Mr. Stuart Rem at his loftiest: "'Let us not bring into the sacred precincts Dirt from the roads, but have a care to spread it where it is a fructification.'" Virginia produced the sequent sentences likewise weighty. Nesta stood between the thin division of their beds, her right hand given to one, her left to the other. They had the semblance of a haven out of storms.

She reflected, after shutting the door of their room, that the residing with them had been a means of casting her—it was an effort to remember how—upon the world where the tree of knowledge grows. She had eaten; and she might be the worse for it; but she was raised to a height that would not let her look with envy upon peace and comfort. Luxurious quiet people were as ripening glass-house fruits. Her bitter gathering of the knowledge of life had sharpened her intellect; and the intellect, even in the young, is, and not less usefully, hard metal rather than fallow soil. But for the fountain of human warmth at her breast, she might have been snared by the conceit of intellect, to despise the simple and conventional, or shed the pity which is charity's contempt. She had only to think of the kindness of the dear good ladies; her heart jumped to them at once. And when she fancied hearing those innocent souls of women embracing her and reproaching her for the knowledge of life she now bore, her words down deep in her bosom were: It has helped me to bear the shock of other knowledge! How would she have borne it before she knew of the infinitely evil? Saving for the tender compassion weeping over her mother, she had not much acute personal grief. For this world condemning her birth, was the world tolerant of that infinitely evil! Her intellect fortified her to be combative by day, after the night of imagination; which splendid power is not so serviceable as the logical mind in painful seasons: for night

revealed the world snorting Dragon's breath at a girl guilty of knowing its vilest. More than she liked to recall, it had driven her scorched, half withered, to the shelter of Dudley. The daylight, spreading thin at the windows, restored her from that weakness. "We will quit England," she said, thinking of her mother and herself, and then of her father's surely following them. She sighed thankfully, half way through the breakfast with Skepsey, at sight of the hour by the clock; she was hurriedly sentient of the puzzle of her feelings, when she guessed at a chance that Dudley would be delayed. She supposed herself as possibly feeling not so well able to keep every thought of her head brooding on her mother in Dudley's company.

Skepsey's face was just sufferable by light of day, if one pitied reflecting on his honest intentions; it ceased to discolour another. He dropped a few particulars of his hero in action; but the heroine eclipsed. He was heavier than ever with his Matilda Pridden. At the hour for departure, Perrin had a conveyance at the door. Nesta sent off Skepsey with a complimentary message to Captain Dartrey. Her maid Mary begged her to finish her breakfast; Manton suggested the waiting a further two or three minutes. "We must not be late," Nesta said; and when the minute-hand of the clock marked ample time for the drive to the station, she took her seat and started, keeping her face resolutely set seaward, having at her ears the ring of a cry that was to come from Manton. But Manton was dumb; she spied no one on the pavement who signalled to stop them. And no one was at the station to greet them. They stepped into a carriage where they were alone. Dudley with his dreaded generosity melted out of Nesta's thoughts, like the vanishing steam-wreath on the dip between the line and the downs.

She passed into music, as she always did under motion of carriages and trains, whether in happiness or sadness: and the day being one that had a sky, the scenic of music swung her up to soar. None of her heavy burdens enchained, though she knew the weight of them, with those of other painful souls. The piping at her breast gave wings to large and small of the visible; and along the downs went stateliest of flowing dances; a copse lengthened to forest; a pool of cattle-water caught grey for flights through enchantment. Cottage-children, wherever seen in groups, she wreathed above with angels to watch them. Her mind all the while was busy upon earth, embracing her mother, eyeing her father. Imagination and our earthly met midway, and still she flew, until she was brought to the ground by a shot. She struggled to rise, uplifting Judith Marsett: a woman not so very much older than her own teens, in the count of years, and ages older; and the world pulling at her heels to keep her low. That unhappiest had no one but a sisterly girl to help her: and how she clung to the slender help! Who else was there?

The good and the bad in the woman struck separate blows upon the girl's resonant nature. She perceived the good, and took it into her reflections. The bad she divined: it approached like some threat of inflammation. Natures resonant as that which animated this girl, are quick at the wells of understanding: and she had her intimations of the world's

wisdom in withholding contagious presences from the very many of the young, who may not have an aim, or ideal, or strong human compassion, for a preservative. She was assured of her possessing it. She asked herself in her mother's voice, and answered mutely. She had the certainty: for she rebuked the slavish feverishness of the passion, as betrayed by Mrs. Marsett; and the woman's tone, as of strung wires ringing on a rage of the wind. Then followed her cry for the man who would speak to Captain Marsett of his duty in honour. An image of one, accompanying the faster beats of her heart, beguiled her to think away from the cause. He, the one man known to her, would act the brother's part on behalf of the hapless creature.

Nesta just imagined her having supplicated him, and at once imagination came to dust. She had to thank him: she knelt to him. For the first time of her life she found herself seized with her sex's shudder in the blood.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH AGAIN WE MAKE USE OF THE OLD LAMPS FOR LIGHTING AN
ABYSSMAL DARKNESS.

AND if Nesta had looked out of her carriage-window soon after the train began to glide, her eagle of imagination would have reeled from the heights, with very different feelings, earlier, perhaps a captive, at sight of the tardy gentleman rushing along the platform, and bending ear to the footman Perrin, and staring for one lost.

The snaky tail of the train imparted to Dudley an apprehension of the ominous in his having missed her. It wound away, and left regrets, which raised a chorus of harsh congratulations from the opposite party of his internal parliament.

Neither party could express an opinion without rousing the other to an uproar.

He had met his cousin Southweare over-night. He had heard, that there was talk of Miss Radnor. Her name was in the mouth of Major Worrell. It was coupled with the name of Mrs. Marsett. A military captain, in the succession to be Sir Edward Marsett, bestowed on her the shadow of his name.

It could be certified, that Miss Radnor visited the woman at her house. What are we to think of Miss Radnor, save that daughters of depraved parents! . . . A torture undeserved is the Centaur's shirt for driving us to lay about in all directions. He who had swallowed so much—a thunder-bolt: a still undigested discharge from the perplexing heavens—jumped frantic under the pressure upon him of more, and worse. A girl getting herself talked of at a Club! And she of all young ladies should have been the last to draw round her that buzz of tongues. On such a subject!—The parents pursuing their career of cynical ostentation in London, threw an evil eye of heredity on their offspring in the egg; making anything credible, pointing at tendencies.

An alliance with her was impossible. So said disgust. Anger came like a stronger beast, and extinguished the safety there was in the thing it consumed, by growing so excessive as to require tempering with drops of compassion; which prepared the way for a formal act of cold forgiveness; and the moment that was conceived, he had a passion to commit the horrible magnanimity, and did it on a grand scale, and dissolved his heart in the grandeur, and enslaved himself again.

Far from expungeing the doubt of her, forgiveness gave it a stamp and an edge. His renewed enslavement set him perusing his tyrant keenly, as nauseated captives do; and he saw, that forgiveness was beside the case. For this Nesta Victoria Radnor would not crave it or accept it. He had mentally played the woman to her superior vivaciousness too long for him to see her taking a culprit's attitude. What she did, she intended to do. The mother would not have encouraged her. The father idolized her; and the father was a frank hedonist, whose blood . . . speculation on horseback gallops to barren extremes. Eyes like hers—if there had not been the miserable dupes of girls! Conduct is the sole guide to female character. That likewise may be the hypocrite's mask.

Popular artists, intent to gratify the national taste for effects called realistic, have figured in scenes of battle the raying fragments of a man from impact of a cannon-ball on his person. Truly thus it may be when flesh contends. But an image of the stricken and scattered mind of the man should, though deficient in the attraction, have a greater significance, forasmuch as it does not exhibit him entirely liquified and showered into space; it leaves him his legs for the taking of further steps. Dudley, standing on the platform of Nesta's train, one half minute too late, according to his desire before he put himself in motion, was as wildly torn as the vapour shredded streaming to fingers and threads off the upright columnar shot of the shriek from the boiler. He wished every mad antagonism to his wishes: that he might see her, be blind to her; embrace, discard; heal his wound, and tear it wider. He thanked her for the grossness of an offence precluding excuses. He was aware of a glimmer of advocacy in the very grossness. He conjured-up her features, and they said, her innocence was the sinner; they scoffed at him for the dupe he was willing to be. She had enigma's mouth, with the eyes of morning.

More than most girls, she was the girl-Sphinx to him: because of her having ideas—or what he deemed ideas. She struck a toning warmth through his intelligence, not dissimilar to the livelier circulation of the blood in the frame breathing mountain air. She really helped him, incited him to go along with this windy wild modern time more cheerfully, if not quite hopefully. For she had been the book of Romance he despised when it appeared as a printed volume: and which might have educated the young man to read some among our riddles in the book of humanity. The white he was ready to take for silver: the black were all black; the spotted had received corruption's label. Her youthful French governess Mademoiselle de Seilles was also peculiarly enigmatic at the mouth: conversant, one might expect, with the disintegrating literature of her country. In public, the two talked of St. Louis. One of them in secret visits a Mrs. Marsett.

The Southweare women, the Hennen women, and Lady Evelina Reddish, were artless candid creatures in their early days, not transgressing in a glance. Lady Grace Halley had her fit of the devotional previous to marriage. No girl known to Dudley by report or acquaintance had committed so scandalous an indiscretion as Miss Radnor's: it pertained to the insolently vile.

And on that ground, it started the voluble defence. For certain suspected things will dash suspicion to the rebound, when they are very dark. As soon as the charge against her was moderated, the defence expired. He heard the world delivering its judgement upon her; and he sorrowfully acquiesced. She passed from him.

. When she was cut off, she sang him in the distance a remembered saying of hers, with the full melody of her voice. One day, treating of modern Pessimism, he had draped a cadaverous view of our mortal being in a quotation of the wisdom of the Philosopher Emperor: 'To set one's love upon the swallow is a futility.' And she, weighing it, nodded, and replied: "May not the pleasure for us remain if we set our love upon the beauty of the swallow's flight?"

There was, for a girl, a bit of idea, real idea, in that: meaning, of course, the picture we are to have of the bird's wings in motion;—it has often been admired. Oh! not much of an idea in itself:—feminine and vague. But it was pertinent, opportune; in this way she stimulated.

And the girl who could think it, and call on a Mrs. Marsett, was of the class of mixtures properly to be handed over to chemical experts for analysis!

She had her aspirations on behalf of her sex: she and Mademoiselle de Seilles discussed them; women were to do this, do that:—necessarily a means of instructing a girl to learn what they did do. If the lower part of her face had been as reassuring to him as the upper, he might have put a reluctant faith in the puremindedness of these aspirations, without reverting to her origin, and also to recent rumours of her father and Lady Grace Halley. As it was, he inquired of the cognizant, whether an intellectual precocity, devoted by preference to questions affecting the state of women, did not rather more than suggest the existence of urgent senses likewise. She, a girl under twenty, had an interest in public matters, and she called on a Mrs. Marsett. To plead her simplicity, was to be absolutely ignorant of her.

He neighboured sagacity when he pointed that interrogation relating to Nesta's precociousness of the intelligence. For, as they say in dactylomancy, the 'psychical' of women are not disposed in their sensitive early days to dwell upon the fortunes of their sex: a thought or two turns them facing away, with the repugnant shiver. They worship at a niche in the wall. They cannot avoid imputing some share of foulness to them that are for scouring the chamber; and the civilized male, keeping his own chamber locked, quite shares their pale taper's view. The full-blooded to the finger-tips, on the other hand, are likely to be drawn to the subject, by noble inducement as often as by base: Nature at flood being the cause in either instance. This young Nature of the good and the bad, is the blood

which runs to power of heart as well as to thirsts of the flesh. Then have men to sound themselves, to discover how much of Nature their abstract honourable conception or representative idolon of young women will bear without going to pieces; and it will not be much, unless they shall have taken instruction from the poet's pen:—for a view possibly of Nature at work to cast the slough, when they see her writhing as in her ugliest old throes. If they have learnt of Nature's priest to respect her, they will less distrust those rare daughters of hers who are moved by her warmth to lift her out of slime. It is by her own live warmth that it has to be done: cold worship at a niche in the wall will not do it.—Well, there is an index, for the enlargement of your charity.

But facts were Dudley's teachers. Physically, morally, mentally, he read the world through facts;—that is to say, through the facts he encountered: and he was in consequence foredoomed to a succession of bumps; all the heavier from his being, unlike the horned kind, not unimpressible by the hazy things outside his experience. Even at his darkest over Nesta, it was his indigestion of the misconduct of her parents, which denied to a certain still small advocate within him the right to raise a voice: that good fellow struck the attitude for pleading, and had to be silent; for he was instinct; at best a stammering speaker in the Court of the wigged Facts. Instinct of this Nesta Radnor's character would have said a brave word, but for her deeds bearing witness to her inheritance of a lawlessly adventurous temperament.

What to do? He was no nearer to an answer when the wintry dusk had fallen on the promenading crowds. To do nothing, is the wisdom of those who have seen fools perish. Facts had not taught him, that the doing nothing, for a length of days after the first shock he sustained, was the reason of how it came that Nesta knitted closer her acquaintance with the 'agreeable lady' she mentioned in her letter to Cronidge. Those excellent counsellors of a mercantile community gave him no warnings, that the 'masterly inactive' part, so greatly esteemed by him for the conduct of public affairs, might be perilous in dealings with a vivid girl: nor a hint, that when facts continue undigested, it is because the sensations are as violent as hysterical females to block them from the understanding. His Robin Goodfellow instinct tried to be serviceable at a crux of his meditations, where Edith Averst's consumptive brothers waved faded hands at her chances of inheriting largely. Superb for the chances: but what of her offspring? And the other was a girl such as the lusty Dame Dowager of fighting ancestors would have signalled to the heir of the House's honours for the perpetuation of his race. No doubt: and the venerable Dame (beautiful in her old-lace frame, or say foliage, of the Ages backward, temp: Ed: III.) inflated him with a thought of her: and his readings in modern books on heredity, pure blood, physical regeneration, pronounced approval of Nesta Radnor: and thereupon instinct opened mouth to speak; and a lockjaw seized it under that scowl of his presiding mistrust of Nature.

He clung to his mistrust the more because of a warning he had from the silenced natural voice: somewhat as we may behold how the Conservatism of a Class, in a world of all the evidences showing that there is no stay to

things, comes of the intuitive discernment of its finality. His mistrust was his own ; and Nesta was not ; not yet ; though a step would make her his own. Instinct prompting to the step, was a worthless adviser. It spurred him, nevertheless.

He called at the club for his cousin Southweare, with whom he was not in sympathy ; and had information that, Southweare said, "made the girl out all right." Girls in these days do things which the sainted stay-at-homes preceding them would not have dreamed of doing. Something had occurred, relating to Major Worrell : he withdrew Miss Radnor's name, acknowledged himself mistaken or amended his report of her, in some way, not quite intelligible. Dudley was accosted by Simeon Fenellan ; subsequently by Dartrey. There was gossip over the latter gentleman's having been up before the magistrate, talk of a queer kind of stick, and Dartrey said, laughing to Simeon : "Rather lucky I bled the rascal ;"—whatever the meaning. She nursed one of her adorations for this man, who had yesterday, apparently, joined in a street-fray ; so she partook of the stain of the turbid defacing all these disorderly people.

At his hotel, at breakfast the next morning, a newspaper furnished an account of Captain Dartrey Fenellan's participation in the strife, after mention of him as nephew of the Earl of Clanconan, "now a visitor to our town ;" and his deeds were accordant with his birth. Such writing was enough to send Dudley an eager listener to Colney Durance. What a people !

Mr. Dartrey Fenellan's card compelled Dudley presently to receive him.

Dartrey, not debarred by considerations, that an allusion to Miss Radnor could be conveyed only in the most delicately obscure manner, spared him no more than the plain English of his relations with her. Requested to come to the Club, at a certain hour of the afternoon, that he might hear Major Worrell's personal contradiction of scandal involving the young lady's name, together with his apology, etc. ; Dudley declined : and he was obliged to do it curtly ; words were wanting. They are hard to find for wounded sentiments rendered complex by an infusion of policy. His present mood, with the something new to digest, held the going to Major Worrell a wrong step ; he behaved as if the speaking to Dartrey Fenellan pledged him hardly less. And besides he had a physical abhorrence, under dictate of moral reprobation, of the broad-shouldered sinewy man, whose look of wiry alertness pictured the previous day's gory gutters.

Dartrey set sharp eyes on him for an instant, bowed, and went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NESTA AND HER FATHER.

THE day of Nesta's return was one of a number of late when Victor was robbed of his walk Westward by Lady Grace Halley, who seduced his politeness with her various forms of blandishment to take a seat in her carriage ; and she was a practical speaker upon her quarter of the world

when she had him there. Perhaps she was right' in saying—though she had no right to say—that he and she together might have the world under their feet. It was one of those irritating suggestions which expedite us up to a bald ceiling, only to make us feel the gas-bladder's tight extension upon emptiness. It moved him to examine the poor value of his aim, by tying him to the contemptible means. One estimate involved the other, whichever came first. Somewhere he had an idea, that would lift and cleanse all degradations. But it did seem as if he were not enjoying : things pleasant enough in the passage of them were barren, if not prickly, in the retrospect. He sprang out at the head of the park, for a tramp round it, in the gloom of the girdle of lights, to recover his deadened relish of the thin phantasmal strife to win an intangible prize. His dulled physical system asked, as with the sensations of a man at the start from sleep in the hurrying grip of steam, what on earth he wanted to get, and what was the substance of his gains : what ! if other than a precipitous intimacy, a deep crumbling over deeper, with a little woman amusing him in remarks of a whimsical nudity ; hardly more. Nay, not more ! he said ; and at the end of twenty paces, he saw much more ; the campaign gathered a circling suggestive brilliancy, like the lamps about the winter park ; the Society, lured with glitter, hooked by greed, composed a ravishing picture ; the little woman was esteemed as a serviceable lieutenant ; and her hand was a small soft one, agreeable to fondle—and avant ! But so it is in war : we must pay for our allies. What if it had been, that he and she together, with their united powers . . . ? He dashed the silly vision aside, as vainer than one of the bubble-empires blown by boys ; and it broke, showing no heart in it. His heart was Nataly's.

Let Colney hint his worst ; Nataly bore the strain, always did bear any strain coming in the round of her duties : and if she would but walk, or if she danced at parties, she would scatter the fits of despondency besetting the phlegmatic, like this day's breeze the morning fog ; or as he did with two minutes of the stretch of legs.

Full of the grandeur of that black pit of the benighted London, with its ocean-voice of the heart at beat along the lighted outer ring, Victor entered at his old door of the two houses he had knocked into one :—a surprise for Fredi !—and heard that his girl had arrived in the morning.

"And could no more endure her absence from her Mammy, O !" The songful satirical line spouted in him, to be flung at his girl, as he ran upstairs to the boudoir off the drawing-room.

He peeped in. It was dark. Sensible of presences, he gradually discerned a thick blot along the couch to the right of the door, and he drew near. Two were lying folded together ; mother and daughter. He bent over them. His hand was taken and pressed by Fredi's ; she spoke ; she said tenderly : "Father." Neither of the two made a movement. He heard the shivering rise of a sob that fell. The dry sob going to the waste breath was Nataly's. His girl did not speak again.

He left them. He had no thought until he stood in his dressing-room, when he said "Good !" For those two must have been lying folded together during the greater part of the day : and it meant, that the mother's

heart had opened ; the girl knew. Her tone : " Father," sweet, was heavy, too, with the darkness it came out of.

So she knew. Good. He clasped them both in his heart ; tempering his pity of those dear ones with the thought, that they were of the sex which finds enjoyment in a day of the mutual tear ; and envying them ; he straited at a richness appearing in the sobs of their close union.

All of his girl's loving soul flew to her mother ; and naturally !

She would not be harsh on her father. She would say :—he loved ! And true : he did love, he does love ; loves no woman but the dear mother.

He flicked a short wring of the hand having taken pressure from an alien woman's before Fredi pressed it, and absolved himself in the act ; thinking, How little does a woman know how true we can be to her when we smell at a flower here and there!—There they are, stationary ; women the flowers, we the bee ; and we are faithful in our seeming volatility ; faithful to the hive!—And if women are to be stationary, the reasoning is not so bad. Funny, however, if they here and there imitatively spread a wing, and treat men in that way ? It is a breach of the convention ; we pay them our homage, that they may serve as flowers, not to be volatile tempters. Nataly never had been one of the sort : Lady Grace was. No necessity existed for compelling the world to bow to Lady Grace, while on behalf of her Nataly he had to . . . Victor closed the curtain over a gulf revealed by an invocation of Nature, and showing the tremendous force he partook of so largely, in her motive elements of the devourer. Horrid to behold, when we need a gracious presentation of the circumstances. She is a splendid power for as long as we confine her between the banks : but she has a passion to discover cracks ; and if we give her headway, she will find one, and drive at it, and be through, uproarious in her primitive licentiousness, unless we labour body and soul like Dutchmen at the dam. Here she was, and not desired, almost detested ! Nature detested ! It had come about through the battle for Nataly ; chiefly through Mrs. Burman's tenacious hold of the filmy thread she took for life and was enabled to use as a means for the perversion besides bar to the happiness of creatures really living. We may well marvel at the Fates, and tell them they are not moral agents !

Victor's reflections came across Colney Durance, who tripped and stopped them.

Dressed with his customary celerity, he waited for Nesta, to show her the lighted grand double drawing-room : a further proof of how Fortune favoured him : she was to be told, how he one day expressed a wish for greater space, and was informed on the next, that the neighbour house was being vacated, and the day following he was in treaty for the purchase of it ; returning from Tyrol, he found his place habitable.

Nesta came. Her short look at him was fond, her voice not faltering ; she laid her hand under his arm and walked round the spacious room, praising the general design, admiring the porcelain, the ferns, friezes, hangings, and the grand piano, the ebony inlaid music-stands, the fire-grates and plaques, the ottomans, the tone of neutral colour that, as in sound,

muted splendour. He told her it was a reception night, with music : and added : " I miss my . . . seen anybody lately ? "

" Mr. Sowerby ? " said she. " He was to have escorted me back. He may have overslept himself. "

She spoke it plainly ; when speaking of the dear good ladies, she set a gentle humour at play, and comforted him, as she intended, with a souvenir of her lively spirit wanting only in the manner of gaiety.

He allowed, that she could not be quite gay.

More deeply touched the next minute, he felt in her voice, in her look, in her phrasing of speech, an older, much older daughter than the Fredi whom he had conducted to Moorsedge. " Kiss me, " he said.

She turned to him full-front, and kissed his right cheek and left, and his forehead, saying : " My love ! my papa ! my own dear dada ! " all the words of her girlhood in her new sedateness ; and smiling : like the moral crepuscular of a sunlighted day down a not totally inanimate Sunday London street.

He strained her to his breast. " Mama soon be here ? "

" Soon. "

That was well. And possibly at the present moment applying, with her cunning hand, the cosmetics and powders he could excuse for a concealment of the traces of grief.

Satisfied in being a superficial observer, he did not spy to see more than the world would when Nataly entered the dining-room at the quiet family dinner. She performed her part for his comfort, though not prattling ; and he missed his Fredi's delicious warble of the prattle running rill-like over our daily humdrum. Simeon Fenellan would have helped. Then suddenly came the enlivenment : a recollection of News in the morning's paper. " No harm before Fredi, my dear. She's a young woman now. And no harm, so to speak—at least, not against the Sanfredini. She has donned her name again, at a villa on Como, leaving her *duque* ;—paragraph from a Milanese musical journal ; no particulars. Now, mark me, we shall have her at Lakelands in the Summer. If only we could have her now ! "

" It would be a pleasure, " said Nataly. Her heart had a blow in the thought, that a lady of this kind would create the pleasure by not bringing criticism.

" The Godmother ? " he glistened upon Nesta.

She gave him low half-notes of the little blue butterfly's imitation of the superb contralto ; and her hand and head at turn to hint the theatrical operatic attitude.

" Delicious ! " he cried ; his eyelids were bedewed at the vision of the three of them planted in the past ; and here again, out of the dark wood, where something had required to be said, and had been said ; and all was ~~happily~~ ^{happily} over, owing to the goodness and sweetness of the two dear innocents ;—whom heaven bless ! Jealousy of their naturally closer heart-at-heart, had not a whisper for him ; part of their goodness and sweetness was felt to be in the not excluding him.

Nesta engaged to sing one of the old duets with her mother. She saw her mother's breast lift in a mechanical effort to try imaginary notes, as if

doubtful of her capacity, more at home in the dumb deep sigh they fell to. Her mother's heroism made her a sacred woman to the thoughts of the girl, overcoming wonderment at the extreme submissiveness.

She put a screw on her mind to perceive the rational object there might be for causing her mother to go through tortures in receiving and visiting; and she was arrested by the louder question, whether she could think such a man as her father irrational.

People with resounding names, waves of a steady stream, were announced by Arlington, just as in the days, that seemed remote, before she went to Moorsedge; only they were more numerous, and some of the titles had ascended a stage. There were great lords, there were many great ladies; and Lady Grace Halley shuffling amid them, like a silken shimmer in voluminous robes. They crowded about their host where he stood. "He is their *Law*!" Colney said, speaking unintelligibly, in the absence of the Simeon Fenellan regretted so loudly by Mr. Beaves Urmsing. They had an air of worshipping, and he of swimming. There were also City magnates, and Lakelands' neighbours: the gentleman representing Pride of Port, Sir Abraham Quatley; and Colonel Corfe; Sir Rodwell and Lady Blachington; Mrs. Fanning; Mr. Caddis. Few young men and maids were seen. Dr. John Cormyn came without his wife, not mentioning her. Mrs. Peter Yatt touched the notes for voices at the piano. Priscilla Graves was a vacancy, and likewise the Rev. Septimus Barmby. Peridon and Catkin, and Mr. Pempton took their usual places. There was no fluting. A famous Canadian lady was the principal singer. A Galician violinist, zig-zagging extreme extensions and contractions of his corporeal frame in execution, and described by Colney as "Paganini on a wall," failed to supplant Durandarte in Nesta's memory. She was asked by Lady Grace for the latest of Dudley. Sir Abraham Quatley named him with handsome emphasis. Great dames caressed her; openly approved; shadowed the future place among them.

Victor alluded at night to Mrs. John Cormyn's absence. He said: "A homœopathic doctor's wife!" nothing more; and by that little, he prepared Nesta for her mother's explanation. The great London people, ignorant or not, were caught by the strong tide he created, and carried on it. But there was a bruited of the secret among their set; and the one to fall away from her, Nataly marvellingly named Mrs. John Cormyn; whose marriage was of her making. She did not disapprove Priscilla's behaviour. Priscilla had come to her and, protesting affection, had openly stated, that she required time and retirement to recover her proper feelings. Nataly smiled a melancholy criticism of an inconsequent or capricious woman, in relating to Nesta certain observations Priscilla had dropped upon poor faithful Mr. Pempton, because of his concealment from her of his knowledge of things: for this faithful gentleman had been one of the few not ignorant. The rumour was traceable to the City.

"Mother, we walk on planks," Nesta said.

Nataly answered: "You will grow used to it."

Her mother's habitual serenity in martyrdom was deceiving. Nesta had a transient suspicion, that she had grown, from use, to like the whirl of

company, for oblivion in the excitement; and as her remembrance of her own station among the crowding people was a hot flush, the difference of their feelings chilled her.

Nataly said: "It is to-morrow night again; we do not rest." She smiled; and at once the girl read woman's armour on the dear face, and asked herself, Could I be so brave? The question following was a speechless wave that surged at her father. She tried to fathom the scheme he entertained. The attempt obscured her conception of the man he was. She could not grasp him, being too young for knowing, that young heads cannot obtain a critical hold upon one whom they see grandly succeeding: it is the sun's brilliance to their eyes.

Mother and daughter slept together that night, and their embrace was their world.

Nesta delighted her father the next day by walking beside him into the City, as far as the end of the Embankment, where the carriage was in waiting with her maid to bring her back; and at his mere ejaculation of a wish, the hardy girl drove down in the afternoon for the walk home with him. Lady Grace Halley was at the office. "I am an incorrigible Stock Exchange gambler," she said.

"Only," Victor bade her beware, "Mines are undulating in movement, and their heights are a preparation for their going down."

She said she "liked a swing."

Nesta looked at them in turn.

The day after and the day after, Lady Grace was present. She made play with Dudley's name.

This coming into the City daily of a girl, for the sake of walking back in winter weather with her father, struck her as ambiguous: either a jealous foolish mother's device, or that of a weak man beating about for protection. But the woman of the positive world soon read to the contrary; helped a little by the man, no doubt. She read rather too much to the contrary, and took the pedestrian girl for perfect simplicity in her tastes, when Nesta had so far grown watchful as to feel relieved by the lady's departure. Her mother, without sympathy for the lady, was too great of soul for jealousy. Victor had his Nataly before him at a hint from Lady Grace: and he went somewhat further than the exact degree when affirming, that Nataly could not scheme, and was incapable of suspecting.—Nataly could perceive things with a certain accuracy: She would not stoop to a meanness.—"Plot? Nataly?" said he, and shrugged. In fact, the void of plot, drama, shuffle of excitement, reflected upon Nataly. He might have seen as tragic as ever dripped on Stage, had he looked.

But the walk Westward with his girl, together with pride in a daughter who clove her way through all weathers, won his heart to exultation. He told her: "Fredi does her dada so much good;" not telling her in what, or opening any passage to the mystery of the man he was. She was trying to be a student of life, with her eyes down upon hard earth, despite her winged young head; she would have compassed him better had he dilated in sublime fashion; but he baffled her perusal of a man of power by the simpleness of his enjoyment of small things coming in his way;—the

lighted shops, the crowd, emergence from the crowd, or the meeting near midwinter of a soft warm wind along the Embankment, and Dark Thames magnificently coroneted over his grimy flow. There is no grasping of one who quickens us.

His flattery of his girl, too, restored her broken feeling of personal value ; it permeated her nourishingly from the natural breath of him that it was.

At times he touched deep in humaneness ; and he set her heart leaping on the flash of a thought to lay it bare, with the secret it held, for his help. That was a dream. She could more easily have uttered the words to Captain Dartrey, after her remembered abashing holy tremour of the vision of doing it and casting herself on noblest man's compassionateness ; and her imagined thousand emotions ;—a rolling music within her, a wreath of cloud-glory in her sky ;—which had, as with virgins it may be, plighted her body to him for sheer urgency of soul ; drawn her by a single unwitting-to-brain, conscious-in-blood, shy curl outward of the sheathing leaf to the flowering of woman to him ; even to the shore of that strange sea, where the maid stands choosing this one man for her destiny, as in a trance. So are these young ones unfolded, shade by shade ; and a shade is all the difference with them ; they can teach the poet to marvel at the immensity of vitality in 'the shadow of a shade.'

Her father shut the glimpse of a possible speaking to him of Mrs. Marsett, with a renewal of his eulogistic allusions to Dudley Sowerby : the "perfect gentleman, good citizen ;" prospective heir to an earldom besides. She bowed to Dudley's merits ; she read-off the honorific pedimental letters of a handsome statue, for a sign to herself that she passed it.

She was unjust, as Victor could feel, though he did not know how coldly unjust. For among the exorbitant requisitions upon their fellow creatures made by the young, is the demand, that they be definite : no mercy is in them for the transitional. And Dudley—and it was under her influence, and painfully, not ignobly—was in process of development : interesting to philosophers, if not to maidens.

Victor accused her of paying too much heed to Colney Durance's epigrams upon their friends. He quite joined with his English world in its opinion, that epigrams are poor squibs when they do not come out of great guns. Epigrams fired at a venerable nation, are surely the poorest of pop-gun paper pellets. The English kick at the insolence, when they are not in the mood for pelleting themselves, or when the armed Foreigner is overshadowing and bracing. Colney's pretentious and laboured Satiric Prose Epic of 'THE RIVAL TONGUES,' particularly offended him, as being a clever aim at no hitting ; and sustained him, inasmuch as it was an acid friend's collapse. How could Colney expect his English to tolerate such a spiteful diatribe ! The suicide of Dr. Bouthoin at San Francisco was the finishing stroke to the chances of success of the Serial ;—although we are promised splendid evolutions on the part of Mr. Sembians ; who, after brilliant achievements with bat and ball, abandons those weapons of old England's modern renown, for a determined wrestle with our English pronunciation of words, and rescue of the spelling of them from the printer. His headache over the present treatment of the verb 'To bid,' was a quaint beginning for

one who had soon to plead before the Japanese, and who acknowledged now "in contrition of spirit," that in formerly opposing the scheme for an Academy, he helped to the handing of our noble language to the rapid reporter of news for an apathetic public. Further, he discovered in astonishment the subordination of all literary Americans to the decrees of their literary authorities; marking a Transatlantic point of departure, and contrasting ominously with the unruly Islanders—"grunting the higgledy-piggledy of their various ways, in all the porker's gut-gamut at the rush to the trough." After a week's privation of bat and ball, he is, lighted or not, a gas-jet of satire upon his countrymen. As for the 'pathetic sublimity of the Funeral of Dr. Bouthoin,' Victor inveighed against an impious irony in the overdose of the pathos; and the same might be suspected in Britannia's elegy upon him, a strain of hot eulogy throughout. Mr. Semhians, all but treasonably, calls it, Papboat and Brandy:—"our English literary diet of the day;" stimulating and not nourishing. Britannia's mournful anticipation, that 'The shroud enwinding this my son is mine!'—should the modern generation depart from the track of him who proved himself the giant in mainly supporting her glory—was, no doubt, a high pitch of the note of Conservatism. But considering, that Dr. Bouthoin "committed suicide under a depression of mind produced by a surfeit of unaccustomed dishes, upon a physical system inspired by the traditions of exercise, and no longer relieved by the practice"—to translate from Dr. Gannius:—we are again at war with the writer's reverential tone, and we know not what to think: except, that Mr. Durance was a Saturday meat-market's butcher in the Satiric Art.

Nesta found it pleasanter to see him than to hear of his work: which, to her present feeling, was inhuman. As little as our native public, had she then any sympathy for the working in the idea: she wanted throbs, visible aims, the Christian incarnate; she would have preferred the tale of slaughter—periodically invading all English classes as a flush from the undrained lower, Vikings all—to frigid sterile Satire. And truly it is not a fruit-bearing rod. Colney had to stand on the defense of it against the damsel's charges. He thought the use of the rod, while expressing profound regret at a difference of opinion between him and those noble heathens, beneficial for boys; but in relation to their seniors, and particularly for old gentlemen, he thought that the sharpest rod to cut the skin was the sole saving of them. Insensibility to Satire, he likened to the hard-mouthed horse; which is doomed to the worse thing in consequence. And consequently upon the lack of it, and of training to appreciate it, he described his country's male venerables as being distinguishable from annuitant spinsters only in presenting themselves forked.

"He is unsuccessful and embittered," Victor said to Nesta. "Colney will find in the end, that he has lost his game and soured himself by never making concessions. Here's that absurd Serial—it fails, of course; and then he has to say, it's*because he won't tickle his English, won't enter into a 'frowzy complicity' with their tastes."

"But—I think of Skepsey—honest creatures respect Mr. Durance, and he is always ready to help them," said Nesta.

"If he can patronize."

"Does he patronize me, dada?"

"You are one of his exceptions. Marry a title and live in state—and then hear him! I am successful, and the result of it is, that he won't acknowledge wisdom in anything I say or do; he will hardly acknowledge the success. It is 'a dirty road to success,' he says. So that, if successful, I must have rolled myself in mire. I compelled him to admit he was wrong about your being received at Moorsedge: a bit of a triumph!"

Nesta's walks with her father were no loss of her to Nataly; the girl came back to her bearing so fresh and so full a heart; and her father was ever prouder of her: he presented new features of her in his quotations of her sayings, thoughtful sayings. "I declare she helps one to think," he said. "It's not precocity; it's healthy inquiry. She brings me nearer an idea of my own, not yet examined, than any one else does. I say, what a wife for a man!"

"She takes my place beside you, dear, now I am not quite strong," said Nataly. "You have not seen . . .?"

"Dudley Sowerby? He's at Cronidge, I believe. His elder brother's in a bad way. Bad business, this looking to a death."

Nataly's eyes revealed a similar gulf.

Let it be cast on Society, then! A Society opposing Nature forces us to these murderous looks upon impediments. But what of a Society in the dance with Nature? Victor did not approve of that. He began, under the influence of Nesta's companionship, to see the Goddess Nature there is in a chastened nature. And this view shook the curtain covering his lost Idea. He felt sure he should grasp it soon and enter into its daylight: a muffled voice within him said, that he was kept waiting to do so by the inexplicable tardiness of a certain one to rise ascending to her spiritual roost. She was now harmless to strike: Themison, Carling, Jarniman, even the Rev. Groseman Buttermore, had been won to the cause of humanity. Her ascent, considering her inability to do further harm below, was most mysteriously delayed. Owing to it, in a manner almost as mysterious, he was kept crossing a bridge having a slippery bit on it. Thanks to his gallant Fredi, he had found his feet again. But there was a bruise where, to his honour, he felt tenderest. And Fredi away, he might be down again—for no love of a slippery bit, proved slippery, one might guess, by a predecessor or two. Ta-ta-ta-ta and mum! Still, in justice to the little woman, she had been serviceable. She would be still more so, if a member of Parliament now on his back—here we are with the murder-eye again!

Nesta's never speaking of Lakelands clouded him a little, as an intimation of her bent of mind.

"And does my girl come to her dada to-day?" he said, on the fifth morning since her return; prepared with a villanous resignation to hear, that this day she abstained, though he had the wish for her coming.

"Why, don't you know," said she, "we all meet to have tea in Mr. Durance's chambers; and I walk back with you, and there we are joined by mama; and we are to have a feast of literary celebrities."

"Colney's selection of them! And Simeon Fenellan, I hope. Perhaps Dartrey. Perhaps . . . eh?"

She reddened. So Dudley Sowerby's unspoken name could bring the blush to her cheeks. Dudley had his excuses in his brother's condition. His father's health, too, was—well, but this was Dudley calculating. Where there are coronets, calculations of this sort must needs occur; just as where there are complications. Odd, one fancied it, that we walking along the pavement of civilized life, should be perpetually summoning Orcus to our aid, for the sake of getting a clear course.

"And supposing a fog, my dearie?" he said.

"The daughter in search of her father carries a lamp to light her to him through densest fogs as well as over deserts," &c. She declaimed a long sentence, to set the ripple running in his features; and when he left the room for a last word with Armandine, she flung arms round her mother's neck, murmuring: "Mother! mother!" a cry equal to "I am sure I do right," and understood so by Nataly approving it; she too on the line of her instinct, without an object in sight. .

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* * * The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.





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HOW WE OCCUPIED MASHONALAND.

AT a time when there is awakened in Europe in general and England in particular a keen interest in the further development of the great Dark Continent, so full of hidden wonders and treasures of unknown richness, I venture, without apology, to lay before the public a short account of how we, the British South Africa Company's expeditionary force, entered and occupied Mashonaland. That magnificent country has now been brought within the influence of British civilization, and by the successful termination of the Company's expedition one more nail has been driven into the coffin of slavery. For a long time past it has been known that Mashonaland was a splendid tract of elevated country blessed with a climate suitable to the civilizing European, and offering him the attractions of great wealth, agricultural and mineral. From time to time hunters have returned from its happy hunting grounds with glowing accounts of abundance of game, grand scenery, perfect climate, richness of soil, and last, but not least, evidence of gold reefs, and for long the occupation of the land has been eagerly desired by the Portuguese on the east, and the Boers and British on the south side. But hitherto there has been one great bar to the opening up of the country, namely, the vicinity on its western border of Matabeleland, a country inhabited by a warlike race of Zulu origin, which boasts of an organized force from twelve thousand to twenty thousand strong, commanded by King Lobengula, who claims supremacy over the whole of Mashonaland. This chief, intelligent enough to realise how attractive is the power of gold to Europeans, has always dreaded that an invasion of his country by gold-seekers would lead to his ultimate expulsion. He has, therefore, most jealously guarded Matabeleland and its tributary country, Mashonaland, from the greed of all comers, and declined to give any concessions to companies wishing to prospect gold. It was quite sufficient for a too enterprising hunter to be suspected of a hankering

after that precious metal for him to be turned out of the country at once, and with scant ceremony. For this reason it was hopeless for small parties to attempt to settle in Mashonaland, as they would have been promptly sent about their business, and, without some overt act of hostility on the part of Lobengula, an invasion by an armed force sufficient to cope with his savage hordes, and to establish a firm footing in the country, could not, in common justice, have been undertaken. Thus it has been left to British pluck and enterprise, under the masterly guidance of Mr. C. J. Rhodes, now Premier of the Cape Colony, to solve the difficult question of occupation.

It was not until a year and a half ago that Lobengula, perhaps actuated by the fear of not being able to hold out much longer against the increasing importunities of Portuguese, Boers, and British, at length granted what has become known as the Rudd Concession, by which full permission was granted for a force of pioneers to make a road through the disputed territory and Banyai country lying to the south-east of Matebeleland, and thence into Mashonaland, with the object of settling and prospecting for gold.

Acting on this concession, Mr. Rhodes at once set about forming the powerful company, under Royal Charter, now known as the British South Africa Company, its object being to open up and develop to their utmost the vast resources of this part of Africa.

The first question was how to make the best use of the concession, and how to safely enter Mashonaland. King Lobengula had given his full permission, but it was thought quite possible that on the near approach of an actual expedition he might repent and go back from his word, or that some of his young regiments of turbulent warriors might get out of hand, and, in spite of their king's prohibition, "go for the white man's blood."

Four courses were open: (1) To send in small parties consisting each of two or three waggons in charge of five or six white men. (2) To equip a small armed road-making party. (3) To arm a force not too large to arouse the jealous suspicion or fears of the neighbouring monarch, but sufficiently strong to keep up communications along the road, and protect itself from treachery or any possible attack unauthorised by the king. (4) To send a force large enough to ensure success in the face of any eventuality or opposition. The first of these courses was abandoned at once, as, apart from the almost certainty of small parties meeting with considerable delay and probable annoyance from roving bands of Matabele, such an entry into Mashonaland would not have been recognised as occupation. It would certainly have been followed up by numerous small parties of Portuguese and Boer adventurers, who would have caused endless complications and disputes as to rights of occupation, and there were already rumours of a large Boer expedition, 1,500

strong, being about to start for the promised land, though without any authority from Lobengula. The third and fourth courses were also temporarily abandoned as being likely to excite too much suspicion on the part of Lobengula, and as open to misconstruction at home, as acts of unnecessary provocation.

In the beginning of March, 1890, at the time I landed in Cape Town, Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow had contracted to raise a fully-equipped force of pioneers, 150 strong, and, with the assistance of that well-known South African hunter, Mr. F. C. Selous, to make a road into the heart of Mashonaland. This expedition was to have started not later than the middle of June, and already the work of organization was far advanced under the able superintendence of Major Johnson. A force of 500 police had also been enrolled by the Company, and were encamped on the Macloutsie River at the southern boundary of the disputed territory which lies between Khama's country in Bechuanaland and Lobengula's country in Matabeleland. This force was to be kept in readiness to go to the assistance of the pioneers should the Matabele prove treacherous, and, in any case, was to continue the work of opening up the country after the pioneers had successfully established themselves.

At the eleventh hour, however, the expedition on these lines was considered by the Home Government to be likely to provoke suspicion and opposition on account of its strength, and yet to be too weak to overcome successfully such opposition. Upon this decision Sir H. Loch, the Governor of Cape Colony, insisted upon the command of the expedition being entrusted to a military officer of tried experience, who should take with him such force as he thought sufficient to guard against a treacherous surprise, and enable him to keep up as far as possible the lines of communication. And thus it was only towards the end of April that Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Pennefather, of the Royal Enniskillen Dragoons, was appointed to the supreme command, with myself as Staff Officer.

The plan of action being now definitely settled, there was no time to be lost if the expedition was to get off in time to enter Mashonaland before the heavy rains set in. On the 12th of May, therefore, I started by post-cart, *viâ* Vryburg, Mafeking, and Palapye, for our base camp, situated on the Macloutsie River, a distance of 720 miles from Kimberley, and Lieut.-Colonel Pennefather followed a week later. Here we found the Company's police. A finer body of men one could not wish to see, but they were practically untrained to the work of mounted infantry, and, though well-equipped for stationary duty on the banks of the Macloutsie, for which the force had originally been raised, were naturally incomplete as regards transport and supplies, and the general organization necessary for the arduous undertaking now in view. They were intended to be a mounted

corps, but the horses had not yet arrived, as it was considered advisable not to start them from Kimberley until the "horse-sickness," that terrible scourge of South Africa, became less prevalent than it is during the early months of the year. I cannot speak too highly of the intelligence and aptitude of the men. They were all eager to be taught, and the more drills they had the better they seemed to like it. In three weeks' time they had thoroughly mastered nearly everything it was necessary to teach them in the way of skirmishing, dismounted duty, advanced guards, outpost duty, bayonet exercise, and general mounted infantry drill, and on the arrival, in the middle of June, of Major-General the Hon. P. Methuen, Adjutant-General of the Forces in South Africa, who had been specially deputed to inspect and report on the general efficiency of the pioneers and police, I considered that, as far as training went, the force was fit to start at once. Three troops of the B.B.P., under the command of Major Grey, Staff Officer, were also encamped on the Macloutsie, and a strong pentagonal fort had been constructed for the defence of the camp. And here I wish to record, with no slight gratitude, my appreciation of the great assistance rendered us on all occasions by Major Grey and the officers of the B.B.P., while that force and the Company's police were together.

The site of the Macloutsie camp had been carefully chosen on the highest ground near a small tributary stream called the Matlapouta, which supplied us with excellent drinking water. A great deal of work has been done in this camp: the thick mopani bush having been cleared for a distance of 1,000 yards, huts of poles and daagar built for officers and men, and substantial stables of the same materials for the horses. The elevation is 2,270 feet above the sea level, and the situation, up to the present, has proved most healthy for the men, but the reverse for the horses, as the mortality from "horse-sickness" during the past year has been considerable, even during those months when most other places appeared to be free from the disease. This deadly sickness is of two kinds, the one called "thin-sickness," the other "dikkop." The symptoms of the first begin with slight running of mucus from the nose, general dulness, loss of appetite and rapid falling away in flesh. Then follows a more copious discharge with difficulty of breathing, and though this state may continue for several days the end is almost always the same, for the lungs become choked with mucus and suffocation ensues. The early symptoms of "dikkop" are more noticeable, as the effect of the poison is more rapid. The underlip, nostrils, and hollows above the eyes become swollen, and blowing precedes the discharge, which is almost purulent on its first appearance, and becomes more so every hour, and the sufferer often dies of suffocation within twenty-four hours of the first signs of the disease.

Post-mortem examinations show that the lungs, heart, and liver have been acutely inflamed and rapidly disorganized. All kinds of remedies have been tried and every attempt made to discover the causes of the sickness, but all in vain, and a large fortune still awaits the discoverer of a cure or even a preventive of this deadly disease. The fact of our having lost in six months 160 horses out of 500, and that out of all attacked only five recovered, testifies to the terrible nature of the disease.

On the 25th of June the forward movement was begun and one troop of the police, 100 strong, and the pioneers started for the right bank of the Tuli River, otherwise called Shashi, distant from the Macloutsie 58 miles. Here a strong natural position chosen by Lieut.-Colonel Pennefather was occupied, and on July 5th that officer left the Macloutsie with two more troops and 130 horses and two months' supplies, after deciding not to await the arrival of the remainder of the horses. My orders were to remain at the Macloutsie until the next lot of horses arrived and until I had collected a further amount of supplies and transport, and arranged if possible for additional supplies being sent up later on; I was then to follow with a fourth troop of police, and catch up the column with all possible speed.

On July 11th the advanced column, consisting of 180 pioneers, 200 police, and small prospecting parties, with 62 waggons, carrying two months' supplies for the whole force, started to cross the Tuli, a broad river with a sandy bed some 400 yards wide, accompanied by Mr. Colquhoun, the recently appointed administrator of Mashonaland. Although a fair drift of corduroy, consisting of poles and reeds, had been made, it took the whole of that day for the column to cross: the further progress of the force was equally slow, as a road had to be cut through the thick bush, and many rivers negotiated; and it was not till August 2nd that the Lundi, another big river, distant 141 miles from the Tuli was reached. Meanwhile I had my time fully occupied in trying to get together two months' additional supplies, for, owing to the non-fulfilment of the contract for food, our supplies broke down altogether, and I had to collect the necessary amount as best I could. This I effected by borrowing what the pioneers could spare from reserves, and by applying to the few small traders and to Khama, the paramount chief in Bechuanaland. Thanks to the latter I was able also to get sufficient waggon transport and trek and slaughter oxen, and also to arrange for further supplies and transport in the future. Without the valuable assistance of this chief I do not know what we should have done. After three weeks' hard work the main difficulties of what at the outset had appeared an almost hopeless and impossible task were overcome, and I was in a position to make a start. During the delay more horses had arrived, so after giving them a few days' rest,

much needed after their long journey up country, and having seen to the correct fitting of the saddlery, I left Macloutsie with a fourth troop and 130 of the fittest of the horses.

Four days later we arrived at the Tuli, where we left a troop as garrison and spent one day in loading up the waggons and making final preparations for crossing the river. This was effected on July 29th with sixteen waggons, 110 men, 30 of Khama's natives to drive the loose cattle and to act as scouts, 130 horses, and about 250 slaughter cattle and goats, and the following day we began our stern chase after the advance column, which we expected to reach at the Lundi River. Our progress, though nearly double as quick as that of the force ahead, was very slow and tedious, for, owing to the military precautions necessary and the careful scouting required, we could not trek by night, the time best suited for oxen, and at the best of times ox-waggons are the slowest of all modes of transport.

I will try to give a short description of the road through the Banyai country from the Tuli to Fort Victoria, our first fortified post in Mashonaland.

After crossing the Tuli the road leads, for the first thirty miles, through most uninteresting bush country, chiefly covered with mopani trees interspersed with mimosa, and only broken here and there by an occasional kopje; but there were no obstacles to be overcome except two unimportant streams and a few patches of stony ground. Then comes the first serious obstacle in the shape of a sandy river some two hundred yards wide, called the Umzingwane, but as a good corduroy drift had here been made, we crossed in about three hours and with little difficulty. From Umzingwane to the next big river, the Umshabetsi, is a distance of eighteen miles; there is no water, and the road continues through uninteresting bush country, similar to that just mentioned. Fresh tracks of elephants were here seen, and lions are numerous in the neighbourhood.

From this point the scenery improves in character, for though the dense bush continues along the whole line of march taken by the expedition right up to Fort Victoria, the long rolling country becomes broken by granite kopjes, and even mountains of the most grotesque shapes; and these become more frequent the farther north the traveller proceeds. Soon after leaving the Umshabetsi we came to the Nambandi hills, inhabited by a tribe of Makalaka, or Banyai people, a mild and inoffensive race living in daily and hourly terror of the Matabele. They occupy round huts, built of clay and thatch, among the rocky boulders, in almost inaccessible places on the summits of the hills or kopjes.

Our arrival was naturally a great event in their lives, and the surrounding heights were black with crowds of these poor people, who watched our approach with fear and trembling, as we encamped

for the day on a circular space shut in on all sides by these granite hills.

Although friendly enough, we found all the Makalaka we met on the road disposed to hold aloof from us; the reason being that they regarded us as doomed to be destroyed by the Matabele, and feared they would suffer for it, later on, if they appeared too friendly or rendered us any assistance. One of these natives informed me that two Matabele had recently entered his kraal and taken away his two wives; and on my asking why, armed as most of them were with guns, they allowed two men to come and raid in their midst without hindrance, he naïvely replied, "Why, what can we do?—we are but women." A lamentable confession this of the state of degradation these poor wretches have fallen into under a system of constant oppression at the hands of their warlike neighbours. At this place we had our first scare. Mr. Colenbrander, one of the British South Africa Company's agents at Bulawayo, the capital of Matabeleland, arrived, as a special envoy from Lobengula, with an order from the king (in the form of an ultimatum) requiring the expedition "to turn back or take the consequences." Subsequent events proved that Mr. Colenbrander had formed a misconception of the state of affairs in Matabeleland, and that the king was merely indulging in "bounce," or, more probably, only temporising with his young warriors, who were doubtless in a most excited state and clamouring to be let loose at us. At the time, however, one could not possibly know this, and it was discomfiting to be told we should probably have the Matabele army on the top of us within the next week, when another 150 miles of broken bush country had still to be traversed before we could reach the high veldt, or the main column ahead, or any open country where we could reasonably hope to defend ourselves against heavy odds.

Mr. Colenbrander, after informing me of the contents of his *billet-doux*, pushed on to deliver it to Colonel Pennefather, leaving us to continue our weary journey towards the Lundi River, now rendered doubly tedious by the extra precautions I deemed it necessary to take. From Nambandi to the Lundi there is not much variation in the physical features of the country, but the numerous kopjes to be met with on either side of the road are more thickly populated, and here and there extensive clearings have been made for the purpose of cultivation. The soil is wonderfully fertile, and after being cleared yields Indian corn, mealies, sweet potatoes, beans, and tobacco in abundance, and this under the merest scratching with the primitive hoes in use amongst the natives. Water is everywhere plentiful, and may be drawn from the pools of the numerous sandy rivers intersecting the road, or from the springs which abound amongst the granite kopjes.

The above-mentioned rivers, on account of their steep banks and

sandy beds, were great natural obstacles to the advance of the main column, and also to us, though to a somewhat lesser degree. Drifts had to be made over each, the banks being cut away and the sandy beds corduroyed; but even then, with new drifts, until they have settled down and become hard by the frequent passage of many waggons, it takes hours of hard labour, with double spans of oxen, hauling of ropes, breaking of trek gear, shouting and swearing, and general trial of temper to get a convoy of waggons across one river, and sometimes as many as three such obstacles would have to be negotiated within as many miles. The character of the bush after leaving Nambandi presents an agreeable change as the monotonous mopani is almost replaced by the brighter-coloured machabel, interspersed with vegetation of larger growth; wild orange-trees, giant fig-trees, and cacti are common, and an occasional mahogany-tree is seen at long intervals, while to the left of the road, in the far distance, a long range of broken mountainous country, where the numerous rivers take their rise, extends to the south-west border of Matabeleland.

On August 8th, our ninth day out, we reached the Wanetsi, or Nuanetsi River, 112 miles from Tuli. The crossing of this river gave us as much trouble as others of much greater width, for its banks are very steep, and its bed, unlike that of the others, rocky, and therefore difficult for oxen; there was also a running stream of considerable depth with a strong current, but this had already been well filled in with stones, and thus made practicable for the waggons. Thirty miles further on we came to the Lundi, the widest river next to the Tuli, and one which had previously been reported, by natives and Boers, to be impassable for waggons under any circumstances. This report, luckily, proved erroneous, as, though the bed of this river is three hundred yards across and traversed by a considerable stream of water, it presented no greater obstacle than any of the other rivers after we had made a good corduroy drift and partially filled up the stream with bags of sand and stones. Three hippopotami were here shot by members of the main column.

Slow as our progress had been hitherto (an average of twelve miles a day), it was now still slower, as many of the oxen, overstrained by the work between Mafeking and Maccloutsie and Maccloutsie and Tuli, began to knock up. As it was most necessary to give them a rest, they had to be replaced with untrained slaughter oxen, and these gave us no end of trouble. Some declined to be inspanned at any price and were constantly breaking away and careering wildly through the bush; others either refused to pull at all or pulled in the wrong direction, while others again would lie down, out of sheer perversity, and stubbornly refuse to get up, though they might be half choking themselves with the yokes. Thus it would sometimes take a couple of hours to get under weigh, an

amount of time which had to be deducted from each trek, as I found that if our oxen, in their present weak state, were kept more than four or five hours in the yoke, they were completely done up, and began to drop out with the most alarming frequency.

By this time, however, we had discovered that the main column was only six treks ahead, and Colonel Pennefather had sent me word by a patrol, despatched to discover our whereabouts, that on receipt of Mr. Colenbrander's news he had decided to push on to the high veldt, reported to be about forty miles north of the Lundi, and there to await my arrival for two or three days. By the greater frequency of the outspans, or laagering clearings, it was evident the progress of the main column was now much slower than it had been at the commencement, so I had every hope of reaching them by the stipulated time.

Shortly after leaving the Lundi we had our second scare from a native, that the Matabele were ahead, with the intention of way-laying us in the bush; but this was occasioned by a small party of thirty Matabele having passed along the road in search of information as to our movements.

● About thirty-five miles north of the Lundi we reached the foot of Mount Inyaguzwe, one of a chain of hills shutting off the low bush country from the high veldt, which could only be approached by a pass on our right. From this point, where the elevation is 2,600 feet, the road winds for twelve miles with a most gradual ascent to an elevation of 3,600 feet. This would have been about as awkward a piece of country, in the face of opposition, as I have ever seen, and no doubt the Matabele, had they so intended, could have made it very hot for us. Steep and densely-wooded slopes rose on either side, with ravines and valleys here and there, big enough to conceal countless "impis," while the thick bush rendered efficient scouting most difficult. This pass has been aptly named by Mr. Selous, "Providential Gorge," partly on account of our meeting with no opposition, and partly because its existence was entirely unknown to any of the force, inclusive of Mr. Selous and the native guides. The road we had made brought us right on to it, more by providence or good luck than anything else, and subsequent investigation proved there was no other practicable pass to the right or to the left of it for many miles. The Boers, who professed to know all about the country, had stated before the expedition started that there was no pass practicable for waggons, and that we should never be able to reach the high veldt.

On the morning of the eighteenth day after leaving the Tuli, we emerged on the high veldt and sighted the laager of the main column. I cannot express in words the sense of relief we all felt after many days of anxious toiling, for nearly two hundred miles, through a wilderness of dense bush, at the glorious sight of a fine open grass

country, stretching for miles in every direction, with its bright and fresh plains smiling in the morning sunlight, and only diversified here and there by a kopje or a small clump of bush just sufficient to break the sameness of its undulating surface.

A feeling, too, of security, to which we had all been strangers for some time, no doubt added to the general charm of the surroundings, for here we were at last inside the promised land, and what matter now if the Matabele did come down on us? They had missed their opportunity, if they ever meant to oppose us, for they would stand no chance against our well-armed little force in the open, however great their numbers might be; in fact, one felt as if Mount Hampden, the goal of our endeavours, had been practically reached, and the object of the expedition already attained.

About one and a half miles from the head of the gorge was the laager of the main column, presenting a most animated appearance, and reminding me very much of a village fair at home. Football and cricket were in full swing on one side, and a rifle match between the pioneers and police on another: *tentes d'abri* and tents of all shapes and sizes, many-coloured rugs hung out to air, and here and there a flag or two, added to the general gaiety of the scene, while the black funnel of the electric light engine, rising above the tops of the waggons, made one almost expect every minute to catch sight of a steam merry-go-round, or the ordinary swings to be seen at a village fair.

The column, after our arrival, halted for two more days to rest the oxen, and during this time the construction of a lunette fort, since called Fort Victoria, was completed. Meanwhile some extensive ruins, of a most interesting character, were discovered at Zim-babwé, situated fifteen miles south-east of our laager, and several parties were made up to visit them. I regret extremely that, owing to stress of work, I was unable to get away, so I must leave it to others, who were more fortunate, to lay before the public an account of their interesting discoveries. All who visited them were unanimous in their admiration of these vast relics of some bygone civilization, which cover an area of several square miles, but none could agree as to their precise origin, though all were convinced they had been constructed by a race of earlier date than the Portuguese or Arabs, possibly the Phœnicians, and many were the conjectures and speculations as to whether the long-lost land of Ophir had not at last been discovered. I am glad to hear that an expedition under Mr. Bent, the well-known archæologist, will have the chance of settling the question before long. The natives appear to guard this place most jealously, and no exploring party was allowed to visit it without first paying toll in the shape of a coloured blanket or knife, &c., and it is a very interesting fact that the people of Mashonaland have

copied the designs and patterns to be found on the walls of the ruins in the ornamentation of their weapons, kalabashes, and cooking-pots.

Our forward march from Fort Victoria was uneventful and needs little description. The troop and the Gatling gun I had brought up with me being left to garrison this fort, the rest of the column, consisting of two troops of police and the pioneer force with one Maxim, one Gatling, and two seven-pounders, broke up laager on the 19th of August.

It will be sufficient to describe one day's routine to give a general idea of how the march was conducted. "Reveille" sounded at 4.30 A.M., when the whole force had to stand to arms till daylight appeared and the "dismiss" sounded. Patrols were sent out at "reveille," and after the "dismiss" had sounded and the pickets for the day had been posted, the night pickets were called in. Scouts in parties of two were always sent out at daybreak to reconnoitre the country fifteen miles to the front, to the rear, and to the left or threatened flank; these would return during the evening of the next day. On occasions when the column did not trek till the afternoon the horses and oxen were turned out to graze till an hour before the time of trekking, and patrols were again sent out at midday. A troop of pioneers, with Mr. Selous and the native guides, were always one day ahead, selecting the line of march and making the road. The order of march was as follows: One troop as advanced guard, and with it the Maxim gun, drawn by horses; at the head of the column the two seven-pounders, drawn by oxen, and an escort of surplus mounted men of the pioneer artillery troop and all the dismounted men of the police; then the convoy of waggons marching in two parallel lines, for after crossing the Umzingwane it was found advisable to make two roads, and thus decrease by half the original length of train, with the view to quick formation of laager in the event of attack. In rear of the convoy followed a third troop as rear-guard with the Gatling gun, also drawn by oxen, while the fourth troop was employed on either flank, in small flanking parties with supports. In this manner, by means of the detached scouts, the troop one day in advance, patrols, advanced and rear guards and flanking parties, the country was most efficiently scouted for a radius of fifteen miles all round, and in the event of an intended attack we should have had ample notice given in time to form laager. Of course the hours for trekking varied according to the nature of the country; in the open country it was possible to trek at the time best suited for the oxen, which is during the early morning or the moonlit night; otherwise the usual hours of trekking were from 2 till 7 P.M. When a suitable site was selected, the laager was formed without delay, each waggon proceeding to the place it should occupy, with

little noise and no confusion, picket lines, in the meantime, being put down inside for the horses, and the mess fires lighted. Where the grass was long, it was burned for a radius of fifty yards round the laager, to avoid the risk of a grass fire, and at night the spans of oxen were tied up to the yokes of the waggons to which they belonged. At 8.30 P.M. "first post" was sounded and all the force stood to arms and was told off by sections to the waggons, and by 10 P.M. each man would be sleeping under the waggon that he had been told off to defend in case of attack. The electric light engine was kept under steam all night and the light turned on at regular intervals, at 8 P.M., midnight, and one hour before daylight, and by its rays the surrounding country to a radius of one thousand yards carefully searched. In the daytime, when the column was halted, numerous natives would come to the laager, some with round baskets containing mealies, Kafir corn, pumpkins, rice, sweet potatoes, and beans, and others with calabashes of Kafir beer (*mtuala*) and tobacco. A sort of market-place would then be formed where they sold the produce they brought for pieces of *limbo* (blue or white calico), beads, or even empty cartridge cases, which as snuff-boxes possess no mean value in their eyes.

The Mashonas, from the first, were particularly friendly, and hailed our advent with joy and repeated expressions of hope that, now we had come, they need no longer fear the raids of the Matabele. The male element of the Mashona race is of inferior physique; a somewhat surprising fact considering the healthy plateau they inhabit. Their distinctly black countenances are not altogether unpleasing, nor devoid of intelligence, but those of the women we met were simply hideous; this was explained by the information that the Matabele were in the habit of carrying off the *belles* of every season. Their clothing is most scanty and their ornaments few, consisting chiefly of iron or brass rings and beads of various colours, the most fashionable being red, white eye, and pure white. Their native weapons consist of long wooden stabbing assegais, and battle-axes of solid iron, or ironheaded, with thick wooden handles; but a large percentage are armed with guns of various sorts, from the Tower musket and old-fashioned blunderbuss to the more modern Martini. They are an industrious community, and expressed a desire to work for us, and on one occasion a chief said that his people were tired of having to depend on fires instead of blankets, and would be glad to earn the latter. At present they merely scratch up enough ground to grow food for their own consumption, but no doubt when they see a good market for extra produce they will cultivate the rich soil more assiduously. They make their own gunpowder, and are very ingenious workers in iron, with which the country abounds, fashioning assegais, battle-axes, knives, and rude implements of

husbandry; they also work a fine clay, found in the beds of the numerous rivers, into cooking pots and other vessels. The alluvial gold is crudely separated and stored in quills, which they barter for guns with occasional traders. They are clever basket-makers, and kill a certain amount of game with the help of game pits and finely worked nets, manufactured from the fibres of the bark of trees.

On leaving Fort Victoria it was intended to make for Mount Wedza, supposed to be distant some seventy miles, N.E., and there to construct a second fort. The road led us along a high ridge of plateau, running almost due north and south, and forming the water-shed of the numerous rivers, and whenever we attempted to leave this and turn eastward, great delay was caused by the marshy nature of the ground, till at length it was apparent that with the oxen in their present weak state, we should never reach Mount Hampden by way of Mount Wedza. On this account we had to abandon the original idea, and decide to follow the water-shed and establish our next fort at the head of the sources of the Umgezi and Sabi Rivers. From Fort Victoria to this point, a distance of 123 miles, the country scarcely varies; the same beautiful grass plains, with sloping valleys and undulations on either side, are still dotted with clumps of bush, and only broken by occasional kopjes of granite, iron-stone, or reefs of slate, white quartz, and other formations. The highest elevation reached was 5,020 feet, and the climate throughout most healthy and bracing, though the nights were excessively cold on the exposed uplands. By way of emphasizing its "all-round" healthiness, I may mention that from the time we reached the high veldt our horses were entirely free from the ravages of horse sickness, and though lions robbed us of four, their deaths were promptly avenged by the slaughter of two of their murderers. Numerous herds of game were encountered, and our meat store economised by shooting on the march. Sable and roan antelopes, wildbeeste, sessabe (most common everywhere), reedbuck, quagga, duiker, oribi and steinbok, enlivened the plateau, while waterbuck, eland, kudu, pig, &c., were to be found in the valleys.

Though we had occasional false rumours of large "impis" being close at hand with the intention of annihilating us, the probabilities of an attack became more and more remote the farther we advanced, and the restrictions as regards shooting that had hitherto been in force were rescinded. At the head of the Umgezi and Sabi Rivers the outlines of a square fort, since called Fort Charter, were planned, and a third troop of police left to construct and garrison it. Thence the remainder of the force proceeded a distance of 68 miles farther across the head waters of the Umfuli and Hanyani Rivers to within eight miles of Mount Hampden, where a suitable site for headquarters and a township was chosen.

The expeditionary force arrived at this point on September 12th, just two months after the start of the advance column from the Tuli. It had then traversed a distance of 438 miles from the Macloutsie to Mount Hampden, over a completely unknown country, half of which led through thick bush, and had successfully crossed thirteen big rivers, besides a host of lesser ones, necessitating the utmost trial of patience and endurance on the part of all concerned. All this had been accomplished without the loss of a single human life, notwithstanding the prophecies of the Boers and all who professed to know anything about the country, that we should never gain the promised land, as we should either be decimated by fever, drowned in impassable rivers, stopped by the swamps, or annihilated by the Matabele, before reaching that impenetrable chain of mountains which would effectually bar our way to the high veldt, if everything else failed to do so. One of the highest military authorities on native warfare in South Africa, when asked his opinion, stated that he would not undertake the enterprise with less than seven thousand men. But what cannot be accomplished with patience and perseverance when all are of the same mind, determined to succeed in the face of every difficulty, and prepared to face cheerfully whatever obstacles or dangers fortune may have in store for them? I do not think I am guilty of exaggeration in declaring that this has been one of the most successful expeditions of its kind ever undertaken, and a worthy introduction to the history of a Company with a grand future before it, whose great enterprises and achievements bid fair to rival those of its far-famed predecessor, the old East India Company.

On the day following our arrival the Company's flag was hoisted in the presence of the whole force with all the honours of a royal salute from the "seven-pounders," and by the end of the month a strong fort had been constructed, and christened Fort Salisbury, in honour of him to whose kind aid and patriotic sympathy the young Company owes so much. On October 1st, the laager was finally broken up and the pioneers disbanded, the remaining troop of police occupying the fort near which they had almost completed the construction of the huts. The pioneers though scattered in various directions, prospecting for gold, still constitute a burgher force, ready to be re-united should hostilities at any time become imminent.

And now a few words in conclusion on the country and its future prospects. From an agricultural point of view, it is the finest I have ever seen, and possesses thousands of square miles of the most perfect grazing for innumerable herds of cattle. The products it gives, to the natives prove that the soil, with a more elaborate system of ploughing than is represented by their rude scratching with a primi-

tive hoe, would produce almost anything; the scenery is lovely, and the climate healthy enough to cause endless grumbling among the medical officers at their misplaced energy in coming to a country where men never fall sick. Thus we have here everything needful for successful colonisation, rich grass lands, splendid arable soil, plenty of timber, water everywhere, perfect climate, and agreeable scenery, with here fine stretches of open country with clumps of bush and tree-clad kopjes alive with numerous herds of varied game, and there wide tracts of country broken by valleys and mountain ranges. The natives, it is true, do not possess many cattle, but this is owing to the raids by the Matabele, and such few as they have testify, by their condition, to the general richness of the pasturage, while the marked improvement in our own beasts after a short rest in the country was an additional proof of the same. During these yearly raids, so much dreaded by the poor Mashonas, their cattle are looted, the women and children carried off for slaves, and the majority of the men killed. The ruins of extensive villages, and the deserted lands so frequently noticed as we passed through the country, are the painful evidences of the wholesale depredations of these fierce robbers.

Gold is very plentiful, and by the 9th October, on which date I left Fort Salisbury, many valuable reefs had been located; one in particular on the Umfuli River at Hartley Hill is of great extent and richness, and the reports of scientific experts speak most highly of it. It is said to average four feet in thickness, bearing three or four ounces to the ton, and many claims have been by now pegged out and shafts begun to be sunk, while samples of rich ore are on their way down country. Reports come in daily of fresh discoveries in the direction of the Amazoe River, and also between Fort Victoria and Fort Charter. Alluvial gold has not as yet claimed much attention, for as all the pioneers are entitled to fifteen reef claims and one alluvial, and the former are the most valuable, the majority of pioneers and prospectors are at present busily employed in pegging them out and doing the work of sinking shafts in accordance with the terms of the gold law. Alluvial gold has been found near Fort Victoria, and those who have visited the Amazoe River report its presence there, while gold in small quantities has been found in almost every river between Fort Charter and Fort Salisbury. Mr. Moore, who is in charge of a syndicate prospecting party, obtained in twenty-four hours, with very rude appliances, a tablespoonful of gold and one small nugget on the Amazoe. Finally, all the experts attached to the expedition were unanimous in their opinion that Mashonaland represented one of the three great gold areas in the world, with prospects far exceeding previous anticipation. Doubtless within a few months there

will be a greater rush to the country than there has ever been to any other gold-field. At the time I left three hundred prospecting licences had been already issued, and on my journey down I met several well-equipped prospecting parties, hurrying up country, and a few parties of individuals on the tramp. Major Johnson, of the pioneers, told me that he was so satisfied about the richness of the gold of Hartley Hill that he intended to obtain, at his own expense, and as soon as possible, sufficient machinery to work it. I was so impressed by what I heard and saw, that on my arrival at Kimberley I got together a small well-equipped private prospecting party, and had the satisfaction of hearing of its departure up country before I left Cape Town the following week. There is only one thing needful for the further speedy development of Mashonaland, and that is an east coast route and an outlet to the sea. Dr. Jameson, Mr. Rhodes' representative with the expeditionary force, and Major Johnson left Fort Salisbury on October 5th with the object of discovering a suitable road to the coast *via* the Pungwe River, and I was fortunate enough to meet them at Cape Town and to hear the results of their important discoveries. They stated that from Fort Salisbury to Pungwe Bay is a distance of about 400 miles, and that for the first 160 miles to Mtassa's kraal, the road is good, with a gradual descent from the high to the low veldt; thence they travelled over a bad piece of ground to the Umtali River another ten miles, and then on to Massakessi, 16 miles further, all bad "going" on account of a broken range of hills; thence 110 miles more to Sarmento by a good road, the last 30 miles through fly country, but consisting of a sandy level, easily practicable for a railway or steam tram. From Sarmento they descended the river Pungwe in a Berthen boat to Nevis Ferreira, a distance of 130 miles. For the first 60 miles the river is navigable for stern wheel steamers and boats of light draught; the remaining 70 miles to Beira at the mouth of the river, is navigable for boats of 6 ft. or 7 ft draught. The Pungwe is a tidal river up to 80 to 100 miles, and the mouth of its channel has been buoyed by the Portuguese; the harbourage is splendid. By taking a more northerly and direct route, and avoiding Mtassa's kraal, the 26 miles of bad road can be avoided, and since my arrival in England I am glad to hear that the Portuguese Government have undertaken to facilitate communication with the interior *via* the Pungwe. For the importance of this concession to be readily perceived I need only say that, whereas the rate of transport from Cape Town to Fort Salisbury *via* Mafeking and Palapye is 60s. to 65s. per 100 lbs., by the proposed route *via* the Pungwe it will be only 10s. 8d. per 100 lbs., that is to say, less than one-sixth of the present rate.

I will now add a few words on the subject of the Portuguese, and the absurd claim they put forward to the country lying east of Mashonaland. For hundreds of years they have been in possession

of the east coast, and what have they done towards opening up and civilizing the interior? Beyond establishing posts at Tete and Zumbo on the Zambesi, they have been mere occupiers of the sea-coast at Quillimane, Mozambique, Sofala, Beira, Inhambane, and Delagoa Bay, &c., there making such profits as they could by encouraging the slave trade, and by the sale of the vilest of intoxicating liquors to the natives. It is well known that Tete and Zumbo are hotbeds of slavery under the auspices of so-called Portuguese subjects, a set of degraded, half-caste rascals who would disgrace any civilized nation, and yet whom the Portuguese Government, for reasons best known to itself, has thought fit to acknowledge as its subjects. It is no secret that, on this coast, open encouragement is given to the slave traffic by means of Arab dhows, which for a consideration are allowed to fly the Portuguese flag, and thus protect themselves from being searched by the British cruisers employed for the suppression of the slave trade.

It seems almost a characteristic of the race to remain in lazy idleness until a temporary spurt of jealous activity is stimulated by the approach of civilization under a more enterprising flag. Then, and only then, are the so-called Portuguese representatives stirred to the formation of nominal trading stations on the outskirts of the country to which they intend to lay claim. These stations generally consist of a few poor huts, occupied by half-bred traders and one white man, who, without the least semblance of power to enforce authority in any part of the country, assumes the title of "governor" or "commandant." The next stage is very simple, as it merely requires the Portuguese Government to lay claim to an unlimited amount of country beyond their "stations," and, by political agitation and cunning diplomacy, to wrest from others the just reward of their pluck and enterprise. By all means let the Portuguese keep what they have actually got, which is the coast line, and nothing more, if they will facilitate the civilization of the interior by throwing their ports open to commerce without prohibitive tariffs; but, in common justice, I trust our Government will be firm enough to resist claims which might be regarded as ridiculous were the issues involved less important to the whole question of the progress of humanity and civilization.

To the east of Mashonaland and extending to the coast is the country of Manica, possessing many hundreds of square miles of land, in every way as fertile and possibly as rich in minerals as Mashonaland. On our arrival at Fort Charter, Mr. Colquhoun, the administrator of Mashonaland, paid a visit to this country and to its chief, Mtassa, at the latter's special invitation, and from this chief he obtained valuable concessions in addition to the entire mineral rights of the country. In the meantime the Portuguese, on hearing of the

proposed British expedition to Mashonaland, had established at Massakessi what they are pleased to call a station, which consists of about a dozen huts inhabited by half-caste traders, a few engineers and miners in the employ of a private company known as the Ophir Concessions, and a commandant. The people connected with the company professed an eager desire to be under British authority, for one of the peculiarities of the Portuguese is, that they expect to get 19s. 6d. out of every sovereign made in the country. But the Portuguese, who have obtained no concession from the Chief Mtassa, claim the right to the whole of Manica, on the strength of their occupation of Massakessi, and on the plea that they hold a concession from Gungunhama, chief of the Gaza country, hundreds of miles south of Manica and near the mouth of the Crocodile River. Gungunhama has no claim to authority over Manica except that a long time ago, when he occupied a country much further north, he was in the habit of raiding on the people of Manica and levying blackmail; but since he and his people have moved farther south these raids have ceased, and Mtassa claims to be an independent chief. All that I would now ask is, if the British Government from motives of policy or diplomacy does not feel justified in supporting the British South Africa Company's right of occupation in Manica, that it will not recognise by treaty or convention the preposterous claims of the Portuguese, but leave the matter open as a question that time can settle. That there is gold is certain, and without doubt when Mashonaland has been thoroughly prospected, and its numerous goldfields located, hundreds and thousands of miners will flock to Manica. The Portuguese have neither the means nor the power at their disposal to control such a rough mining population as is sure to occupy the country, nor to protect the rights of individual native chiefs, and then it will be time for British rule to intervene.

It is true that the Portuguese have enlisted the services of Senhor Gouveia, of Goanese and native extraction, who with his large band of armed slaves has been a terror to all small tribes south of the Zambesi, and "eaten up" those who have refused to accept the Portuguese flag. The best-known sufferer is Makombi, the chief of next importance to Mtassa, whose town is now represented by a heap of ruins, and whose tribe is scattered to the winds. Mtassa has hitherto been able to defy this persecutor, owing to the strength of his position, but he has been incapable of rendering any help to his outlying chieftains, who have, one by one, been dealt with in Gouveia's summary fashion. It is from dread of this bandit that Mtassa has now claimed our protection, and were we to retire, his ultimate fate would, doubtless, be that of his late adherents. It would be a crime, in my opinion, were we to abandon this chief, whose right to be left in undisturbed possession of his country, or

to choose his own protectorate, must be apparent to the civilized world, so long as he does not invite attack by unlawful aggression on his neighbours.

There is another point worthy of our attention, and one which seems to have been entirely overlooked by the Portuguese. The "Manica question," at present, is of immediate interest as a point of dispute between the Chartered Company and Portugal, but the real interest involved is more far-reaching. Had Portugal accepted the boundary offered by Lord Salisbury in his Agreement of August 20th, a new Transvaal would have rapidly absorbed Manica-land, under the auspices of a filibustering Boer expedition which would have made short work of pushing the Portuguese representatives into the sea. Could Portugal, even with the assistance of Gouveia, have dared to venture upon the enormous expense entailed by a serious struggle with the Boers in so distant a country? I am convinced that our withdrawal from Manica would ensure the establishment of a Boer republic between the sphere of British control and the coast, within twelve months, and I believe everyone who is sufficiently well acquainted with South African affairs will endorse my conviction. That is why I contend that the question from this point of view deserves our most careful consideration, even though it may be ignored by the Portuguese.

And now, in conclusion, let us review the Chartered Company's work for the year 1890. According to the original programme, the small pioneer force, unassisted by the police, was if possible to have worked its way to Mount Hampden, and there settled down with supplies sufficient for twelve months, during which period it would be quite cut off from civilization, as no system of communication with the outer world was to be established till the following year. I fully believe this force would have proved quite insufficient to overawe Lobengula's unruly young warriors, and that it would either have been overwhelmed or turned back. As it is now, we have effectually occupied the country and established a thorough line of communications by means of four forts, besides signal and postal stations at intervals of every twenty to forty miles. In all we have ten block-houses as postal and despatch riding-stations, and the four forts already mentioned. Our signalling communication and our postal service by ox-cart already extends from the Macloutsie to the Tuli, and every preparation is being made for its rapid extension to Fort Victoria, a further distance of 189 miles. As a proof of the efficiency of the present postal service we have a weekly mail to and from Kimberley, by which letters take eighteen days to reach Mount Hampden from Kimberley, and *vice versa*, and this time would be considerably shortened but for the defective arrangements of the mail service between Kimberley and Palapye. One special despatch was carried from the Macloutsie to Mount Hampden, a distance of

440 odd miles in 89 hours. Although it was supposed the road would not be thoroughly opened up till next year, over 150 waggons have already gone into the country and many more are on their way, and though we thought the road would be closed by the rainy season as early as September, it was still open up to December 12th, and on account of the general lie of the country I doubt whether the rivers will ever become impassable for more than a very short time. They will, of course, be in flood after heavy rains, but from their conformation they should run down almost as rapidly as they rise.

As for the general security of the road, I may mention that I travelled from a place thirty miles north-west of Mount Hampden to Kimberley in twenty-three days, stopping two days at intermediate stations and being further delayed by break-downs of the mail-cart between Palapye and Mafeking. From my starting-point to Tuli, a distance of 400 miles, I rode by myself in nine days, sleeping sometimes at intermediate stations and at other times in the bush or open veldt, a sufficient proof, I think, of the safety of the road.

In addition to the work done by the expedition we have the railway from Kimberley now open to Vryburg, a distance of 140 miles, and the telegraph from Mafeking to Palapye, which by now should have reached the Macloutsie, a total distance of 480 miles. In the meanwhile a small expedition under Mr. Lockner has penetrated to the Barotse country, north of the Zambesi, and obtained a concession over another splendid tract of upland country 200,000 square miles in extent, and, if report be true, this is in every way as fine a country as Mashonaland.

Thus we have as the result of one year's work, a magnificent country occupied, forts built, and excellent communication by a good waggon road 440 miles in extent established; 140 miles of railway, and 480 miles of telegraph laid down, and the right to a further 200,000 square miles of fine territory conceded. This is no bad record for a twelvemonth's work, and one that augurs well, I think, for the future prospects of all concerned in the welfare of the Company, especially as a good and cheap coast route from Mashonaland has now been discovered.

Finally, I would point out that the effects of the Government policy in granting the Charter have been twofold:—

(1) To secure "Fairest Africa" to England: for had it not been for the prompt action of Mr. Rhodes these lands would have been annexed by the Boers, the Portuguese, or the Germans.

(2) To bring the blessings of hope, peace, and security to the natives, who, up to the time of the arrival of our pioneer force, were compelled, by fear of the Matabele on the one side and of Gouveia, the half-caste Portuguese slave-owner, on the other, to live like crows in the most inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains and kopjes.

THE RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE.

FAITH, Religion, is the hidden meaning of the life with which we are endowed, the inner significance that lies beneath the surface, that which supplies life with force and energy, and imparts to it its direction. Every living man discovers for himself that significance, which is the basis upon which his life ultimately rests, or, failing to discover it, dies. He is materially aided in this all-important search by the aggregate efforts and labour of all humanity, and by the accumulated results thereof; to this continuous toil, and these growing results, men are agreed to give the name of revelation. Revelation, therefore, is that which is helpful to man in his attempts to discover the inner meaning of life; a definition, or rather a description, which implicitly determines man's relation to faith.

This being so, can anything be more utterly, more manifestly absurd than for a numerous body of well-meaning people to move heaven and earth in order to compel their fellow-men to have recourse to this rather than to that form of revelation for help; to allow this fixed idea to possess and master them to such an extent as to bereave them of all peace of mind until it is realised, until the unwilling objects of their loving solicitude consent to accept the precise forms recommended, without change or modification; in fine, to curse, mutilate, and slaughter every one of the dissidents whom they can thus dispose of with impunity? Can anything be more incomprehensible than the fact that the class thus proscribed and persecuted and hounded to death should, as soon as an opportunity offers, go and do likewise, anathematizing, torturing, slaying every refractory man and woman upon whom it can lay hands without reasonable fear of speedy reprisals, and that a third category of persons should imitate the second, a fourth should vie with the third, and so on without end? And all of them solemnly curse, cruelly maim and mutilate, ruthlessly slaughter each other in the name of the principle that all men should believe as they believe, and not otherwise. And yet the number of different creeds is legion; and those who profess them all raise violent hands against those who reject them.

At first I was astounded to observe that this manifest absurdity, this evident contradiction, did not lead to the destruction of all faith. "Is it not strange, not to use a much stronger word," I asked myself again and again, "that people should manage to continue believers in spite of these extraordinary conditions, and believers in these extraordinary frauds?" From the general point

of view the thing is positively incomprehensible, and constitutes an irrefragable proof of the truth of the theorem of the philosophers now prevalent in the world, that all faith is deception and all that grows out of it superstition. Viewing the matter from this angle of vision, which is the general one, I, too, irresistibly came to the conclusion that all creeds are human frauds; but at the same time I could not refrain from going one step further and arguing that the very absurdity of the deception, its painfully glaring obviousness, and the circumstance that in spite of both these characteristics mankind still universally falls a victim to it, go to show in a very conclusive manner that, at the roots of all these frauds, deep beneath the surface, lies something which is eternally true, real, veracious. This proposition is not only the consequence of certain premises, but can be regarded as a necessary and evident postulate; otherwise the fraud is so utterly silly, so completely destitute of elementary cohesion, that it would be absolutely inconceivable that it should mislead any reasonable being. The mere circumstance that all men who lead a true veracious life invariably fall victims to this deception, compelled me to acknowledge the enormous importance of the phenomena which lies at the root thereof; and impressed by this importance I set myself to analyse the doctrine or doctrines of Christianity, which may be considered the tap-root of the deception—at least, in so far as all Christian men and women are affected by it. As a result of this study I found that, absurd as violence in matters of belief appears from a general standpoint, it is beyond comparison more absurd from that purely personal point of view which is yours, mine, and that of every individual who, desiring to live in reality and in truth, is compelled to possess faith—and actually does cherish faith—in the inner meaning of life.

In effect, how, why, and to whom can it be necessary that a third person should not only believe, but likewise proclaim his or her belief in the doctrine that you or I would hold to be true? Does the man live? Then he knows the significance of life; he has determined his relations to God; he has discovered the truth of truths. The expression of these relations may vary with different people, times, and countries, but the essence is one and the same, for we are all of us men and brothers.

What motives, desires, necessity can there be to impel me to insist that any person whatever should express his truth, his relations to the Deity, in precisely the same terms as I do? I cannot force him to change his belief by means of violence, cunning, or fraud (pseudo-miracles). If his faith be his very life, and the proposition is one from which it is impossible to withhold our assent, how should I seriously think of depriving him of it, and proposing to give him another in its stead? As well might I take out his

heart, and amicably offer to put another and a better one in its place. Action of that kind would be feasible if the man's faith and mine were mere words and not the solid basis of our lives, an excrescence on the body, and not the living, palpitating heart within. But such interference is also impossible for another reason : it is not feasible to deceive a man or compel him to believe in that in which he does not believe ; because he who believes (*i.e.* he who has already determined and regulated his relations to God, and consequently perceives that faith is the relation of each man to God) cannot wish to determine the relations of another man to God by means of violence and fraud. This, I maintain, is impossible ; and yet to all seeming it is precisely what is being done now, and was always and everywhere practised in bygone times. Let me explain : it is impossible, and therefore cannot be done ; but something extremely similar has been and still is being perpetrated. What really takes place and has for long ages past been continually taking place is this : people force upon their fellow-men a semblance of faith which the latter, much against their will, accept ; this likeness, however, is but a counterfeit. Real faith cannot be forced upon any one, nor can its acceptance by others be the result of extrinsic considerations, such as violence, fraud, or lucre. What people propagate by means of violence and accept from fear or cupidity is not faith, but faith's counterfeit. And this counterfeit was the old condition of the life of humanity.

In what does this counterfeit consist, and on what is it based ? What are the deceiver's relations to it, and what are those of his dupes ? In replying to these questions, I shall not take into account Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Islam, not because there is any difficulty in pointing out lamentable occurrences in those systems in all respects identical with those of which we shall speak as having taken place in our own—this will be obvious enough to all who have read anything about those religions—but I shall confine myself to Christianity, as the faith best known, most necessary and dearest to us. In Christianity the entire fabric of fraud is built upon the fanatical interpretation of the significance, scope, and mission of the institution called the Church, an interpretation founded upon nothing, and the utter absurdity of which is the first thing to strike one who sets himself to study the origins of Christianity. Of all impious notions and words ever recorded, there is none more impious than the notion and name of the Church. No other idea has ever engendered such unspeakable evil, no other idea has ever proved so bitterly hostile to the teachings of Christ as that of the Church. At bottom the word *ecclesia* signifies merely a gathering, and is used in this sense in the Gospels ; in the languages of all modern peoples the term *ecclesia* means a house of prayer ; and although the ecclesiastical fraud persisted for one thousand five

hundred years, in no language has any third meaning come to be attached to the word *ecclesia*. To judge by the definitions of it given by those priests to whom the ecclesiastical fraud was necessary, it appears that it is an algebraic formula for a sort of preface, the gist of which is as follows:—"Whatever I shall now proclaim is truth, pure, simple, absolute truth; and if you presume to reject it as unworthy of credence, I will burn you, curse you, work you all manner of injury."

Now this view is a sophism necessary for the attainment of certain dialectical ends, and it prevails only in those circles which strive to attain those ends. Not only among the people, but even in so-called "society," among persons of education and culture, in spite of their having been saturated with the doctrines of the catechism, we seek for this notion in vain. It seems pure waste of time and trouble to examine seriously the pretension involved therein; and if I do so, it is only because of the numerous and influential class of persons who deliberately advance it as something highly momentous, refusing to see that it is thoroughly false, misleading, and pernicious.

When the Church is defined to be an assembly of true believers, no real addition is made to our stock of ideas thereby; in like manner, if I assert that a church choir is a body composed of all genuine musicians, I have said nothing unless I explain what I mean by the words "genuine musicians." We find on inquiry that theology defines true believers to be all those who accept the teaching of the Church, *i.e.*, who are within the pale of the Church.

Leaving out of consideration the fact that there are a hundred such true creeds, the definition really defines nothing and leaves things pretty much as they were before, exactly like the definition of a church choir given above. But by a little close scrutiny we are enabled to discern the coils of the serpent beneath all this rank luxuriance of words. The Church, forsooth, is the true Church; she is one and indivisible, composed of shepherds and a flock, and each of the shepherds, all of whom are appointed by God Himself, teaches this one doctrine: "So help me, God, everything taught by my colleagues and myself is pure unalloyed truth."

This is the whole procedure, above and beyond which there is nothing. The entire fraud is contained in the word "church" and in the meaning attached to it, and the main significance of the deception lies in the fact it brings to light that there is a numerous category of persons morbidly eager to instil their belief into the minds of others. Whence this mad desire to indoctrinate one's fellows? If they were, indeed, in possession of the truth, they would know that this faith is neither more nor less than the inner meaning of life itself, the relations established by each individual between himself and God, and that it is therefore unteachable; and that

what they can and do instil into the minds of others is not faith, but only the simulacrum thereof. But in spite of this, they persist in teaching it.

Why is this? The most obvious answer would be that it is because the priests want bread and eggs and the bishop a palace, toothsome dishes, and a silken robe. But this reply is inadequate. It describes rightly enough, no doubt, the inner psychological stimulus to continue the fraud, but if we endeavour, taking the same low ground, to explain how it came about that one man (the public executioner) took upon himself to slay another man, against whom he had no grievance and not even a tinge of malice, we shall immediately realise how very incomplete it is. We should have in effect to admit that he puts people to death because he receives (in Russia at least) *vodka*, crumpets, and a red blouse—a very insufficient explanation, and yet not a whit more unsatisfactory than to assert that when the Metropolitan Archbishop of Kieff fills sacks with hay and calls them the relics of saints he is moved thereto solely by a desire to receive his thirty thousand roubles yearly. In this case as in that, the acts under discussion are too horrible, too unnatural, to be satisfactorily explained by such a simple, obvious, base motive. Both the executioner and the Metropolitan will themselves explain their conduct by bringing forward a formidable array of arguments drawn mainly from historical tradition. "It is absolutely necessary," the former will say, "that certain categories of men be put to death; they have been executed at all times in the world's history; indeed, one may say ever since man appeared upon the earth. If I refuse the 'job,' another will undertake it. With God's help I will perform it better than any other man!" The Metropolitan Archbishop will hold similar language. "The outward worship of God," he will assert, "is a necessity. Ever since the world was created, the relics of holy, godly men have been venerated. The relics in the vaults of the holy monasteries here in Kieff are thus venerated now; people piously pilgrimage hither. If I were not the guardian of these things, the spiritual head of the diocese, some one else would be. I hope, then, with God's help, to dispose in a more religious way than any one else could of the funds realised by means of this blasphemous fraud."

In order to understand to what extent the belief thus preached and propagated is a misrepresentation of faith, we must penetrate to the fountain-head of Christianity itself, and carefully note what we find there. I am now speaking not of any new discoveries, historical or critical, but simply of what we all know of Christianity. Turning to the source of all Christian doctrine—the Gospels—we find there a principle which completely excludes outward worship, condemns it, and in the clearest and most positive manner repudiates

proselytism of every kind. The further we recede from the early ages of Christianity and the nearer we approach our own times, the more marked becomes the deviation of the accepted teachings from these simple principles laid down by Christ Himself.

This deviation began already during the lifetime of the Apostles themselves, and was especially favoured by Paul, who was extremely given to proselytizing and preaching, and the more widely Christianity spread throughout the world, the more accentuated became these divergences, until at last it formally adopted as one of its stock methods that outward worship and regular teaching and preaching which Christ Himself had so unequivocally, so emphatically repudiated.

During those early ages, however, the word "church" was taken to mean all those who shared that faith which I still regard as essentially true—a notion correct enough, under the circumstances, and as long as no attempt was made to define that faith in words. For faith cannot be expressed in words. The notion of the true Church was also occasionally made use of as an argument against those who dissented; but down to the reign of Constantine and the meeting of the Nicene Council it was still a mere notion and had not got beyond this embryonic stage of its evolution. From the time of Constantine and the Nicene Council, however, it became hardened and crystallized into a thing—a thing of fraud. This was the true beginning of the long series of impostures devised by metropolitan archbishops with relics, and by simple priests with the Eucharist, miraculous *icons* of the Virgin, &c., &c., which so astound and horrify us now and cannot be satisfactorily explained—so incredibly abominable are they—merely by the filthy lucre coveted and reaped by their authors. The fraud is very ancient, and it was not devised by private persons whose only vice was inordinate love of gain and indifference to the means of acquiring it. The monster does not exist among men who is capable of planning and carrying out such an abominable fraud, were he indeed the first, and were there no other motives than those that lie on the surface.

The causes that led to this deception were of an evil nature. "By their fruits ye shall know them." They consisted of hatred, human pride, hostility to Arius and others, and an evil incomparably greater than any of these: the unholy alliance of Christians with temporal power. Constantine the Emperor, who personified that power, and had attained at that time—according to Pagan notions—the summit of human greatness (he was enrolled among the gods), embraced Christianity, gave an example to all his subjects, converted the people, lent a helping hand against heretics, and by means of an œcumenical council built up a "united, true Christian

faith." In this wise the Christian Catholic faith was fixed for all times and countries.

It was so natural to allow oneself to be thus imposed upon that even at the present day people continue to believe in the salutary effects of that momentous event. And yet, interpreted by the light of simple reason unclouded by theological prejudices, the effect of it all was that the majority of Christians there and then abjured their faith. It was the epoch of the parting of the waters; when the rank and file of Christianity turned round from right to left, and moved off in the direction of Paganism. Charlemagne and Vladimir rallied the stragglers later on; and people have continued to march steadily in the same direction ever since. The ecclesiastical fraud consisted in the adoption of Christianity by the temporal power, an act which was desirable and useful only to those who, understanding the letter of Christianity, failed to comprehend its spirit. For to embrace Christianity without first renouncing the temporal power is either to deride the doctrines of Christ or to falsify them. The consecration of the power of the State by Christianity is blasphemy; nay, it is more than blasphemy—it is the ruin of Christianity itself.

Having lived fifteen hundred years under this sacrilegious union between pseudo-Christianity and the State, it needs no slight effort on the part of mankind to forget all the specious sophisms by means of which, during that protracted period, the teachings of Christ have been garbled and twisted and contorted for the purpose of fabricating arguments to prove the legality and sanctity of the State and the possibility of its becoming truly Christian. But underneath these heaps of sophisms lies the hard fact that the words "Christian State" have about as much meaning as the words "warm" or "hot ice." Only one of two alternatives is possible: either there is no State or else there is no Christianity. In order fully to realise the truth of this statement, we must first divest ourselves of all those fantastic notions which have been so carefully instilled into our minds from our childhood upwards, and put the plain blunt question, What are the scope and aim of the so-called sciences of history and jurisprudence which are taught us with as much solicitude as if they contained the secrets of longevity and happiness? As a matter of fact these "sciences" have no scientific basis whatever; they are neither more nor less than a disguised but laborate apology for violence and brute force.

Putting on one side the history of all other nations, let us cast a glance at the story of that state which was the first to make an alliance with Christianity. In Rome a nest of highwaymen had come to be established in the course of time, of men who thrived on the proceeds of robbery, murder, violence of all kinds, and had become so powerful that they subdued whole nations. These robbers

and their progeny, led by ringleaders commonly called Caesars, plundered and tortured the population in order to glut their lusts and passions. One of the heirs of these robber-chieftains, Constantine by name, having read a large number of books and cloyed his passions with life's pleasures, came to the conclusion that he preferred certain Christian dogmas to his former beliefs, the Mass to human sacrifice, and one God and His Son Christ to the worship of Jupiter, Venus, and Apollo; and he accordingly issued orders that this faith be introduced and spread among the people under his sway.

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them . . . but it shall not be so among you . . . Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; judge not; resist not evil." There was no one to call his attention to these teachings; but what was said to him by those whose duty it was to accentuate the main doctrines of Christ practically amounted to this:—"You wish to call yourself a Christian, and to continue at the same time to be a robber chief, to strike, burn, go to war, live lewdly, slay, and repose elegantly in the lap of luxury? All this is feasible enough."

And they adjusted Christianity to his wants and wishes, arranging it far more pleasantly than could have been expected. They were sagacious enough, however, to foresee that when reading the Gospel he would, some time or other, become painfully aware of what the new faith does really demand of all men who embrace it, viz., a Christian life, and not merely the construction of churches and frequent visits to them. This they anticipated and duly provided for by adding to and abstracting from Christianity in such an ingenious way that he might continue to call himself a Christian, to live as a pagan, and not perceive that there was any contradiction between his professions and his acts. On the one hand Christ, it was clear, had come solely for the purpose of redeeming him and all men; and, on the other hand, the fact that Christ had died gave Constantine the right to live in harmony with his tastes; nay, more, he had only to repent and swallow a morsel of bread and wine, and behold he had salvation in his clutches, and everything was forgiven him.

Nor was this all. They actually blessed and consecrated his power and influence as robber chief, declared that it was from God, and anointed him with oil. In acknowledgment of this he, on his part, arranged to their liking the gathering of the clergy, he decreed the nature of each individual's relations to God, and ordered the decree to be read over and repeated to each man for his guidance. And every one was satisfied, and the faith thus trimmed and arranged has prevailed on earth for more than a thousand years, for other brigand captains imitated Constantine, and introduced it among

their subjects, and were all anointed in consequence, all this being done in obedience to the will of God. Whenever a scoundrel succeeded in pillaging and plundering every one else, and killing thousands upon thousands of men who had done him no wrong, they took him and solemnly anointed him, for he was evidently a man of God.

In Russia it was husband-murder and harlotry personified that were of God godly; ¹ in France it was Napoleon. As for the clergy—not only were they also of God, godly, but they were almost gods themselves, seeing that the Holy Ghost had taken up his abode within them. The Holy Ghost is also present in the Pope, and in our most holy Synod with its *tschينوvnik* commanders. And whenever the anointed of the Lord for the time being—that is to say, the ringleader of these robbers—conceives the desire of striking a blow against his own or a foreign people, they straightway prepare holy water for him, sprinkle therewith the cross (the cross which Christ carried and on which He died, because He persisted in repudiating these same robbers), take it in their hands and bless him, and send him forth to slay, hang, and decapitate in the name of Christ crucified.

And all this throve and prospered as long as they lived together in concord; but they soon disagreed and fell to reviling each other, calling each other brigands and robbers—which they indeed are; the people, meanwhile began to listen attentively to these terms of abuse, and gradually ceased to believe in the anointed ones of the Lord and in the living receptacles of the Holy Ghost, and learned to call all these persons by the right names which they so freely deal out to each others, viz., robbers and deceivers.

But this digression about robbers is only by the way; I have touched upon them because it was they who first demoralised those who later on became professional deceivers.

The main question at issue is the evolution of the deceivers, the pseudo-Christians. We find, then, that they degenerated from what they were or might have been, in consequence of their unnatural union with the brigands. It could not be otherwise, for they left the right road from the moment that they consecrated the first king and assured him that by using violence he could assist the faith whose essence lies in meekness, self-denial, and endurance of evil.

All this is not the story of a fantastic Church, but of the real Church such as it has been ever since its hierarchy fell under the power of kings and Tsars; and its history is made up of a long series of vain efforts on the part of this unfortunate hierarchy to preserve the truth of Christ's doctrine intact, while preaching it by means of lies and deviating from it by their acts. The significance, the *raison*

(1) The Empress Catherine.

d'être of the hierarchy is founded upon that of the doctrine which they undertake to teach. This doctrine speaks of meekness, of self-denial, of love, of poverty; and is preached and propagated by means of violence and lies.

In order that something should be left for the members of the hierarchy to teach, it was absolutely necessary for them to hold fast to (*i.e.*, not formally to repudiate) the doctrine of Christ; but in order, on the other hand, to be in a position to whitewash themselves and their illegal union with the temporal power, they were forced to resort to the most ingenious devices to hide the essence of that doctrine, and for this purpose deliberately shifted its centre of gravity from the essence to the outward form and expression. And this was done by the hierarchy, *i.e.*, one of the sources of that counterfeit faith which is preached by the Church. The source itself is the union of the hierarchy, under the name of Church, with that form of violence known as temporal power. And the reason why people are so eager to teach their faith to others is because the true faith would convict them of apostasy; hence they seek to set up a concocted creed of their own in its place, the sole advantage of which is that it acquits them of all crime.

Now true religion may be present anywhere, everywhere; except, of course, where manifestly false religion holds sway over men; that is to say, when the faith which is allied with violence—the State religion—prevails. Thus all so-called schisms and heresies may be in possession of the true faith, whereas of a certainty it will not be discovered in the creed that is united with the temporal power. It may appear paradoxical, but it is none the less true that the appellations, “Orthodox,” “Catholic,” “Protestant” faith, as these words are used in everyday language, mean neither more nor less than religion allied with the temporal power, mean State creeds, and therefore false religions.

The conception of a Church, that is to say, of unanimity on the part of a numerous body—of the majority—of believers, coupled with proximity to the fountain-head of the Christian doctrine, was made use of during the first two ages of Christianity as one of the secondary and less conclusive arguments put forward by apologists in the heat of controversy. Paul alleged the direct authority of God for his teachings: “how that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery.” Another founded his statements upon the authority of Luke, and they all said: “Our conceptions of religion are correct, and the proof thereof consists in our numerous assembly, our *ecclesia*, or Church?” But it was only from the time of the Nicene Council, called together by the Emperor, that the overwhelming majority of believers in the doctrine of Christ were called upon to accept a direct deliberate fraud.

The conception of a Church was no longer, as theretofore, a poor argument put forward to add to the force of other equally poor arguments; for some people it became identical with power. Being united with the temporal power, it began to act like that power, and it is a proven fact that every form of religion that ever allied itself with the secular power ceased by that same act of alliance to be a religion, and became a fraud.

Now what is the doctrine taught us by Christianity, whether we understand by this term the teaching of any one or of all Christian churches? No matter in what way we examine it, whatever standard we may employ to sift and classify it, this doctrine falls—in virtue of its own specific gravity, as it were—into two sections separated from each other by a sharp line of demarcation; in the first place, the body of dogmas, beginning with that of the divinity of the Son, of the Spirit, and their relations to each other, and ending with that of the Eucharist, with or without wine, under the form of leavened or of unleavened bread; and in the second place, the code of moral precepts commanding meekness, poverty, purity of body and of soul, forbidding us to judge others, urging us to free our fellows from slavery and from fetters, and to live in peace with all men.

These two bodies of doctrine, in spite of the indefatigable efforts of the teachers and doctors of Christianity to mix them up, never yet combined; they have always been as distinct from each other as a drop of oil and a drop of water. The difference between these two aspects of Christ's teaching is too marked and striking to be overlooked by anyone, and everyone has it in his power to glance at and examine the fruits of the one aspect, and of the other as seen in the life of nations, and according to the nature of these fruits to draw his own conclusions as to which of them is the more important or, if I may use such an expression, the truer of the two. If we look at the history of Christianity from this angle of vision we are horrified by what we see. From the very beginning to the end, down to our own day—ay, down to this very hour—whithersoever we turn our eyes, whatever dogma we take up, from the very first one of the divinity of Christ to the last, whether it be that relating to the way in which the fingers must be joined in making the sign of the cross or the dogma of the Eucharist with or without wine—the fruits of all the mental labour spent in the attempt to explain the dogmas have been without exception, malice, hatred, executions, banishment, burnings at the stake, torture. If we now turn our attention to the moral aspect of the Christian doctrine, from Christ's retirement to the desert in search of communion with God down to the custom of giving loaves of bread to the prisoners in Siberia, we shall find that the fruits thereof have been all our modern concep-

tions of good, together with all the joy-giving, consolatory occurrences and types that relieve the otherwise barren pages of history.

It was quite natural for those persons to err who had not clearly before their eyes the fruits of each of these two aspects of Christian doctrine; indeed it was well-nigh impossible for them to do otherwise than err; it was equally excusable for all those who, living and working honestly according to their lights, were drawn into these barren controversies, without perceiving that with these dogmas of theirs they were serving not God but the devil, unmindful of what Christ himself had said, that He was come to destroy and dissipate all dogmas; another class whose error may well be excused comprises those who, having inherited the tradition of the importance of these dogmas, had their minds so completely warped by the irrational intellectual training they received, that they were unable to discern their error; and, lastly, those ignorant people may well be excused who attach no meaning to dogmas, and regard them as mere empty words or fantastic notions. But for us who know the prime significance of the Gospel, which repudiates all dogmas, for us who see the fruits borne by these dogmas during the past ages of history in all nations of the earth, there is no excuse if we go astray.

Is the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God indispensable or not? What results did its promulgation produce? Hatred, abuse, derision. And what were the compensating advantages? Absolutely none. And has the teaching embodied in Christ's refusal to condemn the adulteress produced good or evil? What have been the results? Thousands upon thousands of men and women have been softened and humanised by the remembrance of it.

Another consideration that should not be overlooked is this: Has unanimity ever been attained in the matter of dogmas? It is needless to reply that it has not. Is there any difference of opinion respecting the obligation of giving alms to the necessitous person who pleads for alms? Absolutely none. And yet it is the former of these teachings, the dogmas, which are called in doubt by some, wholly rejected by others, and coldly accepted by a third class of persons, which are of no earthly use or assistance to anyone, and which work the ruin of many—it is these dogmas, I say, which the hierarchy put forward and continue to put forward as the essence of the faith; while as for the moral precepts concerning which all men are agreed, which are absolutely necessary and eminently helpful to every one, which materially contribute to the salvation of men, the hierarchy, though it has not presumed wholly to set them aside, has not had the courage to declare that they constitute the essence of Christ's doctrine, for that doctrine would rise up in judgment against them.

LEO TOLSTOI.

THE SECOND IDYL OF THEOCRITUS.

"INCANTATIONS."

I.

ONE great charm of the Sicilian Idyls is that they preserve for us so many details regarding the private life of the Greeks, and fill thereby to some extent the chasm in Greek literature made by the destruction of innumerable comedies.

In this respect the Second Idyl of Theocritus possesses a peculiar interest. It relates the unhappy termination of an everyday romance, in which the woman loved "not wisely but too well," while the man—a Syracusan lady-killer of the finest fashion—played Lothario's part, and walked away when he was tired of her.

The scene is a house roof or open terrace, perhaps a garden, in the town of Syracuse. The sea is visible at no great distance, and the moon rides high in starry heavens without a flaw of cloud. Here Simaetha, the abandoned beauty, has collected the necessary utensils for a solemn incantation. She is assisted by her maid Thestylis, confidante and accomplice in the previous love episode. Simaetha's object is twofold: either to draw her faithless lover, Delphis, back by magic charms; or, failing that, to make him pine away in misery.

A fire of charcoal has been heated in a metal brazier; and before this stands the instrument which I have translated "wheel of the magic spells," in my English version. The Greek name for it was *Iynx*: because they used to attach a bird called the wryneck, or *Iynx Torquilla*, to a revolving wheel, hoping by means of its excited cries to lure the desired person to their dwelling. In course of time the bird seems to have been omitted. But the wheel retained its name; and folk talked of "setting an *Iynx* going against so-and-so." Simaetha, in the thirtieth line of the idyl, calls this wheel "the brazen rhombus."

While keeping this engine in rotation, and continually addressing it, Simaetha heaps various ingredients upon the coals. All of them have some symbolical relation to Delphis: meal to represent his bones, laurel leaves to crackle and consume as he is meant to do, wax to melt like his flesh in a fever-furnace. The witches of antiquity, followed by those of mediæval times, were in the habit of melting down waxen images against the people whom they wished to waste. Dolls of this sort had the name of *dagys* (δαγύς), and Simaetha (line 110) compares herself to one of them.

Among the potent herbs which she employs, we find *hippomanes*. I have translated this by "coltsbane." Nobody knows what it was; but the Greeks thought that it maddened and attracted horses on Arcadian mountains. The lexicons identify it with some plant of the spurge tribe. The scholiast describes it as having "fruit like that of the wild fig, and dingy foliage resembling a poppy's, rough and thorny." Here as elsewhere, the uncertainty about Greek botany is annoying to a lover of the picturesque in literature. Later on in the same idyl (line 78) *Simaetha* compares the hair of *Delphis* to *helichrysus*. We cannot point to the plant in question. Some suppose it to have been a creeping herb, like moneywort. Others prefer to recognise in it that ivy of the south-lands, which bears such beautiful pale amber berries.

Among other things, *Simaetha* casts a fragment of the fringe from *Delphis'* cloak into the fire. This gives her heart a stab. She utters the only cry of live affection in the poem, while she watches that last memento of her lover shrivel on the coals. For the rest, rage and thirst for revenge predominate in her fierce injured nature.

The tigerish fury of the woman is shown in the last threat she flings at *Delphis*, just at the moment when the incantations have been finished. She will pound up a venomous reptile, and mix it in some potion, and take it to him to drink upon the morrow. Then suddenly she dismisses the slave *Thestylis*, bidding her take charmed unguents to be smeared upon the doorposts of her lover. *Thestylis* is told to mutter that she is smearing the bones of *Delphis*. This final touch of Greek witchcraft carries a student of history in imagination over many tracts of time to Milan in the seventeenth century, when scores of wretches were tortured and done to death as smearers (untori) of plague-substance on their neighbours' doors.

All this while the silence of the scene, in contrast with the turbulence of *Simaetha's* fevered passion, has been sustained with subtle touches of suggestion by the poet: the serenity of tranquil night, the silvery untroubled sea, the city drowned in slumber, save when dogs howl, reminding the enchantress that her spells are working, drawing *Hecate* to the cross-ways. At length she is alone. Turning to the moon in heaven, she pours forth the story of her love and sorrow.

We are introduced to the sacred procession at the festival of *Artemis*, when maidens carried baskets to the goddess, or led wild beasts in leashes—lions, leopards, Libyan monsters—in honour of the patroness of savage creatures. It will be remembered that one of Sir Frederick Leighton's most successful early pictures attempted to put this *Syracusan* solemnity on canvas.

In an evil hour, *Simaetha*, yielding to the prayers of an old servant, arrayed herself in the finest clothes she could find, and sallied

forth to see the show. They had not gone far before her eyes fell on two young men—Delphis the Myndian, and his comrade, Eudamnippus. The glistening skin of their throats and breasts told that they were coming from the wrestling ground; for there, as Greek fashion was, athletes anointed their flesh with oil and scraped the oil off with a strigil, at the termination of their exercises. The statue of the Apoxyomenos, in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, exhibits a gymnast performing this salubrious act. If we choose we may imagine that Delphis, on that unlucky morning, was the living image of this noble remnant of Lysippan art. Euripides called the young Athenian athletes “breathing statues that adorn the city.”

At any rate, Simaetha fell madly, irrecoverably in love with Delphis on the spot. The language she uses to describe her passion might be compared with similar passages in Sappho, Pindar, Theognis, the *Phaedrus* of Plato. These graphic delineations of love at first sight make us understand why the Greeks so often spoke of overwhelming desire as a disease.

Prostrated in mind and body by the violence of her affection, she at last sends her maid for Delphis. He arrives, and is found to be an accomplished rhetorician, as well as a handsome fellow. Theocritus, without breaking the style of his poem, delineates in Delphis what the French would call *un bel homme à bonnes fortunes*—plausible, subtle, accustomed to success in love, conceited, selfish to the core.

His speech throws interesting light upon another detail of Greek manners: the custom gallants had of going in company at night to serenade their ladies, wearing wreaths, and carrying symbolic gifts of apples. It was usual on these occasions to suspend garlands of flowers and foliage, tied with crimson ribbons, on the doorposts. But sometimes, if the suitor was forlorn, he lay all night across the threshold; and sometimes, if he was insolent, he would break into the charmer's house with axe in hand and flaring torches. Alcibiades at Athens won notoriety by frequent exploits of the latter kind.

We need not follow the progress and the termination of Simaetha's romance. The tale is told with simplicity, directness, and a touch of pathos.

In the English version I have tried, so far as this was possible, to reproduce the rhythms of the original, feeling that though our prosody does not lend itself with ease to the hexameter, more is gained than lost by adhering to the measure of the Greek. In one or two instances I have adopted a turn of expression from Mr. Lang's prose translation, as where I render the word *xystis* (a trailing robe worn by Greek women on ceremonial occasions) by “holiday mantle.”

II.

Where are the laurel leaves? Come, Thestylis! where are the love charms?

Wreath me the brazen bowl with crimson fillets of lamb's wool;
So shall I bind to my will that man, my beloved, who afflicts me.
Twelve long days have passed, and he hath not come to my home-
stead,

Doth not know if I died or am yet in the land of the living,
Hath not knocked at the door; oh, heartless! Certainly elsewhere
Love hath wafted his soul feather-winged, and the queen Aphrodite.
I on the morrow will go to the wrestling-ground that he haunteth,
Meet with him face to face, and load him there with reproaches.
But for the nonce mean I to bind him with runes: and, Selene,
Shine thou fair in the heavens; for to thee will I chant through
the silence,

Calling on Hecate too, hell's queen, who maketh to tremble
Even the hounds as she goes through the tombs of the dead and the
black blood.

Hail, Hecatë, dread dame! to the end be thou my assistant,
Making my medicines work no less than the philtre of Circe,
Or Medea's charms, or yellow-haired Perimedë's.

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Lo, the barley-grains pine first in the fire! With a full hand
Cast on, Thestylis! Where, fond maid, are thy wandering wits
flown?

Even to thee, unto thee, am I turned to a scorn and a hissing?
Cast on, crying the while, "'tis the bones of Delphis I scatter!"

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Delphis hath hurt me; and I 'gainst Delphis am burning the laurel:
Yea, as the singed leaves shrink and crackle, caught by the fierce
flame,

Burst in a sudden blaze, die down, and we see not a cinder,
So likewise may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning.

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

E'en as I melt this wax with the might of the god to assist me,
So let Myndian Delphis in love's flame speedily languish;
And as the brazen orb whirls, so by the queen Aphrodite
Spellbound may he revolve and whirl at the door of my dwelling.

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Now will I offer husks! But, Artemis, thou the unyielding
Heart of hell canst move and aught that is more adamantine!
Thestylis, hark: to our spells the whelps in the city are baying!
There where the three ways meet, She stands: quick, clash with
the cymbals!

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Hushed is the deep broad sea, and hushed are the winds of the
heavens;

But never hushed in my heart is love's ache e'en for an instant:

Nay, I am all on fire for him, for the lover who left me,

Ah, poor me! not a wife, but an outcast, reft of my maidhood.

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Thrice libation I pour, and thrice, queen, utter the love-weird:

Be it a girl who sleeps at his side, or a man peradventure,

May he as quite forget as Theseus once, so the tale goes,

Quite in Dia forgot his beautiful-haired Ariadne.

• Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Coltsbane—here is the weed, it is grown in Arcady—maddens

Fleet-foot mares on the hills, and the hot-veined fiery stallions:

Like unto them may I see mad Delphis drawn to my dwelling,

Like to a madman speed, lured forth from the sunny palaestra.

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

This fringe Delphis dropped, it fell on a time from his mantle:

I now tear it to shreds, and cast them away to the fierce flame.

Woe, woe, torturing Love! Why, sucking the life from my entrails,

Dost thou cling like a leech of the mere, and drain me of heart's
blood?

Wheel of the magic spells, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

Lo, I will crush thee an eft, bring thee bane to drink on the morrow.

Thestylis, up, take now these herbs, and see that you smear them,

Smear their juices well on the jambs of his door: on the door where

E'en till now I am hung, and he recks nought of my anguish.

Spit, as you smear, and say "'Tis the bones of Delphis I'm smearing."

Now that at length I'm alone, where shall I begin with the love-
dirge?

Where shall I take up the tale? Who brought my soul to this sorrow?

Came one morn by our way the basket-bearer Anaxo,

Travelling toward the grove of Artemis ; many the wild-beast
She had ranged for the show, and a lioness was there among them.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

Then the Thracian slave of Theucharidas—she was my nurse,
Neighbour of ours, now dead—with prayers implored and besought me,
“Would I not see the show ?” But I the unlucky, the hapless,
Joined with her and went, wrapped round with a tunic of fine
thread,

Over which I had thrown Clearesta’s holiday mantle.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

Scarce had we reached the midpoint of the road by the dwelling of
Lycon,

Delphis when I beheld with Eudamnippus advancing :
Blonder of cheek and chin were the youths than yellowing ivy,
Yea, and their breasts far brighter of sheen than thou, O Selenë ;
Showing they just had come from the noble toil of the wrestlers.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

I, when I saw, how I raged, how the flame took hold of my bosom,
Burned my love-lost heart ! My beauty waned, and no longer
Watched I the pomp as it passed ; nor how I returned to my home-
stead

Knew I, for some fell bane, some parching disease had undone me :
Ten days, stretched on my bed, and ten nights dwelt I in anguish.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

Often the bloom of my flesh grew dry and yellow as dye-wood ;
Yea, and the hairs of my head fell off, and of all that I once was
Nought but skin was left and bones ; and to whom did I not turn,
Whose roof left I unsought, where an old crone chanted a love-charm ?
Still no solace I found, and time sped ever a-flying.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

So at the last to the maid I told the truth, and the whole truth :
“Thestylis, up, and bestir thee, seek out some cure of my heartache !
Soul and body am I in the hands of the Myndian : hie thee,
Watch by the wrestling-ground of Timagetus, the athlete ;
For it is there that he haunts, and there he delighteth to linger.”

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

“There, shouldst thou find him alone, draw near and silently beckon :
Say, ‘Simaetha demands thee !’ and lead him back to my dwelling.”

Thus spake I, and the maid went forth, and brought me the shining
Bright-limbed Delphis home; but I, when I heard on the threshold
How with footfall light he crossed and went through the doorway,
Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

Colder than snow I became in heart and marrow, my forehead
Poured down sweat like dews that drip from the wings of the south-
wind,

Nor could I utter a word; nay, less than children aslumber
Drowsily murmur in dreams as they turn to the mother above them.
But like an image of wax my fair form stiffened and shuddered.

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

He, when he saw me, the loveless, he fixed his eyes on the ground
floor,

Took his seat on the bed, and spake, as he settled himself there:

"Verily thou hast outrun me, Simaetha, no less than I lately
Racing outran in the course, as it happed, our lovely Philinus,
Calling me thus to thy roof, or e'er I appeared of my own will."

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

"For of a truth I had come; by sweet Love, yea I was coming,
Joined with a pair of friends, or three peradventure, at nightfall,
Carrying hid in my heart the apples of young Dionysus,
Poplar twined on my head, to Herakles holy, the white bough,
Twisted around all ways with bands of glistening purple."

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

"Had you received me, they would have taken it kindly; for I too,
Famed am I for speed and beauty mid all my companions;
Happy enough had I been, had I kissed thee but once on thy fair
mouth:

Still had ye thrust me forth, had the house-door haply been bolted,
Then by my honour should axe and torch have broken upon you."

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

"Now, as it seems, I first owe thanks to the Cyprian goddess:
After the Cyprian thou hast caught my heart from the burning,
Lady, by bringing me here, inviting me thus to thy dwelling,
Half-consumed as I am: for verily Love, when he listeth,
Kindles a blaze more fierce than Lipara's lord Hephaistos."

Think on my love, and think whence it came, thou Lady Selenë.

"He with his madness dire will scare the maid from her chamber,
Yea, and the bride who leaves the bride-bed warm with the husband."

So he spake, and I, who was all too lightly persuaded,
Placed my hand on his hand, and drew him down on the bed-clothes :

There in a moment flesh from flesh took warmth, and our faces
Glowed with a flush more deep, and we murmured soft in the silence.

Well, to be brief with my tale, nor tire thee, Lady Selenë,
Love's last rites were fulfilled, and both of us blent in our yearning.
Faultless was I in his sight till yesterday only, and faultless
Was he in mine likewise : but now all's changed, for Philista's
Mother, my flute girl's, came—the mother she is of Melixo—
Early to-day just when the steeds of the sun were ascending,
Heavenward drawing the Dawn rose-armed from the river of Ocean ;
Much had she to relate, but this was the pith of it : Delphis
Loves ; be it girl or boy for whom he pines in his passion,
Surely she could not say ; thus much, however, that always
Quaffed he the unmixed wine of Love, and at last in a rapture
Hurried amain, as he said, to set wreaths on the doors of his
darling.

This from my guest I learned, and what she told is the pure truth ;
Twice or thrice in a day was he wont to come to my dwelling,
Yea, and he oft with me would leave his Dorian oil-flask :
Now twelve days have elapsed since I caught but a glimpse of him
only :

Some new joy hath he found, and I am as though I had ne'er been.

Well then ! These strong charms shall bind him ; and if he persist in

Hurting my heart, by the Fates, he shall knock at the portal of
Hades !

Such are the evil drugs I store in a casket against him,
Learned in their use, dread queen, through the rede of a Syrian
stranger.

Nay, turn thou thy steeds in the joy of thy soul to the ocean,
Lady revered ! my pain I will bear, as I vowed to endure it.
Farewell, Queen of the heavens, in the sheen of thy splendour, and
farewell,

All ye lesser stars that follow the wheels of the still Night !

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

A CELEBRATED FRENCHWOMAN.

Nor altogether worldly, nor altogether a saint, Madame de Maintenon, as she herself avows, was ostentatious in her virtue. The real fact is, that at the cost of incalculable sacrifices, she succeeded in earning for herself all but universal respect and esteem. After her death, opinion asserted itself more freely; many pronounced her not only deficient in imagination, some went even so far as to doubt whether she could be credited with a heart.

She was certainly not emotional. The following frigid consolation offered by her to a friend, the Princess des Ursins,¹ in some great trouble, will make it evident that the heart, if it existed, was not shown outwardly. "Madame," she placidly remarks, "we should endure in silence the sorrows that Providence sees fit to send us." Excellent true! as Iago would doubtless have exclaimed, but none the less, too "excellent hard!" We have only to follow up this advice to Madame des Ursins with Madame de Maintenon's own account of her interview with Madame de Fontanges,² and it will not be difficult to understand the antipathetic feeling with which the pseudo-Queen still inspires a certain number of excellent people. "The King sent me to Madame de Fontanges" (writes Madame de Maintenon³) "who was in a perfect fury about something that had put her out. His Majesty dreaded a scene, so I tried to induce her to adopt the high-minded resolution of leaving him, at the same time dilating on the nobility that would characterise such a course. 'Madame,' was her impetuous answer, 'You speak to me of giving up a passion as though it were an old dress!'" In fact, of those reasons by which, according to Pascal, "the heart is supreme over reason," Madame de Maintenon was profoundly ignorant. "It is my desire to be respected," she writes to her director, "that protects me against passion,"⁴ and, as to my punctiliousness in conversation, it is solely due to a strong sense of worldly prudence,"—the same prudence which is the chief characteristic of Madame de Maintenon's eloquence, an eloquence born of sagacity; not like Madame de Sévigné's, of emotion. The eloquence of Françoise d'Aubigné is the outcome of experience and toil; the eloquence of Madame de Sévigné is the outburst of a true woman's heart, though

(1) It was then the custom in France to translate foreign names: "des Ursins" stands for Orsini.

(2) Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 359.

(3) Geffroy, vol. i.

(4) Lettre à l'Abbé Gobelin, son confesseur, 8 Janvier, 1680.

one, it must be remembered, which prosperity and good fortune had allowed to beat naturally, an advantage the value of which it is impossible to overrate. Poverty had not cramped Marie de Rabutin's feelings from childhood, or imposed on these feelings the necessary restraint of perpetual prudence. While Françoise d'Aubigné, in 1644, was emerging from her wretched infancy, oppressed by the treble burden of good birth, paternal disgrace,¹ and positive beggary, her contemporary, "la Demoiselle de Bourgogne," as Madame de Sévigné calls herself, was being led to the altar by the "Beau Sévigné."

Love is woman's natural "climate," if we may be allowed the expression. Placed in its atmosphere at the proper moment of existence, her nature expands, as did Madame de Sévigné's; excluded from it, as was Françoise d'Aubigné, the heart becomes transformed, only too fortunate if, in the process of transformation, it escapes being withered up. Good birth, combined with beggary, is a terrible anomaly; on men it weighs heavily enough, but it is for women that it reserves the brunt of its tyranny. Let us picture one of these penniless "gentlewomen"; young, we will say, and with all the instincts and impulses of youth. She has only to be innocently natural, to become at once an object of suspicion, or worse. Or, if in order to disarm censoriousness, she stifles her feelings and is coldly *comme il faut*, she is pretty certain to be set down as either a hypocrite or a prude. Her heart may never assert itself except at the expense of her character: and her character can never hope to be secure except at the expense of her heart. Suffering should evoke something more than mere endurance. It should rouse to action, at least, if there are to be women like Jacqueline Pascal and Charlotte Corday, women capable of living and dying for an abstract love, as Juliet died for Romeo, passionately. Though Françoise d'Aubigné's "passionately moderate"² nature prevented her from rising to heroism, she had at all events sufficient courage to enable her to face danger, whatever the cost. She resolved to bear the heat of the battle in the world, and not out of it, in a convent. Her precocious wisdom, her modest but quite adequate estimate of her fighting capacities, her predominant love of respect and esteem, these complex considerations, neither sublime nor base, but simply a mean between the two, induced her at the early age of sixteen to adopt as the ruling principle of her life "*Vertu malgré tout*." How firmly this principle was rooted may be gathered from the following assertion of Mademoiselle de Lenclos. "I have tried

(1) M. d'Aubigné, Françoise's father, had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment for forgery.

(2) Geffroy, vol. ii.

in vain,"¹ writes Ninon, "to cure her of her virtue, but she believes too much in God!" The time at which Mademoiselle d'Aubigné became Madame Scarron is precisely the period of M. de Villarceaux's first fit of adoration for Mademoiselle de Lenclos. Still this idolatry was not so ardent as not to be susceptible of diversion in favour of Ninon's lovely friend. What Madame Scarron herself felt about this devotion she has not revealed, but she has presented us with a glimpse of M. de Villarceaux's personal appearance in the following passage addressed to his wife:—"27 August, 1660, day of the King's² entrance. M. de Villarceaux's dark face was much remarked and his appearance greeted with great applause." Did the "dark face" make any impression on the cautious narrator? We expect it did; otherwise, at the very time that its owner was most ardent in his attentions, she would hardly have sought as eagerly as she did the society of her admirer's wife. Evidently she considered her best chance of safety was to place the wife between herself and the husband. The incident bore its fruit. Forty years later one of Madame de Maintenon's best *entretiens* to her "children of St. Cyr," as she terms them, was a disquisition on the sorrows of married life: and as she used laughingly to avow to her brother that all she knew of married life was by hearsay, in all probability it is no other than Madame de Villarceaux who there represents the pattern of "love, patience, and mercy."

"Let us picture," she writes, "a young husband who deems it fashionable³ not only to neglect his wife, but to make love to other women whom he sometimes may even encourage to insult her; thus humiliating not his wife alone, but the mother of his children. Now if to all these outrages the wife will only oppose patience, it not unfrequently happens that the husband, heartless though his conduct has been, feels her charm revive once more, and returns to his duty. But mind you, my dear girls, this little martyrdom is very seldom a passing affair; it may have lasted for years. Above all things, lay this to heart—even at the best, marriage is no joke. 'Quand vous serez mariées vous verrez bien qu'il n'y a pas de quoi rire!'"

Through her whole life the grand-daughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the comrade of Henri IV., could never forget the domestic degradation of her early childhood and the abject poverty with which she was surrounded. So indelible was the recollection of those miserable days, that more than half a century afterwards we find her writing to a "Mother of St. Cyr" the following precept on the duties of genteel poverty:—"Our girls must work," she writes. "Common housework must not disgust them.⁴ They must obey; they are poor, and they must remember their poverty." This last injunction

(1) Walckenaer sur Madame de Sévigné. •

(2) Lettre à Madame de Villarceaux, *Manuscrits de Versailles*.

(3) Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 19.

(4) La Vallée, *Entretiens de St. Cyr*, p. 135.

is evidently inspired by the rankling of the wound received as long ago as 1639 from the gaoler's daughter. The incident was this. The child, who was a sort of playfellow of Françoise d'Aubigné, came to her one day in high glee, to show her some rather costly playthings just given to her, little Françoise herself being dressed in rags. The little D'Aubigné, however, was equal to the occasion. "That you may have fine toys," she replied, "and even money, is possible, and I don't deny it; but I am a 'demoiselle' and you are not!"

From this episode Françoise d'Aubigné formed her estimate of the proper attitude to be observed by indigence to wealth. Ever afterwards, whether at her aunt's, Madame de Neuillant "keeping the geese with a mask on her nose,"¹ or at the Maréchale d'Albret's, degrading her superior faculties to humour the whims of a worthless nonentity; or,² at Madame de Montespan's, witnessing indescribable scenes between the favourite and the King,³ everywhere and always the same lesson serves. Henceforth she knows that the only answer to the insolence of wealth is dignified reserve; in order that no one else may ever presume to remind her of it, she never ceases to keep her poverty well in view; her humility becomes the armour of her pride, and impertinence and vulgarity are triumphantly held at bay.

But such lessons are dearly purchased. Dignity may be vindicated, but youth is destroyed. When at four-and-twenty all that life can record is a successful contest with the avarice of a Madame de Neuillant and the caprices of a Madame d'Albret, when not one of its healthy teachings, its love deceptions even, have been experienced; when no affections have been blighted, no illusions swept away; when in fact respectability—call it a good reputation, if you will—has been achieved at the cost of everything else that is vital to humanity, the day, it is true, is won, but the inner woman is destroyed. Then comes the hour for the censors, and by the voice of no less a man than M. Cousin,⁴ they declare Madame de Maintenon to have been "as devoid of the sense of duty as she was of the capacity of loving."

Here, however, M. Cousin's delicate insight into feminine nature is decidedly at fault, for in reality Madame de Maintenon possessed both. She was far from insensible to duty, and she certainly had the capacity of even warm affection. Of this the following passage, relative to the young Duc du Maine's illness, is an incontestable proof.⁵

(1) *Entretiens de St. Cyr.*

(2) Geffroy, vol. i.

(3) *Lettre à l'Abbé Gobelin.*

(4) Jacqueline Pascal, 1 vol.

(5) *Letter to the Abbé Gobelin*, vol. i., p. 55.

"The suffering that the Duc du Maine is undergoing through the treatment of his English doctor keeps me in the most frightful anxiety. I am terrified at the sight of all the remedies my dear child is ordered to take." . . . Again she adds: "Monsieur le Duc was seized yesterday with a high fever.¹ As my health depends on his, I could not help fainting at the moment he was taken ill. His society, dear child, is delightful to me; he requires my constant care, and my tender love for him makes this care my dearest and most precious occupation."

That Madame Scarron's austerity should have allowed her to accept the place of *gouvernante* to the illegitimate children of Madame de Montespan and the King has been, of course, the subject of unlimited criticism, and of sometimes even very sharp abuse. "Once having the honour to approach the King, I could speak to him as a Christian and as a real friend." Thus writes Madame de Maintenon to her spiritual director, the Abbé Gobelin, in 1669.

So far, so good; but are such posts as these conferred entirely without solicitation? The proof of the contrary is furnished by the fact that the Marquise herself writes as follows in the year 1666:—"Madame de Thianges (sister to Madame de Montespan) has introduced me to her sister, the Marquise de Montespan. I depicted my misery without lowering myself, in fact, I think even Madame de Lafayette² would have been satisfied with the *à propos* of my expressions." Besides, Madame de Maintenon's detractors might have remembered that under Madame de Lavallière's reign at court, Madame Colbert, the Minister's widow, who was admittedly irreproachable, had held herself highly honoured by the appointment to that very same post.

But "nous voulons toujours qu'une grande fortune soit l'ouvrage d'un grand dessein," says M. Brunetière in his remarkable study of Madame de Maintenon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, to believe that only good fortune or intrigue can achieve greatness, is to the envious, no doubt, some sort of consolation.

It happens, however, that in Madame Scarron's case, neither the one nor the other were at work, and instead of imagining Madame Scarron cajoling ministers, mistresses, bishops, and directors,³ it would have been just as easy to attribute her success to the real cause—the good offices of powerful friends.

In the year 1638 Madame d'Aubigné (née Cardeilhac) and her daughter Françoise had returned from "La Martinique." They lived in the neighbourhood of Scarron and Mademoiselle de Lenclos, upon an income of two hundred francs a year and the charity of their friends. In 1650 Madame d'Aubigné died, and in order to continue

(1) Abbé Gobelin, vol. i., p. 52.

(2) Madame de Lafayette, the "amie" of M. de Larochehoucauld, author of the *Maximes*, wrote numerous novels, among which the *Princesse de Clèves* is noted as her *chef d'œuvre*.

(3) "Madame de Maintenon," by Ferdinand Brunetière, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Février, 1887.

his practical assistance to her, Scarron¹ married Françoise. Evidence of Scarron's delicate behaviour in the whole matter is to be found in his wife's assertion that, at his death, she merely lost in him the best of all *her friends*.

Scarron's house was a gay one, but to meet on equal terms such men as Ménage, Fenquière, Segrain, Racan, the first "causeurs" of the day—such women as Madame de Sévigné² and Madame de Lafayette, eminent Italian, Spanish, and Latin scholars, poor uneducated Françoise was endowed with nothing but her *esprit*. This, however, sufficed. Bearing in mind the miseries of the past, and the precariousness of her present position, she determined to convert the guests at her husband's famous suppers into steadfast friends.

She felt that, Scarron once off the scene, she must again become the "waif and stray" of former days, exposed to insults, belonging to none, protected by none; she therefore made the most of the ten years of her married life in the effort to surround herself with friends: this cannot be called intrigue, it is simply self-defence. That she had been prudent was seen in 1660 when, becoming a widow, she gained the hospitality and protection of the Montchevreuls and later on of the Hencicourts.

Madame de Montchevreuil had a numerous family, and among her infant children one required special attention; here again the natural human love so systematically stifled by Françoise d'Aubigné asserts itself, as we have seen it did towards the little Duke du Maine.

"Little Montchevreuil has a bad leg. None can manage him but myself, and I have ordered that I shall be called for at any hour to nurse the dear child."³

Three years here, two years there, at other times moving from one lodging to another, everywhere and always in poverty; that is the history of the eight years that elapse from the time of her widowhood, 1660, to the date of her entering the Duc du Maine's household, as already mentioned.

Ever since the first meeting at Madame de Thianges, the Marquise de Montespan had taken a fancy to Madame Scarron. "My aunt and Madame Scarron were equally pleased with each other; they found each other as clever as they really are,"⁴ writes Madame de Caylus.

In the year 1669, when she entered on her post of *gouvernante* she was thirty-six. At the time when youth devotes itself to dreams,

(1) Scarron, at his marriage, had already been an invalid for the last twenty years.

(2) The Marquise made the acquaintance of Scarron shortly after his marriage and on the occasion of this acquaintance Scarron dedicated a sonnet to Madame de Sévigné.

(3) *Entretiens de St. Cyr*, Geffroy, vol. i.

(4) Geffroy, vol. i., p. 26.

her reality had been Scarron, a noble-hearted, but infirm old man! Now at the hour of life when woman's heart beats highest Scarron was gone, and her realities had become once more the familiar ones of her childhood—struggle and poverty.

No youth, no love! Rigid honour! strait-laced indigence! such was her past. Renown might do its best; it could never take the place of happiness, or efface the memories that misery had branded on her heart.

The actual beggary of the streets at Niort in 1649¹ was now exchanged, in 1669, for even worse—the beggary of the “salon.” When at the age of twelve she had stood ragged and frozen at the convent door, her soul at least had been clothed in hope. Now her heart was torn—not her dress. Still courage was left to her, and with that courage she struggled on. With that courage, also, she turned human into abstract passion; and gave to a “passion de l'âme,” as Descartes terms it, all she had denied to herself.

She became an “*éducatrice*.” “Any praise which you please to give me on my educational capacities I will swallow thankfully. Je suis véritablement persuadée que j'en sais beaucoup là-dessus.”²

Thus she wrote to the Princesse des Ursins after the foundation of St. Cyr. What M. Scherer, in his excellent articles in the *Temps*,³ describes as Madame de Maintenon's “pedagogical” tastes are not mere tastes; they are the result of a “call,” of a genuine vocation, and this is superabundantly proved by her “enseignements de St. Cyr.”

In the year 1669 her own experience had made her already a consummate physician of “soul diseases.” Was it not therefore natural that she should aspire to take out a diploma for the treatment of evils which she felt confident of her ability to alleviate, if not to cure.

She had moral acquirements to spend; not “honey,” like Fénelon, but “marrow,” with which to strengthen her disciples. It is, then, surely possible to admit that in her case the promptings of pure inspiration may have at least superseded those of mere personal interest.

The ten years of her life at Vaugirard with the Prince, as well as the years which followed, were the favourite theme of her St. Cyr lectures.

“I often climbed up ladders,” she was wont to say to her girls in 1707, “and

(1) “Housed by charity, Madame d'Aubigné and her daughter had obtained from the Jesuits of Niort the privilege of receiving three times a week a pot of soup, which either brother or sister went to fetch at the door of the convent, where they stood herded among all the other beggars.”—1705, R. P. Duverger, Dean at Saintes; Geffroy, vol. i., p. 5.

(2) Geffroy, vol. ii.

(3) Four articles upon Madame de Maintenon by M. Scherer in the *Temps* of May, 1887.

no work was too humble for me;¹ besides this I had to keep the 'nourrices' from overwork for fear of their injuring their health. Often have I walked disguised from nurse to nurse, carrying provisions under my arm: many a night have I passed with one of the children² who was lying ill in a house out of town. I used to return in the morning, entering by a back door, dress, and then openly drive away, and pay my visits to Mesdames de Richelieu and d'Albret, so that no one might have a suspicion of these mysterious doings of mine."³

But although these mysterious doings had nothing in them, Madame de Coulanges thought it worth while to waste reams of note-paper in entreating Madame de Sévigné to unravel the secret! However, finding itself baffled, Parisian society philosophically turned its attention to the tragedy of Madame Henriette's death, and the comedy of La Grande Mademoiselle's marriage,⁴ the unfathomed "mysteries" ending in the King's presenting the *gouvernante* with the estate of Maintenon, whence she derived her new name and title. A few months before this gift, in September, 1674, Madame Scarron had written as follows to the Abbé Gobelin:—

"I have just had a regular scene with Madame de Montespan; I shed tears, and she told the whole affair to the King in her own fashion, denouncing me as 'une bizarre qu'il faut ménager!' She can never be my friend, and without friendship I cannot live."

In 1675 Madame Scarron again writes to the Abbé:—

"Matters between Madame de Montespan and myself have come to extremities, and before the King, too! I shall not be able to endure it much longer. . . . Do not abandon me. . . . God's will be done!"

All these little storms were only forerunners of the great thunder-clap that came in 1675 from the Bishop of Meaux, in the shape of an "order" to the King to leave the Favourite behind him in his expedition to the Netherlands. But the defeat was only short-lived, being followed by a triumphant reconquest by the Favourite, which Madame de Sévigné recounts to Madame de Grignan as follows:—

"Ah, my daughter, what a triumph at Versailles! What redoubled importance! What a solid re-establishment! What a Duchesse de Valentino!"⁵ Did absence ever give such zest to a return? She absolutely dazzles the Ambassadors!"

And now, at last, Madame Scarron, hitherto always on the de-

(1) Geffroy, vol. ii.

(2) The King had three children by Madame de Montespan—Mademoiselle de Blois, the Comte du Vésin, and the Duc du Maine.

(3) For a long time Madame Scarron kept her charge unknown to the public.

(4) Madame Henriette, daughter of Charles I., died in 1669. She inspired the Berenice of Racine: "La Grande Mademoiselle" was Mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose bellicose temper had won her that sobriquet. She married M. de Lauzun.

(5) Diane de Poitiers, "queen over three kings."

fensive, can afford to throw off her armour. She is a woman of rank, with a definite court "status," a free being, with the right to speak and breathe independently. In 1676 we find her enjoying her first visit to her estate. "I have had here," she writes,¹ "Madame de Barillon, Mademoiselle de Montgeron, Madame de Montchevreuil. The King has sent me 'Le Notre.'² Madame de Guise has also visited me." One can well imagine her enjoyment of "home"; the delight of being a hostess to one who had hitherto never been anything but a guest; the liberty to speak or to be silent; but her newly-found freedom only made the return to the yoke more irksome. "It goes ill with me at Court," she writes in July, 1677, to the Abbé Gobelin. "My affairs are worse and worse, nothing seems to improve them. I am in despair. I cannot go on for ever giving up my life and my salvation like this." She who had once had to fight for bread now fought off honours! In 1679 she became "Surintendante" of the Dauphine's household, the highest Court title next to being "Surintendante" of the Queen's. "I am told," writes Madame de Sévigné, "that Madame de Maintenon is to have high promotion. I am not at all surprised; to justify these honours she need only be herself, full of goodness and esprit!" "C'est un esprit qui suffit à Madame de Montespan et n'excède pas le Roi," said a contemporary. Her delightful conversation was, according to Madame de Sévigné, "a new land" discovered by the King: a peaceful land, and probably, therefore, all the more welcome after Madame de Montespan's stormy empire.

It was after an expedition in 1679 to Barèges with the Duc du Maine that, under the pretext of giving reports of the Duc's health, Madame de Maintenon commenced her direct correspondence with the King. Then between 1678 and 1679 occurred the definite rupture with Madame de Montespan, followed in 1680 by the death of the Queen. "Duty and pleasure having simultaneously failed him," writes Madame de Maintenon, "the king finds himself in a situation as novel as it is distasteful." On the day of the Queen's death the future *wife* was quietly stealing out of Versailles, when the Duc de la Rochefoucauld seized her arm, peremptorily drew her back, and ushered her into the royal apartments with these words: "This is no moment to desert his Majesty; he needs your help now more than ever."

From that day Madame de Maintenon "passed³ every evening from eight o'clock till ten, conversing quietly with the King: Monsieur de Chamaraude escorts her in, and escorts her out in the face of the whole world!" In the summer following the Queen's

(1) Letter to Madame d'Aubigné, Geoffroy.

(2) The great organizers of Versailles.

(3) Madame de Sévigné. Geoffroy, vol. i.

death the Court went to Fontainebleau; "but," writes Madame de Caylus,¹ "the King will go nowhere without Madame de Maintenon, and she will come here with Madame la Dauphine as a matter of course." Recurring to that period she continues: "I remember I was then particularly struck by a good deal of unusual agitation in my aunt's manner, which I now conclude must have been occasioned by uncertainty as to what would be the result of the important event then on the 'tapis.' In fact, I now feel certain that her heart at that particular time was no longer free: to explain the tears she could not restrain, she told her servant and myself that she had '*des capteurs*,' nevertheless, oddly enough, she was able to drive out at all sorts of unreasonable hours in the sole company of Madame de Montchevreuil." Why these tears, these night drives? why the overthrow of the moral equilibrium of such a woman, if it was not that the "one love of a lifetime," described by La Rochefoucauld,² had become hers at last? Unless every feeling was numbed, unless her heart was dead, was it likely that this desolate woman could refuse her love to one whom Madame de Lavallière had never forgotten? Is it not probable, then, that Madame de Caylus was right, and that when Madame de Maintenon came down to Fontainebleau her heart was "no longer free"?

A very short time after the return to Paris, according to St. Simon, the secret marriage took place in the King's private apartments at Versailles, before the Archbishop de Harlay, Louvois being the King's witness, while M. de Montchevreuil officiated in the same capacity for the Marquise. Mass was performed by the Père la Chaise, confessor to the King, and served by Boutenot, his Majesty's valet. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon's most triumphant achievement lies in the fact that her secret marriage has never been doubted.

Two years afterwards came the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," prohibiting all free religious practice allowed by Henri IV. in 1598. If St. Simon is right, and Madame de Maintenon really instigated this arbitrary act against her former co-religionists (all the D'Aubignés had been Huguenots), she at least did something towards atoning for it by the foundation of St. Cyr in the following year (1686) "a creation" (according to the *Mercurie Galant* of September, 1686) "only to be equalled by that of the Hôtel des Invalides."

St. Cyr ("the King's wedding gift," says Scherer) was the outcome of the lessons of Madame de Maintenon's life. Just as a great physician devotes himself to the cure of one particular disease, founds a hospital for this malady, and alleviates, if he cannot cure, its victims; so, with the same noble zeal, did Madame de Maintenon

(1) The precise but somewhat pompous biographer of Madame de Maintenon.

(2) *Maximes*, "Il n'y a qu'un amour," &c.

found St. Cyr, which may be called a hospital for the treatment of "poverty-stricken gentility"—a disease formidable enough to adults, but far more morally fatal to the child, inasmuch as from the day it first draws breath the poor little creature is the innocent victim of the folly or misfortune of its parents. They have either mismanaged or gambled, or been overtaken by disaster; but, whatever the causes, it has been necessary to invoke "charity." There is the crime, and one which the unfortunate child is doomed to expiate probably through the whole of its life. Nowhere welcome, everywhere friendless, such a child is either left to itself or driven to associate with low-born playfellows, who make "fallen gentility" the perpetual object of their sneers, while the hints and innuendoes of so-called friends soon teach it to renounce all respect for its parents.

In the case of a girl, twelve years of her life will not have passed before she discovers that she is the victim of all this misery, all these humiliations, simply because she is poor. All the homilies of Holy Writ will not console her for the bitter tears she is daily made to shed, and it will not require much reflection to come to the conclusion that in real truth poverty is shame. From the day that a girl is driven to that conclusion she must either rise or sink—rise morally above the world, or sink into the depths of falsehood and dishonour. To be able to resolve on and maintain a middle course, like *Françoise d'Aubigné*, requires her moderate nature, a nature capable of resisting the human, without invoking the aid of the sublime. It was precisely this moderation of temperament that was the mainspring of the system on which *Madame de Maintenon* modelled the conduct of her life. She dispassionately examined and analysed her own case, as if it had been another woman's. Her "solidity"¹ enabled her to stand, as it were, midway between godliness and pleasure, without clinging to the one or leaning on the other. This innate moderation endowed her in no common degree with diagnostic precision. She did not expect from others her own placid courage; she well knew that, having once discovered that poverty is shame, a girl would have recourse to deception in order to escape, if not the cause, at least the effect. Truth, then, was the only cure, for in truth alone lies the dignity of poverty. It was accordingly by the agency of truth that a St. Cyr girl, having once appreciated her real position, was to be taught to accept it with patience and equanimity. Two hundred years later another great woman, *Margaret Fuller*,² when dealing with the subject of youthful deception, testified to the excellence of this system by adopting it herself.

It was a cardinal principle at St. Cyr that a girl was never to lose sight of her poverty, lest she should be diverted from mental

(1) According to the King, her leading characteristic.

(2) See *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*.

elevation, her sole future resource against the difficulties and hardships she was destined to contend with.

"I saw yesterday," writes Madame de Maintenon to Madame de Caylus, in 1707, "that the bodices of the Mesdemoiselles de Conflans were much too low and their 'modesties' also not high enough.¹ It ought to have been often enough impressed on my girls at St. Cyr that it is indelicate to wear such dresses, but the very remembrance of their humble condition should have made it incumbent on Mesdemoiselles de Conflans to rise superior to fashion. Nothing is so ridiculous as for young girls who are compelled to dress *en grisette*² to exhibit their throats for the sake of *La Mode*! Speak to Mesdemoiselles de Conflans about this; it is insufferable."³

St. Cyr had existed in an embryo state before Madame de Maintenon's time, first at Montmorency, then at Noisy-le-Sec. It was only after the King gave the property to Madame de Maintenon that Mansart converted it into the splendid structure that has since become a military college.

The constitution of St. Cyr was "laïque," and though the lady teachers were "nuns," they were neither "cloistered" nor called "mother," but "Madame."

"My institute is for action, not prayer," the Marquise used to say, the word "action," as opposed to "prayer," being merely intended to denote the unconventuality that M. Gréart alludes to in his remarkable work, *L'Education secondaire des filles*, where he terms Madame de Maintenon the first of "laïque" teachers. We may observe, by the way, that Monsieur le Recteur of the Paris Academy calls Madame de Maintenon "la première des institutrices laïques," whereas, as a matter of fact, she never was "une institutrice," but "une éducatrice." Education was with her the foremost aim—not "instruction." "Education" as understood by Madame de Maintenon, was to be a moral capital, an assured "resource" to be taken away by the girl at her departure from the school; not a short-lived scholarly success in examination, but, as it were, a permanent fund to which the girl might at all times have recourse.

Education, like food, is only nutritive when assimilated; and as assimilation is essentially a natural and spontaneous process, it was one of Madame de Maintenon's chief studies to adapt education to the assimilative capacities of her girls, a task in which she was aided in no small degree by her knowledge of the strength and weakness of the sex under her care. Prepared to find in woman's imagination alike temptation and its antidote, it is to imagination above all things that she seeks to impart a healthy tone. She first calls forth her

(1) "Modesty," lace tied round the body.

(2) "Grisette," a costume then worn by poor girls of good family.

(3) The "uniform" of the ladies is to be seen at the "estampes" of the Bibliothèque Nationale: it was of black "étamine," falling straight in long pleats; a white frill at the neck; under the veil a white twill cap. The gloves were black kid, lined with white kid to preserve the whiteness of the hand.

girls' admiration for "le Beau abstrait," she peoples their brains with Plutarch's great men, she fires them with enthusiasm of Roman and Greek grandeur; she then turns to Racine and Corneille, making the same girls *live through* the heroic deeds of Esther and Pauline!¹

Thus, to brace their imagination, but from another point of view, Madame de Maintenon has Madame Guyon down to St. Cyr, to instruct her children on metaphysical subjects. When once well imbued with the creations of great thinkers, she directs the children's minds to concentration; they are made to digest thoroughly all the nourishment they have received. In Madame de Maintenon's system it is the girl's mind that is stimulated, not merely her mechanical "memory"; she is taught to think; that is the talisman with which, when once acquired, she will be able fearlessly to confront life.

Destined as a rule to make a poor marriage, the St. Cyr girls would have to lead a rough, lonely sort of life in what was then called a "château," but what was in reality nothing better than a farmhouse of the present day. Qualified, as she should be, however, to read the book of life, her mind would lift her out of her surroundings. Amidst the country, Pascal, Bossuet, Montaigne, and Plutarch would commune with her as they communed in after years with Eugénie de Guérin.

Madame de Maintenon's training system is that of cultivation, not reformation — cultivation being fertile, whereas reformation is necessarily effete; for whilst straining her brain to acquire the more evenly balanced capacities of man, woman inevitably loses her natural gift of spontaneous intuition.

Intuition—the "poetic nature"—is, above all others, the true woman's gift; a gift as strongly manifested when breaking Mademoiselle Pascal's heart,² as in Imogen's poetic submission to her unjust husband's decree. Though this gift is inherent in woman's intellect, it does not follow that it should be always apparent. But, whether visible or invisible, it lives; and *par excellence* in woman. Its first stage is attention; its second stage, meditation; its third stage, action. In its first stage it leads to observation, in its second stage it leads to study, in its third stage it may lead to creation.

Possessed only of the *first* of these three stages, namely, observation, woman is already equipped with a formidable resource against *ennui*. Moreover, observation will lead to reading, and reading to

(1) This system of enthusiasm had, however, more than once somewhat unlooked-for results. Two of the St. Cyr girls became so much more "enthused" with the real than the ideal that they were impelled to run away with heroes of a less classic mould. Still, as there were 200 girls at St. Cyr, and as the pair who did run away came to no eventual harm, the system cannot be blamed for these two backsliders.

(2) Jacqueline Pascal, sister of Blaise, owed her death to the signature which, against her will, she was forced to give to the *formulaire*.

expression, in other words, writing. Observation lends a halo to the most homely cares and finds beauty in the dullest landscape.

Madame de Maintenon's self-made education had preserved her from "pédanterie," and "pédanterie" would certainly have prevented her marriage with the King. Louis indeed afterwards avowed that his fear of finding her a "blue stocking" made him hesitate a long while before proposing the marriage. Then, too, the Marquise's wisdom and experience had led her to conclude that with woman the moral education is of by far the highest importance. Her end was only accomplished when the girl's mental resources were strongly enough established to enable her in after years to rise superior to such circumstances as childlessness or loneliness, when she had sufficiently mastered the mechanism of meditation to profit by the lessons of experience.

It was by "essay" writing that she tested the mental calibre of her children. For "fine" writing, or any that did not provoke reflection, she had supreme contempt; she was never satisfied that she had done her duty towards a future woman until the intellect was not merely well cultivated, but had begun to show symptoms of growth.

In her moral teaching, in order to stimulate her girls to the acquirement of personal dignity, she would not hesitate to instance herself, and, in so doing, to expose her own weakness.

"It was my wont in my early youth¹ to appear in the highest society in a poor black 'étamine,' more conspicuous in that attire than a St. Cyr uniform would be at Court. All this was really nothing but ostentation, the wish to show by an opposite extreme that, having no means of competing with other ladies in dressing, I showed myself altogether superior to it. This drew towards me a world of admiration. Could it be conceived that so young a person could have the courage of such simplicity? I appeared in this case in a far better light than if I had worn a discoloured silk dress such as poor 'demoiselles' will do in their effort to follow fashion without the means. I kept steadfast to my resolution of receiving no presents. Almost my only possession of any value was a lovely amber fan. This was one day lying on a table, when a gentleman who was admiring it accidentally let it fall, and it was broken to pieces, which naturally I greatly regretted. The next day this same gentleman sent me a dozen fans of the same kind as the one he had broken. I sent them back and did without any fan at all! You will hardly believe what respect this won for me, and that very respect was so precious to me that I would not for the world have exchanged it for any gift, however priceless."

Apart from the all-absorbing topic of St. Cyr, Madame de Maintenon's correspondence mostly mentions political anxieties.

On the 10th April, 1707, she doubts the capacity of the Maréchal de Tessé:—"Italian affairs"² trouble you, Madame; for my part, the Maréchal de Tessé's own despondency makes me uneasy!" But

(1) Geffroy, p. 23, vol. i.

(2) Lettre à la Princesse des Ursins, p. 120, Geffroy, vol. ii.

in August, 1707, matters have mended¹.—"So much for our prognostications, Madame! The Maréchal has just rendered France the greatest service; the siege of Toulouse is at an end! Our navy is brilliant! The Duke of Savoy is out of Provence!" Still the Marquise did not occasionally disdain what Madame de Sévigné terms "*le ragoût des petites histoires*"—the "relish of gossip"—and the Princesse des Ursins gratifies her by sending detailed descriptions of the Queen of Spain's Court.

"The Spanish ladies," writes Princesse des Ursins, 21 March, 1707, "never appear before five o'clock. They rise between eleven and twelve, breakfast from two to three, then sleep. In the Queen's apartment, after kneeling for the *baise-main*, they have to squat on the floor, with the exception of the wives of the *grandees*, who are allowed stools. They have no accomplishments; they do not dance, or play, or sing. The only talent they seem to possess (it must be owned to perfection) is that of begging, for they are perpetually asking favours for their husbands, their friends, or their household. They wear small relics of saints, rosaries, crosses, &c. These manners and customs, Madame," ends the Princesse des Ursins, "may have their merit, but it must be confessed that they certainly lack the merit of being entertaining."

In her turn the Marquise is on occasion a Court chronicler. To console the King of Spain, Philippe V., for being separated from all his friends, the Marquise writes to him a gossiping letter about home doings. In this letter, after a glimpse of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, Philippe's sister-in-law (*née* Carignan), we are told that—"La Duchesse de Bourgogne is becoming French (October, 1707); she is gay, though at need capable of great gravity." But in spite of her great position, in spite of the interests of St. Cyr and politics, throughout the Marquise's letters, from 1704 till the end of her life, there is one element that always predominates—*satiété*! "When I think of the loathing² I have always felt for the Court, I see that God destined me to live in it in order to save me." In 1707 she tells us of her daily routine in Versailles:—

"On his return from the hounds, the King comes to my apartments; when once with me, no one else is admitted. Then, when we are alone, I have to listen to all his vexations, his cares, his griefs. Often he gives way to floods of tears! His power of conversation is *nil*. Our *tête-à-tête* is often interrupted by some minister with bad news. The King then sets to his work. If it is desired that I should be present, I am called for; if not, I retire. Whilst the King is at work, I take my supper, though it is not once in two months that I am allowed any comfort during this meal. So hurried am I through it all that I order my dessert to be brought in with my meat. I leave Mesdames d'Hendicourt and de Danjeau at table, as they cannot accomplish such a hasty meal as myself; for which, indeed, I have often dearly paid by illness."

Of the friends of her obscurer days, Mesdames d'Hendicourt, de Danjeau, de Montchevreuil, and even Mademoiselle de Lenclos³

(1) *Lettre à la Princesse des Ursins*, p. 137, vol. ii., Geffroy.

(2) Geffroy, p. 49, vol. ii.

(3) Mademoiselle de Lenclos was well-born and received from her father, a clever

(though the latter not openly, yet always faithfully), are those to whom Madame de Maintenon has still remained true. If her friendship for Racine was not invariably constant, it is accounted for by his Jansenistic tendencies. "In the world" (writes the Marquise to Madame de Gassion, a lady of St. Cyr) "you would certainly have found more pleasure than at St. Cyr, but you would have lost your soul! Racine would have fascinated you, and drawn you into the Jansenist cabal." If Racine had been aware of this letter, it would scarcely have disconcerted him less than a certain other epistle from Madame de Sévigné to her cousin Bussy.¹ "Poor Racine," she writes, "who slumbers in the arms of Endymion's fair mistress, has a singular notion of playing courtier! Witness the following astounding remark to his Majesty: 'I no longer wonder at a soldier's bravery: his life is so detestable that it makes death quite welcome!'" In 1715 Louis' reign was drawing to a close. "I wish your condition were as peaceful as mine," writes Madame de Maintenon, ten days after the King's death, to the Princesse des Ursins. "The King died like a saint and like a hero. I have left the world which I always hated, and am living here at St. Cyr in the most lovable retreat conceivable." It is in this lovable retreat that, having passed through the successive stages of misery and opprobrium, doubtful appreciation, and, finally, prosperity and greatness, Françoise d'Aubigné quietly prepares for the last stage of all, death.

Four years after Louis had been laid in St. Denis, the doors of her room are softly opened, the Visitor silently beckons, and she, who in her days of darkness and sorrow had never implored his aid, greets him with a tranquil smile and passes away.

"You cannot doubt, my dear cousin," writes the Duchesse de Lude² shortly afterwards to the Princesse des Ursins, "that having lived sixteen years with so estimable a woman as Madame de Maintenon, I am deeply moved by her death. You will recognise her disinterestedness by the fact that she possessed at her death only a sum of 16,000 francs, which was divided between Mesdames de Caylus and de Noailles. She had also about 12,000 francs' worth of silver, which also went between Mesdames de Caylus and de Noailles; the rest, as well as a red damask bed, went to Mademoiselle d'Aumale. As to her two estates, she had already settled them at her marriage on M. de Noailles."

man of the world, a sound classical education. One of her most lasting associations was with St. Evremond the epicurean. At fifteen she commenced a long life as a refined epicurean, a rôle to which she consistently adhered till her death. She never lost a friend, and proved herself fully worthy of her reputation of *très-honnête homme*, a happy definition of her unimpeachable honour and deficient virtue.

(1) Letter 685, p. 180, Edition Hachotte, vol. iv., respecting Racine and Boileau on the subject of the army.

(2) The Duchesse de Lude had been lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and consequently thrown much in the society of Madame de Maintenon. Geffroy, vol. ii., p. 395.

Madame de Maintenon's correspondence, voluminous as it is, leaves us wholly in the dark as to her motives and conduct in relation to all the most important events of her life. We have ream upon ream about politics and St. Cyr, but as regards the Scarron marriage, the introduction to Madame de Montespan, the acquaintance with the King—as to what part she played in these turning-points in her career, we are without a syllable of information. In truth, personal reticence, and, above all, reticence of the heart, are from first to last the characteristics of Madame de Maintenon's correspondence. It is seldom that the vibration of a woman's heart is not somewhere or other perceptible in her letters. Through their "correspondence" mainly has the world become acquainted with women such as Mesdames de Lafayette, de Sévigné, Angélique Arnaud, de Lenclos, &c.—women whose hearts, let it be noticed, whether moved by human or religious emotion, were allowed to beat normally. That is the main point. With Françoise d'Aubigné, "prudence" having at the time of trust and enthusiasm reigned supreme, none of that spontaneous emanation of feeling which is the true "being" with the woman can be expected to spring forth even from her letters.

M. Geffroy's highly interesting publication has shown us, therefore, new and loftier aspects in Madame de Maintenon's mind and soul; thanks to him, we see her now devoid of intrigue, and nobly given up to the cause of "education." Only once, the few lines Madame de Caylus writes on the days preceding the marriage, might lead one to see "she was but human after all." Still this statement is vague, and comes not from her own pen. Rather than conclude with Cousin, however, that Madame de Maintenon was heartless, we prefer to agree with Larochehoucauld, "qu'il n'y a qu'un amour," but that there may be divers ways of feeling it, and that in Françoise d'Aubigné's case the way was certainly determined secrecy, in speech and in writing—secrecy in life, and in death.

YETTA DE BURY.

VIRGINIA MINES AND AMERICAN RAILS.

I do not propose to write a statistical and exhaustive account of either of the subjects named in the title of this article. Statistics are dry in themselves, and I have no doubt there are others far better fitted than I am to boil down either *Poor's Railway Annual* or the statistics of the mining industries of the States of Virginia and Tennessee. My object is rather to give a general picture of the railway question in the United States from its political aspect as regards America, and from its financial aspect as regards the foreign investor, and to point to the strategical relation of the various great systems that ramify through the eastern half of the United States, systems which are particularly affected by the great mineral and corn and trade developments of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. My further object is to give a concise picture of the great resources in coal and iron of the States of Virginia and Tennessee, and to show the bearings of the railway problem on this portion of America and demonstrate the fact which Englishmen are vaguely now waking up to realise, viz., that the great centre of industrial activity in coal and iron is going to move its centre in the course of the next decade from Pennsylvania to Virginia and Tennessee.

If anyone will take a geological map of the United States and examine what I will call the geological ruins of this country, he will find that its earliest formations of archaic rocks make the continuous and unbroken rim of a huge saucer, starting down away south in Texas, and following up northwards the line of the Rockies right up to Canada, and thence along the line of Lake Superior across Canada and south again through the State of Maine and the Adirondack Mountains in the State of New York; following on again through Pennsylvania to the Apalachian chain of the Alleghanies, and finishing off somewhere about Knoxville in West Tennessee. Here is the only break in the rim of the saucer, and through the opening flows the great Mississippi River down to New Orleans. The saucer is tipped southwards in this direction and through this natural opening, as along a road of least resistance, have been poured all the abrasions and wearings down of the mighty archaic mountains throughout the millions of years during which period all the Palaeozoic rocks were assuming their present formations. The line of this saucer is naturally the line of mineral wealth. Denver, Colorado, Montana, Lake Superior, the Adirondacks, Pennsylvania, and lastly and not least, the Alleghanies are the seats of mineral resources

more varied and more important than any other portion of the world as yet inhabited by a white race. It is with the railway and mineral resources of the interior of this huge basin that I have to deal. Westwards of the Rockies lie the Californian States, enjoying a completely different climate and subject to other industrial conditions; while south again we come to the interminable prairie lands of Texas on the west, and in the south and south-east the great cotton belt of the Piedmont region, with its sub-tropical conditions, possessing also distinctive industrial features of its own. Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Maryland have only an indirect bearing on the future development of Virginia and Tennessee. They will profit, no doubt, but their peculiar industry, cotton, and unlimited forest tracts of pine woods, places them strategically outside the affairs of the great archaic basin I have in mind in considering the railway and mining industries of this inner ring.

When our ancestors first settled in New England the line of development followed the coast-line, and the fertile plains of East Pennsylvania formed a natural connecting-link between the Northern States and Virginia, and the other Southern seaboard States of pre-revolutionary times. Westwards were hostile Indians and vast forests crossed by none but enterprising hunters and traders in skins—a wild wilderness, where the first settler had not ventured even to build his stockaded farm, and the border state government had no jurisdiction. Throughout these western territories were waged the savage Indian wars, and there are men living in New York to-day who will tell you that their grandfathers remembered the old Indian barrier for defence, that was not removed from the northern end of New York Island in their boyhood. In order to extend westwards the only method which offered protection against unknown dangers was the line of the Great Lakes, and it was therefore up the Hudson River and across direct to Buffalo, on Lake Erie, that the line of trade and enterprise was forced to go. The great Erie Canal was a prime necessity of the State of New York in early times. By this route the lakes were reached with merchandise; and from Buffalo a continuous water communication existed right away to the present towns of Superior and Duluth, at the extreme end of Lake Superior, in the present State of Minnesota, some two thousand miles from New York by land. Along the shores of Lake Erie, and for many hundred miles south, there was no mountainous country, only pine forests and open timber-land, and these were therefore the first acquisitions of the advancing streams of emigration. West of Pennsylvania, however, the country was not only forest, but mountainous also, and continued the same southwards, with ever-increasing obstacles to advance westwards, until the emigrant reached the southern portion of Virginia, and turned

the mountain ranges in the State of modern Tennessee. Here at last there opened out a plain between the hills tending south by west, leading right down to the Mississippi basin, while south of these ranges altogether lay the great cotton belt, and its earlier Spanish inhabitants and settlers, where the English and German emigrant first found himself brought face to face with an earlier European competitor.

Returning again to the chief features of this great natural basin, which I have taken as the limits of the country I will deal with, we have two things to consider—its agricultural development to the North and its mining resources to the South. Agriculture is of course the first to consider, for it was the fertile plains of the Red River and the North-West basin east of the Rockies which encouraged the vast emigration and railway building of the last twenty years. The South had been settled previously, long before railways were thought of, and while the western prairies were still the unexplored home of the buffalo, English and German emigrants had settled on the whole of the fertile lands of Kentucky, Tennessee, and, away to the south, of the Carolinas. Good roads, old-fashioned country houses, and farmsteads cover these Southern States, giving to the country the same air of comfort and long-continued prosperity from an agricultural point of view that is to be seen in the old State of Pennsylvania. These early settlers did not amass fortunes by the export of grain and cattle. They simply lived and increased in numbers and in comfort, and settled down into a quiet bucolic life such as we find in many parts of modern Europe. In this country lived or still live the old Southern families of long descent, many of whose land titles came down in the same hands from the times of Charles and James II., and many of these titles exist even to-day. It was not till quite recently that this portion of the United States had attracted considerable attention, owing to its marketable resources in coal and iron. The terrible war of the Secession helped to throw back this southern country in its advancing prosperity, and there was also the expense and difficulty of building railways in a country that was intersected with small rivers and of a hilly and even mountainous character. The Negro question also has handicapped the South as against the North, and prevented its natural advantages receiving full appreciation. While, then, the war and the difficulties of communication cut off Virginia and the South of the central basin of North America from its share of prosperity, the North commenced its phenomenal development. The great systems of railways began to grow up, and with the railways the great towns of Chicago, Kansas City, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Superior, Duluth, and a hundred other centres of commerce and railway communication. The strategic points were rapidly seized upon, and railway after railway

was started under sanction of the State legislatures, and by the assistance of grants of lands from Congress itself. Many of these schemes were financed in London and on the Continent. The Erie system, the Reading, the Pennsylvania extensions, the West Shore, and many others, to say nothing of Wabash, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, &c., are only too well-known names to the English investor. When these large railway systems were laid out and planned in America under State charters, and lands granted adjacent to the line, the schemes were bonded for immense sums, often far greater than the system cost when first opened. The promoters and undertakers floated their gold bonds in the European markets, built the roads as cheaply and poorly as they could, throwing the sleepers across the prairies and putting down the rails with no ballast but earth, and providing only wooden bridges. The English public bought the stock, enterprising financiers advertised the railway system and the advantages of the land grants in every small town of Great Britain and Germany, emigrants poured in and the land was taken up. The shares of these railways, which were in truth only worth the paper they were printed on, were forced and manipulated on every stock exchange in the world. The undertakers sold the paper they had printed besides obtaining the profit on scamping the expenditure provided by the gold bonds, and then came the era of renewals of equipment bonds, of income bonds, and all the multifarious devices of the speculator for fleecing the investing public on both sides of the Atlantic. These practices soon, however, came to be understood and appreciated in the States, and it was left to the European, and especially the English public, to find out, after bitter experience, the folly of many of these investments. It will be well to note here that this system of land grants, which was the fertile means of financing gold bonds in Europe, was impossible in the South. There were no United States lands to give away or lobby over in Congress, no grand invention of alternate sections, *et hoc genus omne* of dodges for making an undertaking attractive. The land had been granted and settled, and the State Legislatures formed from the earliest times even prior to the Revolution. Railways, then, that were twice as costly as the prairie lines, and had no collateral security of land grants, were useless undertakings to bring to London bankers and financiers. The City knew nothing of the South, and none wanted coal and iron when there was no demand for these articles. Europe wanted grain and pigs, and it was quite reasonable to expect that once the North-West was opened out and emigration poured in, these grand Northern agricultural districts would ensure a return on the bonds of the railways.

I must stop here to comment on the system of financing a railway undertaking in America generally. It is, I suppose, needless to

state that there is no obligation in America to bring railway schemes before Congress. A series of grants from the local Legislatures of rights to construct a specified line is all that is required. The route may be varied at will almost, and it is simply a matter of bargain to purchase the land, except in the cases alluded to of country that belonged to the United States Government, as all territories that were unsettled, and where the land did not form part of a State admitted into the Union. Any man really can lay out a scheme for a railway in America, as was done with the West Shore, for the simple purpose of paralleling another system along its entire route, and either forcing its rival to its knees or forcing it to buy up the new undertaking at a squeeze price on its cost. This has been done repeatedly in America, and English investors have helped before now to parallel their own undertakings. These railway enterprises have, as I said, been always built for what are called bonds, *i.e.*, what we in England should call debentures; and a lot of paper was then printed by the promoters which were called shares, and which really are only voting papers that have a claim to interest after the bond capital has received its dividend, and which represent what may be considered the future increment in value on the undertaking. The shares are essentially not cash. Not one penny of the money paid for them in the market was ever spent on the railway. There is nothing to control the amount of share capital a group of promoters may print. They print what they please, and they issue it as the public will buy it in the market on the speculation that it is going to receive a dividend, or that the voting value of the stock is worth so much for the purpose of obtaining a control of the system. Not only America, but the whole of Europe is flooded with these gambling counters which astute speculators on both sides of the Atlantic have sold the European public, and they are gambled in to-day as merrily as ever, though the majority of these shares represent no cash value at all. I do not say that this is the case with all the share stock of American railways. I do not say it of the Pennsylvania, of the New York Central, of the Delaware and Lackawanna, and of some others. I cannot, and do not wish to try, to go into the merits of different groups. I only wish to point to general conditions as they govern the methods that have been commonly practised. Almost all the great systems of railways in the States have at some time or other in their career passed through this period of private manipulation by their early promoters, and though some of them have come with honour out of the ordeal, such as the great group of the Vanderbilt lines which are settled down to-day under a secure system of control, this is not in any way the case with many vast systems which are held and financed by big operators purely for their own objects, as I will proceed to explain.

Adhering roughly to the area of my great saucer as described, we may divide the main system into a few groups. First there is the Vanderbilt group of the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Big Four, the Chicago and North-Western, and other allied or leased lines which form in themselves one great system worked under the entire control and management of the Vanderbilt family, who inherited the controlling interests in the parent system from the old commodore of that name. The management of the system is so well known that I need say no more about it, except that it stands at the head, together with the Pennsylvania Railway, of respected corporations in the United States, largely owing to the high integrity of the family who possess such unlimited power over its affairs. After the New York Central we have the magnificent Pennsylvania system and then the Erie. Further south the great Reading system, the Baltimore and Ohio group, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. South-west again of these is the Louisville and Nashville, the East Tennessee, and the Richmond and Danville. It is in the south-west that we find an enormous railway development,—five more rival systems all competing together, more or less, for every car-load of grain from the Red River to the Lakes:—the Chicago and North-Western, aforesaid, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Burlington and Quincy, the Chicago and Rock Island, the Great Northern Railway, and, to the far west, the Northern Pacific. Far away to the south-east lies the immense system which has slowly been gobbled up and absorbed by Mr. Gould and his friends in the Missouri Pacific and various Pacific systems and allied branches. The mere enumeration of these systems will convey little to the reader, unless he takes up the great *Travellers' Official Railway Guide* and studies the strategic bearing of these systems to one another on their respective maps. Many of these systems are, like the Northern groups, superimposed on one another, and are always endeavouring to increase their area of competition by gobbling smaller lines and adding them, by one means or another, to the parent system. Let me illustrate what I mean by a hypothetical case derived from modern examples. Let me suppose that a group of rich speculators wished to possess themselves of a powerful system of United States railways, and that, say, the Chesapeake and Ohio, or the Baltimore and Ohio, had got into difficulties of one sort or another, and the stock was badly thought of by the public. They would wait to commence operations for such a moment as, say, last November. In New York when a bear movement was knocking the best securities down ten to twenty points, their first step would be to buy at knock-out prices the share stock of either one of these systems. They would surround their proceedings with the greatest precautions. They would endeavour to have bogus suits in liquidation brought against the corporation, and, by all means known to the financiers of

Wall Street, they would break the security by publishing alarming rumours, while at the same time they would work the money market, if possible, by possessing themselves of a store of gold which they could put backwards and forwards into the market to regulate the price of the securities they were operating in. So vast are the daily dealings in such times in New York that it would not take many months before the group in question would between them have secured a controlling interest of these non-dividend-paying shares in the system in question whose affairs had got into a shaky condition. At the next general meeting it would all of a sudden transpire that the report that had been whispered about had turned out to be true, and that such and such parties¹ had acquired a majority of the voting stock of the company. The new interest would then at once proceed to elect its own board. Protests from the minority would be unavailing, and would entail such protracted and costly litigation, with probably no effective result, that shareholders right and left would chuck their stock on the market, and the interest in question become stronger.

The next step is to elect a president who, we will suppose, is the arch-originator of the scheme of plunder. A vice-president of the proper colour is elected and a board of pawns. The organization is now complete. The original railway system may have cost millions of English and American capital in bonds. These have either defaulted and a receiver has been appointed and the railway has been sold by auction, as has often occurred with smaller lines; or it is a big system that has succeeded in keeping out of a receiver's hands, though its share capital has never paid a red cent and could, perhaps, never do so. This railway system, remember, however, runs through a magnificent country with enormous capabilities for the future in its growing towns and fine agriculture. It has connection,

(1) The following extract, cut from the *Times* telegrams, illustrates the operations that are going on:—

“NEW YORK, Feb. 13.

“Mr. Inman last night verified the statement that he had given Mr. Gould an option on the Baltimore and Ohio line. Both Mr. Inman and Mr. Russell Sage, who are interested in the majority of Mr. Gould's schemes, admitted the consolidation of the roads north of the Ohio River, which will serve as a protection to the Southern and Transcontinental systems, and furnish an entrance for the Southern roads to the Northern cities. Mr. Sage said last night that the Northern combination which Mr. Calvin Brice and Mr. Thomas were arranging would probably remain distinct from the terminal system because of the natural division of the territory traversed by the two systems. These gentlemen would, however, act in perfect harmony with Mr. Inman and Mr. Gould, and so all the purposes of a combination would be served.

“Advices received from Baltimore state that the Norfolk and Western Railroad has joined the terminal alliance.”—*Dalziel* (*The Times special*).

“It is reported to-day that the control of the Chicago and Alton Railway has been secured by Gould interests. This step, if true, would be important, as it would give the Missouri Pacific Company such a position in regard to the traffic between Chicago and the West and South-West that it would probably be the one factor which could decide the success or failure of the Western Traffic Association.”

perhaps, with New York, or the coast; it extends to and beyond the Mississippi. It has been working its interest in with smaller lines of local importance, which it has either leased, or—and this is important—prior to the passage of the Inter-state Commerce Act, it has packed its receipts with these lines on a fair and square division of profits according to mileage. Such are the properties which this financial group in Wall Street have put into their pockets.

Now there are various policies which this new board may adopt. The first object may be to run up the value of the shares and then get out, or the object may be to build up a great railway power, in which the first step is to smash some great rival superimposed system. Let us suppose that the Baltimore and Ohio had been got hold of so as to try and swallow up the Louisville and Nashville eventually, and add this property to the plunder. The Baltimore and Ohio would immediately establish rates which would cut the whole of the traffic of the Louisville and Nashville to pieces. Lines adjacent to the system of the Baltimore and Ohio would be got hold of, and little by little the long purse would tell. Then by slow but sure degrees a great system might be built up which would hold the great quadrilateral, New York, Chicago or Kansas City, Louisville or Knoxville, in the south-west by New Orleans, and Richmond on the south, embracing practically the great basin I am dealing with, in one vast system, worked by a small group of irresponsible but colossal millionaires for their own advantage and to the complete disregard, not only of the minority of shareholders, but of the social and political rights of every citizen in every state which the system passes through and serves. This has been done repeatedly on the great and the small scale. In the case of the Vanderbilt lines the power of the central interest is equally great, but it has never been abused. Such is not always the case, as everybody knows who has heard of Mr. Gould's and Mr. R. Sage's operations, to say nothing of several equally culpable but not so well-known individuals.¹

I have already said the passage of the Inter-state Commerce Act has tended in no small degree to facilitate the operation of these financial speculators by rendering it illegal for railways to pool their receipts. Formerly lines which had no direct through connection with New York or the coast, and which however served impor-

(1) Conceive what would be an English analogy to this rascality. The London, Chatham and Dover, say, has competed for years with the South-Eastern Railway. London, Chatham and Dover shares are down, say, at 27 to 30, not having paid a dividend for three years, the bonds, or as we said, debentures alone, having received any interest. A period of great stringency occurs in the City, and general rumours of bad trade and traffic returns on home rails produce a panic. The financial press is employed to accentuate the bear movement. A group of speculators, in league with certain important houses of brokers, commence to obtain by degrees a majority of the shares of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. When the general meeting takes place there is a fearful disturbance, but the group in question carry everything before them, and proceed to elect their own board and commence at once cutting

tant centres, were able to ally themselves with other systems on the basis of a division of receipts and an agreement as to rates. The fourth section of the Act made all pooling illegal, and each system had to live on its own resources. The Inter-state Commerce Act, besides, provided that the rate per mile that was charged on any line for the long haul should be the rate for its short haul, so that local interests should not be plundered where no competition naturally existed. The effect of the former of these provisions was to make all local railway systems that did not possess through communication completely powerless in competing with their great rivals. A line from a place called A to another, B, unless it could come to a pool arrangement with its big neighbour, was practically hung up in the air. It was hit by the long v. short haul clause, which was a perfectly good clause as against the big systems, but which practically ruined small ones that depended solely on local traffic. The consequence of the Act has been that when our imaginary group of speculators had gobbled up either, say, the Baltimore and Ohio or the Chesapeake and Ohio, it became an easy matter to force smaller systems to either lease their lines to the big undertaking or practically freeze them out entirely, and force them to a receivership. The next artifice was for the inside group to make money on such a deal. A good block of shares having been obtained in one of these secondary systems, such as, say, the Wabash, the Iowa and Burlington, or the East Tennessee, after that the line had got fairly waterlogged, and the receipts had fallen to nothing, the next step was to take all the natural traffic on the main system, and divert it for a time on to the leased line, and then puff the new management and the increasing value of the district traversed by this new acquisition. The financial public who studied their *Hecapath's Journal* and other financial organs promptly commenced buying this new stock, and pushed it up to a price which would pay the speculators, who then quietly unloaded, and then sent their traffic back in its old channels. There is, in fact, no limit to the power of a small ring in the United States who have succeeded in obtaining a control of one of the big through systems of communication, and the control once obtained, it is a simple question of time when they will be able to swallow up every-

rates with the South Eastern Railway, whose shares, as well as those of the London, Chatham, and Dover, go to pieces. The group are indifferent, as they only buy more stock and strengthen their position. The South Eastern Railway is severely hampered, and the money market has another severe period of depression. The financial group now begin to buy South Eastern stock, which they have knocked to pieces by their rate cutting, until one fine day the City world is informed that the two systems have been amalgamated in the interests, say, of Colonel North and Baron Hirsch and their friends, who hold a majority of the share capital in the two corporations. Observe, also, that this combination of the London, Chatham, and Dover with the South Eastern Railway gives to these three or four speculators the entire control of English communication with the Continent and that the public are completely in the hands of these persons, and that neither Parliament or the Law Courts can interfere. This is an exact imaginary parallel of what is taking place every day in the United States in one form or another in railway matters.

thing within their reach. These, then, are the stocks that the English public go on gambling in; and though they are plundered time after time, they go on speculating, and simply abuse the dishonesty of railway management in America, while the fact is they have only themselves to blame.

The people who are really to be wondered at, however, are the citizens of the United States, who continue to permit such a gigantic political abuse, as this American railway monopoly to grow up as it is doing in the hands of a group of gigantic capitalists in New York and other great towns of America. Two facts, however, are worthy of notice in this respect. In the first place, with all the abuses of financial management, the average rate per ton per mile in the United States for goods of every sort is under one farthing; while in our favoured land it is over three farthings, with no greater speed in transit. We may take it as a rough statement of general average that railway freights and fares for goods and passengers in the United States, notwithstanding that wages are more than "double in America," is one-third of what it is in Great Britain. The next fact is, that where a line has anything like a decent local traffic to supplement its through haulage, any railway in North America can, and would, earn 6 per cent. on its constructive capital. The fault of the scandalous abuses in railway monopoly is not in the United States Courts, which are above reproach as we approach the Supreme Judicature; nor is the fault in the business ability of the people, for their ability and energy are far above ordinary ability in Europe. The fault is in the distressing apathy and inefficiency of Congress, and consequently indifference of the public at large. I inquired of one railway president why the system was tolerated, and why at general meetings a determined stand was not made against these financial cliques, and his answer was, "Oh, no American investor would bother himself to go and attend a general meeting to protect the public interest or his own. If his holding is small he simply dumps his stock in the market and cuts his loss." It should be clearly understood that under this nefarious system, the great strategical lines and trade routes of the country are being absorbed by irresponsible persons, and that though the value of the shares may be not worth their paper to-day, owing to the state of legislation on railway matters, some day that paper may be valued at over par. The real intrinsic value of railway stock will be as high and as secure in the long run as any form of real estate in the States itself. What the eventual working power will be of such a system as one of the great systems I have mentioned, be it the Louisville and Nashville or the Chesapeake and Ohio, or the Baltimore and Ohio, it is impossible to estimate. These lines, in their strategical importance are as valuable a property as our London and North-Western or Great Northern, &c. It is simply a question of their management, and the value of their shares to-

day is not the slightest criterion of the real value they should and would possess under a more efficient and far-reaching control of Congress. Of course, it is impossible to say the amount of harm and indebtedness that may be created by a group who obtain possession of one of these magnificent monopolies, as we know from the old histories of the Erie and the coal lands held by the Reading system. Mortgages once made have to be paid off, and this has always to be taken into account, but it must also be borne in mind that it is becoming less worth the while of great financiers now, to reckon the value of railway property as it was when the shares were only bought and sold for the turn that could be made on them in Wall Street. The hard fact is that such properties should be got hold of at all, and it is strange to consider the class of men that are growing up in America in consequence, who in their way are greater despots and wield greater power than any great mediæval baron of Norman times. I ventured to make this suggestion to a very big man in the railway world, whose Californian interests in railways amount to a great many tens of millions of dollars. "He was," he told me, "a simple man, and had no high social aspirations; it was true he had obtained great power and wealth, but he thought that on the whole it was a distinct benefit to his country that he had succeeded as he had, and that his paternal form of administration of issuing his ukases from his quiet office in New York, though it might not always suit Wall Street, was a distinct advantage to the public." Of course, he really believed this, as did the Norman Baron when he exercised his various rights of seignieury in olden times. The only marvellous thing in the matter, besides the millions my friend could realise from a beginning that consisted of nothing, was, that the American public which prides itself on its democratic institutions should have allowed this aristocracy to grow up in their midst, which is daily becoming infinitely more powerful and infinitely more dangerous than all the feudal aristocracies of Europe put together. It was easy to get rid of the European difficulty with the guillotine as the French did, without tearing up the foundations of all social life in the country itself. In America this financial and railway aristocracy is slowly building itself into the very bone and sinew of the people, and it will be a very difficult twentieth-century problem to know how Congress is going to deal with the matter. Before I conclude this portion of my subject, which deals exclusively with the strategical relations of the great railway systems of the States to one another and the financial and political bearings of the subject in America itself, I want to point out some highly important consequences that interest our large investing English public. Various causes, such as the steady growth of population and wealth in its realised forms, and the consolidation of conflicting interests in railway properties, and the growth of a more conservative commercial

spirit, are tending to bring about the building up of large and powerful railway systems in America very similar to our large railway corporations at home. It is true in America these systems are being largely consolidated by the operation of speculators who have practically cornered the markets by the abuse of powers which have grown out of faulty legislation, and the apathy of Congress with regard to these great monopolies of transit.

The existence of all this worthless share capital, worthless except for its voting value and its gambling character, has largely enabled these railway interests to fall a prey to a small group of rich operators who to-day control the entire situation. The general objects of these persons are, however, taking a different form to what was the case formerly. Railway property is becoming too valuable a form of wealth to knock about as if the shares were no better than a lot of Confederate bonds. A sound well-managed system of railway, with good coast communications and lying well as regards the great quadrilateral I have mentioned, can earn a certain profit notwithstanding the water and the burdens that former maladministration has placed on the property. It must be remembered also that reconstruction schemes have in many cases lightened the load, and whoever watches closely the policy that is being pursued on all hands cannot fail to be struck with the fact that an immense movement of steady financial development is going forward within the great railway basin of Central North America. I will go on in a future article to point to some of the further developments that are growing up, particularly in the South, and the vast promise that lies in this quarter. The fact which I want to make clear here is the immense value there is in railway property in the States, far greater than we are wont to realise. We have seen so much ruinous speculation in American railways in England, and there have been so many failures, so many receiverships; and properties have been up and down in the markets with such astonishing differences, that the English public has lost faith in American railways, and has gone in for South American and other enterprises in preference. Yet, next to real estate in the large towns of the States, railway property is probably the most valuable of all forms of wealth in America. Any railway decently managed can, and should, pay a dividend on its shares. It is a matter of certainty that every year will see this form of property gradually rise in value as large and well-considered schemes of consolidation take shape. These properties will not consolidate themselves in a day, and the abuses that have gone on so long will not at once cease, but when we look at the enormous volume of business that these railway systems control it is not difficult to realise that the wants of sixty millions of people, inhabiting one of the most fertile regions of the world, are going to surely build up a railway industry, that hardly any past mismanagement can per-

manently prevent from becoming a most valuable form of investment. It remains for me now only to point out the way in which the foreign investor is to protect himself against the selfish action of the great group of capitalists who still control this form of national property. We have only to look at what has been the course of operation of men like Jay Gould to see the way in which foreign capital could be best consolidated and protected. At present the foreign investor is practically powerless. He is absolutely ignorant of the Wall Street intrigues that are going on every day in New York, and the information that he can gain in the press or from London brokers is useless. The only persons who are in touch with the American railway interest are the large banking houses and leading railway men in New York. All information outside these sources, as to what is going on is worthless. The American public, it must be remembered, is indifferent. There is no public opinion on such matters. Wall Street is interested in seeing railway shares go up and down. It does not care what produces the movement, and the public, provided they can gamble on the chances of the game, pay little attention to the morality of the proceedings. —those who buy gold gilt-edged paper to put away for investment, and the far larger number who invest in the ordinary listed stocks, either to obtain a higher interest than stocks pay in England or for a speculative advance in the selling value of the shares. Certain groups of railways have been peculiarly popular in England such as formerly the Great Northern and such as to-day the Norfolk and Western, the Pennsylvania, the Louisville and Nashville, and others, but in none of these countries is the English interest properly organised and protected as it might be if it was being worked by a single intelligent head or a well-directed corporation. What is wanted to make the influence of foreign capital in American railways properly secure is to collect together the scattered and disjointed interests of English investors, and to consolidate these blocks of securities in the hands of a powerful and well-administered corporation that makes it its sole business to uphold the voting value of these stocks in America. I am aware that various trust companies have of late been organised in London for this purpose, but their attention is more directed to paying large dividends on founders' shares than to organising a strong front of English capital in American railways. If such a corporation as I have suggested devoted itself to obtaining a controlling interest in certain groups of railways that were naturally and strategically allied to one another, a solid power might be built up, and English investors would not be shaken out of their holdings and made the victims of these big operators in America. There is no fault in the Courts of the United States provided you can afford the time and the money to move them. The way that all the large private

interests have been built up has been by following the method here described. A well-organised English corporation could follow the same method by legitimate means, as the markets suited their operations. In a country like America, where interests are so diverse and the laws of different States differ in many respects, it is impossible to expect that a rigid control by Congress can be kept, as in Europe or England, over large public properties such as railways. The increment of value behind these properties is enormous, but it is impossible to predict into whose hands the control of these properties may fall. The system in America of letting these things take care of themselves is carried to such lengths that the individual has to look out for himself; and for us English the only way to guard our interests is by consolidating our forces, otherwise I am free to admit that our investing public had better keep out of American railway securities altogether; for it is much the same at present as if the public was to put its money on a horse for a big race without having the least idea whether or not the owner intended to pull the animal and make his money that way rather than by letting him run for the stakes. No one who has been to America can fail to be struck with the vastness of the railway interest of that country. It represents the very life and lungs of trade, and at the same time is the predominant factor in preserving political unity of interests between States separated by thousands of miles of intervening plains, rivers, and mountains. The management as well as the mismanagement of these vast systems is one of the marvels of that great continent. As a very observant acquaintance said to me the other day, when we were returning together on board an ocean steamer, having been over with the Iron and Steel Institute:—"I went to America this autumn with my son, and we travelled over more than twelve thousand miles of railway all over the continent, and we never had a hitch or failed to make a connection throughout all the journey." It is not a flattering thing, perhaps, to our national pride, but if the truth is told, our English railways are toy systems, and our rolling-stock are toy freight-carriers, compared to the trains that are run all over America. The immense haulage of American lines done on single pairs of rails is marvellous, and these systems must continue to grow to meet the wants of increasing population and the large centres of permanent industry and manufacture that exist everywhere. It must be noted, however, that the great main arteries of these systems are now permanently marked out. It will be practically impossible to make new main routes, except at fabulous cost, with approaches to the coast. The strategical positions are seized and occupied, and whoever can possess himself to-day of a controlling interest in a main through route and allied feeders across the great central basin of the Northern States cannot be deprived of a gigantic monopoly in the present and in the future.

MARLBOROUGH.

OUR ILLUSIONS.

THE young begin life full of the radiant illusions of faith, hope, and charity. They believe in human perfectibility, their own future happiness, their friends' sincerity, the supremacy of the present generation over all the generations of the past. A callow pessimist of normally healthy brain and well-adjusted nervous system would be a monster, were he real. As he is generally a mass of affectation when he is found, he counts for no more than any other artificial product, the make-up of which is evident. He is the exception that proves the rule; and the ordinary run of things with the young and inexperienced is, as has been said, unquestioning acceptance of every beautiful illusion which faith and hope can make between them.

All these honest young enthusiasts have the same programme:—Society is to be reformed and human nature is to be reconstructed to suit the spirit of the times; and they will have a hand in the job. Poverty, war, sin, inequalities of fortune, are to be swept clean away by those who will give themselves heartily to the work; and these stout new brooms, bristling with energy and hafted with panaceas, will clear off the litter and make the whole world spick and span. Above all, nothing is to take long in the doing—the lessons taught by nature and experience notwithstanding. Certainly, millions of years rolled by before the mountain was worn through and the river rushed down the sunless cañon—before the chalk hills were formed, or the delta grew out of the yearly silt; but, on the other hand, Monte Nuovo rose in a night, and a few seconds of earthquake and eruption sink one island into the depths of the sea and blow another into illimitable space. If you go to nature for analogies, they say, they can marshal as many on their side of swift consummation as you on yours of gradual progress. It is only timidity which makes men doubt—faintheartedness which bids them pause and consider ways and means. To the young, ways and means are of the nature of the spontaneously generated. They come of themselves when wanted, the demand creating the supply; and there was never a crux in politics or morals which could not be made as straight as a die if only these young reformers might put their hand to the work.

Also to the young the world is always on the eve of some great and sudden change. The new day is already dawning and the morning stars are singing together to the shouting of the Sons of God. Some hang their faith on the Apocalyptic millennium; others on that of the theosophical spiral; others again on the more scientific doctrine of evolution, which is made the camel to carry miracles

as well as the more orderly packets of natural laws. Whatever the difference of method, the result is the same thing:—belief in the near outburst of a new spiritual force, a new code of morals, a new order of society, and a new adjustment of human nature. And all is to be done at a hand-gallop, with no chance of the leaders bolting or the wheels catching fire.

To these, to whom life is a problem as easy as a sum in simple addition and subtraction, and reform an unharvested field waiting for the reaper, moral difficulties exist only in name and social obstructions are no more formidable than a three-foot rail to a trained hunter. Impatient with those mills of God which grind so slowly though so small, they lay their hot young hands on the lever, thinking to push along the creaking old machine to a merry tune. After they have strained their muscles and broken their backs at the work, when they look to the hoppers they find them scarce a perceptible grain the fuller. Then in all probability they lose heart altogether, and the shame of futile endeavour overpowers them. They swear that the mill does not turn at all, because it does not go as fast and produce as much result as was hoped for; nay, they swear that it goes backward, and that the hoppers are emptier than they were. Their eyes are filled with the wrongs and sorrows of the immediate present, so that they forget the greater wrongs and deeper sorrows of the past; and because there are steepes yet to climb before the top is reached, they deny the length of the way already made from those dismal swamps at the foot. The "good old times" are the burden of their jeremiads; and nothing is as good as it used to be. Butter is margarine, and the Not is left out of the Seventh Commandment; the rich pillage the poor, and the British workman is a fraud; and the sooner the battle of Armageddon comes the better for all concerned. There will be some hope then of the good grain growing when the weeds are all burned. But before this inevitable collapse of hope because miracles have not been wrought at their instance, these ardent reformers give themselves up to the luxury of illusions, believing in the reformation of society and the reconstruction of human nature, and their own power to work the treadle in both processes.

The German Emperor is the impersonation of this young enthusiasm. He has come to power when at the boiling point of both faith and energy, before experience has dispelled his illusions or chilled the ardour of his hopes. Right and wrong are absolute entities to him; and there can be no paltering between the two. He puts his hand to the plough, and he looks neither to the boulders before him nor to the ditch by his side. He has no fear that the forces he seeks to control may overmaster him—may go farther than he wishes or faster than he can follow. His schemes make no pro-

vision for the rebelliousness of human passions, for the indestructibility of interdependent interests, for the difficulties of opposing duties. His moral world has but two dimensions, and he cannot comprehend a third—not to speak of a fourth, understood only by the experts. He will head the revolution and thus direct it to good issues. He does not anticipate the common fate of these would-be directors of revolutions, nor think that the lion he seeks to harness like a patient ass will probably turn and rend him as it has rent others before him. Such as he is, bent on rearranging, pulling down, reconstructing, it will be interesting for the generation to watch which will be strongest—the social and human forces which shape events according to their need, or the reforming energies of a man who, with all his youthful illusions strong on him, and his experience yet to gain, thinks he can command the incoming tide and direct the unchained winds.

Forbye the disappointments which come from our experience in the stubbornness of men and the unconquerableness of tendencies, our young illusions get terribly damaged by the insincerity of a world which professes and somehow forgets to practise.

Take the New Morality, so constantly insisted on by the most immoral part of the press. What a beggarly halfpennyworth of sincerity to that intolerable quantity of protestation—what a mass of hypocritical indignation for the sake of a free hand in prurient discursiveness—what a waste of wholesome instinct made into a kind of diseased intellectual sensuality, all-pervading like so much dropsy—there is in the whole thing! What a mere mask it is, behind which the satyr puts his tongue in his cheek while his dupes sing praises to him as to a virgin God! Mokanna was not the only impostor whose monkey-face was rendered glorious by a silver veil. We could match him here among ourselves, where certain loud-voiced talkers, whose claims to be the spiritual leaders of spotless souls are based on the incessant handling of foul themes, make the White Cross the pretence for a careful study of the lupanar.

Religion which asserts itself as divinely-given conviction, and is a clever calculation of bread and pence; political principle which means place, power, and party, but has nothing to do with patriotism; philanthropy which is the profoundest egotism—vanity building its own monument during the lifetime—when it is not a means of living like any other trade; these and some other things are among the cold douches which experience pours over our burning faith—from the fervid fever of belief reducing us to the glacial coldness of scepticism. In the days of our illusions we accept appearances as realities, and credit words as spoken thoughts. We believe that those who go in for black mean black, and that the advocates for white will not be content with dark grey. We believe in

honesty of repudiation, in sincerity of affirmation, in reality of attack. We find by experience that the whole thing is just a stage combat fought with wooden swords and rhythmic blows—that these apparent enemies are fast friends, prevented from pre-arranging the affair only by the natural desire of man to get the best off in a fray. Were the men we have demi-deified in history no better than the men of the present day? Did the Gracchi despise the *plebs* for whom they fought and in whose cause they died? Was patriotism—was the old Law of Numa, a cleverly constructed salking-horse behind which Brutus made for his own ends when he consorted with Casca and planted his dagger in Caesar's breast? Was Marcus Aurelius an imperial Tartufe given up to his base love for a vile woman? and was Epictetus richer in phrases than fertile in action? Who knows now? who can determine? The balance of truth is clogged with the dust of ages; and as the romance of history, the poetry of ethics, adjusted it so long ago now, so must it for ever hang. If, however, some things are illusions, time has crystallized them into the practical substance of truth; and belief works as well as objective reality for the moralization of society.

The Venus of Milo is, in elemental fact, only a block of marble, but man has made it into the supreme ideal of womanly grace and grandeur. The—

“Face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium”—

may have been freckled, and certainly was not in the first bloom of youth. But the name of Helen has passed into the very blood and life of literature, and without that frail fair wife of Menelaus, that white-breasted lover of young Paris, that Power which, as a mere shade, could influence Faust to madness, art and poetry would be infinitely the poorer; and of what consequence is it whether her surpassing loveliness were a physical fact or only a poetic illusion? Was sweet Scottish Mary's beauty true or false? What would a modern lover say to his Delight who yesterday was a piquante brunette, and to-day appears as a languishing blonde? who puts on her various-coloured wigs with her gowns, and suits the colour of her hair to the colour of her silk? Yet, as she has been made by tradition, Mary Stuart lives in history as vividly as if she were to be met every Sunday at “church parade” in the park. She is so real, so practically alive, that round her name still rages the strife of party passion, and men are ready to cut each other's throats, these for their legend of “pure and spotless queen,” those for theirs of “murderous and adulterous hussy.” And which of the two is true no man can authoritatively declare.

Perhaps the surpassing loveliness of these and other famous historic firebrands is an illusion all through; so that in a London

drawing-room they would not hold their own against the newest *débutante* or the latest heroine of the divorce court. Perhaps their stories, as given us by popular tradition founded on an envoy's letter and the like, are illusions with no more solid substance than the German king's air-woven garments; so that their loves and sorrows, their sins and charms vanish under examination like those epigrams about the Gentlemen of the Guard firing first—all being lost save honour—the Guard dying but not surrendering—Light! more light! &c.—which ~~have become~~ by time symbols rather than mere phrases. It may be that the real history of the Trojan war was never written; that there was no Trojan-war at all; that Homer, who was not Homer, merely gave consistency to vague myths, and caught the floating gossamers of fable to weave into a compact narrative. We shall never know now. There is a great deal that we shall never know, including the name, state, and offence of the Man in the Iron Mask, the accurate items of the Land League's accounts, the true truth about those Parnell letters, and why Pigott committed suicide. Between illusion and disillusionment our historic ideas get rudely mixed; and when we add to these mystery and the unknown, we find ourselves in a fog where we see nothing clearly. Pilate's question—did he ever put it?—echoes through the dim corridors of the past, and the ghosts thronging those vast spaces do no more than repeat it. There is not one that answers. Arthur and Alfred, Charlemagne and Barbarossa, Lucretia and Lucrezia, Virginia and Faustina—who can sift the true from the false, or brush the glittering gold-dust of fable from the granitic core of fact? Who, indeed! Our historic Ithuriel is as remote as the Mohammedan, and as ethereal!

If history proper may be just a bundle of parti-coloured illusions, and saints and heroes are but men judged of without the testimony of their valets, what shall we say of our own private illusions, those fairy tales written in the past by youth, inexperience, passion and imagination?—those poems of faith and fancy sung by the laughing springtime and the fervid summer, while yet life was a dream and the wakening of experience had not come? Was she really the peerless creature you thought she was when she steered you into that lovely little backwater, and you saw the colour come into her face when her eyes met yours? Was it the essential woman who on that day seemed to you nobler than Panthea and more beautiful than Aurora? Or was it all an illusion, woven by the soft south wind, your own twenty years of fresh adolescence, nature, instinct, and that "well-fitting jersey"? Twenty-five years after, when you met her—rubicund, many-fleshed, with pendulous cheeks, and fingers bulging over her rings—the managing mother of four dowerless daughters—a little coarse and more than a little tart, you looked at

her in wonder and self-contempt. Were you ever such a fool as to really love that person? to see in her the culmination of womanly perfectness? to lose six or seven years of your priceless youth in fruitless yearning and the bitterness of disappointment, because she was forbidden by her mother—not relishing the vague future of an unformed Cantab—and married off at full trot to her present proprietor, who had the home ready? There has been no solution of continuity with her. Such as she is now she must have been potentially then; and all the rest must have been only illusion, the south wind, youth, and inexperience.

You shudder when you think of the escape you had; and you stroke your beard with satisfaction when you contemplate the choice you eventually made. No man could have made a better! Good to look at and pleasant to live with, she exactly suits your taste and temper. She fits into the angles of your nature and accommodates herself to the circumstances of your life, as if she had been designed by a providential Archimagus from the beginning. She never bores you, nor lets her friends bore you. She keeps to herself the tale of those masculine feet which tramp up and down the stairs in your absence. The fire receives her letters which you never see. The butler winks and the maid tosses her head when in a pet, as one who could as she would; her stricter kind of lady friends grow shy and fall away; but your eyes are bandaged by that silver-threaded web, so that you do not see; and of her favourite for the month you make your friend for the year.

But this, too, is of the dreams which come through the Gate of Ivory to accompany men on their way through life. No husband suspects his own wife. The wives of his friends are different. They may fall like ninepins—and do; but his own is as firm as a rock. The wish to find it so creates the illusion. The clatter and turmoil of the ruin that would come were it found otherwise is too great to be willingly encountered. Not only let sleeping dogs lie, but let it be assumed that no dogs are lying there at all, asleep or awake. One kind of illusion is as good as another—whether it be the necromancer's demons made visible through the smoke, the "suggestions" of hypnotism, a man's belief in the innocency of his wife, a woman's in the fidelity of her husband, a lover's in the intrinsic charms of the beloved, or a friend's in the absoluteness of his friend's good qualities. What do we know of the truth of anything? Given even the discovery of fact, we are still not in the heart of reality. Facts themselves lie in their essential meaning; and murder may have two faces, either of which, taken alone, creates an illusion.

My dear lady, believe me he was not worth it! You spoilt your pretty face with weeping by night and moping by day for a man whom you idealised from the commonplace good fellow he was into

a kind of humanized deity within the goddess: that she might love. In truth he was not fit to be your lover: his intellect alone you carried all the love of your young heart and all the poetry of your tender soul. But no one would convince you that it was only Gudin-Clout whom you had made into an Adonis; and that your whole ritual of worship was no truer than Sly's my lordship of honour. He was no more an Adonis than he was a Saint John. To every eye but your own he was the merest lump of commonplace mediocrity to be found between earth and sky. But you chose to wrap yourself in the veil of illusion and to see things which did not exist. That arch imp, Love, took possession of you and made all life a *theatrotrope*, where you saw nothing as it was, disjointed and dispersed, but all in one beautiful, well-fitting, and compact whole. Your perceptions were astray; your reason was clouded. You created your own idol out of clay and straw, then fell down and worshipped it as if it had been sent to you from the skies as a sign of the favour of the gods. Long after his fancy for you had passed like a mist-wreath on the mountains, you kept yours for him alive and strong as an evergreen oak, and watered it with your tears for the increased harvest of your sorrow. That sick regret, that morbid illusion, stood between you and a more wholesome reality; but if you had married him—good Lord, my dear woman, how you would have regretted it when the glamour had faded and that delusive gloss had worn off!

In the matter of love, indeed, we have little else than delusion. Foremost among the many mysteries which confront us at every turn stands the mystery of instinctive choice—choice that is ignorant of the reason why. What is it that makes us love that inferior A. and turn an unsympathetic shoulder to B., in all things the superior? What made that well-conditioned wife and mother desert her handsome husband and dear children for that dried-up, monkey-faced man of learning—for that showy, coarse, and vulgar groom? Have we still those talismans which compel to love, as were so common in the Dark Ages? Who does not know that story of the Great Charles of France, how, when his leman died, he would not be parted from her, but sat by the dead body, loving and solicitous as if she had been still alive. Only when the talisman was found under her blackened tongue was the charm broken and the ghastly illusion dispelled; and then the royal lover saw what an awful mockery the whole thing had been, and how his senses had been cheated by imagination.

Less than this, however, the mystery of loving choice is still large and overwhelming enough. For in this the battle is by no means always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; and many of those who are most passionately beloved seem to outsiders the least worthy

of regard. The world says, smilingly, "What does he see in her?—a plain little headmashed wretch without a charm, with no advantage of beauty or position, and he such a distinguished man as he is!" Well, does it is, marvel or none. King Cophetua has stooped to the beggar girl; and the beggar girl is no Catekins whose beauty is obscured by her disguise, to blaze forth when that furry hood is removed, but a ragged little uncouth morsel at whom the crows would look askance were she set up amid the standing corn. All the same, King Cophetua loves her and finds in her a thousand beauties hidden from the keenest-eyed of the profane; and to the last hour of his life he blesses the day when he picked her up from the dust and set her beside him on the throne. Grand ladies throng his court—beautiful women who might have drawn from heaven to earth the Sons of God, are there waiting for his call; but he has no eyes for them. That homely little beggar girl holds his heart, and he sees in her charms which we, who look on, say are illusions. Are they? Who knows?

What, in the name of fortune, does she see in him? She, a pretty creature, who had but to say "Mum" for a dozen resonant "Budgets" to wake the echoes—who had but to lay her flowery sceptre on one of the many handsome heads bending low before her—she, Queen Libussa in her degree, to give herself away to that heavy-jowled lout—that flaring foreign adventurer—that pushing young particle whom many a shop-girl would disdain—that penniless pale-faced curate—that unsympathetic Dryasdust, with all his learning lying like boulders at the bottom of a well—she! For the love of heaven, why? Again, who knows! Ask why we were born, and where we go when we die, and what is the ultimate meaning of life, and what are our relations with the universe, and why we allow thoughts more than things to influence our lives; and when we get the straight answer to all of these questions, then, and only then, shall we know why Queen Libussa chose the peasant rather than the prince, and why that sweet lady loved the lout rather than the gentleman.

No one knows the root—the trilateral—of that many-sided word of Love. "Instinct" touches one point only and falls short of all the rest; and "spiritual fitness" leaves the cloud as beautiful and as bewildering as before. It is all maya—all delusion. Only when old age has couched our eyes of the blindness wrought by passion, and experience has cleared the tangle created by ignorance and belief, only then do we see the thing in its true shape. And yet no shape is real. Protean, illusory, evading the touch, changing to the eyes, love is of those elemental mysteries of human life whereof no man has the key—one of those prepotent effects whereof the secret cause is sealed against the sharpest eyes.

All that has been said of the illusions of Love is true also of those

of friendship. We know very little "why," though we think we understand all, and count off on our fingers the delectable qualities which first attracted and still keep us bound. All the same we are none the more secure against self-created illusions; and experience steals on us with none the less a heart-break in its hand. Friends are as human—that is, as illusory—as lovers; and here as elsewhere there are more quicksands than solid rocks. Trusted friends can become deadly enemies, and the treachery of a false Pylades balances the devotion of the true. But in the beginning of things the friend is always true; ~~and those~~ who start on life's great journey with a trusted friend by their side, are as though companioned by an angel. By degrees the angel resolves into a mere man, and then, still by degrees, the man becomes a demon. But the final metamorphosis was no truer than the initial appearance. It was ^{an} illusion from first to last. The actual person was good enough of his kind, but that kind was not what fancy and imagination had created. It was a loose-lipped, good-natured, scrambling kind of thing, without the shadow of an heroic quality. It had no reticence for its own part, and, being a congenital babbler, no sense of honour towards others. It swore by all its gods that it would be faithful to the death and not whisper your secret even to the reeds. And then it went away and unloaded its burden at the next threshold by which it halted. You gave the thing virtues it did not possess. Blinded by your self-made illusions you did not see its faults. When it acted according to the law of its being you cried out upon it for a sinful cheat and diabolical traitor. It was nothing of the kind. It was only a loosely-hung machine, with an overpowering love of gossip and no power of reticence—neither angel yesterday nor fiend to-day.

When we remember in our maturity the characteristic sayings and doings of the friends of our youth, we understand how much of their charm was due to the pictures painted by our own imagination. When we see them after the lapse of long years, we understand still better how much was illusion and how little was reality. That big, black-haired, bushy-bearded old Jack—dearest of old Jacks while the illusion lasted—he would have been a very millstone round our neck had he continued on the intimate terms which were so pleasant in our salad days. His rude familiarities we thought breezy manliness; his coarse materialism was common-sense and knowledge of the world; his happy-go-lucky temperament which played at chuck-farthing with his chances and looked neither before nor after—which had no regret and as little aspiration—was the very ultimate of practical philosophy; and only when we saw him again under the limelight of experience and the disillusionment of time, did we recognise his true shape. Then we acknowledged the good turn that

fortune did us when she broke that coarse and slightly brutal link, and ripped dear old Jack's rude skirt clean away from ours.

All our youth, indeed, is an illusion. Nothing was as it seemed to be, and its most sacred memories are self-evolved—due to our state rather than to the actual things themselves. The father who was a demigod to our young minds was a very ordinary mortal to his contemporaries. His brother magistrates sat upon him and the House refused to hear him when he rose; but to us the Seven Sages were but as the Wise Men of Gotham compared to him. Even our mother was a myth as we created her. To ~~her mother, her~~ sisters, to her friends and servants and husband, she wore a very different aspect from that with which our love indued her. And though this filial illusion was the right thing—eminently the right thing—that does not make it any the more objectively real. Relatively to ourselves it was real enough, and so far was true. The outsider judged differently, and his difference was also true. It all depends on the angle what the eye sees—whether a scrawl or a skull.

We know, too, how much more beautiful and imposing places seemed to us when we were young than they do when we revisit them after travel has enlarged our ideas and experience has altered our standard. The "heaven-kissing" mountains have diminished to hills. The "heartbreaking" rivers, which represented to us the mysterious majesty of nature and the dirges of drowned men, have dwindled into streamlets which an athletic man could leap across. The squire's gorgeous mansion is only a passably comfortable family house. The shops which were as wondrous as Aladdin's cave are queer little omnium-gatherums of fourth-rate wares. The roads which were interminable to our childish feet are now traversed in half an hour; and so on of all the rest. It was then illusion; now it is knowledge—and relativity in place of the absolute.

We can judge, too, of our own past family enthusiasms by seeing those of boys and girls who are still in the illusive stage of fraternal exaggeration and mutual admiration. We hear them speak of Dolly's hair as the most beautiful, Libby's eyes as the most wonderful, Leonard's abilities as the most phenomenal, to be found within the four seas. To us, not in the golden cloud, these dear young people are very sweet and nice and all that, but in no wise *hors de ligne*. Dolly's hair is very pretty certainly, but Miss Smith's is better, and our own sister Lucy's—as we remember it—was far beyond either. Miss Jones has larger eyes, of a darker blue, and with longer eyelashes than Libby's; and forty years ago Anna Maria's were many degrees more beautiful still. As for Leonard, we know half a dozen young fellows who could give him a fair start and then catch him up—and who will not set the Thames on fire any the more for that. Give him the best. he can win—his crown will be

only silver-gilt; and he does not come near our own dear young brother lost in his prime. He, if you like, was phenomenal, and would have changed the whole world of thought and speculation. But Leonard's sisters believe in him as an Admirable Orichton at the least; and their illusion will last until they fall in love with an exogenous god whom they will credit with still more commanding power. Then the new illusion will overshadow the old, and the brother's handsome Roman nose will be put out of joint by the lover's jolly little snub. Meanwhile—is our own past belief quite to be depended on? ~~Does it have~~ nothing to the illusive glory of youth and inexperience?

A graver illusion than any of these lies in those counsels of perfection which form part of the mythic morals inculcated on the young. Lovely to the spiritualized imagination, but ~~in the~~ every-day practice, these counsels of perfection add to the confusion of thought which bewilders the ardent and sincere when first they find that what they have been taught as essential to good living, and as the vital truth of truths, is emphatically an illusion which can never be translated into deeds. Here, as elsewhere, the absolute eludes us and only the conditional remains. The virtues of one age would be the vices of another, and no virtue is at all times and in all circumstances supreme. Even verbal truth itself would sometimes be more dishonouring than a lie. We know the paradigmatic instances which refute this absolutism and bring down truth itself to the relativity of the rank and file—as, the deception practised on the dangerously sick whose dead beloved are reported well or convalescent—the false directions given to the murderer tracking the unarmed fugitive—the “splendide mendax” of Horace, and the brave lie told by the old Scottish retainer, who “trusted his soul to the mercy of God” rather than deliver his beloved master into the hands of his enemies. And these examples shade off the broad outlines of even this royal virtue, and reduce its steadfast absoluteness to an illusion. Try any virtue that can be named, and the result is the same. Each and all change according to the angle, like shot-silk or a Brazilian butterfly's wing. There is no such thing in the whole of life as the one unchangeable absolute. And what is relativity but the illusive character of law?

More far-reaching and more disturbing are the illusions created by our senses. Our brain registers our impressions; but those impressions vary according to the sense employed. The nerves of the tongue and the ear make one size, those of the eye and hand another. What these first two declare to be the size of a pea the last say “a pin's head.” Where is the absolute? Which is the true size, and which the illusive? Our eyes are used for the measurement of bodies, and we accept their testimony as the most correct because the most familiar. But who can judge authoritatively? The brain,

which is the ultimate court of appeal, pronounces differently according to the avenue. Where is the outside absolute standard of size to declare which sense was illusive and which was true? Is there an outside standard of size any more than there is one of time and space? Is it not all relative and conditional; that is, illusive? What of the revelations of the microscope? Our eyes are constructed to see only to a certain size and density. When the lenses are altered can we possibly say that the things are not as large in themselves as they appear to be? Can we deny that it is our eyes only which have reduced them to their apparent ~~minuteness~~ ^{size} ~~and that there is~~ an absolute, independent of our senses, they would be as large in reality as our lenses make them appear? When a shortsighted person looks at a thing through spectacles of a low power, of one higher, or with none at all, the thing he sees has a different size according to each. Which is the absolute and which is the illusion?

Again, if only one half of the marvels reported of hypnotism be true, and the whole thing itself be not a mere cheat of jugglery, we stand still nearer to the great fact of illusion, phantasmagoria, immateriality—whatsoever we choose to call it—which seems to be the real condition of life. “Nothing is, but all things seem”—and if hypnotism be not a vulgar cheat from end to end, nothing has an absolute quality. The brain can be made to register impressions of things which do not exist at all, as well as of qualities unlike those which accord with general experience. To the waking sense rancid oil does not taste like champagne. To the hypnotized—waiving the alternative of cheating—that rancid oil may be a very Proteus of substances—from senna to sherry, from tea to treacle. Thus we come round to the dictum—All is maya, that is, delusion. When the senses themselves can be taught to act like dissolving-views we seem to have reached the very apex of uncertainty, and to have no definite mark left.

The “states,” “realisations,” “convictions,” “experiences,” “revelations” characteristic of the religious life, independent of the special religion itself, come under the same head. When the gods of Greece and Rome made themselves manifest to the devout worshipper beseeching heaven for aid and a sign, was that a truth outside the self-created world of the brain? We, who do not believe in the objective existence of these Olympian deities, would say, No—but where does this denial leave our own revelations? If Athene, standing there armed, serene, terrible, majestic, as a gracious and glorious model for the Athenian sculptor to copy, was a figment of the brain, how about the Madonna and Child which Fra Angelico saw as he painted, reverently kneeling on his knees? If Pan did not lead the Hellenic forces, did Santiago head the Spanish? When the very presence of Satan is realised by the trembling

Christian sinner, is he in any way differently held from the malefactor pursued by the Furies? The state of mind is the same—but the objective truth of the appearance? Was not that *maya*, illusion, in each case alike? If this be not so, then have we no line of boundary between madness and sanity. If we affirm the truth of spiritual impressions, however we may name them, we open the doors of Bedlam and make its haunted inmates free citizens like the rest.

The ghosts which no one but ourselves discern—the apparitions which visit us in the dark watches of the night, but do not rouse the sleeper by ~~our side—the snake~~ and devils of the frenzied drunkard—the fevered fancies of delirium—our nightly dreams and the melancholy presentiments of the day—the voice of God bidding us now perform some heroic deed, and now commit some ghastly crime—we have no standard by which to measure their truth or delusion if we hold by the reality of one set of revelations while maintaining that all the rest are false. If we do not admit the power of the mind to create according to its pleasure, we are befogged and our way is lost. To hold by the objective truth of one class of appearances, while we abandon others as troubled delusions, is as unphilosophic an attitude of mind as can well be imagined. Law is uniform; and, if Santiago led the armies of Spain, and the shaggy god of Arcady fought for those of Greece—if Luther wrestled with Satan, and Orestes was pursued by the Eumenides—and if God directly inspired Gordon, the Assassins of the Mountain are justified.

Sex, age, and social condition help in this phantasmagoria. Not only hope, love, and belief change under the varying light of experience, but vices and virtues themselves are merely relative to time and place. The virtues of a child would be worse than follies in an adult. Things which are righteous in a man would be damnable in a woman; but were the man to give himself up to the small painstaking details which are prime virtues in a housekeeper, he would be lost for all the nobler qualities of his own sex. If a private individual takes life, he commits murder and a crime. Deputed by the sheriff, and sanctioned by twelve men and a judge, he performs a necessary civic function and no blame attaches to him. Suicide is a sin, but self-sacrifice is a virtue. Jacques, who killed himself that his wife might enjoy her love free of blame, was a criminal; but Father Damien will one day be made a saint. This conditional quality meets us at every turn. It forms part of the illusory character of all thought, all aspirations, all hope. It is the first of the lessons which are taught by experience and learnt through mistake. It is the very pith and marrow of common sense, and Voltaire's *Huron* shows what we should be without it. We call it experience—necessity for modification, &c. It is none the less a confession of illusion.

We begin life, then, in confidence, directness, certainty. All things, from virtues to convictions, including our senses by the way, are as positive as so many mathematical conclusions. All our lines of demarcation are broad, bold, black, and firm; all our virtues are imperative, and our vices are just as sure. And we leave life with everything blurred, wavering, indistinct, uncertain. The Great Perhaps has replaced the absolute Fiat—the *Lux Mundi* is but a parhelion at the best. For the rest, the Unknown is the fittest confession—the Unknown, and, pending the further development which shall give us a few more and deeper convolutions than we have now, the Unknowable. Our love was an illusion; our friendship was a fancy; our divine voices were self-created; our aims and hopes and endeavours were all dreams—dreams! Positive certainty belongs to youth and inexperience only. When the one waxes into maturity and the other is dispelled by knowledge, positive certainty passes with the first and dissolves with the second. Then the phantasmagoric takes its place, and we confess that nothing stands four-square to all the winds that blow. In youth we shout aloud: "We know!" In old age we ask of the æons: "Que sais-je?" and they answer back in hollow murmurs: "Nothing!" To dream of joy and wake to sorrow; to believe in love and fall on disappointment; to know the pain of chilled endeavour and the anguish of destroyed belief; for the passionate vitality of strength to decline on the tremulous fears of weakness; from enthusiasm to come to hopelessness; from the glorious sunrise of illusion to live in the cold, grey twilight of knowledge; to exchange certainty for maya—this is Life, and these are its eternal lessons. Our first watchword is "Excelsior"; our last confession: "Ichabod"; and for the glad resonance of "Sic itur," we sigh mournfully: "Sic transit." From birth to death life is all phantasmagoric, illusive, conditional, and a dream; and when that death comes—what?

E. LYNN LINTON.

IN RHODOPE WITH PRINCE FERDINAND.

It was a splendid night towards the close of the past summer; the air was soft and fragrant, the winds were still, and the stars were glittering with a weird watchful brilliancy which atoned for the absence of ~~the moon~~ ^{the} line of open carriages, each drawn by four sturdy little Bulgarian horses, was traversing the upland plain which surrounds Sophia, and shaping its course to the south, where the fierce black mass of Mount Vitosh stood looming against the bespangled sky. We were on our way to Rilo, ~~the~~ ^a great fortress-monastery of Bulgaria, which lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan Peninsula—a region hitherto preserved by the brigands, heaven bless them! against the inroads of the British tourist. The bells on our horses' harness tinkled drowsily, but we did not yield ourselves to slumber, for we were soon among the mountain-passes, and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery kept us awake. But with the dawn there fell a chill, so we wrapped ourselves in rugs and greatcoats, and slept as best we could.

In the morning we found ourselves at Dubnitsa, a long straggling town, still entirely Turkish in appearance. I gazed at its inhabitants with peculiar interest, for until recent years the whole male population has been wont to follow the romantic profession of brigandage during the summer months, returning from the mountains in the autumn to pursue the less interesting avocations of ordinary life. We had coffee in the garden of the sub-prefect, an intelligent official, who evidently keeps the turbulent townsmen in order. As we left Dubnitsa the fine summits of the Rilo range rose before us in all their grandeur, their jagged points presenting a curious contrast to the rounded outlines of the Balkans. These magnificent Alps, an offshoot of the great chain of Rhodope, form the central mountain group of the Peninsula; they are connected with the vast Alpine system extending through Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Servia into Macedonia. They are distinct from the Balkan range, which belongs to the Carpathians.

Before long we entered a beautiful and fertile district, in which vineyards, now laden with purple clusters, were interspersed with rich fields of maize and well-cultivated tobacco plantations; and in another hour we arrived at Rilo Selo, a charming wood-built village, with houses nestling among fruit-trees, and rivulets of clear water flowing through the streets. Here the projecting verandahs and the house-walls were so thickly festooned with green leaves of the tobacco-plant, hung up to dry, that no other decoration was needed in honour of the Prince's visit. We were now on the

vast estate of the monastery, which rivals in extent more than one German principality, and embraces a circuit of some ninety miles; the monks have a *metoch*, or dependency, in the village, where a few of their number reside. There is also a sisterhood of nuns who dwell, not in a convent, but in separate houses throughout the village; they occupy themselves with the manufacture of textile fabrics, and live in spiritual union with the holy fathers. Many of them are young, and, according to Bulgarian ideas, sufficiently comely.

Leaving Rilo Selo, we began to ascend the superb mountain gorge in the heart of which the monastery lies. The slopes around us were clothed with thickets of dense brushwood; but after some hours' progress we entered upon the grand primeval forest which forms the distinctive feature of the Rilo scenery. At our feet a foaming torrent dashed swiftly along, half hidden by luxuriant foliage; from its margin to the confines of the rocky tracts above—a distance of some five thousand feet—the steep acclivity on either hand was covered with noble trees, the delicate green of the beech contrasting with the darker shades of the oak and ilex and the still more sombre colouring of the firs and pines. For hours we made our way through these leafy glades, till at length an open vista in the woods revealed to us a prospect through the valley; and we saw before us the monastery of Rilo, with its domes and cupolas and battlemented tower, standing like some enchanted castle in the royal solitude of its vast domains. Close beneath it ran the sparkling stream; around were undulating lawns interspersed with tufted groves; beyond was the boundless forest, climbing upwards to where, in the heaven above, stupendous rocky summits stood ranged like a regiment of giants, surrounding and protecting the national sanctuary.

The monastery of Rilo has ever been the central-point and focus not only of the national religion but of the national sentiment. Its history is interwoven with that of Christianity in the Balkans; it is to Bulgaria, as Jireczek says, what Mont Saint-Michel is to Normandy or the Grand Chartreuse to Dauphiné; for ages it has kept alive the light of the faith in the heart of the Peninsula, though so many of the mountaineers close by—the Pomaks of Rhodope—have embraced the creed of Islam; and to-day it forms a link, both political and religious, between the free Bulgarians and their not forgotten brethren in Macedonia. Its founder, St. Ivan Rilski, the St. Bruno of Bulgaria, was born in 876; he was the contemporary of the great Czar Simeon, and, as may be supposed, innumerable legends have gathered round his memory. For years the holy man wandered over the mountains of Bulgaria, seeking a spot where he might found a pious retreat; at one time he lived in a hollow tree, at another in a cave among the rocks. At length he fixed his dwelling in the mountain,

above the present site of the monastery: his fame for exorcising demons and healing incurable maladies brought disciples to his side, and the little band constructed a chapel and some rude dwellings: the chapel still exists, and there is a grotto hard by, into which pilgrims descend through a chimney-like passage cut in the rock. Sinners, it is said, cannot pass this way; and the fat, who, it may be presumed, have had too much of the good things of this life, are said to enter by a door from below. The saint was buried here, but his bones were afterwards removed to Sophia, where they remained for five hundred years. ~~The~~ ^{Imperial} ~~Byzantine~~ ^{Bulgarian} Czars loaded the sanctuary with gifts and privileges; and their memory served to keep alive, through centuries of Turkish domination, the national idea and the record of a glorious past. Since the Ottoman invasion the monastery has had a chequered history. At first it fell into decay; then it was restored by three brothers from Küstendil, who brought back the bones of the founder; in later times it won the favour of successive sultans, who bestowed upon it by firman most of the privileges it now enjoys. Twice it has been almost destroyed by fire; it has stood innumerable sieges, and more than once it has been stormed and captured by brigands, who exacted a heavy ransom from the monks. It has had enemies spiritual as well as temporal; but notwithstanding all the efforts of the Greek hierarchy, it has clung to the Slavonic language and ritual. In times of political and religious persecution it was a refuge to the oppressed, and at the beginning of the present century it counted some six or seven hundred inmates, clerical and lay. The Berlin Treaty gave the monastery to the new principality, but its trials had not ended here. The revival of brigandage which followed the revolt of Eastern Roumelia again exposed the brethren to danger; the shepherds on the estate were compelled to supply the robber-gangs with provisions; the monks found themselves obliged to carry arms, and many of them were wont to sleep with a loaded rifle by their pillow. But the energy of the Bulgarian Government has successfully dealt with the evil; some fifty of the brigands have been shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of, and the remainder have adopted less picturesque methods of earning their bread. The trackless forest has now been cleared of its human, or rather inhuman, denizens; the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar roam unchallenged in its weird solitudes, while the chamois and the eagle divide the empire of the rocky heights above.

While we were still at some distance from the monastery I was shown the spot where M. Karastoyanoff, Prince Ferdinand's photographer, had been captured by brigands some two years ago. M. Karastoyanoff had been summoned to Rhodope by the Prince, in order to make a series of photographs of the scenery which surrounds the

monastery. He had not quite finished his labours when the Prince took his departure; M. Stambouloff, and other Cabinet Ministers who had been in attendance on his Royal Highness, left the following day; and on the third day M. Karastoyanoff, accompanied only by a boy who acted as his assistant, set out in an ordinary fiacre on his return to Sophia. They had proceeded some eight or ten miles down the valley when they were stopped by a party of wild-looking fellows, armed with rifles, who bade them surrender at discretion. There was nothing for it but to submit. The brigands somewhat overrated the importance of their capture; they imagined they had secured M. Stambouloff. "Are you the man the Russians don't want in Bulgaria?" they inquired. M. Karastoyanoff replied that he had not the honour to be the Prime Minister, or even a member of his Cabinet. "Then why do you wear a European hat," they asked—for their victim was arrayed in the hateful cylinder of Western civilisation—"and ride in a carriage?" They politely informed him that he might take anything he desired for his personal use from his luggage, and proceeded to appropriate his watch, chain, and seal. The latter, which M. Karastoyanoff preserved as a memento of his mother, he was somewhat unwilling to abandon; but one of the brigands, by name Nikolas, who appeared more sympathetic than the rest, consoled him by promising that when the ransom arrived he would redeem not only the seal but the watch and chain with his own share of the money. Nikolas little knew that his kindness was destined eventually to rescue him from the gallows. The brigands then strapped the arms of their victims tightly to their sides—M. Karastoyanoff assures me that he sometimes still feels the pangs of those bonds—and attached their necks together with a rope in such a way, that if either of them attempted to escape he would strangle the other. They at once withdrew with their captives into the wildest solitudes of the Rilo forest.

It was then September, and the snow had already begun to fall in these elevated regions. For six weeks M. Karastoyanoff and the lad spent night and day beneath the open sky, bound together in this cruel manner, and often compelled to make long wearying journeys, when their captors, either from want of food or because of the hotness of the pursuit, determined on changing their quarters. M. Karastoyanoff had hitherto suffered much from rheumatism, but strange to say the exposure and privation seemed to cure the disease, of which he has never since had a relapse. The Oriental ideas of etiquette between master and servant were maintained throughout this period of close companionship; when the brigands offered the boy some cigarettes, the latter refused to smoke in presence of his master, and the brigands were obliged to intercede with M. Karastoyanoff for the required permission. The brigands were

extremely pious men; they said their prayers morning and evening, and diligently observed the fasts of the Orthodox Church, taking care that their captives followed their good example. For food they sometimes had a sheep or a kid, obtained by force or fraud from the shepherds of the monastery; sometimes they had to content themselves with trout taken from the mountain torrents; often they were a day or even two days, without anything to eat. Once, while fishing in a stream near Rilo, they came in sight of a party of gendarmes, reposing on the greensward a little below them and smoking cigarettes: the brigands forbade their captives to speak, or even to cough, on pain of immediate death; they quietly went on with their fishing, and presently the gendarmes went away. They then proceeded to light a fire, and splitting a long stick, they inserted the fishes into the aperture, and so turned them before the fire till they were cooked; in accordance with their custom they offered the largest and best fish to M. Karastoyanoff. Sometimes they would converse on public affairs with their prisoners: their political horizon appeared somewhat limited, and the sum of their hopes seemed to be that the Russians were coming to make war in Bulgaria. Good times, they said, would then come round, and there would be an excellent opening for persons of their profession.

After a while, however, the pursuit became hot; the band had some narrow escapes from the soldiers and the gendarmes; long forced marches became necessary; and once the party crossed the frontier into Macedonia. It was decided to send the boy to Sophia to procure a ransom. One of the brigands, who knew the town well, recognised M. Karastoyanoff's house from his description. "It is a good house," he said, "and your relatives can sell it for a ransom." He then drew a staff across M. Karastoyanoff's throat in order to show what his fate would be if the money were not forthcoming. The boy departed; but when, after two or three weeks, no tidings came from Sophia, M. Karastoyanoff's position became exceedingly critical. A council was held, and the majority decided to put their prisoner to death. Some of them, however, seemed touched when M. Karastoyanoff, recalling, as he told me, the memory of his wife and children, shed some tears; and Nikolas interposed, declaring that if they persisted in their intention he would desert from the band. His remonstrances were successful, and eventually M. Karastoyanoff was released. At parting they all shook hands with him. "God is good," they said; "He will send us someone richer than you." In fact, they all felt well disposed towards him; but, according to the rules of the profession, he ought to have been put to death.

A little later, finding it impossible to remain in Bulgaria, the brigands sought refuge on Servian soil near Pirot. Being accosted by some gendarmes, they declared that they were political refugees;

and, kneeling down, they kissed the earth and thanked God that they were now free men. But some watches and other articles of value in their possession aroused suspicion; M. Karastoyanoff, who was summoned from Sophia, identified his former companions; and the brigands were soon handed over by the Servian authorities to the Bulgarian Government. I witnessed the closing scene of their trial at Sophia. It was a dark, tempestuous night, and a dense crowd had collected before the door of an unpretentious little building in which the court-martial was holding its deliberations. The officers composing it—five in number—had withdrawn to consider their finding, but the sitting was resumed about eleven o'clock; and a little before that hour the brigands, surrounded by a strong escort, were marched from the prison to the court in order to hear their fate. I shall never forget the spectacle; the strange, ghost-like figures in long, grey robes—the Bulgarian prison dress; the torches; the glittering bayonets of the escort; the mysterious cart which followed behind, laden with clanking chains. The reading of the verdict occupied nearly an hour, the officers standing all the while. One by one the prisoners learned whether they were to live or die. There was a terrible contrast between the dull apathy of the condemned and the eager expectancy of those who still waited for the fatal words. Six of the brigands, four of them brothers of one family, were condemned to death; one, a youth of nineteen, had his sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment; Nikolas, to whose kindness M. Karastoyanoff testified at the trial, was consigned to penal servitude for life. The condemned men were then led from the building, and sat down submissively in an open space outside the door while the irons, which had been brought in anticipation of the sentence, were being riveted on their feet. The execution, of which I heard a description from a bystander, took place in the court-yard of the half-ruined mosque which serves the purposes of a prison at Sophia. A strange geometrical structure, consisting of three upright triangles of wood placed parallel to each other, and connected from apex to apex by a long horizontal pole, stood, and is still standing, in a corner of the enclosure. From the pole hung five nooses, at equal distances from each other. A vast crowd had collected, and every window and roof which commanded a view of the scene was fully occupied, the best places here, as at the trial, being conceded to ladies dressed with faultless elegance and taste. The prisoners were led out one by one, and remained standing while the sentence of the court-martial was read to them a second time. They were then conducted to the gallows, the nooses were adjusted, and a long sack-like covering was drawn over their heads, descending almost to their feet. In a few moments justice, as the phrase is, was satisfied.

Not long ago I went with M. Karastoyanoff to visit Nikolas in prison. The convicts were exercising in the court-yard when we arrived, and Nikolas was allowed to come and chat with us, without a guard, in the porch of the mosque. He was arrayed in the flowing prison dress; round his ankles were heavy irons, with a chain attached to them which he held up with his hand. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, about thirty years of age, with an intelligent, sympathetic face, which brightened with a smile when he recognised M. Karastoyanoff. It was interesting to witness the warm interchange of salutation between captor and captive in their altered positions. We conversed on many subjects, and Nikolas spoke freely of the experiences of his past life. He had formerly, he told us, cultivated a small paternal property, as most Bulgarian peasants do. I asked him how he came to be a brigand, and he replied that he had been driven to adopt his perilous calling by the gendarmes, who wrongfully accused him of giving shelter and provisions to some outlaws in his neighbourhood. Threatened with arrest and punishment, he absconded, and entered into partnership with the gentlemen of the forest. I have elsewhere heard complaints of this over-zeal on the part of the gendarmes, which, however reprehensible, testifies to the energy wherewith the Bulgarian authorities have set themselves to extirpate brigandage. The prisoners at Sophia are allowed to carry on small industries of their own, from the proceeds of which they may buy tobacco and certain other luxuries. Nikolas showed us many specimens of his skill and taste in sewing coloured beads, and was highly pleased when I made some purchases. He inquired for M. Karastoyanoff's children; and it appeared that every Monday morning, as he and the other prisoners were marched past M. Karastoyanoff's house on their way to the baths, he was accustomed to watch for the children and to exchange greetings with them. Poor Nikolas! He has been, I think, more sinned against than sinning, and I hope he is not destined to end his days in chains. Shall I confess that I shook hands with him at parting? Forgive me, sons and daughters of Mrs. Grundy!

We advanced to the great gate of the monastery, which is sheltered by a portico adorned, like those at Mount Athos, with frescoes of saints and angels, and flanked by loop-holed projections in the wall on either side. Here the Abbot or Hegúmen, a portly, genial ecclesiastic, received us, arrayed in robes of purple and silver brocade, and accompanied by some sixty or seventy monks—all that remain of the once numerous brotherhood. A procession was formed; and, with incense and lighted tapers going before, we passed into the great quadrangle and directed our steps to the church which stands in its midst. The quadrangle is, properly speaking, an irregular pentagon; a number of galleries run round

it, which lead to the cells of the monks; these long corridors are supported on stone arches, rising in tiers, and forming a series of picturesque arcades. Everywhere the colouring is rich and effective; the masonry is picked out in white and red, and the walls are bright with medallions and quaintly traced devices. The topmost gallery forms a kind of verandah beneath a projecting roof, which rests on dark oaken beams. The court is overgrown with grass, and shaded by a few fruit-trees; around are numerous fountains, and the air is alive with the murmur of running water. The church is even more brilliant than the surrounding buildings, with its variegated stonework, gay mosaics, and alcoves filled with frescoes. In contrast is the stern sombre aspect of the venerable keep, the oldest part of the monastery, looking down in the dignity of its eight centuries on the silvered domes and red-tiled roofs and cloistered shades below.

The interior of the church is wonderfully gorgeous, equalling, if it does not surpass, anything of the kind to be seen at Mount Athos. Every inch of the walls and vaulted ceilings is covered with frescoes; there is a magnificent gilded *ikonostasis*, or screen, and in front of it repose the remains of St. Ivan Rilski. Only one arm and hand of the saint are visible, the rest of the body being encased in gold-leaf made from the offerings of pilgrims. The frescoes of Rilo would form a singularly interesting study for the specialist; so far as I am aware, no description of them has ever been written. They reminded me of the similar works of art in the Bulgarian monasteries at Mount Athos, more especially those at Zogrâphou, which, perhaps, are by the same hand. I have only space to allude briefly to those in the alcove of the church, which are peculiarly spirited and vigorous.

The northern wall is covered with an immense picture of the Day of Judgment. At the top sits God the Father with Christ and the Virgin Mary; a stream of fire issues from their feet and falls into hell, which is represented here, as elsewhere, by a fish with a great yawning mouth and terrible teeth. To the right, groups of saints standing on small clouds sail through the air. Close by, Heaven is represented as a courtyard with a lofty wall; the twelve apostles stand at the gate, while St. Peter puts a key into the keyhole. Within sit Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Abraham with a saved soul, perhaps Lazarus, in his arms; Jacob holding a napkin by the four ends, which contains diminutive figures of his twelve sons. In the centre is the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove perched on a copy of the Holy Scriptures; below is a cloud, from which projects a hand holding a balance; a soul on trial is represented by a young girl arrayed in white; a cloud-like substance, apparently denoting her spiritual endowments, rests in the right scale, which goes down; but she looks apprehensively towards the left scale, on which a group of devils are piling scrolls inscribed with lists of sins; other devils are hastening onwards with barrels contain-

ing fresh scrolls; and these they procure from Satan himself. The Evil One sits at the mouth of hell, mounted on Antichrist, a green lion with a golden crown and a tail terminating in a serpent's head; with his right hand he gives a barrel of scrolls to the devils, with his left he embraces a Jew, perhaps Judas Iscariot, who sits before him on Antichrist. In the sky on the left the archangel sounds the trumpet; below is a green hill, on which Christ, who seems to occur twice in the picture, stands pointing towards heaven and gazing at a band of Jewish high-priests, who are being encircled with a rope and drawn towards the fiery current by a remarkably active little black devil, furnished with long horns and two tails. Another little demon amuses himself by pulling the foot of the leading high-priest, who seems unwilling to advance. On the hillside the dead are rising from their graves, while lions, bears, and other quadrupeds, as well as fishes, are disgorging the limbs of those they have devoured. A beautiful woman sits on one of these animals, spinning with a distaff which projects from its tail; another sits on a fish, holding a model of a ship in her hands. The monks could not, or would not, give a satisfactory explanation of these figures, which perhaps indicate the dangers of female society to all who dwell on land or sea. " "

The frescoes on the western and southern walls are still more interesting, owing to the glimpses which they give us of peasant life, and the light which they throw on existing ideas of moral culture in Bulgaria. The upper portion of the western wall represents Bulgarian princes and saints surrounded by angels and all the company of heaven; on the lower part is a series of scenes revealing the torments of the damned. The culprits stand amid flames, while demons, whose figures are drawn with extraordinary spirit and imaginative power, inflict upon them punishments appropriate to their transgressions. First, as might be expected at Rilo, come the brigands, who are belaboured with maces by red devils. Next come the inhospitable and the unchaste: the former are being chained by green devils, the latter are pierced with tridents, while serpents feed upon their breasts. In the two last-named pictures the sufferers are exclusively women; and it is interesting to mark the importance attached to the domestic virtue of hospitality, as well as to note the wholly different value set upon male and female chastity. The *bouquet fin* of the Nonconformist conscience would never recommend itself to the unsophisticated sense of the Bulgarian peasant. The Bulgarians, as a rule, confine their hospitality to their own kith and kin; their morality—how ridiculously we cramp this word to denote the cultivation of a minor virtue!—compares favourably with that of any Western nation. And yet they have no Vigilance societies nor purity people nor amateur detectives to see that they behave themselves. It is wonderful. Then follow law-breakers, thieves, and traitors, who are all rewarded according to their

works; the tailor who steals cloth from his customers is suspended by the waist with his scissors and his keys; an avenging sprite sits on the back of the fraudulent grocer; while a devil with a wooden leg—*pede Poena claudo*—dangles before him a pair of scales; the dishonest miller lies prone with a millstone tied to his neck, his beard is being pulled, and his back belaboured with a stout staff; the tavern-keeper who gives short measure is derided by a dark green demon who sips mockingly from a tankard. On the southern wall is a large picture which shows that the sorcerer is still regarded as a serious rival to the priest. A party of peasants are proceeding with their oxen and waggon to consult a necromancer; a band of devils hovers exultingly in the air above, and some of them perch on the waggon, while others help it along by grasping the spokes of the wheels; the wizard stands at the door of his hut, and the demons above subject him to outrageous indignities. No doubt the pictures make a deep impression on the simple peasants who come hither in thousands every year; the frescoes belong to the early part of the present century, and the colouring is as bright as when it was first laid on. Nothing can be more interesting than these quaint and highly finished specimens of purely native art, which interpret with the grotesqueness of mediæval fancy the living faith of to-day.

There was a brief service in the church, and, at its conclusion, I was shown the chamber which was to be my abode for the next fortnight. It was a monk's cell, a wonderfully comfortable little apartment, which, with its wooden ceiling and numerous cupboards, somewhat resembled a cabin in a good-sized yacht. The window looked out to a magnificent forest-clad mountain, rising almost perpendicularly from the valley beneath; there was a large stove, and a door opened into a little kitchen on the left. I pictured to myself the holy father sitting here by the fire, saying his prayers and gossiping with his friends, and cooking his frugal dinner; and, on the whole, having a cheery time of it during the long winter months, when the monastery is cut off by the deep snow from the outer world. Here I was alone, yet not alone; for, though the previous occupant of my chamber had departed, certain of his satellites had remained behind. Ah, long shall I remember those tiny, dusky members of the Rilo confraternity! Lively little gentry, keen in their appetites and late in their hours, eclectic in their tastes, yet no respecters of persons, and ready to appear unbidden in the most illustrious presence. At sunset I strolled out among the picturesque sheds and farm-buildings which adjoin the eastern end of the monastery. The soldiers of the escort—there were some two hundred of them here—were busy attending to their horses, and their bustle and activity seemed somewhat out of keeping with the still tranquillity of this old-world spot. The evening closes

in rapidly at Rilo, and it was dark when I returned to my cell. At half-past eight we were summoned to dinner by a trumpet-call, and I made my way to the guest-chamber, a handsome room on the north side of the monastery, where the repast was served to the Prince and his suite. Our food was excellent, but it was cooked entirely by the Prince's servants. It seemed almost a crime to partake of modern luxuries in this abode of primitive asceticism, and I recalled my experiences of Mount Athos, where for a week I contrived to exist on vegetables and a few small fishes. As I crossed the silent courtyard, now lighted only by the stars and a few dim lanterns in the galleries around, I was startled by the sound of strong, manly voices, singing in harmony and filling all the recesses of this vast quadrangle; the tone was rich and full, unlike the nasal drone of the monks. It was the soldiers' prayer, a brief petition for the country and the Prince, which, according to custom, is repeated at bedtime throughout the Bulgarian army. The men were ranged along one of the galleries in almost total darkness; it was strange to see these great sturdy youths brought together like children to say, or rather sing, their prayers before going to bed. Evening after evening I listened with fresh pleasure to their delightful chant.

I must not give a detailed account of the pleasant days that followed. There was shooting in the forest, and angling in the stream, the Abbot proving by demonstration that he was a fisher of trout as well as of men; there was climbing of mountains and lassoing of wild horses. Herds of these animals, the property of the monastery, roam among the rocks and woods; in winter they are driven by the snow to descend to Rilo Selo, where they find food and shelter. The Abbot had determined to make a gift to the Prince of three pretty little four-year-olds; but they had first to be caught. A number of peasants and soldiers drove one of the herds into a wood, from which there was but one egress. As the horses rushed out at the other end a peasant, concealed behind a thicket, threw a lasso with great skill, and captured one of them, a handsome isabelle-coloured little animal, strong and fat, which had never known bit or bridle. It plunged desperately when taken, but next day when I saw it at the monastery, tied up with the horses of the escort, it seemed tame already, and willingly took bread from my hand.

Sometimes when there was no programme for the day—for the Prince, with untiring energy, often gave whole days to work—I was wont to betake myself in the noontide heat to a shaded ravine above the monastery, where a stream of the clearest water dashed headlong in a series of glittering cascades. Here I have sat for a delightful hour, watching the silvery current as it danced and flashed and trembled in the intercepted sunlight, now crowning the moss-robed stones with a wreath of crystal, now toying with the reluctant grasses, or leaping to caress the drooping fronds of some

magnificent fern; then placid for a moment, and catching the blue of the sky above, or laughing in wavelets reflected on the foliage around—till the murmur of the water and the whisper of the breeze among the tree-tops wafted me far into the region of dreamland; and I awoke—to find myself late for *déjeuner*. Once we had dinner on a grassy slope at the opposite side of the valley; the soldiers had dug a channel for a rivulet to flow by our table, and had placed there a number of toy waterwheels. It was a magnificent evening, but a slight blue haze filled the valley, seeming to add to its loveliness, and marking the contrast in colouring between the nearer and more distant mountains. During dinner-time the mist became denser, softening and at the same time enriching the splendour of the sunset glow, reminding us of the wonderful atmospheric display which delighted and alarmed the world after the eruption of Krakatoa. A slight odour of burning wood became perceptible, and the Prince said that undoubtedly one of those great forest fires was in progress which often devastate the frontier district, usually arising on the Turkish side, where no precautions are taken to prevent them. Next day we learned that a vast conflagration was raging in the forest of Bellova, some thirty miles away. The pageant of sunset vanished rapidly, leaving behind it a darkness so intense that we could scarcely distinguish the giant mountain forms looming down through the mist in unspeakable grandeur. Lamps were brought, and overcoats too—for in these heights there is a sudden chill at sunset—and we sat round the table chatting pleasantly and enjoying the delicious night air. It was near midnight when we rose to depart; the moon had climbed the rocky barrier above us, and kept silent watch over the sleeping forest, while beneath us the lights of the monastery twinkled hospitably and welcomed us on our homeward way. "It is an ideal scene," said the Prince; "and though I have travelled much in the Old World and the New, I cannot remember anything more strikingly beautiful." It reminded him, he said, of some fairy scene in an opera; naturally enough, for scene-painters but strive, according to their lights, to represent the ideally perfect in nature. But here we had the reality, and not the imitation.

A few days after our arrival I accompanied the Prince on an excursion to the Macedonian frontier. Our route lay through the valley of the Ilinska, which leads upwards through scenery of savage magnificence to the lofty ridge on which the frontier lies; a bridle path descends on the other side to the town of Nevrokop, in Macedonia. There was a tradition at the monastery that an Englishman had once attempted this route, but that he had fallen among brigands. We started on horseback at daybreak, accompanied by a small escort. The forest through which we passed contained trees of enormous girth and size; but as we continued to ascend the beeches disappeared, and soon we left behind us the *abies excelsa* and

pectinata which prevail in the Rilo woods, but now gave way to the *pinus cembra*, a conifer resembling the *araucaria* when viewed at a distance, and reminding the Prince of the forests of that tree he had seen in Brazil. In another hour the trees vanished altogether, and we found ourselves among the mosses, lichens, and saxifrages which mark the confines of eternal snow. Scarcely a sign of life was visible in these wild regions, but above our heads a splendid lammergeier, or bearded vulture (*gyppactus barbatus*), kept soaring in perpetual circles, as though indignant at our intrusion into his solitary realm. It was noon when we reached a moss-covered tableland still gently sloping upwards; then the Prince put spurs to his horse, and we galloped forward to a point where the mountain breaks off into a steep declivity. All at once a vast panorama unfolded itself before us, as the whole of Macedonia seemed to swim into our vision; we had gained the Nebo of Bulgaria, and saw beneath us the Promised Land.

It was a magnificent prospect—those long wavy lines of blue mountain-ridges, those gleaming rivers and dark luxuriant forests, and tracts of verdant pasture where we could see flocks of sheep and goats feeding while the eagles were sailing in the air above their heads. We dismounted, and, leaving the escort, I accompanied the Prince alone for some distance along the frontier ridge, while his Royal Highness, who is thoroughly acquainted with the geography of Macedonia, pointed out its various natural features and the sites of the principal towns; among others that of Koprülü, which still awaits its promised Bulgarian bishop. The conversation, however, inevitably turned to the political question: What will be the next step in the advancement of Macedonia? And what will be the fate of this beautiful country, and of its Bulgarian inhabitants, whose hearts are with their brethren across the snows of Rhodope?

The Bulgars of Macedonia have a brighter prospect before them to-day than they have ever had since the Turk came into Europe. Their history in the past has been a peculiarly melancholy one, for, unlike the other Christian races of the peninsula, they have had to contend against a double foe, and the Orthodox Church, or rather the Greek Patriarchate, has made common cause with their enemies in endeavouring to stifle their national sentiment. It was not till after the Crimean War, when the doctrine of nationalities began to prevail throughout Europe, that the Bulgars, to the south as well as the north of Rhodope, began to assert themselves with vigour against the Hellenic propaganda: and, after a struggle of a quarter of a century, they succeeded in obtaining a recognition of their national Church by the establishment of the Exarchate in 1870. The newly constituted branch of the Orthodox Church had a troubled existence from the first; it was soon excommunicated by the Patriarchate, without even a pretence that it had embraced heretical doctrine;

and when in 1878 the Big Bulgaria of General Ignatieff was shattered by the Berlin Treaty, the Bulgars of Macedonia, now politically separated from their brethren, found themselves, in matters spiritual as well as temporal, worse off than before. The sixty-second article of the Treaty, which guaranteed them not only liberty of worship, but the maintenance of their religious organization, was not respected by the Porte; the "berat" or *exequatur* was withheld from their bishops, and they were handed over to the tender mercies of Greek ecclesiastics, who since then have carried on a vigorous crusade in the interests of Hellenism. I must not pause to describe the result: schools, churches, and cemeteries were closed, and even marriages could not be celebrated, for the Bulgarians resisted all encroachments with the characteristic tenacity of their race, and refused the ministrations of the Greek clergy. In the Note addressed to the Porte on the 16th of last June the Bulgarian Government only demanded the restitution of a right which had been suspended, but never formally withdrawn. Its success in obtaining its request is an event of great importance, with regard not only to the future of Macedonia, but to the relations between the Suzerain and vassal Powers.

The significance of the Bulgarian triumph has been increased by the short-sighted action of Russian diplomacy at Constantinople. It would have been wiser and more dignified for Russia to have stood aloof on this question; but she had to consider her Servian *protégés*, and though she cannot count on the friendship of the Greeks, their hatred of the Bulgarians may yet serve her ends. She has suffered a diplomatic defeat, though the remonstrances of M. Nelidoff were enforced by a peremptory demand for the arrears of the war indemnity; and even a diplomatic defeat means a good deal in the East. But this is not all. She has shown herself an enemy to the faith of which she once posed as the champion; and notwithstanding all attempts to explain away her attitude, the fact will long be remembered by the clergy in Bulgaria, amongst whom she has hitherto found so many instruments for her designs, while in Macedonia both priests and people will henceforth turn their eyes to Sophia and not to St. Petersburg. It is instructive to note the change in the attitude of Mgr. Joseph, the Bulgarian Exarch, an astute ecclesiastic who prefers to be on the winning side, and who now shows a disposition to work loyally with the Government of Prince Ferdinand. Mgr. Joseph is a good Bulgarian; nevertheless, like some other patriots of his nation, he finds it hard to part with his belief in the omnipotence of Russia.

The young principality has now won a victory over its gigantic foe, and the *prestige* of the present Government has been increased at home as well as abroad. The Bulgarians are gratified by the fact that they have successfully intervened on behalf of their suffering kinsmen, and proud of the active sympathy shown by England

and the other friendly Powers. Most encouraging of all was the support given by Germany, which has departed from the cold reserve so long maintained under Prince Bismarck. German influence is now supreme at the Porte, where big battalions are always rated at their proper value; and no doubt the representations of M. von Radowitz received the deepest consideration. But there is reason also to believe that the Sultan, disregarding certain old-fashioned advisers who would have him treat Bulgaria as a rebel state, is fully alive to the importance of conciliating his well-armed vassal. The nation which sits astride on the Balkans holds the key of Constantinople, and if even should place the Bulgarian army under orders of the Czar, the doom of the Ottoman Empire would be sealed. The Bulgarians are equally anxious to maintain the best relations with their Suzerain; they know they have nothing to fear on the side of Turkey, while they have much to gain from her good will on behalf of their brethren in Macedonia. Whatever conduces to the prosperity of the latter must tend to the eventual consolidation of the race. It is a fact not generally known that after the departure of Prince Alexander they offered to elect the Sultan as their prince, so great was their dread of a Russian occupation. The *entente* with Turkey has not yet assumed the form of a military convention, but events may possibly force it to take that shape. Meanwhile, the Bulgarians will do nothing to throw difficulties in the way of Turkey in Macedonia. They are confident in the future of their race, and they are content to wait. Perhaps, indeed, the understanding between Turkey and Bulgaria may form the first step towards a solution of the Macedonian Question. It is conceivable that the Suzerain, if pressed by its enemies, and threatened on the Greek and Servian frontiers, may entrust the vassal Power with the occupation and defence of Macedonia. It would be the duty of the latter to accept the task, and Turkey might thus be protected from her foes and rescued from a situation which is daily increasing in difficulty. But we need not discuss these possibilities: *fata viam invenient*.

Before turning to descend we hastily examined the flora of this Alpine region, where we stood some eight thousand feet above the sea. Among the saxifrages we found the *aizöon*, *arachnoïdes*, and *varians*; among the gentians the *lutea*, *purpurea*, and other kinds; we also noticed the *artemisia Villarsii*, the *cystopteris alpina*, the *geum reptans*, *montanum*, and *coccineum*, and the lichen *Islandicus*. Prince Ferdinand, who is not only a botanist but an ornithologist, also observed some interesting birds, such as the *accentor alpinus* and *pyrrhocorax alpinus*, and succeeded in shooting a specimen of the beautiful *tichodroma muraria*, which clings to the rocks with its powerful claws, and, we are told, lays its eggs by preference in human

skulls. Among the pine-tops below we saw the *nucifraga caryocatactes*, half jay, half pie, which gives a warning cry to the animal kingdom on the approach of man. The only human inhabitant of these desolate wilds was a Vlach shepherd clad in sheepskins, who climbed the mountain from the Turkish side, and prostrated himself thrice to the earth before the Prince. It was evening before we regained the monastery, having been in the saddle some twelve hours.

Next morning when I left my cell and looked down from the gallery upon the grass-grown court, I was struck by a novel and interesting spectacle. The quadrangle was thronged with hundreds of peasants in their charming holiday attire, their brightly-coloured costumes contrasting with the sombre robes of the monks and the white summer uniforms of the soldiers. Some were sitting grouped on the greensward, enjoying their morning meal; others were asleep beneath the fruit trees, fatigued by their long pilgrimage; others were standing in the alcoves of the church, gazing with wonder and admiration and awe at the pictured revelations of the wrath to come. A little crowd was assembled at a stall beneath the belfry, eagerly purchasing crosses and beads and pictures of saints. It was interesting to observe the tendency of the sexes to keep apart: the unmarried girls sat in rows on the steps beneath the arches, with gay ribbons and strings of coins in their hair, while the young men cast shy glances at them from a respectful distance. Fresh bands of pilgrims continued to arrive throughout the day, and before evening there were at least three thousand peasants at the monastery. After sunset a terrific thunderstorm broke over the valley; the lightning seemed to leap from crag to crag above our heads, and the thunder echoed grandly among the mountains on either hand. The peasants had crowded into the galleries, where they lay packed like sardines, most of them asleep and unconscious of the storm. It was after midnight when I was aroused by the sound of beating upon a *semantron*, or wooden board, followed by the loud tolling of bells, and I went down into the court. The rain had ceased; the peasants were all astir, and many of them were already on their way to the church, at the door of which a monk sat at a table lighted by a dim candle. As the worshippers approached he inscribed in a book the names of such of them as gave offerings, it being understood that the names should be mentioned in the church services for a time proportionate to the magnitude of the gift. A little group was gathered around, as the peasants fumbled for their purses in the folds of their garments, or stood debating within themselves how much they should give—it was a conflict of interests spiritual and temporal—or bent their swarthy sunburnt faces over the table as they eagerly watched for the inscription of their names. They had given of their penury, and they meant to have their reward.

The services continued through the small hours of the morning, and at nine o'clock Prince Ferdinand attended one of them, the peasants crowding densely to see their sovereign. Already many of the pilgrims had departed, making their way down the valley in a long picturesque train with their waggons and their oxen. The women were seated in the waggons, the men for the most part going on foot. I chanced to speak to one of the former, a sturdy countrywoman and a mother in Bulgaria, who had come hither with her two stout sons, aged twenty-one and eighteen respectively. It was her second visit to the monastery, she said; the first was before the birth of her firstborn, when she came to make her vows; and now that he was grown to man's estate she had come again. She had brought an offering of twenty-five francs, and received in return a paper with some pictures of saints and a promise that her name should be mentioned in the prayers. Not much for her money, some may say; nevertheless the investment was a good one because it made her happy. So too with the others who left their hard-won savings here; they returned to their homes happier, and perhaps better, than before. "Vain superstitions," says the Spirit of the nineteenth century. Yes, but what would life be without its superstitions? What would passion be without its romance, or faith without its mysteries, or hope without its illusions? And why quarrel with a superstition which calls these children of toil from the furrow and the pasture to spend a holiday in this delightful spot, and gives them at least a landmark in the monotony of their lives? The time may come when men will believe only that which has been proved, the darkness of credulity may yield to the daybreak of reason; but the moonlight and the stars and the enchantment of the night will vanish as well in the cold dreary mist of the dawning.

I had intended to describe some other incidents of our stay at Rilo—among them a chamois hunt in the heights of Rhodope; but I have already exceeded my limits. The general election was approaching, and it was time for the Prince to return to his capital. Our sojourn was brought to a close by a service in the church, and as we departed the Abbot and the monks attended the Prince to the gates of the monastery. It was with regret that we bade farewell to this charming retreat, where, amid scenes of exquisite beauty and associations suggestive of the past alone, we had lingered awhile in the still seclusion of mediæval life, remote from the turmoil of politics, the struggles and vulgar ambitions of to-day.

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

ANGLO-SAXON UNITY.

To hear some few bigoted Englishmen talk, one would think that the United States was an uncivilized country, in which culture, comfort, and refinement were unknown; and to listen to the conversation of some equally benighted Americans, one would imagine that the peoples of the Old World were crushed beneath the despotism of effete classes and governments, and that in America alone were liberty and progress to be found.

Of course such ridiculous ideas, the offspring of ignorance and of prejudice, are fast passing away, as communication between Great Britain and America becomes annually quicker, cheaper, and more luxurious. A larger, and ever larger, number of Americans spend, year by year, their holidays in Europe; and whereas formerly it used to be their custom to make Great Britain simply a stepping-stone to the Continent, now few educated Americans would care to confess that they had been to Europe and had yet neglected to spend an appreciable portion of the time at their disposal in visiting the cradle of their race, revelling in its beauty, and glorying in the traces and records of its history and antiquity. So with Englishmen, it would be curious if the Briton, renowned for his globe-trotting propensities, should overrun the earth, and yet omit to visit the lands where are to be found the most numerous portions of his race; if he did not take a pride in their energy, in their ingenuity, in their pluck, in their wealth, in their progress—even if, with pardonable egotism, he never said to himself, “The triumphs of these people are my triumphs, their failures are my failures, these men and women are sprung from the same ancestry—their virtues and their faults are mine; let me be blind to the one and very kind to the other.”

Three times have I visited America—once in 1864, again in 1885, and the reminiscences of my third visit are still fresh in my mind. On each occasion I have come back with a feeling of affection for a people whose hospitality seems to be unbounded, and who take every opportunity of showing an Englishman that he is not regarded on their shores as a foreigner, but as a kinsman, and a near one. The Englishman who goes to America properly armed with letters of introduction (and no one who desires either to profit by his travels, or simply to enjoy himself, should ever neglect this precaution) cannot fail to obtain both pleasure and instruction; and if he is worthy of friendship, he will find that neither the rolling ocean nor different social and political institutions can hinder human hearts, which possess sympathetic affinities, from uniting in the closest

bonds of friendship and of affection. I, at all events, am blest with the knowledge that across the Atlantic are to be found some of the truest and best of my friends. The world owes much to science, but of all the peoples of the earth, the Anglo-Saxon has, to my mind, most cause for gratitude. Rapid and cheap communication brings daily closer together the different scattered branches of this mighty race. Without the recent gigantic advances made by science in rapidity of communication across wide stretches of ocean there would have been danger lest these men and women—sprung from the same loins, speaking the same language, rejoicing in the same literature, glorying in a common past—should have been separated not only by a material ocean, but by gulfs much harder to be traversed, where flow from the shores of ignorance and prejudice, the bitter currents of jealousy and hatred. Owing to the progress of science there seems year by year to be less danger of such a calamity occurring to the race. Notwithstanding the high protective tariff with which the United States and even our own colonies surround themselves, British goods find their way into these territories in large quantities. British capital, unable to obtain sufficient profitable employment at home, is pouring into these new countries; it has been calculated that within the last two years British investments in the States alone have averaged 1,000,000 dollars a week, amounting in all to about 100,000,000 dollars. This means that large numbers of persons in the United Kingdom are deeply interested in the prosperity of the States, and that most of them, either by residence, visits, or correspondence, will keep up more or less continuous relations with that country.

The same thing is constantly occurring in the Colonies. On the other hand, the large sums spent in Europe by rich Americans, no small proportion of which falls to the share of the United Kingdom, are already made a subject of complaint by a portion of the Transatlantic press, and are said to be a matter of millions of pounds annually. The greater facilities and opportunities for the enjoyment of wealth possessed by old countries induces a certain proportion of rich Americans and Australians to establish themselves permanently in England, and we all know how many of America's daughters have transferred their allegiance—as well as their hearts and their fair selves—from the New World to the Old. All these influences must work towards drawing closer together the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The tendency of the age is distinctly towards union or federation amongst nationalities that are of the same blood and speak the same language. Witness the unification of Italy, the consolidation of the German Empire, the yearning for union of the Slavonic peoples, and the mighty efforts and sacrifices made by the people of the United States to retain

their union; and if it be said that the desire for Home Rule in Ireland is a proof to the contrary, I would answer that those who favour Home Rule are not, as a rule, of Anglo-Saxon blood, though they speak the English language, and that even the majority of these profess to desire federation, and not separation. Turning to our colonies, we find that Canada has already federated, whilst Australia is on the point of following her example. But this desire for union is not confined to subjects of the British Crown. On both sides of the Canadian border there are Americans and Canadians in large numbers, who, whilst ardently attached to the respective Governments under which they live, would gladly welcome any union of the two countries which would not entail the sacrifice of national pride, of sentiment, and of historical association. Whether in the distant future it may be practicable—and if practicable, desirable—for all the branches of the Anglo-Saxon family to reunite it is impossible to say; at present such a union would be politically out of the question, but it can do no harm to indulge in such a day-dream; indeed, the more it is indulged in the better for the world, inasmuch as those who desire to unite are not likely to quarrel, and it is for the world's distinct advantage that no misunderstanding should ever arise between two such gigantic powers as America and England. A war between Great Britain and the United States would be more fatal to the world's prosperity and progress, and to the advancement of civilization, than any other imaginable contest. On the other hand, how immense, how almost inconceivably irresistible, would be the power wielded by a federation of all the English-speaking peoples of the world. These already number over one hundred millions. A very few years at their present rate of progress will make them two hundred millions, inhabiting the richest, most temperate, and most habitable portions of the globe. The idea is enough to take one's breath away, especially when one considers what manner of men these two hundred millions would be; but if it is an impracticable idea, it is at all events one calculated to make the blood course quicker through the veins of any Englishman or American who has faith in his race and believes, as I firmly do, that whether Great Britain and America are ever united or are destined to remain permanently separated, the world will in its future be largely guided and controlled by those who speak the language of Milton and of Shakespeare.

The advance of democratic institutions is distinctly in favour of union. The voice of the people is supreme in all English-speaking countries, whether the government under which they live be called a monarchy or a republic. Indeed, it is generally acknowledged that beneath the sceptre of Queen Victoria, the people have a more direct and immediate control over the government of their country than is

possessed by the citizens of the United States, and it is an open question whether in the former country the individual does not possess greater personal liberty of action than in the latter. The sovereign of Great Britain has lost the power of veto, but the sovereign of America not only still retains it, but exercises it in a manner which, could they but witness it, would be the admiration of Henry VIII., or of his masterful daughter, Queen Bess, of blessed memory. Certain it is that less consideration is paid in the States to the opinions and feelings of an obnoxious minority than in Great Britain. Whilst I was in America a meeting of Socialists within a building was forbidden in one of the principal cities of the Union on the sole responsibility of the police, and in Chicago, the house of a woman who displayed a red flag from her window was entered, and the flag forcibly removed, notwithstanding her protests. Such acts would have been impossible in England, and even in Ireland, unless the district had been previously proclaimed on the responsibility of the Government with the sanction of Parliament. Public meetings are forbidden in almost all the public parks of America, whereas the most violent speeches against government, society, religion, and all that is held most sacred by the majority of the people, are not only permitted in almost all the places of public resort in Great Britain, but actually are delivered Sunday after Sunday, the guardians of the law standing by and protecting the speakers from interruption or insult. Public speaking is indeed forbidden in Trafalgar Square, and those who have challenged the prohibition have been forcibly resisted, but the action of the Government in this matter is not prompted by the desire to suppress speech, but because, rightly or wrongly, the site is supposed to be unsuited for the purpose, and the collection of vast crowds in this centre of business—so near the Houses of Parliament—is considered to be dangerous to the public peace, injurious to trade, obstructive to traffic, and calculated to intimidate Members of the Legislature in the free exercise of their votes.

It is difficult to estimate the influence exercised by literature in creating sympathy between the members of the same large family. The educated American, Canadian, or Australian is as well acquainted with the masterpieces of British literature as the educated Englishman, if not better. Though the former may never have visited the shores of Britain, he feels through the works of Trollope that he is familiar with the leading families of Barsetshire—that Thackeray has introduced him to fashionable life in London, whilst Dickens has made him acquainted with the actions, thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of men and women moving in the lower strata of English social life. The Englishman who has never stirred from his fireside is not ignorant of phases of American and Colonial

society very different from any of which he has had experience at home. With Bret Harte he has visited the mining-camps of Colorado and the orange-groves of California, and through the works of Rolf Boldrewood he has become acquainted with the Irish life of Australia. Rider Haggard, notwithstanding the eccentricities and extravagances of his romances, has made the reader feel as if South Africa held no surprises for him, whilst innumerable books of travel and of adventure have taken him without fatigue across the boundless plains of Manitoba and the sheep-farms of Australia. The modern writer has found much also which lends itself to romance within the drawing-rooms and clubs of New York and Melbourne, so that society in these cities is almost as familiar to the English reader of novels as that of Mayfair. Indeed, an Englishman would often feel more at home in the *salons* of Washington or of Sydney than, say, in those of Berlin or Vienna, or, to come still nearer home, than within the aristocratically exclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. Language plays a most important part in this interchange of ideas. France and Germany are much nearer to us than Australia or America, but who ever saw a French or German or Italian magazine sold, say, at an English railway bookstall. American publications are constantly to be found there and obtain a ready sale. Similarly, British publications, such as the principal magazines and illustrated papers, are sold in large numbers in the States, and still more so in our Colonies.

The Protestant churches form another potent bond of union. The Nonconformists of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland are proud of the powerful influences exercised by their respective churches in the New World, and on the other hand, the members of the Episcopal body in these distant lands regard, with feelings amounting to veneration, the ancient corporation of the Church of England, in many cases the church of their fathers as well as that of St. Augustine and of the Venerable Bede. Religious and philanthropic societies are no sooner found to be successful in one portion of the family demesne, than they are introduced into another. The Young Men's Christian Association, started in England, has found its fullest development in America and Canada. The "Girls' Friendly Society," and the "Young Men's Friendly Society," the "Ministering Children's League," Hospital Sunday, Hospital Saturday, and a hundred other similar useful institutions are being successfully worked on both sides of the ocean. None of these have taken root in any Continental country. Even sport and athleticism are not without their influence in this matter. For years the Englishman held the lists of sport and of manly exercises unchallenged by the world. He had to wait till his sons were of age in order to find competitors worthy of his steel. Australia, Canada, America,

now annually send their champions to compete in friendly athletic contests with those of the mother country or of each other. The keenest interest in these international trials of strength and of skill is felt by almost the entire youthful population of these lands, and by thousands of men and not a few women who have long left behind them the springtime of life. The courtesies which attend all such international meetings are conducive to a friendly feeling, not only between the rival competitors, but also—and this is of much more importance—between the peoples represented in the contest. When the manly qualities of pluck and endurance are factors which have to be taken into consideration in calculating the chances of victory, feelings of respect and of honour are added to those of friendship, and every man who has himself, in however small a way, taken a part in such sports, and who knows that proficiency cannot be obtained in these exercises without the possession of qualities which are peculiarly dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, feels an enhanced, though perhaps not logically defensible admiration for a people capable of producing men worthy to compete with his own honoured champions. The knowledge that it is only in English-speaking lands that these virile contests are carried on is flattering to the Anglo-Saxon pride, and the more protracted the conflict, the greater the respect and esteem felt for each other by victor and vanquished. Much of this is simply absurd, but if it leads to greater friendship between the English-speaking races, I, for one, care not how absurd it be.

I rejoice to think that there are so many influences at work uniting the hearts of the different members of the Anglo-Saxon family, but there are, alas! others tending to keep them apart, and to instil into them feelings of jealousy and of animosity. Boastfulness, arrogance, and exclusiveness, faults peculiar to the race, have a great deal to answer for in this respect. The Englishman who speaks of the Colonist as a dependent, or of the Yankee as if he must of necessity be coarse and vulgar, or the American who believes that patriotism is shown by wearisome boasting of American progress, customs, and institutions, and who cherishes a fixed determination never to allow that anything in the Old World can possibly be better than in the New—these are the men who do harm to the cause of Anglo-Saxon unity, whose tongues are ever active, filling the cup of brotherly love and friendship with drops of gall and bitterness. Such men should be treated without mercy, and be clearly given to understand that they will not be tolerated. These pests are to be found on both sides of the ocean, but whereas in England public opinion would regard coldly any man who ventured to make, from a public platform, depreciating remarks either upon the United States or upon the Colonies, the presence in America of large numbers of Irish,

imbued with feelings of bitter hostility to Great Britain, almost tempts the average transatlantic platform-orator to season his discourse with sneers which he believes will be agreeable to a considerable portion of his audience. The same remark may be made of some portion of the American press. The temptation is great, but the result is unfortunate, for numbers of people, deriving their information exclusively from the newspapers, accept as gospel truth all that they read and hear about their cousins across the Atlantic, listen gravely to remarks about the immoralities of the aristocracy, and see nothing to smile at when British government is spoken of as "effete" and "tyrannous."

In Great Britain our politicians, especially of late years, have not been ashamed to speak in terms of extravagant flattery of the Sovereign people, but they are far surpassed by the democratic courtiers of the United States. No amount of adulation would seem to be too strong for the taste of Demos, the Transatlantic Monarch, who would seem to regard any of his subjects who ventures to doubt his infallibility and the superiority of all things American, as either hopelessly imbecile or a traitor to his country and to himself, and worthy of the severest punishment.

Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* and Hannis Taylor's *Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*—grateful tributes by an Englishman to the States and by an American to Great Britain—appearing, curiously enough, almost simultaneously, will do much to bring prominently before the reading public on either side of the Atlantic the strong points of both Governments; and the personal knowledge which the American and the Englishman are obtaining of each other by increased intercourse will, we may hope, shortly result on both sides of the ocean, in the arrogant and vulgar boaster of national habits, customs, and institutions being placed in his true position as a pestilent snob who, in the interests of both nations, should be promptly suppressed.

The true feeling which is entertained in England for America was strikingly exemplified on the occasion of the assassination of President Garfield, when the whole country, from the Sovereign downwards, demonstrated its sympathy and grief as it would not have done in the case of any other foreign ruler in the world. A stranger arriving in London on that occasion would have thought from the closing of places of business, from the general signs of mourning, the hoisting of flags half-mast high, even from the pieces of crape on the whips of cab and omnibus drivers, that some member of the British royal family, or at all events some leading statesman of England had died, rather than the ruler of a country separated from Great Britain by three thousand miles of ocean. England has not forgotten, and is not likely to forget, that it was an American

admiral who uttered the famous saying, "Blood is thicker than water," and who at the risk of his own reputation and advancement and the lives of himself and of his men, brought from under the murderous fire of Chinese guns dying and wounded British soldiers and sailors on the occasion of the unsuccessful attack on the Taku forts. When last year in Samoa a cyclone enveloped in its awful embrace the war ships of three Powers, and the single British vessel present was the only craft which escaped the general destruction, it was an American crew which, expecting momentarily to be dashed upon the rocks, cheered, without any thought for themselves, the successful efforts of their brothers in blood in their desperate struggle for life with the powers of nature. It is, however, not only Americans who have extended the hand of friendship and of assistance to men of British blood in the hour of trial; witness the splendid body of trained and thoroughly equipped men sent by our own colony of New South Wales, who fought gallantly in the Soudan, shoulder to shoulder with the regulars of the mother country. Similar offers of help were made by several of the other colonies, but the number of troops required was limited, and so their services were not accepted; still the desire to assist was manifested, and the world could not fail to perceive the significance of the demonstration.

Let these instances of family goodwill and friendship be multiplied and we need not fear for the future. British or American, Canadian or Australian, let us labour shoulder to shoulder to be in the van of the world's progress. The political union of the English-speaking races may be an impossibility, Imperial Federation may be a dream, but the future supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race will *not* be a dream, if only the members of this widespread family be true to high ideals of life, to themselves and to each other.

MEATH.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

TIME, that aged gossip, has made me the confidant of a love affair, which has amused me as a little fragment of the great human tragedy, and I hasten to betray the confidence of Time. The hero of the story is not unknown to fame ; he was a poet and, unfortunately, a politician ; secretary to the great Danton, and the companion of Danton and Camille Desmoulins in the tumbril which wound its way through a surging crowd on that radiant evening of April 5th, 1794, to the guillotine on the Place de la Révolution. On the way to the scaffold, the poet lamented that his latest comedy in verse, *L'Orange de Malte*, ~~could~~ never be completed ; and Danton interrupted him with a hideous play on words such as an Elizabethan dramatist might have invented to enhance the horror of the scene : “ Vos vers ! Bah ! dans une semaine vous ferez assez de vers ” ; then with a noble seriousness and elevation, the chief added, “ We have finished our task ; let us take our rest.”

It will not, I think, disturb the rest of Fabre d'Eglantine, Danton's secretary and companion in arms, now that he has slept sound for a century, if I take up this little pocket-book which lies before me in its binding of faded green, and open it for the beguilement of a quarter of an hour. I have inquired at the British Museum Library and at the Bibliothèque Nationale as to whether anything is known of its contents, and I have been assured that they are unknown ; yet an uneasy curiosity remains lest some portion of this little manuscript volume may have seen the light in a certain “ *Correspondance Amoureuse, précédée d'un précis historique de son existence morale, physique, et dramatique, et d'un fragment de sa vie écrite par lui-même,*” which Fabre d'Eglantine's executors caused to be printed in three volumes after his death ; “ a production little worthy of him,” says Fabre's sometime pupil in elocution, M. Audiffret, “ if indeed it be his ” ; a production, I may add, which I have sought for and been unable to find. Meanwhile, I must accept as sufficient the word of a friend, M. Léony Guilgault, who has on my behalf made some research in the French National Library : “ Printed books and manuscripts have been examined and no trace has been found of the *Journal de mon Voyage* ; it has never been published.”

And, indeed, in this omission the publishers have shown their discretion. If a young gentleman in his nineteenth year, and at a time when *La Nouvelle Héloïse* had opened wide the sluice-gates of sentiment, should confide to paper all the pulsations of his heart, the world is not called on to quit its business and attend. In Rousseau's novel, and in *The Sorrows of Werther*, we have representative and typical creations of the age. To render possible the creation of such

works as these, a thousand minor dramas of sentiment must have been enacted; sighs innumerable must have been breathed, tears innumerable shed. But the stock of human patience is not unlimited; knowing the typical products of the time, we may take its inferior romances and dramas as read: and I am not sure that Fabre d'Églantine's tale of young love would have moved me to become its brief chronicler, were there not in it a touch of comedy, and that not altogether of the *genre larmoyant*.

Let us open the little pocket-book, half-blank, but with its two hundred and odd pages of manuscript in the neatest of handwriting, and read the title-page: ¹ "Journal de mon Voyage de Troyes chez moi—écrit à la chère Amie de mon Cœur, à la maîtresse chérie de mon ame; à celle en qui réside tout mon bonheur, ma vie, et ma félicité." Whereupon follows a motto in verse:—

"Le soleil ici bas ne voit que vanité,
D'ignorance et d'erreur toute la terre abonde,
Mais aimer tendrement une jeune beauté,
C'est la plus douce erreur des vanités du monde."

The writer who had made such deep discovery of the vanity of human existence was still in his teens; he had entered upon^f his nineteenth year three months since—on December 28, 1773. It was now the spring of 1774, a few weeks before the miserable death of Louis XV., once the *bien Aimé* of his people. Fabre, for the honour of whose birth Limoux contends with Carcassonne, had been educated at the college of the *doctrinaires*; he was a youth of promise, with a gift for music and for song, a gift for painting, and he had learnt, at least in an amateur's fashion, the art of engraving; the exquisite writing of his *Journal* betokens a hand which might dexterously manipulate the burin. It is said that, after his early studies, he entered the congregation of the *doctrinaires* at Toulouse, and passed through the lower classes. We know for certain that his poem carried off the prize of the gold eglantine at the *Jeux Floraux* in that city, and that the author, highly gratified at the distinction, added to his own family name—Fabre—that of the flower which was the emblem of his victory. Altogether, we should say, a young man with a future, and one who might be carried far by that ardent southern temperament which shows itself in the rapid development of his various powers, and shows itself also at a later time in the ambitious fervour of his writings.

Little is known of Fabre's early life, and how and why he came to Troyes must be left to conjecture. But for some time past the presence of the "chère amie de son cœur," whose name would seem to be Madame Catan—perhaps a young widow, for no husband is ever mentioned—had surely made the old city on the Seine the most delightful place in the world. "Business," has been described by

(1) I adopt here and elsewhere the spelling of Fabre's MS., and also its accentuation, or lack of accents.

Donne as "the worst disease of love"; and it was business—his "affairs"—which obliged Fabre, in the spring of 1774, to quit Troyes and journey to his home at Carcassonne, in Languedoc. On the evening of March 30, he bade an agitated adieu to his beloved; sound repose under such circumstances was impossible, and after the uneasy slumbers of an hour and a half he woke in the grey of morning to an exile's sorrow. Never was dressing a more tragic affair:—

"Je me suis habillé après avoir baisé avec toute la tendresse possible ta lettre et les cheveux qu'elle contenait; chaque vêtement que je passais portait un coup de poignard à mon cœur; il me semblait que je me reprochais de me trop hater pour abandonner les lieux que tu habites; chaque meuble me retraçait ton souvenir, et surtout ceux que je tiens de toi."

Accompanied by two friends, one of these the brother of his beloved, Fabre reached on foot the outskirts of the city; then found himself alone, in a "dreadful solitude," and, having waved a farewell, leaped into the *voiture*, which was starting southwards. One female follower, however, was determined to prove her fidelity—a dog which belonged to a neighbour of Madame Catan; fawning and fondling she had pursued the wanderer, and since it was so clearly her wish not to be separated from him, Fabre resolved to take her as the companion of his travel. Having reached Bar-sur-Seine he gladly escaped for awhile from the irksome presence of his fellow-travellers, and strolled alone into the country, shedding many tears, and uttering from time to time the words "O ma chère amie!"—then returned to his inn, set down in his note-book eight pages of raptures and despairs, in elegant caligraphy, and, drying his eyes, was ready for the heartless business of supper. Rest on that night, after the long day's journey, was welcome, but he did not close his eyes until he had kissed a precious letter and a lock of hair, "avec une ardeur extraordinaire," and had placed them religiously upon his heart.

Refreshed by the deep sleep of youth and open-air fatigue, Fabre rose with the lark, and strode forward a league in advance of the vehicle, enjoying as he went along an enchanting sunrise, seen in solitude, and giving rise to thoughts and feelings of delicious melancholy. The start of the following morning from Chatillon-sur-Seine was yet earlier—at three A.M.—but, unfortunately, the weather had broken. The light had not yet dawned, while the carriage struggled and stumbled on through the chilling night-wind and the drenching rain. At nine the traveller reached Montbard. It was the birth-place and the retreat of Buffon. In the interval between his arrival and a quarter-past ten, as Fabre records with particularity and evident self-satisfaction, he found time to compose an Ode in five stanzas: "A M. De Buffon," which, being duly copied, was despatched to the great naturalist without disclosure of his admirer's name. Literature, in France of the eighteenth century, did homage to science. Wisdom and virtue, our young poet declares, inspire his muse; the divine painter of nature has painted also for us God in the

creatures that He formed ; Buffon's presence—that of an eagle who confronts the sun—is the glory of this remote and solitary place:—

“ Sans cet illustre Solitaire,
Parmi les rochers escarpés,
Montbard ! du reste de la terre,
Tes remparts seraient ignorés ;
L'univers te voit couronnée
Des lauriers mêmes de Buffon ;
Emule d'Athene et de Rome,
Tu possèdes dans un seul homme
Socrate, Pline, et Cicéron.”

“The impromptu,” adds Fabre, “is doubtless not worthy of its hero ; but zeal is a good excuse.”

Providence seems to take a kind care that young enthusiasm shall have its checks, and that a descent shall be duly made from the illuminated heights. Still struggling through the most dismal weather Fabre reached Semur—a town to be remembered for the wrongs and humiliations which it inflicted on his heart, and for the sordid self-interest of its inhabitants. It is clear that Fabre had resided here at some time not very remote, had run up scores for which his few belongings—and among them a portrait of Madame Catan—were kept in pledge, and had borrowed money from a certain beautiful and charming Mdlle. R——. Beautiful and charming, but alas ! not superior to mercenary thoughts ; capable even of preserving and producing a note of the debt in Fabre's own handwriting, and of taking the uttermost farthing—“elle a pris la somme jusqu'au dernier liard.” Still more cruel was the hostess of the inn where Fabre had stayed during his former residence in Semur. To lessen his little store of cash by two louis, and at the same time refuse to restore his “effects”—it was an act of sore injustice, and the victim had thoughts of appealing to the law. But there were other creditors who might even seize his portmanteau. It was more prudent to avoid pursuit, to shake off from his feet the dust—or, it may be the mud—of this accursed town, and to push forward on foot with the eighteen livres still in his pocket. Meanwhile would not his adored one, his beloved one, come to the rescue of her friend in distress ? Could she contrive to despatch the small sum of three louis d'or to “Mr. F. D'E. de St. Nazaire, poste restante à Beaune en Bourgogne” ? As the bells were ringing noonday on April 4th, Fabre left Semur, and while he covered the four leagues of ground between Semur and Vitteaux he had time to indulge in many reflections on the baseness of average human nature and the incomparable excellence of “the dear mistress of his soul.”

At an early hour he was awakened by the lashing of the rain on window-pane and roof. Yet when seven o'clock came he was on the road, while torrents still descended. Wayfarers were few, but on a lonely hill he encountered one whom he would gladly have avoided—an ill-looking fellow with a great red beard which half concealed

his hang-dog face ; he was armed with an iron-tipped staff, was clad in rags, and came striding towards the solitary traveller. At a distance of ten paces Fabre called upon him to halt, and assuming an air of authority demanded where he was going and whether he was provided with a passport. The stranger replied that he was on the way to Fontainebleau and had a passport about him. "Go then on your way," cried Fabre, "but see that you avoid cities ; if you do not obey you will be arrested." Grumbling out a petition for alms the fellow withdrew.

After three mortal leagues of mire and rain, Fabre, in dripping garments, reached a village, but there was little comfort for him in the sight of houses which he could not enter ; all the inhabitants were at Mass, and the doors were locked. At length tumbling headlong into a miserable hovel he found a woman who assured him that he ought to be in the chapel—the priest's benediction was of more importance than considerations of health. "I did not yield," says Fabre, "and remained where I was." Mass being ended, he obtained admission to a tavern, where a fire was soon kindled, and some poor victuals were procured. To draw up the bill required an hour's whispering and hugger-mugger between those in authority, and as the rain still continued Fabre occupied himself delightfully in once more reading over the letters of the "*chère amie*,"—thirty-eight in all, which though a large packet he carried about his person lest so inestimable a treasure might be lost. "*Cheres lettres ! charmantes lettres ! qui m'avez donné aujourd'hui tant de plaisir, est-il quelque puissance qui puisse vous arracher de mes mains*" ?

A little adventure gave a different turn to Fabre's thoughts. The villagers, some forty years since, had converted into arable land a portion of the neighbouring forest. The lady of the manor had been urged to assert her rights against the peasants, and efforts were made on their part to refer the matter to arbitration. Putting their heads together as they passed from chapel to tavern, the wise men of the village came to the conclusion that the young stranger who had arrived must needs be one of the commissioners or surveyors who were to decide the question of their rights in the tilled land and the woodland. When questioned as to whether he had not come among them as their representative, Fabre, amused at their simplicity, met the inquiry with a pleasant smile ; it was no longer doubted that he was a person of more importance than he professed to be ; at the least he must be a learned counsellor of the law. Everyone made offer of his best—his bed, his board, his bread, his wine—until, for good humour's sake it became necessary to accept provisionally the rôle assigned to him, and listen with all gravity to their views and representations. Amid many good wishes he bade the assembled villagers farewell. It was on the anniversary of this day, exactly twenty years later, that Fabre d'Eglantine was again

the centre of interest for a crowd, but one of a different temper, as he laid his head below the knife of the guillotine.

The journal for April 6 opens with the words: "Aussi mouillé qu'hier, aussi peu distrait de ta chère image." It needed some internal fire to enable him to meet courageously the chill invasion of the rain; he was as if drawn through a river, yet with the ardours of love unquenched. On reaching Beaune he was too exhausted to go in person to the post-office; his messenger returned with a disappointing answer—no letter had yet arrived. But the next morning was one of joy—"Elle est arrivée cette lettre tout attendue, elle est arrivée! . . . mes yeux et mon cœur en dévorant chaque ligne, je l'ai lue et relue, baisée et rebaisée, et dans l'insatiable même où j'écris elle est sur mon cœur dont elle fait la joie." Yet it was weary waiting in Beaune until the later letter containing money for his journey should arrive; he was perishing of ennui. But pencil and pen came to Fabre's aid; he occupied himself with drawing from memory a portrait of his lady, which should serve as a kind of frontispiece to the thirty-eight letters (now grown to the number of thirty-nine); as these lay ranged in their case in chronological order. The Catan smiled forth on her portrait-painter, in her negligent head attire and her dressing-gown of violet trimmed with white, and a violet ribband which became her à merveille. A world of eighteenth-century allegory formed a border for the oval of her face and bust. An artist and a lover must be pardoned for being particular in describing his invention: above, were the quiver and the torch of Love in a disk of roses; to the right, an urn from which climbed a myrtle and a blossoming rose-bush, "qui expriment les plaisirs et les peines dont notre union est suivie"; opposite this, two doves billing in a nest of roses; below, a burning torch, "the emblem of thy spirit," encircled by garlands of roses. There was still space for a hive from which the bees were issuing to gather sweets—"the bees are thy industry, thy wise economy; the honey, thy sweetness, and the roses, the virtues with which thou nourishest the soul"; last appeared a little dog holding an arrow in his mouth—the emblem of her constancy and fidelity. The inscription is unfortunately carefully inked over in Fabre's journal so as to be illegible; but perhaps we have had enough. At the foot of the design ran the words "Peint et inventé par l'Amour." One is reminded of that characteristic product of eighteenth-century design in France, the "Iconologie" of Gravelot and Cochin, in which every vice and every virtue, every science and every art is represented by a graceful emblematical figure; in which "Affabilité" strews roses and "Orgueil" totters on her rolling sphere; in which "Constance" embraces her column, and "Dévotion" kneels with the flambeau in one hand, while the other hand is pressed upon her heart. Charming eighteenth century of Fragonard and Chardin and Greuze! "S'il

en cherche pas le beau," a hostile critic has confessed, "il trouve le joli." And Fabre was poet as well as painter. Hearing by chance some one who sang the air *Quand un cœur sort de l'esclavage*, and recalling from what lips he had last heard the song, he sets himself to compose new words for the same air, of which my reader shall have a single stanza out of eight:—

"Moi, je chéris mon esclavage,
De *Catan* j'adore les fers,
Du bonheur ses yeux sont le gage,
Pour moi son cœur est l'univers."

"I sang the song," the author records, "twenty times during the day, not because I made it, but because"—of many reasons which were of weight with a lover of nineteen.

Some interest in other matters than those of his own heart remained with Fabre, and there are pages of his diary which give us a picture of misery in France under the old Régime:—

"After dinner I strolled abroad, in order to hold more intimate converse with you; my steps led me to a place where I was fully convinced that, hard as is my own lot, there are yet on earth beings more unfortunate than myself. There is, in this city of Beaune, an ancient *château*, of which only the four walls remain. In the depth of the walls are still certain little subterraneous hollows which were formerly little doors or embrasures. In these dreadful places, which pen cannot describe, men, women, and children reside. It makes one shudder to look in. An opening two and a half feet wide, and seven or eight feet deep, the floor of which is strewn with a little straw to serve as bedding, and where a fire is lit without a chimney, forms the most tolerable dwelling-place in this abode of misery. A man and woman occupy it. Hard by lives an old man in the embrasure for a cannon, which his industry has transformed into a bed with some stones and some faggots; such is his domicile; further on is another of like kind. But what shocks one's feelings most, what horrifies one's sense of humanity, and rends one's heart, is to see a miserable creature, who lost his arm while working in the forest, his wife, and three young children, lodged in a frightful subterranean hole to which the blackest dungeon were a palace. The water reaches one's ankle; the cold is deadly; no windows, no fireplace, no furniture, no bread, no clothes, no covering at night; the whole of this wretched family huddle on a pile of half-rotted straw, resting on stones which raise it to the surface of the water. It is nothing to describe such misery; one must see it. I cannot understand after this how any man can venture to complain of his lot."

Fabre d'Eglantine, a child of his age, was not devoid of some of the eighteenth-century humanitarian zeal. His store of coins had run low indeed; but of what was left to him he shared with these piteous brothers in distress. "I should blush," he writes, "if before leaving I had not given them part of what I own." He, even if penniless, had still "philosophy," had still love; they had nothing but misfortune. He visited them on several occasions, and saw that his arrival was welcomed as that of a friend. "Ah, my beloved!" he breaks forth, "how sweet it is to do good! we weep with joy, but the tears are genuine tears of pleasure."

Ten sous remained in Fabre's purse when at length an answer came to the letter in which he had petitioned for a loan or gift of money. For a moment he had a cruel pang of disappointment to

endure; they informed him at the post-office that the courier had arrived, but had brought no missive for him; he was leaving the office with heavy heart, when his name was called, and there—joy inexpressible!—was a letter addressed in the well-known handwriting. Yes, she had written, she had sent the three louis d'or; but how coldly she wrote! In three pages, written at a distance of thirty leagues, there were not three words of tenderness; not two lines addressed to the heart; nothing but reason and prudence, and morality and economy. "They say," writes Fabre, "that money is the key of the human heart; alas, yes! but—it is a key which fastens the lock."

He had now the means of proceeding on his journey to the south. But unluckily the Saone was in flood after the heavy rain, and the *bateau de diligence* could not start. One painful duty remained to be performed in Beaune—it was necessary to wound a sensitive heart. While at Troyes Fabre had corresponded with a young lady who was residing in a convent at Beaune with a view to completing her education. She had heard of his arrival, and sent a message by one of her friends—a *camarade pensionnaire*—to assure the irresistible youth that she had always loved him tenderly. Fabre could easily conceive how cruel it must be to love without return; he had not courage to crush her hopes at a blow; he dared not declare that his heart was another's. "All I could do," writes this chivalrous victim of female passion, "was to show my indifference; I wrote to her, but only that the coldness of my letters might make her feel the true state of my heart; she understood it too well! Only once did I see her, in order that I might quit Beaune without exciting further hope, resolving for my part to leave to time and absence the task of extinguishing a love to which it was impossible for me to respond." The situation, if painful, was not without some compensatory luxuries of tender emotion for the hero of the drama.

On April 21, Fabre left Beaune on foot for Chalons. The feminine caprices of his dog, who now refused to follow as obstinately as she had on a former occasion refused to stay behind, delayed the start, and her master had to run the leagues between Beaune and Chalons in order to reach the *bateau de diligence* before it should set sail. Hot, breathless, and fatigued, he arrived just in time to get on board. Nor does the exercise seem to have brightened his temper, for he found his fellow-voyagers intolerably tiresome—priests, ladies, and *bourgeois* uttering stupidities, and officers retailing gasconading stories by the hour. He withdrew into himself, and employed his time to advantage in once again perusing his collection of letters, which now reached the number of forty. Next evening, when in the theatre at Lyons he searched his pockets for a letter which he had just received, and had "devoured rather than kissed"—the forty-first—to his horror it was not to be found. The sacred document had been left at his inn, and more than ordinary devotion

became a duty that night, in order to efface the shame of such seeming neglect.

Before Fabre had left Beaune the three louis d'or forwarded by Madame Catan had almost vanished away. He found himself at Lyons reduced to the painful necessity of begging for more. He owes her everything—happiness, even existence; why should he shrink from increasing the debt by the trifling addition of two more louis? To-morrow he will set out for le Pont St. Esprit by way of Valence.* It is incredible how money goes in travel, economise as much as one will. From le Pont St. Esprit to his home there will be sixty leagues to traverse; two louis d'or is not an excessive sum for the cost of such a journey. And she—is she not his life, his ~~being~~ his being, his all—his precious all, his first, his last, his only love!

Next morning Fabre was one of many passengers on board the *bateau de diligence*, and stood on deck admiring the banks of the Rhone, which, to right and left, were rich in beauty. In Valence he had friends, of whom one, Mademoiselle de C——, had taken, as he believed, no common interest in him. Truly the sorrows which beset an irresistible young man almost countervail the pride and joy of conquest. To be obliged in every town one visits to convince some tender and virtuous *demoiselle* that it is impossible to respond to her love—this is, indeed, a severe trial for a heart full of sensibility. On visiting the lady, however, Fabre found her much less tender than were her letters; “and so much the better, I shall have the less regret in giving evidence of my coldness.” Her curiosity had been piqued by a sight which she had caught at the post of a letter—the forty-second—addressed in a feminine hand to M. Fabre d'Eglantine. She begged that it might be shown to her, and her request was met by a refusal. A little quarrel, Fabre hoped, would bring matters to a satisfactory issue.

“En badinant elle a mis sa main dans ma poche, et en a tiré la lettre que j'ai reçue a Lion, et que je laissais dans ma poche pour la placer chaque nuit sur mon cœur; je l'ai arrachée de ses mains, et malgré ses prières et ses menaces, je n'ai pas eu la complaisance de la lui laisser lire; elle est piquée au vif; et c'est tant mieux.”

This was a piece of May-day merriment on the part of Mdle. de C——, for May with its bouquets and its mirth had come, and found Fabre still in Valence. His serious thoughts were given to an imaginative creation—romance or drama—founded on fact. No lady in Valence was more beautiful or more admired than Madame de la Mouchetiere; her age was twenty-four; “she did not greatly care for her husband, but *en revanche* she had a lover whom she adored, M. le Comte de Rouault de Gamaches.” While travelling to Paris with his wife and the Count, the jealous husband provoked the latter to a duel, and killed him on the spot. The unhappy lady

received so cruel a shock that within a few days she too was dead. "My design," writes Fabre, "is to compose a work on this sad catastrophe, and I know not whether I shall accomplish it."

Once again on the *bateau de diligence*, amid a hundred strangers, but without his canine friend, who deserted him at the moment of embarkation, Fabre had to endure baffling winds and bitter rain, but at last le Pont St. Esprit was reached. Part of the journey had been made on foot, for the weather would not allow the boat to proceed. And now that he had come so many leagues upon his way he found himself literally without a sou. To pay the porter who carried his valise to the inn he requested the hostess—as a man who possessed no coin beneath a louis d'or—to oblige him with some small change, and was refused. A friendly stranger came to his aid, and, ~~presently~~, by the sale of his sword, Fabre was enabled to repay the ~~petty~~ loan. At the post there was a letter from Madame Catan, but not written in reply to his second request for money. It spoke—cruel letter!—very little of her own love, still less of his, but much of a Monsieur D——, on whom the writer lavished her praises; "the praise is just," writes Fabre, "but I knew not that you were his pangenyryst." On his return to the inn, the hostess, who mistrusted her lodger, asked him whether he would wish to get change for six livres; she could now accommodate him. The insult stung him and he lost no time in exchanging "cette villaine demeure" for a little shelter the proprietor of which seemed to be more civil.

To beguile the tedious hours, Fabre explored on foot the country roads and paths. It was just the moment when his Holiness the Pope was rewarded for his suppression of the order of the Jesuits by the restoration of Avignon and the Venaissin. The inhabitants of the villages were rejoiced to pass from under the rule of a sovereign who exacted from them subsidies which they could with difficulty pay. They celebrated their liberation with dances and song. Cries of *Vive le Pape* filled the air. "By a sudden and, as it were, supernatural impulse," writes Fabre, "as soon as I had left the crowd behind I cried with transport, *Vive la chère amie de mon cœur!*"

But, alas! the days went on and on, and still no letter came, no louis d'or. From post to post unhappy Fabre watched and hoped against hope; impatience grew to anxiety, and anxiety to agony—"O mon Dieu! est-il possible? point de lettre." Has his friend forgotten him? Can a letter have gone astray? Did his own letter ever reach her? Would God that it were morning! would God that it were night! Thrice unhappy Fabre, without friend, without lover, without current coin of the realm! Fifteen days have passed since he wrote from Lyons, and still no answer. Once more he puts pen to paper, and writes as a desperate man: "Pity, my dear friend! my only friend! reply with all speed; if you are able to send the two louis d'or, do send them; I have not a sou. If you are unable, it

does not matter ; I have only fifty-five leagues to travel ; but deliver me from my present disquietude ; it is terrible. . . adieu ! I adore you, I love you more than a thousand lives, more than the universe." And then follows a postscript of an unsentimental kind : " If you have not already sent the two louis, please let it be three instead of two." A little later this letter was followed by a second of like purport. But still no acknowledgment ; no reply. May 13th was a black day, for hope had grown strong that it would bring the still expected letter, and it passed like the rest—a miserable disappointment. Once again hope sprang up on the morning of the 14th : Fabre had made an error in his reckoning ; it was on this afternoon that the carrier would arrive. But once again hope died away in despair. " Point de lettre ! O mon Dieu, que je suis à plaindre ! " Yet the entry for the day closes without reproaches—with the accustomed tender adieu to his beloved.

The date " May 15 " is inscribed at the head of the next page. But the page is blank, and the rest of the volume is of virgin paper. Here then the story breaks off, and we must not quarrel with it in a world which contains so many fragments, so many odds and ends. What was the issue of it all ? You, reader, must help me with your conjectures. Did Madame Catan ever receive the later letters of Fabre d'Eglantine ? Were they intercepted by guardian or brother ? Had she grown weary of his amorous protestations, and doubtful of his prudence and discretion ? There were bees, you remember, as well as roses amongst the emblems which represented the virtues of her soul. Can it be that Monsieur D——, whose panegyrist she was, had an attraction for the industrious bees ? And what of the afflicted lover ? Did he after all receive the two louis, with that bonus of a third which he had asked for in his postscript, sent as the recompense for his long waiting ? Did he trudge the miles to Carcassonne ? And how did he settle the little account of which his polite landlord, he tells us, had reminded him ? Pray, reader, make answer to these questions according to your pleasure. I can tell you no more than that Fabre's pupil, M. Audiffret, supposes that his master had been determined to tread the boards as an actor (which he certainly did) by " une intrigue amoureuse." Was it the intrigue of which our journal tells us ? And did some strolling company visit Avignon at this season of popular rejoicing, and as it crossed the bridge of le Pont St. Esprit might Fabre, disconsolate and yet hopeful, be seen bringing up the rear ? We cannot tell. He was about thirty years old when he came to Paris. His plays are now forgotten, though one at least deserves to live. We remember Fabre by the Republican Calendar, with its Germinal, Floréal, Prairéal — a fanciful nomenclature furnished to Romme by Danton's poetical secretary. In Germinal of the Year Two he was executed, at the age of thirty-nine.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE MONCRIEFF DEFENCE.

THE knighthood bestowed last month upon Colonel Moncrieff, the inventor of the system of fortification that bears his name, may be taken as the outward and visible sign of a tardy official conversion. To those who know the history of the invention this late honour is an act of justice and reparation to an individual, and as such must be put to the credit of the War Office, with the reflection that more courage is required to confess an error long persisted in than to do the right thing at the right time. To the public at large however, the main interest of the matter lies in the fact that the recognition of the inventor indicates the final triumph of sound ideas in the domain of fortification. It must be admitted that the triumph has been long delayed, and that it is not even yet so complete and unquestionable as might be desired. But it is something to be able to say of the War Office, *é pur si muove*, in days when many a neglected inventor and baffled reformer is ready to doubt whether motion be possible. It is more than a quarter of a century since the Moncrieff disappearing system of gun-mounting was brought to the notice of high military authorities. Twenty-two years ago it had attained sufficient prominence to become the subject of an elaborate inquiry by the Ordnance Select Committee. At that time the inventor had had none but very limited opportunities for experiment, and his system of using recoil to raise a counterweight, the fall of which in turn raised the gun to the firing position, had been applied only to models or to the smallest descriptions of ordnance. The report of the Select Committee, however, affirmed its value for guns up to seven tons in weight, and declared it to promise such excellent results as to warrant experiments with much heavier guns. It had in the meantime become plain to the inventor that a limit to the applicability of his system must necessarily be imposed by the growing weight and cumbrousness of the apparatus required for the heavier kinds of gun. He therefore gave his attention to the development of a system for taking up and utilising recoil which should be sufficiently compact and manageable to be applied to guns of any weight, and the result was the invention of the hydro-pneumatic gun-carriage. The object in view was the same as in the case of the counterweight carriage, namely, to utilise the force of recoil in such a way as to lower the gun out of sight of the enemy, and raise it again to the firing position when required. But instead of being made to raise a weight balanced on a moving fulcrum, as in the original invention, the force of recoil was used to compress a sort of hydraulic buffer, which was then held in place until it was again

desired to bring the gun into action. In theory the idea was admirable. The force of recoil has always been a nuisance and a danger to gunners, and with modern developments of artillery it has attained dimensions which make its destruction a matter of serious difficulty. The Moncrieff system not only effected the complete absorption of this troublesome force, but utilised it for the performance of valuable work.

It was with the hydro-pneumatic carriage that the inventor's most serious difficulties began. He had, no doubt, a tough fight over the counterweight carriage. But that was applicable only to small guns and did not arouse anything like the amount of hostility that was called forth by the attempt to deal with all classes of artillery. The supply of guns and gun-carriages is a complicated business involving a great many prejudices and large financial interests. The artilleryists did not look with much favour upon an outsider who proposed to set aside a great many of their cherished contrivances, and to put them to the trouble of revolutionizing their ideas. Contractors who had been accustomed to supply the War Office with quantities of costly material, made up in most cases after their own designs protected by patents, were naturally much disgusted at the prospect of being superseded by a troublesome innovator. The War Office is essentially, and from its constitution inevitably, a stupid department with a great distrust of brains. It is therefore quite at the mercy of its technical advisers and its contractors, the two classes which as we have seen were precluded by their prejudices and their interests from looking impartially and intelligently upon the new system. This will probably be thought sufficient to explain years of irritating official delay and obstruction, carried out by the well-known official methods. Yet the utmost licence that can be fairly accorded to a department so unfortunately inspired can hardly cover all the incidents of this long struggle. To neglect an invention is not so bad as to mutilate it, and to ignore an inventor altogether is less inexcusable than a partial appropriation of his ideas accompanied by refusal to associate his name with their material embodiment.

But as if it were not enough to have the gunners and the contractors to contend with, this unlucky inventor also incurred the disapproval of some of the official engineers.¹ As the counterweight led to the hydro-pneumatic cylinder, so did that in turn lead to the development of a system of fortification. What the Moncrieff gun-mounting primarily and essentially secures is the invisibility of the gun. For not more than a few seconds prior to discharge, the gun offers a mark to any enemy quick enough to discern it. After discharge nothing remains except a moving and deceptive

(1) Some engineers, accustomed to actual war, such as Sir John Burgoyne, General Gordon (Chinese Gordon), Colonel Gordon, and Sir Linthorn Simmonds, recognised from the first the full value of the Moncrieff system.

puff of smoke to indicate the spot where the gun disappeared beneath the surface of the earth. It follows that no construction of any kind is required to protect the gunners, because nothing but vertical fire can reach them, even if their position can be made out, and the gun can be loaded and aimed without the exposure of so much as a head. Hence there is nothing to hinder the gun from firing all round the horizon. Since it needs no lateral protection, as in cases where it is always in evidence, there is nothing to interfere with its training. Therefore one gun can cover as much ground and do as much work as two or three mounted on the old system and peering through narrow embrasures. But this being admitted, it follows further that the massing of guns in batteries must be to a great extent abandoned. They are not needed, and they would blunt one another's lateral range. In this way we proceed from invisibility superseding armour whether of earth, stone, or iron, to dispersion of guns superseding the old concentration in costly structures offering a conspicuous mark for the enemy's fire. In other words, the logical development of the central idea of the Moncrieff counterweight carriage, makes a clean sweep of the whole system of fortification taught hitherto in military schools and practised by the Royal Engineers. Parapets systematically pierced with embrasures, shell-proof shelters rendered necessary by the conspicuous appearance of the parapet, elaborate traces developed out of generations of controversy, beautifully turfed slopes, hitherto always provided, apparently by way of giving the enemy fair play—all these things must be swept away as useless and even mischievous, if once we rely for protection to guns and gunners upon excavation in the solid ground. It may be imagined with what feelings engineers, grown old at their drawing-boards, looked upon this wholesale abolition of their craft as then understood. Some of the younger men were quick enough to perceive the direction of inevitable change, but young men have not much influence in the British army, which is governed mainly by people fossilized by long drilling in a routine unbroken by any experience of real fighting. Such people are not only naturally hostile to change, but are honestly incapable of accommodation to novel ideas. This was most amusingly shown during the slow progress of the Moncrieff idea towards recognition. When the War Office did begin in a reluctant and bewildered manner to give the Moncrieff system a trial, it proved entirely incapable of grasping the central idea. There are plenty of examples in this country of Moncrieff guns mounted behind parapets constructed for the old system, and even perched on the top of casemates. We doubt very much whether there is even yet a single emplacement in England itself where the system is fully and logically developed, though in Australia and at our coaling stations the system is being carried out in its integrity. The fact is that the official mind could not by any

effort grasp the extraordinary idea that guns could be protected without parapets, embrasures, and glacis, all constructed *secundum artem*. For years it was impossible to get a gun mounted even for experiment with frank dependence upon invisibility, and even now the old instincts break out in the oddest way. Thus, to the opposition which the Moncrieff system had to meet from artillerists and their dependent contractors was added the opposition of the engineers, together with that of the manufacturers who supplied them with cupolas and ironclad casemates.

It is necessarily difficult to advance in force upon so extended a front, but that nothing might be wanting to consolidate hostility to the new system, the inventor pointed out its applicability to naval ordnance. This was a distinct and unpardonable invasion of a field which certain wealthy and powerful manufacturing interests regarded as their own. The increasing size of the guns mounted by our ships had compelled resource to pneumatic machinery, and numerous devices were applied to facilitate loading and to enable the gunners to remain under cover. Recoil, however, had always been regarded as a hostile force to be neutralised, not as an agent capable of being put to use. When the Moncrieff system was at last applied in the navy, its application was put into the hands of men wedded to the old ways. It did not get fair play in these conditions, and the inventor had the mortification of seeing his ideas condemned because they had not been carried out according to his wishes, and his invention superseded by a kind of mongrel system in which the disappearance of the gun was directly affected by power applied from the engine-room. His very name was made to disappear by a sort of ironical adaptation of his principle, and the mutilation of his ideas served as excuse for ignoring their author. Abstract truth has few zealous friends, and he who desires his ideas to command adherents must know how to give them adventitious aid by enlisting concrete interests upon their side.

To the country the net result of the reluctance of the military authorities to adopt the Moncrieff system has been the loss of several millions of money expended upon faulty or even useless constructions. No doubt the nation was fully committed to the absurdities of the Palmerston era before Sir Alexander Moncrieff had brought forward his ideas. Bidden by the Duke of Wellington to "guard the sacred coast," a panic-stricken people could think of nothing better than imitations of Continental fortresses built upon plans descended from the days of smooth-bores. The progress of artillery brought about the most distressing confusion and perplexity. Scarcely was an improved edition of fortification plans prepared to cope with the last ascertained advance in the power of rifled ordnance when a further development of the attack compelled a

further revision. The fortification department had no other idea than to thicken their ramparts as the power of the gun increased, and were at the further disadvantage that the power of the gun had to be inferred from theoretical rather than practical considerations. A shell from a given gun had penetrated so many feet of earth or masonry, therefore a shell from a bigger gun already designed would pierce so many feet more. The news was heard with a shudder by the Inspector-General of Fortification, and the word went forth to alter all the plans of the works in progress, in order to keep ahead of the attack. At last, like the knights of feudal times, the defence was crushed under its own armour. Masonry and earth had been thickened till the guns were barely workable, and even then there was no complete or satisfactory protection from the rifled ordnance of the hypothetical enemy. Iron was called into requisition, and our forts were plated like the battery of an ironclad, while the crippled guns pivoted at the muzzle had to be fired through port-holes just large enough to admit the chase. Even this brought no complete security; while many good judges believe that in an engagement our unfortunate gunners would suffer even more from their own guns than from the enemy. This wonderful system was in full swing when Captain Moncrieff brought his invention to the notice of the authorities, and so full were their heads with the problem of building something that a gun could not knock to pieces, that they would not even look with an understanding mind upon a plan for leaving the gun nothing to fire at. He came too late to save the country in any case from being launched upon a course of heavy expenditure, but he was not too late to have saved a great amount of money spent upon the final stages of iron-plated fortification, if only our military advisers had possessed a little imagination and some openness of mind.

The younger men, who had not grown up with the dominant system and who saw it in a form which to an unsophisticated eye could not but be ridiculous, were better placed for taking an impartial view of the new method of seeking safety in invisibility. It is mainly to their labours that the Moncrieff system owes the success and recognition it has now attained. In their writings, such for example as the recent treatise on Fortification by Major Sydenham Clarke, one of the ablest exponents of modern ideas on this subject, concealment by all available methods takes a very prominent place. In the pursuit of invisibility the Moncrieff carriage falls into place as the most potent and theoretically perfect method of securing the maximum of offensive power together with the maximum of protection. There are doubtless cases in which practical considerations may counsel contentment with less perfect but more simple arrangements. The hydraulic machinery undoubtedly requires skilled attention to keep it in working order and no equal.

lence of manufacture can obviate loss of power by leakage, and other inconveniences incidental to machinery working under heavy strain. It follows that in positions of secondary importance, or intended to be garrisoned only in emergencies, it may frequently be found expedient to dispense with disappearing carriages. Where, however, a considerable establishment is maintained in permanence and the necessary appliances in the shape of machinery and skilled labour are always at hand, a very great economy in men and money can be secured by adopting the Moncrieff system of mounting and disposing guns. In all important works it will probably be found that the cost of machinery and skilled labour is more than covered by the reduction in the number of guns required to guard a given area, and the smallness of the reserves required in conditions of perfect protection to the gunners.

This country practically has to deal only with a special phase of the general problem of fortification. Thanks to our insular position we have to provide only for coast defence, that is to say, our forts have to cope only with the fire of ships. Before they can be attacked by anything resembling regular siege operations, the Empire must already be at the mercy of its enemies. A landing in force cannot be effected upon our shores until we have lost the command of the sea, that is to say, until our navy is not only beaten, but beaten so completely as to be unable to interfere with the complicated, difficult, and somewhat prolonged operation of disembarking an army. Should we ever be placed in such a deplorable position, no forts that we can construct would be worth defending; indeed no enemy would think them worth attacking. What we have to do, therefore, in our land fortifications is practically to resist and reply to the fire of ships. Now the whole tendency of modern invention is to weaken the offensive power of ships against land defences. Arms of precision are to a large extent useless when there can be no precision or stability in the platform from which they are fired. At long, or even at moderate ranges, in very ordinary conditions of weather, firing from a ship at a target so small and inconspicuous as an ordinary barbette battery can readily be made, is excessively uncertain and ineffective. On the other hand, the fire of rifled guns on shore at a ship, even when she is moving with considerable rapidity, can be made very deadly. Not only can she be struck with ponderous missiles, one of which may suffice to do fatal injury, but she may be attacked perhaps more effectively by quick-firing guns which will destroy everything down to the waterline except what lies behind her central armour. Generally speaking she will also be liable to attack if she approaches to close quarters, by stationary or moving torpedoes. It is important to discard, or at least to revise, all ideas derived from the exploits of ships in the days of round shot. At that time ships threw an enormous number of projectiles, and produced their effects

by the almost fortuitous hitting of a certain percentage. Nowadays the volume of their fire is extremely small, although the individual projectiles are far more powerful. They accordingly miss the results formerly gained by a broadside fired with guns no two of which probably had precisely the same range or muzzle velocity; while by reason of their perpetual movement, even in a calm sea, they are unable to give their rare discharges a compensating degree of accuracy. Shore batteries, on the contrary, can utilize to the utmost by increase of precision in their weapons. With modern appliances they can lay down upon a chart the course of a moving ship, lay their guns upon some point in that course, and, making the necessary time allowances, deliver a volley with telling effect. The change in the conditions may be estimated from the fact that it is no longer found practicable for ships to keep in motion on an elliptical course, delivering their fire as they pass the point nearest to the battery aimed at. That was all very well with a broadside which made upon a large scale the sort of "pattern" made by an ounce of No. 6 in a fowling-piece, but it does not do at all when ships have to fire, as it were, with a rifle. A badly-aimed smooth-bore always had a good chance of doing mischief, because its projectile might drop anywhere within pretty wide limits; but a badly-aimed rifled gun has no such chance, because its projectile goes where it is aimed and nowhere else. The old man-of-war fired an immense number of badly-aimed shots and scored a great many fluky hits; the modern ship must aim almost as badly in a lively sea, but her shots are few and they never hit by chance.

The bombardment of Alexandria is one of the few bits of real experience by which we can check theories spun from scanty and misleading data gathered at the proof-butts. It proved one half of what has just been advanced, though, fortunately for this country, the Egyptian gunners were quite unfit to show what rifled guns can do against ships. Our fleet attacked in very favourable conditions, and it produced astonishingly little effect. It totally failed to disable guns mounted in the rudest of barbette batteries. These guns undoubtedly possessed one great advantage, the greatest of all, though the last to be appreciated in this country, namely, invisibility. The batteries were built of sand, and as grass will not grow on it, a sand slope is indistinguishable a few hundred yards off from the surrounding waste. There were the guns, it is true, visible enough as black dots, but even with that advantage, which would not exist in Moncrieff emplacements, the ships only proved how dependent they are upon the blunders of engineers on shore for a practicable target. Every element of invisibility possessed by these Egyptian batteries ought also to be possessed by our coast fortifications. There ought to be neither parapet, nor slope, nor contour of any kind to direct

the enemy's fire. In all situations of importance the guns ought to emerge from the earth at the moment of firing, ought to be painted — not the sacred slate blue of the War Office, but whatever colour best harmonizes with their surroundings, and ought to disappear beneath the surface when their bolt is shot. They ought not to be massed in batteries, the position of which will always be shown in action by the persistent cloud of smoke, but ought to be dispersed, singly or in couples, so as most effectually to cover the whole area, with power of concentration on any given spot. Each emplacement ought to be electrically connected with a central station in a commanding position, from which the fire of all could be directed with scientific precision. That is the plan which gives the highest degree of security for men and materials, together with the greatest efficiency for a given expenditure. But that is the Moncrieff system of fortification, acceptance of which has been retarded by its very excellence, its simplicity, and its tacit condemnation of the elaborate folly for which this nation has paid so dearly. It may be carried out, as we have seen, though less perfectly, without Moncrieff gun-carriages. A high degree of invisibility may be attained with guns mounted simply *en barbette* if the work be carried out by men who have fully grasped the significance of modern developments of the art of war. Sometimes it may be wise to content ourselves with the more simple mode of mounting. But it can never be wise to forget for an instant the central ideas of the Moncrieff system—invisibility and dispersion of guns. Sir Alexander Moncrieff was the first to insist upon the paramount importance of these keynotes of fortification in modern conditions; and were his mechanical contrivances to pass into oblivion to-morrow, he would still retain a prominent place in the history of the art, and would deserve well of his country for the profound educational influence his ideas have exerted.

R.

EDITORIAL HORSEPLAY.

YEARS ago I chanced to be one afternoon in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, on a day which by ill-luck was an Odd-Fellows' Fête, and I witnessed the following scene. There was seated on the bench near me an inoffensive person, tranquilly contemplating the beautiful view over Kent. Behind him stole up, with comic gestures to the bystanders, a most hilarious Odd-Fellow, whom the gaudy emblems of his order proclaimed to be "A Noble Grand." This singular "Noble Grand," with many winks to his comrades, and a final bound and whoop, brought down his fist full on the crown of the contemplative person's hat; who, as soon as he could recover from the "bonneting," sought to ascertain the meaning of this unprovoked assault. Whereat the "Noble Grand" burst into inextinguishable guffaws, and rapidly retreated, shouting—"It is only a joke, old man!"

This little scene came back to me, when I found myself unexpectedly the object of a piece of horseplay on the part of the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. He assures me that it is only "his chaff"; and that I "may like to chaff him back." But, as he declines to allow me to do so in the pages of his own review, except on the very doubtful condition of his approving of what I may say in reply, I must crave the hospitality of a contemporary. When a man has been the victim of a boisterous practical joke, played upon him by one with whom he has long been on friendly terms, he has not much choice of alternative courses to pursue. The public care little about these personal incidents, and I shall waste but very few words on the subject. There are some larger questions of literary, political, and international interest on which I have something to say.

It is not, I think, usual for the editor of a grave review to accept and publish, without comment, an article on an international question, written in good faith by an old contributor; and then, three months afterwards, under his own name, to write an article solemnly pretending that the whole thing was a hoax; and, under a very thin veil, to accuse the writer of being "a platform-Pharisee," "the lowest kind of mob-orator," of "cool effrontery," of "suggestion of the false," "perversion of the true," of "flat misstatement," of "gross appeals to tawdry and shallow sentimentalism," of "pandering to all weaknesses and prejudices." "The whole article," says the editor to me, was "a farrago of inverted fact, inverted sense, and inverted sentiment." "The opening paragraph contains," he

says, "the platform agitator's stock-in-trade:—(1) assumed confidence; (2) baseless assertion; (3) false suggestion; (4 and 5) direct misstatement; (6) misleading gush." And so on, over twelve pages.

Now, I am accustomed to the professional terms of abuse current with party scribes: and, as I take as little notice of them as of the bad language of a cabman, Mr. Knowles seems to think that I shall treat these gross charges with similar unconcern. But Mr. Knowles is neither a cabman nor a party scribe, and the case is rather different. He is the man who very willingly published to the world, that is, sold to his readers and circulated all over the Empire, this "farrago" of "baseless assertion," "direct misstatement," and "misleading gush." He thought it good enough for his subscribers, and he gave it his *imprimatur*. As the *Paris Temps* tells him, he is trying "to fill two sacks from one grist." It is surely a new view of an editor's duty that he is a mere post-office, bound to circulate what is dropped in his box, and that the half-crowns he collects are in exchange for the "flat misstatements," the "farrago" of nonsense, the "gross appeals," the "misleading gush," which, month by month, he offers to his public. Yet this is the aspect of his duty which Mr. Knowles now presents. It is not his to select or to withhold anything. He serves up as much farrago of nonsense as they will swallow. But in due time he will enter his own columns in person, and explain the joke. It is an odd view of an editor's function: and a new view.¹

Language of the kind I quote would be unusual licence from an avowed opponent in a partizan print. It becomes a more serious thing when it is used in person by the director of the organ where it has been given to the public; by one whose first duty was to refuse being a party to a mischievous jest. If jest there were, or mischievous nonsense, the editor was the first to play tricks on his subscribers. Contributing to a miscellaneous review must come to an end on the part of all those who respect themselves and have anything serious to say, if they may expect the editor, after profiting by their assistance, to turn round on them in a party squib. One would as soon expect the manager, who has put a new drama on the stage, to advance to the footlights in full evening dress, and violently call on the gallery to damn it as a wretched farce.

I say Mr. Knowles, because he signs the article with his name, and not merely as impersonal "Editor"; though those who know best Mr. Knowles' authentic style fail to see the affectionate *abandon* of his undress manner, and think they perceive the cut and thrust and fine Roman hand of a far more practised pamphleteer. The

(1) I understand that Mr. Knowles thinks he made it a condition with me that he should treat my paper as a joke. I positively deny that I ever heard of or accepted any such condition, or had the remotest idea of the little game which so greatly delights him. *Does anyone who knows me think that I am a likely person to consent to any horseplay?

curious outbursts about IRELAND, mob-orators, modern demagogues, "the masses,"—and the Salvation Army, of all things—suggest another origin than that of the editorial sanctum where all sorts and conditions have long been effusively welcomed. 'Tis a strange transformation—as if the kitten on the hearthrug, which had been playfully clawing at one's sleeve, should suddenly begin to bite and scratch. With all this I have nothing to do. Be it editor, or editor's ghost, it is the same to me. And I shall treat the remarks, whether of the pseudo-Knowles or not, as the authentic utterance of the editorial pen.

I have now done with the personal question at issue, and shall very briefly confine myself to the following general points:—

I. The retention by England of the Elgin Marbles is entirely a question of international duty and State policy; it is not a question of art criticism, and it is very far remote from mob-oratory and the Salvation Army.

II. I am perfectly familiar with the history, present condition, and actual treatment of the Marbles, having had special interest and sources of information thereon, long before Mr. Knowles, or his assistant, went to the Museum to get up a case against me.

III. All that I wrote as to the acquisition, condition, and treatment of the Marbles is exactly and literally true, and very moderately stated; and the insinuation that I charged on the Museum neglect or injury to the Marbles, is a pure fabrication.

IV. The Parthenon Marbles stand upon a footing wholly different from that of any other antique relics.

V. The circumstances are entirely changed since the time when they were brought to England and acquired by the Museum.

VI. It is unseemly to make a neutral point of international policy a mere peg for personal and party abuse, and all the stock phrases of Unionist and Jingo insolence.

I. The question which I raised as to the ultimate restoration to Greece of the Parthenon Marbles is entirely and solely one of international policy. It has to be decided by statesmen, and not by the art critics, who are mere intruders in the matter. I put it, as it should be put, on the ground of national comity. Even if I had made any mistake in what I said from the archaeological point of view, my argument would remain unaffected. But I made no mistake at all; nor has Mr. Knowles been able to correct me in any error. I knew what I was talking about; but if my antiquarian facts had been less accurate it would have made no difference to the essential plea I put forth. In making it, I knew that I was exposing myself to the impertinences of what I called "British Philistinism and art-gabble." It is becoming a nuisance that every *petit maitre* who dabbles in High Art and frequents Christie's sale-rooms is ready to

jump up on every occasion to insult foreign nations, to justify every act of national aggression, and generally to thrust his æsthetic Billingsgate into grave matters of politics. One of these gentry wanted to be rude to me in a lady's drawing-room; and now Mr. Knowles, whose whole life, it seems, has been dedicated to High Art (by which is meant, I suppose, Baron Grant's big mansion), tells me that my proposal is too comical and childish to be treated seriously.

As we know, anything that is not within the narrow circle of his particular philosophy is usually pronounced "childish" by the man in the street; and if anything novel is put forth about matters whereon he fancies himself, he cannot keep off bad words. Mr. Knowles's protracted and tiresome jest to represent it all as a hoax of mine has actually taken in the respectable *Rock*, and many of the silly papers in the provinces, who seem equally astounded that Mr. Harrison could make a joke, or that Mr. Knowles could write an article. Both of these things, it seems, are possible.

But others, and serious persons enough, not gifted with Mr. Knowles's irrepressible sense of humour, took my proposal in entire good faith, and, what is more, warmly supported it. The *Standard* was the first, in a vigorous leader, to approve the suggestion; and the article produced a sensation in Greece which, no doubt, was somewhat premature. It was followed by an article in the *Speaker*, which, in powerful and manly language, supported every point I had made. An excellent article in the same sense appeared in the *Daily Graphic*; and many other prints, both at home and abroad, have recognised the force of my appeal. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in a valuable article on modern Greece, has just committed himself to the same policy; and to my knowledge he is supported therein by other members in the House. I have received a mass of correspondence in the same sense. Two very honourable and serious political associations, having no party character, have addressed me with a view to our organizing public action in Parliament or elsewhere. Some very eminent persons indeed are known to favour the idea. But as they are not so much used as I am to the rotten egg and dead cat missiles of the party press, they have not spoken in public.

It is, indeed, the large amount of sympathy and interest which my article called out, both in England, in the United States, and abroad, which awakens a somewhat vicious attempt to put me down. When an international proposal is accepted by leading politicians, representative journals, and widespread sympathy, it is somewhat late to cry out that it is too comical and childish to be treated seriously. I have faced too many rotten eggs and dead cats since I first stood on a public platform to care for any that Mr. Knowles can fling. Every back who does the funny paragraphs for party prints has often had his cockshy; and Mr. Knowles well knows that a dense mob of

vulgar British Philistinism is always ready to cheer another shot. But my plain tale has been fairly launched on the political conscience of our time. And in trying to rouse up against it a party boo-hoo, Mr. Knowles is only playing the larrikin in his own review.

Why all this storming about demagogues and mob-orators, pandering to prejudices, forsooth! street rhetoric, evening-journal righteousness, platform-Pharisees, Home Rule, and the Salvation Army? What has Ireland, demagoguism, and street rhetoric to do with the Parthenon? What have I to do with evening-journal righteousness, or with the Salvation Army; and what have either to do with the Elgin Marbles? Why drag all these into a discussion about some antique stones, except by way of mischief and prejudice? Does Mr. Knowles, who lectures us about "cool effrontery," venture to tell me that I am a demagogue, or a platform-Pharisee? If he wished simply to pour out his bile against everybody and everything which comes between the wind and his nobility, he should write rasping letters to the *Times*, like Mr. Auberon Herbert, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, who spend much of their time in kicking their old friends from the rear, and railing at everyone who will not curse Mr. Gladstone.

It is a trifle, but it serves to show a mere desire to be "nasty," that Mr. Knowles should repeat the silly *canard* that I intend to abandon political life. No one knows better than Mr. Knowles that the story is a mere reporter's blunder. Speaking in November at the Liberal Association of London University, which did me the honour to choose me as their candidate in 1886, I said that I should not again appear on theirs or any other parliamentary platform. My political friends know perfectly that I am not a candidate for Parliament. Save to make a protest in 1886, I never was. In that sense, I was never in public life, and therefore cannot leave it. But, if I do not speak on parliamentary platforms, I hope to have more leisure to have my say about politics with my pen, whenever anything interests me sufficiently. Indeed a couple of months after this foolish bit of newspaper gossip appeared, I wrote somewhat decidedly on the great party question in this very Review. Mr. Knowles was quite hurt that I did so: and I suppose, after his kind, this is his way of showing his feelings. Perhaps he did right to dissemble his love:—but why did he kick me downstairs? Alas!—the old story!—I suppose I have a rival in his affections.

II. Mr. Knowles writes as if it were like my presumption to speak about Works of Art, and professes to enlighten my ignorance about the Parthenon and the treatment of the fragments in the Museum. As I have shown, the matter before us is not one of art criticism, but of politics. But it so happens that I am quite as familiar with the Parthenon and its marbles as Mr. Knowles himself. The French have a saying:—*Pour être marbrier on n'est pas de*

marbre. And so, a man may have designed some "noble mansions" for the aristocracy without being Pheidias or Ictinus. Well! it so chances that the Parthenon and its marbles have been a special study of mine since boyhood. I happen to have in the press a book for which I have written biographies of Pheidias and of Ictinus. I have often lectured on the subject; and by the courtesy of the Keeper, I took a party of students to the Elgin Room, and was permitted to give them a lecture on the contents, in a reserved gallery. I certainly do not pretend to be an art critic; but in the course of these studies I have had to examine the marbles very closely, and to consult almost every important work thereon.

For many years I was the possessor of a very interesting antique—a statuette from Athens, in Pentelic marble of the fine period. It was kept with very great care in my wife's drawing-room, and was most religiously dusted or washed by her alone. Now, Sir Charles Newton persuaded us that *it was suffering cruel injury from the smoke and atmosphere of a London drawing-room*, that it could be more safely washed and cleansed from soot in the Museum, and that it would be less exposed to injury if treated there. I accordingly presented it to the Museum: it was scoured white, placed in a glass-case, and is now, with my name, in the Greek ante-room. Sir Charles explained to me the process of cleaning the marbles; and I have seen it at work in the Museum galleries. Accordingly I have long known the exact condition of the marbles in the Museum, and the process employed to free them from soot. And I did not need, as Mr. Knowles did, to go down to the Museum and get up the information in order to write my article. Mr. Knowles's elaborate story about the treatment of the marbles may be interesting and surprising to some people; but to me it is *commu*.

Now, I am perfectly aware that the authorities of our Museum take the greatest pains to protect these precious relics. I spoke of these "excellent directors" as doing everything in their power. I never suggested that any preventible injury was likely to be done to the marbles. All that I said was:—"That the climate of Bloomsbury is far more injurious to them than the climate of the Acropolis." That is strictly and literally true, and no competent person will deny it. Mr. Knowles tells us at great length how the soot is removed from the marbles and washed out periodically. I know that; but on the Acropolis there is no soot at all, and it is not necessary to wash the marbles white. Sir Charles Newton told me that my Pentelic marble figure was suffering injury from London soot and dust. It is now washed quite white again, and is kept in a glass case. Does anyone venture to say that washing a marble fragment, full of holes and cracks, does no harm at all, and that London soot is good for the pores of Pentelic marble? Whatever is done at Bloomsbury could be done, if needed, at Athens. But it is not needed. Athens

is, perhaps, more free from soot than any city in Europe. Does Mr. Knowles, with all his authority as *ancien marbrier*, venture to deny that the soot of London is, *cæteris paribus*, not quite as good for Pentelic fragments as the pellucid air of the Acropolis? This is all that I ever asserted, and I assert it again.

I spoke with moderation and weighing my words. I said that from the point of view of centuries, the soot of Bloomsbury was *slowly* affecting the crumbling surface, and that the scars were being *subtly* filled with London soot. That is common sense; and it is ridiculous to talk about casts and microscopes, and to tell us that London soot, daily dusting it out, and periodical washing does a marble fragment positive good! Why, my statuette went to the Museum lavatory like Mr. Pears' black boy, and came out like the white boy after treatment by the infallible soap. Did the statuette benefit by the detergents as much as Mr. Pears' infant *digger*?

III. I must protest against the gratuitous assertion which Mr. Knowles puts in my mouth, that the "scars" on the river-god were caused in the Museum. I never said anything of the kind, and it is a mere distortion of my words to put such a meaning on them. I said that the "scars" *were being subtly filled with soot*. So they are. Mr. Knowles explains how the Museum people get the dust out of these deep holes every morning. When I wrote that sentence I had before me the large and magnificent photographs of the Elgin Torsos, where every dint is marked. Does the reader remember what the "scars" I spoke of are; deep, long furrows? A man need not be a *marbrier* by profession to know that, in sixty years, even London soot cannot plough deep holes in marble. I never thought of anything so ridiculous, or that any one could so grossly distort my plain words. "Scars" there are, ancient and long-standing scars; and night and day, they are subtly filled with London soot. And Mr. Knowles wishes us to believe that this, and the dusting and washing, do good rather than harm. Whilst he was about it, Mr. Knowles should have charged me with asserting that the London soot had eaten the head off the river-god! That would have been a bold one.

And then Mr. Knowles trots out the story about the casts taken from the Panathenaic frieze by Lord Elgin and the casts taken seventy years later, as if I did not know all about them, and as if I had not had the whole tale thrust in my face over and over again by these irritable Professors of High Art. Let me cast a little gentle dust on the buzzing of this angry swarm. They have got hold of a mere mare's-nest, because they are too hot to look at my words. The story is this. Casts were taken for Lord Elgin of part of the frieze which stood *in situ* on the Parthenon ruins in 1801. The

casts taken of the same pieces, *after seventy years' exposure to the weather*, show considerable deterioration. Therefore, if we send back our metopes, torsos, and relieves to the Acropolis, they will be speedily destroyed.—Q. E. D. And Mr. Knowles and sundry art critics think that is a smasher for me.

Who ever proposed that the Elgin fragments should be taken out of their warmed hall, their hermetically sealed cases, and their motherly nursing and washing in the Museum, to be exposed to the weather and abandoned to accident on the Acropolis? Not I indeed! My words were:—"No one in his senses would talk about *restoring* the Parthenon, and no one dreams of replacing the marbles in the Pediments." How can it affect my argument to show, that seventy years of weather and ill-treatment have done more injury than the soot of London? Of course they have. I gave an account of the Acropolis Museum, where the Parthenon relics are as well protected as they are in London—*minus* the soot. All that is done in London could be done, and is done, *mutatis mutandis*, in the museum of Athens. I have never suggested that the Pheidian remains should again be exposed to the weather. And therefore, elaborate proof of what would happen, if they were so exposed, is wholly irrelevant, and a mere device to mislead the reader.

Mr. Knowles goes at length over the thrice-told tale of the acquisition by the nation of the Elgin Marbles, as narrated in the Report of the Committee of Parliament in 1816. I am perfectly familiar with it; but there is nothing in it which contradicts my assertions. Lord Elgin had his friends, and he had his opponents, and Mr. Knowles repeats the story of Lord Elgin's friends. I shall not go into the tedious dispute, which, like many art battles, is a repertory of angry contradictions, acrimonious logic, and dogmatic assertions. I never rested my case on Lord Elgin's misdeeds, and I do not rest it now. I am not going to rake up one of the buried controversies of the High Art pundits. I said in my first article:—"The reasons which were held to justify Lord Elgin in removing them have vanished." Lord Elgin "may have honestly thought that he was preserving for mankind these precious relics." I have never pretended that the nation have not a legal title to the marbles, or that Lord Elgin stole them, as Verres did in Sicily. My case is quite complete without any such argument. My case is this:—

1. Lord Elgin obtained the Parthenon marbles—not from the Greeks, but from the Turks their oppressors.
2. The Greeks, so far as they could, objected to the removal, and have never done anything to injure them.
3. Lord Elgin's agents carried off what they chose, without regard to the building which they stripped.

4. The British nation acquired the Elgin marbles for what, in intrinsic value, is a mere song.

Their ultimate restoration to Greece, I entirely agree, will be a simple matter of international comity.

Now, the very report which Mr. Knowles cites for the *real* story of Lord Elgin's doings to confute my fancy story (I never gave any story at all!) contains the evidence of Mr. Morritt, M.P., a traveller at Athens, who told the Committee that the Greeks were anxious that *the marbles should not be removed*. He saw no reason that the marbles which were still in their place should be injured. The authorities at Athens, he said, would not allow anything to be removed (Report—evidence of J. B. S. Morritt, M.P.). Mr. Fazakerley, M.P., thought the marbles were in danger. But from whom? He tells the Committee—"the marbles were exposed to great danger, from the avidity of travellers to acquire particular objects." (Report—evidence of J. N. Fazakerley, M.P.). This is the Report which Mr. Knowles cites to show me what a "Noble Grand" of an Art Patron Lord Elgin was. Dr. Clarke, who was present, saw the shattering of part of the superstructure of the Parthenon, when one of the metopes was removed, and heard the sorrowful exclamation of the Greek official who witnessed the ruin. In his travels, Dr. Clarke calls it a sacrilege to the good name of England. And seventy-five years after this, Mr. Knowles ranges himself on the side of Lord Elgin's followers, and wishes us to believe that this was indeed a noble act of "a true lover of art."

I shall pass with a smile the Jingo nonsense about Lord Nelson, the battle of the Nile, the enthusiasm of the Ambassador, and the lavishness of the British taxpayer. Mr. Knowles says the cash value of these marbles is reckoned in millions. Well! the British taxpayer paid for them £35,000: so that he got a return for his money. But with all this stuff, I have nothing to do. The truth is, that during the great war, when Napoleon began to plunder works of art like Sulla and Pompeius, minor persons thought they might have a finger in the pie. Ambassadors made antiques the subject of diplomatic rivalry. They scrambled and wrangled for marbles as they now do for slices of Africa. Mr. Fazakerley told the Committee that antique marbles were exposed to great danger *from the avidity of travellers*. The stories about the Greeks and the Turks destroying them were largely travellers' gossip used to cover vandalism and piracy on the part of collectors.

IV. But I waste no time over all this ancient history, except to point out that there is no shadow of evidence that the Greeks were ever responsible for injury to the ruins, or the removal of fragments to England. I pass on to notice shortly a point which Mr. Knowles has elaborately argued, that if the Elgin Marbles were restored

everything else in the Museum that is foreign, and the National Gallery too, must follow. It is the old, old story of the "thin end of the wedge," which does duty for everything, from Home Rule to the penny rate for a public library. It was the "thin end of the wedge" when Dissenters were admitted to public office, or cabs were allowed to cross the Park. This stock-in-trade of Conservatism applies to everything equally; but it is wholly irrelevant when applied to my proposal. I said before, and I say again, the Elgin Marbles cannot be compared with any other ancient relics. Mr. Knowles pours out a mass of easy rhetoric about the Phigaleian Marbles, the Mausoleum, the Nereid Monument, and asks if I propose to restore those? Certainly not! I made the distinction plain enough, if he would only look at it. I wrote thus, "The Elgin Marbles stand upon a footing entirely different from all other statues. They are not statues; they are architectural parts of a unique building, the most famous in the world; a building still standing, though in a ruined state, which is the *national symbol and palladium of a gallant people*, and which is a place of pilgrimage to civilised mankind." "To the Greek nation now the ruins on the Acropolis are far more important and sacred than are any other national monuments to any other people. They form the outward and visible sign of the national existence and re-birth." "To the patriotic Athenian of to-day the Acropolis represents Tower, Abbey, St. Stephen's, Westminster Hall, Domesday Book, Magna Carta, and all our historic memorials together." That is my case; that the Elgin Marbles are substantive parts, and far the most precious parts, of a historic building which is the national symbol and palladium of a friendly nation. There is no other instance in the world of one nation holding, not by conquest, but by recent purchase from an oppressor, the national symbols of another nation. If our ambassador had bought from Bismarck, when the Germans were in Paris, the tombs of the kings from St. Denis, the tomb of Napoleon, the carved statues of Notre-Dame, and the painted windows from the Sainte Chapelle, I think we should hear something more about the matter, and perhaps Mr. Knowles would not sing "Rule Britannia" with quite so defiant a tone.

Does he venture to say that the fragments from the Mausoleum, or from the Nereid Monument, or the Phigaleian Marbles, in the least answer to the test I offered for the Elgin Marbles, that they are substantive parts of a *building still standing in the capital of the nation*, and rightly regarded as the national centre and symbol? Why, the Nereid and the Mausoleum fragments were discovered, dug out, in Asia, within the Turkish dominions, not in Greece at all, and with full consent of the actual ruler of the country; and they have no sort of national character. And the Phigaleian Marbles,

though they belong to Greece, have no such character as great historic memorials. The Greeks are quite right now to keep all antique remains in their own country. But fragments, "discovered" in uninhabited districts, with no national history or patriotic traditions about them, stand on a very different footing from the Pheidian ornaments of the Acropolis—the crown of the national Capitol.

V. All the circumstances, I assert, are entirely changed since the Elgin Marbles were removed in 1801. The Greek nation is now a free, independent, and civilised nation in Europe. Their claim to national importance rests very largely on their historic associations. They are keen enough to know that this title greatly depends on the value they set on these associations. Historic symbols, antiquities, and the possession of the Holy Places of ancient poetry and art, are thus to the Greeks quite as important as an army, or a fleet, and indeed much more so. The nation is hence quite fanatically jealous of its national monuments, which play a larger part in Greece than in other modern nations. As a matter of fact the museums and antiquities of Greece are now very well and carefully protected. The pretence that marbles are safer in London than in Athens is nonsense: the Acropolis is now far more secure from conceivable accident than is the museum in Bloomsbury. The idea that under any possible conditions the Acropolis is likely to be exposed to modern artillery fire is one that those who have ever seen it can only laugh at. The whole Acropolis is fenced and guarded just as the British Museum is. If a drunken sailor ever did any damage, it could only be by escaping the guards, just as a madman once smashed our Portland vase. Athens is now a central art school for all nations, and since the opening of the railway to Salonica and Constantinople, is frequented like Venice, or Florence; and to all Europe that lies south and east of Munich, it is at least as accessible as London. The idea which seems to possess Mr. Knowles' mind that Athens is a place as wild and remote as Baghdad, where Albanians and drunken sailors engage in faction fights, whose streets are a sort of Petticoat Lane and Whitechapel, and where an occasional Milord arrives with his dragoman and tents, is an idea derived from the "travels" of his youth. Let him get some one who has been there of late to explain to him the present state of things, and he will be surprised to learn that Athens is now a city as well policed, as orderly, as cultivated, and as full of intelligent visitors as any of the towns of Germany, Italy, or France. As a centre of archaeological study, to the whole world, Old and New, Athens is now a more important school than London.

All these arguments are mere pretexts to bolster up—possession. They would equally apply to all other national monuments which a stronger power desired to keep from a weaker. When Napoleon I.

ransacked the churches and galleries of Italy, the French also could talk big about the superior safety of Paris, the miserable carelessness of the Italians, the paramount interests of High Art, and their own noble capital as the centre of civilisation. When Napoleon III. captured Rome, when Bismarck captured Paris, each might have carried off the contents of the Vatican and the Louvre, to take them out of the keeping of a degenerate race who were always bringing an enemy about their ears, and to guard these works of art as a precious inheritance "for the use and profit of mankind." So, too, the "Artful Dodger" has often assured the Court, that if he did prig the old gentleman's watch, it was only to take care of it when the old gentleman was in liquor, that if he had not taken it, "Bill Sikes" would, that the watch was dangling loose out of the old gentleman's pocket, that he, the "Dodger," carefully wound it up at night, and wiped its face with a silk handkerchief every morning, that the old gentleman was on his way to the pawnshop to "spout" the watch himself, and that in any case it was in far better hands with the "Dodger" and his friends, &c., &c., &c.

VI. Enough of these miserable quibbles which I have been forced to notice by a noisy attempt to shout me down. I made my appeal to the public conscience, for the sake of England's good name and in the true interests of art as a moral and a social force. In that appeal I have been warmly supported both at home and abroad. And by love for England and for Art, I understand something wider and more human than sneers at the barbarism of the foreigner and the simpering of dilettanti over objects in glass-cases. I would rather see our island "inviolate," by virtue of her generous bearing to all, than by the menace of her guns and the trophies she may have won in battle. And to me the love of Art is inseparable from love and reverence for the great artist, for the dust whereon he trod and with which he is mingled, for the *genius loci* of the temple of art which he raised and loved, and for the national traditions to which even the noblest art can add but a mere deepening of the glow.

And it is not to the credit of what calls itself taste, that an appeal to the honour and magnanimity of our countrymen, an appeal of the most neutral and impersonal kind, void of offence to man, party, or school of opinion, should be seized on as a text for opening the floodgates of party virulence, and for heaping insults and calumny on a weak but innocent ally. No doubt, in every age, Demetrius the silversmith, and the craftsmen which are with him, are always ready to bawl that their craft is in danger, and that Diana of the Ephesians comes before any other interest of God or man. That is the nature of the "craftsmen" all the world over. And the cant about "Art for Art" in these days tends naturally to whatever is

mean, narrow-minded, and anti-social, for its moral basis is usually some form of cynical self-conceit. Nay, every fribble who hangs about the galleries of the rich, and picks up the tittle-tattle of the *bric-à-brac* shop from Melchizedek of Bond Street, is ever ready to lecture foreign nations on their "vandalism," to applaud any international outrage which promises our Museums a few more stones, pictures, mummies, or "relics" of any kind, and generally to treat as mongrels or niggers those remote and barbarous nations which live far from the inspiration of Pall Mall and Christie's sale-rooms.

In any case, let us discuss a matter of national magnanimity without coarse and unmanly insults on a friendly nation. In the matter of their national monuments the Greeks of to-day show an intense and jealous care, a patriotic pride in which they are surpassed by no people on earth, and they have committed far less wanton havoc on their own historic relics than have the people of London, Paris, or Florence. The Greeks, at any rate, have not carted away the temples and the tombs of their ancestors to make boulevards and railways. I have never pretended to any special Hellenic enthusiasm; for I treat all nations with respect as members of the brotherhood of civilized mankind. No little nonsense, perhaps, has been talked by the rabid Phil-Hellene; but Greece is now an acknowledged and independent member of the European community. As compared with Portugal, Brazil, even Russia and Turkey, the intelligence, solidity, and progress of Greece are far from contemptible. Byron may have been a Philistine—truth to say he wrote in his hurry some sad doggrel—but he had a generous and mighty soul, and did for Greece what no poet in modern times ever did for a people; he inspired them with a living and abiding patriotism. The Greek nation is young; its difficulties are great; and its politics are unsteady, as are the politics of bigger nations who have had a longer experience. But to treat the Greek nation as unruly lads who must be kept out of mischief and wanton destruction, to say that they cannot be trusted with their own national monuments, to suggest that they would sell them to an American "ring," is a stupid and vulgar example of John Bull's insolence.

If we ever restore the Parthenon Marbles to their original home—as in the inevitable progress of national morality we certainly shall—this nation will not ask the Hellenic nation of to-day to prove their lineal descent from Pericles and Pheidias. How often within the last few months have I heard that last word of cynical pedantry—"how much of the blood of Themistocles and Plato is now to be found in the population of Athens?" It is the favourite sneer of the professor and the æsthete. The population of Athens and of Greece is mixed enough; and so is the population of England since the time of the Druids. If a foreign oppressor carted off to Berlin

the monoliths of Stonehenge, no doubt the professors of Germany would ask us to show our pedigree from the ancient Britons; and if the tomb of the Confessor were ever carried off to enrich the collections of the Louvre, I daresay the Keepers and the Academicians of Paris would ask us if we still supposed we were the Anglo-Saxons, who built the first Abbey of St. Peter!

Enough of this puerile pedantry. Nations are nations, whether mixed or pure by anthropological tests. International relations could not be maintained, unless every regularly constituted state were treated as sovereign within its acknowledged geographical limits, were the sole guardian of all things on the national soil, and the sole inheritor of all interests and memories which the past has left on that soil. Nor would international comity be anything but a sham, unless sovereign states be in courtesy treated as equal and entitled to the decencies of our common civilization. In sixty years of trial Greece has won an independent place as a small but legitimate member of the great European family. And, with no extravagant dreams about any Quixotic era of universal restitution, I do most confidently look forward to the time when Englishmen will take a noble pride in an act of magnanimity to a weak power, and a proof of graceful encouragement to a young and aspiring nation.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MOTHER—THE DAUGHTER.

TAKING Nesta's hand, on her entry into his chambers with her father, Colney Durance bowed over it and kissed it. The unusual performance had a meaning; she felt she was praised. It might be because she made herself her father's companion. "I can't persuade him to put on a great-coat," she said. "You would defeat his aim at the particular waistcoat of his ambition," said Colney, goaded to speak, not anxious to be heard.

He kept her beside him, leading her about for introductions to multiform celebrities of both sexes; among them the gentleman editing the Magazine which gave out serially *THE RIVAL TONGUES*; and there was talk of a dragon-throated public's queer appetite in Letters. The pained Editor deferentially smiled at her cheerful mention of Delphica. "In book form, perhaps!" he remarked, with plaintive resignation; adding: "You read it?" And a lady exclaimed: "We all read it!"

But we are the elect, who see signification and catch flavour; and we are reminded of an insatiable monster how sometimes capricious is his gorge. "He may happen to be in the humour for a shaking!" Colney's poor consolation it was to say of the prospects of his published book: for the funny monster has been known to like a shaking. "He takes it kinder tickled," said Fenellan, joining the group and grasping Nesta's hand with a warmth that thrilled her and set her guessing. "A taste of his favourite Cayenne lollypop, Colney; it fetches the tear he loves to shed, or it gives him digestive heat in the bag of his literary receptacle—fearfully relaxed and enormous! And no wonder; his notion of the attitude for reading, is to lie him down on his back; and he has in a jiffy the funnel of the Libraries inserted into his mouth, and he feels the publishers pouring their gallons through it unlimitedly; never crying out, which he can't; only swelling, which he is obliged to do, with a non-nutritious inflation; and that's his intellectual enjoyment, bearing a likeness to the horrible old torture of the *baillir d'eau*; and he is doomed to perish in the worst book-form of artificial dropsy. You, my dear Colney, have offended his police or excise, who stand by the funnel, in touch with his palate, to make sure that nothing above proof is poured in; and there's your misfortune. He's not half a bad fellow, you find when you haven't got to serve him."

"Superior to his parasites, one supposes!" Colney murmured.

The celebrities were unaffectedly interested in a literary failure having certain merits; they discussed it, to compliment the crownless author; and the fervider they, the more was he endowed to read the meanness prompting the generosity. Publication of a book, is the philosopher's lantern upon one's fellows.

Colney was caught away from his private manufactory of acids by hearing Simeon Fenellan relate to Victor some of the recent occurrences at Brighton. Simeon's tone was unsatisfying; Colney would have the word; he was like steel on the grindstone for such a theme of our national grotesque-sublime.

"That Demerara Supple-jack, Victor! Don't listen to Simeon; he's a man of lean narrative, fit to chronicle political party wrangles and such-like crop of carcase prose: this is epical. In DRINK we have Old England's organic Epic; Greeks and Trojans; Parliamentary Olympus, ennobled brewers, nasal fanatics, all the machinery to hand. Keep a straight eye on the primary motives of man, you'll own the English produce the material for proud verse; they're alive there! Dartrey's Demerara makes a pretty episode of the battle. I haven't seen it—if it's possible to look on it: but I hear it is flexible, of a vulgar appearance in repose, Jove's lightning at one time, the thong of Æacus at another. Observe Dartrey marching off to the Station, for the purpose of laying his miraculous weapon across the shoulders of a son of Mars, who had offended. But we have his name, my dear Victor! His name, Simeon?—Worrell; a Major Worrell: his offence being probably, that he obtained military instruction in the Service, and left it at his convenience, for our poor patch and tatter British Army to take in his place another young student, who'll grow up to do similarly. And Dartrey, we assume, is off to stop that system. You behold Sir Dartrey twirling the weapon in preparatory fashion; because he is determined we shall have an Army of trained officers instead of infant amateurs heading heroic louts. Not a thought of Beer in Dartrey!—always unpatriotic, you'll say. Plato entreats his absent mistress to fix eyes on a star: eyes on Beer for the uniting of you English! I tell you no poetic fiction. Seeing him on his way, thus terribly armed, and knowing his intent, Venus, to shield a former favourite servant of Mars, conjured the most diverting of interventions, in the shape of a young woman in a poke-bonnet, and Skepsey her squire, marching with a dozen or so, informing bedevilled mankind of the hideousness of our hymnification when it is not under secluding sanction of the Edifice, and challenging criticism; and that was hard by, and real English, in the form of bludgeons, wielded by a battalion of the national idol Bungay Beervat's boys; and they fall upon the hymnners. Here you fill in with pastoral similes. They struck the maid adored by Skepsey. And that was the blow which slew them! Our little man drove into the press with a pair of fists able to do their work. A valiant skiff upon a sea of enemies, he was having it on the nob, and suddenly the Demerara lightened. It failed to thresh. Enough to say, brains would have come. The Bungays made a show of fight. No lack of blood in them, to stock a raw shilling's worth or gush before Achilles rageing. You perceive the picture, you can almost sing the ballad. We want only a few names of the fallen. It was the carving of a *maitre chef*, according to Skepsey: right—left—and point, with supreme precision: they fell, accurately sliced from the joint. Having done with them, Dartrey tossed the Demerara to Skepsey, and washed his

hands of battle ; and he let his major go unscathed. Phlebotomy sufficient for the day ! ”

Nesta's ears hummed with the name of Major Worrell.

“ Skepsey did come back to London with a rather damaged frontispiece,” Victor said. “ He can't have joined those people ? ”

“ They may suit one of your militant peacemakers,” interposed Fenellan. “ The most placable creatures alive, and the surest for getting-up a shindy.”

“ Suit him ! They're the scandal of our streets.” Victor was pricked with a jealousy of them for beguiling him of his trusty servant.

“ Look at your country, see where it shows its vitality,” said Colney. “ You don't see elsewhere any vein in movement—movement,” he harped on the word Victor constantly employed to express the thing he wanted to see. “ Think of that, when the procession sets your teeth on edge. They're honest foes of vice, and they move :—in England ! Pulpit preaching has no effect. *For gross maladies, gross remedies.* You may judge of what you are by the quality of the cure. Puritanism, I w'n't attempt to paint—it would barely be decent ; but compare it with the spectacle of English frivolity—life—and you'll admit it to be the best show you make. It may still be the saving of you—on the level of the orderly ox : I've not observed that it aims at higher.—And talking of the pulpit, Barmby is off to the East, has accepted a Shoreditch curacy, Skepsey tells me.”

“ So there's the reason for our not seeing him ! ” Victor turned to Nesta.

“ I'm sure he thinks of serving his country, Mr. Durance,” she said.

Colney smiled on her. “ And you too ? ”

“ If women knew how ! ”

“ They're hitting on more ways at present than the men—in England.”

“ But, Mr. Durance, it speaks well for England when they're allowed the chance here.”

“ Good ! ” Fenellan exclaimed. “ And that upsets his placement of the modern national genders : Germany masculine, France feminine, Old England what remains.”

Victor ruffled and reddened on his shout of “ Neuter ? ”

Their circle widened. Nesta knew she was on promotion, by her being led about and introduced to ladies. They were encouraging with her. One of them, a Mrs. Marina Floyer, had recently raised a standard of feminine insurrection. She said : “ I hear your praises from Mr. Durance. He rarely praises. You have shown capacity to mediate on the condition of women, he says.”

Nesta drew a shorter breath, with a hope at heart. She speculated in the dark, as to whether her aim to serve and help was not so friendless. And did Mr. Durance approve ? But surely she stood in a glorious England if there were men and women to welcome a girl to their councils. Oh ! that is the broad free England where gentlemen and gentlewomen accept of the meanest aid to cleanse the land of its iniquities, and do not suffer shame to smite a young face for touching upon horrors with a pure design.

She cried in her bosom : I feel ! She had no other expression for that which is as near as great natures may come to the conceiving of the cele-

tial spirit from an emissary angel; and she trembled, the fire ran through her. It seemed to her, that she would be called to help or that certainly they were nearing to an effacement of the woofullest of evils; and if not helping, it would still be a blessedness for her to kneel thanking heaven.

Society was being attacked and defended. She could but studiously listen. Her father was listening. The assailant was a lady; and she had a hearing, although she treated Society as a disrowned monarch on trial for an offence against a more precious: viz., the individual cramped by brutish laws: the individual with the ideas of our time, righteously claiming expansion out of the clutches of a narrow old-world disciplinarian—that giant hypocrite! She flung the gauntlet at externally venerable Institutions; and she had a hearing, where horriification, execration, the foul Furies of Conservatism would in a shortly antecedent day have been hissing and snakily lashing, hounding her to expulsion. Mrs. Marina Floyer gravely seconded her. Colney did the same. Victor turned sharp on him. "Yes," Colney said; "we unfold the standard of extremes in this country, to get a single step taken: that's how we move: we threaten death to get footway. Now, mark: Society's errors will be admitted."

A gentleman spoke. He began by admitting Society's errors. Nevertheless, it so distinctly exists for the common good, that we may say of Society in relation to the individual, it is the body to the soul. We may wash, trim, purify, but we must not maim it. The assertion of our individuality in opposition to the Government of Society—this existing Society—is a toss of the cap for the erasure of our civilization, et cætera.

Platitudes can be of intense interest if they approach our case.—But, if you please, we ask permission to wash, trim, purify, and we do not get it.—But you have it!—Because we take it at our peril; and you, who are too cowardly to grant or withhold, call-up the revolutionary from the pits by your slackness:—&c. There was a pretty hot debate. Both assailant and defendant, to Victor's thinking, spoke well, and each the right thing: and he could have made use of both, but he could answer neither. He beat about for the cause of this deficiency, and discovered it in his position. Mentally he was on the side of Society. Yet he was annoyed to find the attack was so easily answerable when the defence unfolded. But it was absurd to expect it would not be. And in fact, a position secretly rebellious is equal to water on the brain for stultifying us.

Before the controversy was over, a note in Nataly's handwriting called him home. She wrote: "Make my excuses. C. D. will give Nesta and some lady dinner. A visitor here. Come alone, and without delay. Quite well, robust. Impatient to consult with you, nothing else."

Nesta was happy to stay; and Victor set forth.

The visitor? plainly Dudley. Nataly's trusting the girl to the chance of some lady being present, was unlike her. Dudley might be tugging at the cord; and the recent conversation upon Society, rendered one of its gilt pillars particularly estimable.—A person in the debate had declared this modern protest on behalf of individualism to represent Society's Criminal Trial. And it is likely to be a long one. And good for the world, that

we see such a Trial!—Well said or not, undoubtedly Society is an old criminal: not much more advanced than the state of spiritual worship where bloody sacrifice was offered to a hungry Lord. But it has a case for pleading. We may liken it, as we have it now, to the bumping lumberer's raft; suitable along torrent waters until we come to smother. Are we not on waters of a certain smoothness at the reflecting level?—enough to justify demands for a vessel of finer design. If Society is to subsist, it must have the human with the logical argument against the cry of the free-flags, instead of presenting a block's obtuseness. That, you need not hesitate to believe, will be rolled downward and disintegrated, sooner than later. A Society based on the logical concrete of humane considerateness:—a Society prohibiting to Mrs. Burman her wielding of a life-long rod. . . .

The personal element again to confuse inquiry!—And Skepsey and Barmby both of them bent on doing work without inquiry of any sort! They were enviable: they were good fellows. Victor clung to the theme because it hinted of next door to his lost Idea. He rubbed the back of his head, fancying a throb there.—Are civilized creatures incapable of abstract thought when their social position is dubious? For if so, we never can be quit of those we forsake.—Apparently Mrs. Burman's unfathomed power lay in her compelling him to summon the devilish in himself and play upon the impish in Society, that he might overcome her.

Victor's house-door stopped this current.

Nataly took his embrace.

"Nothing wrong?" he said, and saw the something. It was a favourable moment to tell her what she might not at another time regard as a small affair. "News in the City to-day of that South London borough being vacated. Quatley urges me. A death again! I saw Pempton, too. Will you credit me when I tell you he carries his infatuation so far, that he has been investing in Japanese and Chinese Loans, because they are less meat-eaters than others, and vegetarians are more stable, and outlast us all!—Dudley, the visitor?"

"Mr. Sowerby has been here," she said, in a shaking low voice.

Victor held her hand and felt a squeeze more nervous than affectionate.

"To consult with me," she added. "My maid will go at ten to bring Nesta; Mr. Durance I can count on, to see her safe home. Ah!" she wailed.

Victor nodded, saying: "I guess. And, my love, you will receive Mrs. John Cormyn to-morrow morning. I can't endure gaps. Gaps in our circle must never be. Do I guess?—I spoke to Colney about bringing her home."

Nataly sighed: "Ah! make what provision we will! Evil—— Mr. Sowerby has had a great deal to bear."

"A worldling may think so."

Her breast heaved, and the wave burst: but her restraining of tears froze her speech.

"Victor! Our Nesta! Mr. Sowerby is unable to explain. And how the Miss Duvidneys! . . . At that Brighton!"—The voice he heard was

not his darling's deep rich note, it had dropped to toneless hoarseness: "She has been permitted to make acquaintance—she has been seen riding with—she has called upon— Oh! it is one of those abandoned women. In her house! Our girl! Our Nesta! She was insulted by a man in the woman's house. She is talked of over Brighton. The mother!—the daughter! And grant me this—that never was girl more carefully . . . never till she was taken from me. Oh! do not forget. You will defend me? You will say, that her mother did with all her soul strive . . . It is not a rumour. Mr. Sowerby has had it confirmed." A sob caught her voice.

Victor's hands caressed to console: "Dudley does not propose to . . . ?"

"Nesta must promise . . . But how it happened? How! An acquaintance with—contact with!—Oh! cruel!" Each time she ceased speaking, the wrinkles of a shiver went over her, and the tone was of tears coming, but she locked them in.

"An accident!" said Victor; "some misunderstanding—there can't be harm. Of course, she promises—hasn't to promise. How could a girl distinguish! He does not cast blame on her?"

"Dear, if you would go down to Dartrey to-morrow. He knows:—it is over the Clubs there; he will tell you, before a word to Nesta. Innocent, yes! Mr. Sowerby has not to be assured of that. Ignorant of the character of the dreadful woman? Ah, if I could ever in anything think her ignorant! She frightens me. Mr. Sowerby is indulgent. He does me justice. My duty to her—I must defend myself—has been my first thought. I said in my prayers—she at least! . . . We have to see the more than common reasons why she, of all girls, should—he did not hint it, he was delicate: her name must not be public."

"Yes, yes, Dudley is without parallel as a gentleman," said Victor. "It does not suit me to hear the word 'indulgent.' My dear, if you were down there, you would discover, that the talk was the talk of two or three men seeing our girl ride by—and she did ride with a troop: why, we've watched them along the parade, often. Clear as day how it happened! I'll go down early to-morrow."

He fancied Nataly was appeased. And even out of this annoyance, there was the gain of her being won to favour Dudley's hitherto but tolerated suit.

Nataly also had the fancy, that the calm following on her anguish, was a moderation of it. She was kept strung to confide in her girl by the recent indebtedness to her for words heavenly in the strengthening comfort they gave. But no sooner was she alone than her torturing perplexities and her abasement of the hours previous to Victor's coming returned.

For a girl of Nesta's head could not be deceived; she had come home with a woman's intelligence of the world, hard knowledge of it—a knowledge drawing from foul wells, the unhappy mother imagined: she dreaded to probe to the depth of it. She had in her wounded breast the world's idea, that corruption must come of the contact with impurity.

Nataly renewed her cry of despair: "The mother!—the daughter!"—

her sole revelation of the heart's hollows in her stammered speaking to Victor.

She thanked heaven for the loneliness of her bed, where she could repeat: "The mother!—the daughter!" hearing the world's words;—the daughter excused, by reason of her having such a mother; the mother unpitied for the brining of her brazen daughter's name; but both alike consigned to the corners of the world's dust-heaps. She cried out, that her pride was broken. Her pride, her last support of life, had gone to pieces. The tears she restrained in Victor's presence, were called on to come now, and she had none. It might be, that she had not strength for weeping. She was very weak. Rising from bed to lock her door against Nesta's entry to the room on her return at night, she could hardly stand: a chill and a clouding overcame her. The quitted bed seemed the haven of a drifted wreck to reach.

Victor tried the handle of a locked door in the dark of the early winter morning. "The mother!—the daughter!" had swung a pendulum for some time during the night in him, too. He would rather have been subjected to the spectacle of tears than have heard that toneless voice, as it were the dry torrent-bed rolling blocks instead of melodious, if afflicting, waters.

He told Nesta not to disturb her mother, and murmured of a headache: "Though, upon my word, the best cure for mama would be a look into Fredi's eyes!" he said, embracing his girl, quite believing in her, just a little afraid of her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NATALY, NESTA, AND DARTREY FENELLAN.

PLEASANT things, that come to us too late for our savour of the sweetness in them, toll ominously of life on the last walk to its end. Yesterday, before Dudley Sowerby's visit, Nataly would have been stirred where the tears we shed for happiness or repress at a flattery dwell when seeing her friend Mrs. John Cormyn enter her boudoir and hearing her speak repentantly, most tenderly. Mrs. John said: "You will believe I have suffered, dear; I am half my weight, I do think:" and she did not set the smile of responsive humour moving; although these two ladies had a key of laughter between them. Nataly took her kiss, held her hand, and at the parting kissed her. She would rather have seen her friend than not: so far she differed from a corpse; but she was near the likeness to the dead in the insensibility to any change of light shining on one who best loved darkness and silence. She cried to herself wilfully, that her pride was broken: as women do when they spurn at the wounding of a dignity they cannot protect and die to see bleeding; for in it they live.

The cry came of her pride unbroken, sore bruised, and after a certain space for recovery combative. She said: "Any expiation I could offer

where I did injury, I would not refuse; I would humble myself and bless heaven for being able to pay my debt—what I can of it. All I contend against is, injustice." And she sank into sensational protests of her anxious care of her daughter, too proud to phrase them.

Her one great affliction, the scourging affliction of her utter loneliness;—an outcast from her family; daily, and she knew not how, more shut away from the man she loved; now shut away from her girl;—seemed under the hand of the angel of God. The abandonment of her by friends, was merely the light to show it.

Midday's post brought her a letter from Priscilla Graves, entreating to be allowed to call on her next day.—We are not so easily cast off! Nataly said, bitterly, in relation to the lady whose offending had not been so great. She wrote: "Come, if sure that you sincerely wish to."

Having fasted, she ate at lunch in her dressing-room with some taste of the food, haunted by an accusation of gluttony because of her eating at all, and a vile confession, that she was enabled to eat, owing to the receipt of Priscilla's empty letter: for her soul's desire was to be doing a deed of expiation, and the macerated flesh seemed her assurance to herself of the courage to make amends.—I must have some strength, she said wearifully, in apology for the morsel consumed.

Nesta's being in the house with her, became an excessive irritation. Doubts of the girl's possible honesty to speak a reptile truth under question; amazement at her boldness to speak it; hatred of the mouth that could: and loathing of the words, the theme; and abomination of herself for conjuring fictitious images to rouse real emotions; all ran counter-threads, that produced a mad pattern in the mind, affrighting to reason: and then for its preservation, reason took a super-rational leap, and ascribed the terrible injustice of this last cruel stroke to the divine scourge, recognized divine by the selection of the mortal spot for chastisement. She clasped her breast, and said: It is mortal. And that calmed her.

She said, smiling: I never felt my sin until this blow came! Therefore the blow was proved divine. Ought it not to be welcomed?—and she appearing no better than one of those, the leprous of the sex! And brought to that acknowledgement of the likeness by her daughter!

Nataly drank the poison distilled from her exclamations and was ice. She had denied herself to Nesta's redoubled petition. Nesta knocking at the door a third time and calling, tore the mother two ways: to have her girl on her breast or snap their union in a word with an edge. She heard the voice of Dartrey Fenellan.

He was admitted. "No, dear," she said to Nesta; and Nesta's, "My own mother," consentingly said, in tender resignation, as she retired, sprang a stinging tear to the mother's eyelids.

Dartrey looked at the door closing on the girl.

"Is it a very low woman?" Nataly asked him in a Church whisper, with a face abashed.

"It is not," said he, quick to meet any abruptness.

"She must be cunning."

"In the ordinary way. We say it of Puss before the hounds."

"To deceive a girl like Nesta!"

"She has done no harm."

"Dartrey, you speak to a mother. You have seen the woman? She is?—ah!"

"She is womanly, womanly."

"Quite one of those . . . ?"

"My dear soul! You can't shake them off in that way. She is one of us. If we have the class, we can't escape from it. They are not to bear all the burden because they exist. We are the bigger debtors. I tell you she is womanly."

"It sounds like horrid cynicism."

"Friends of mine would abuse it for the reverse."

"Do not make me hate your chivalry. This woman is a rod on my back. Provided only she has not dropped venom into Nesta's mind!"

"Don't fear!"

"Can you tell me you think she has done no harm to my girl?"

"To Nesta herself?—not any: not to a girl like your girl."

"To my girl's name? Speak at once. But I know he has. She induced Nesta to go to her house. My girl was insulted in this woman's house."

Dartrey's forehead ridged with his old fury and a gust of present contempt. "I can tell you this, that the fellow who would think harm of it, knowing the facts, is not worthy of touching the tips of the fingers of your girl."

"She is talked of!"

"A good-looking girl out riding with a handsome woman on a parade of idlers!"

"The woman is notorious." Nataly said it shivering.

He shook his head. "Not true."

"She has an air of a lady?"

"She sits a horse well."

"Would she to any extent deceive me—impose on me here?"

"No." —

"Ah!" Nataly moaned.

"But what?" said Dartrey. "There was no pretence. Her style is not worse than that of some we have seen. There was no effort to deceive. The woman's plain for you and me to read, she has few of the arts; one or two tricks, if you like: and these were not needed for use. There are women who have them, and have not been driven or let slip into the wilderness."

"Yes; I know!—those ideas of yours!" Nataly had once admired him for his knightliness toward the weakest women and the women underfoot. "You have spoken to this woman? She boasted of acquaintance with Nesta?"

"She thanked God for having met her."

"Is it one of the hysterical creatures?"

Mrs. Marssett appeared fronting Dartrey.

He laughed to himself. "A clever question. There is a leaning to excitement of manner at times. It's not hysteria. Allow for her position."

Nataly took the unintended blow, and bowed to it; and still more harshly said: "What rank of life does the woman come from?"

"The class educated for a skittish career by your popular Stage and your Book-stalls. I am not precise?"

"Leave Mr. Durance. Is she in any degree commonly well-bred? . . . behaviour, talk—her English."

"I trench on Mr. Durance in replying. Her English is passable. You may hear . . ."

"Everywhere, of course! And this woman of slipshod English and excited manners imposed upon Nesta?"

"It would not be my opinion."

"Did *not* impose on her!"

"Not many would impose on Nesta Radnor for long."

"Think what that says, Dartrey!"

"You have had a detestable version of the story."

"Because an excited creature thanks God to you for having met her!"

"She may. She's a better woman for having met her. Don't suppose we're for supernatural conversions. The woman makes no show of that. But she has found a good soul among her sex—her better self in youth, as one guesses; and she is grateful—feels farther from exile in consequence. She has found a *lady* to take her by the hand!—not a common case. She can never go to the utterly bad after knowing Nesta. I forget if she says it; I say it. You have heard the story from one of your conventional gentlemen."

"A true gentleman. I have reason to thank him. He has not your ideas on these matters, Dartrey. He is very sensitive . . . on Nesta's behalf."

"With reference to marriage. I'll own I prefer another kind of gentleman. I've had my experience of that kind of gentleman. Many of the kind have added their spot to the outcasts abominated for uncleanness—in holy unction. Many?—I won't say all; but men who consent to hear black words pitched at them, and help to set good women facing away from them, are pious dolts or rascal dogs of hypocrites. They, if you'll let me quote Colney Durance to you to-day—and how is it he is not in favour?—they are tempting the Lord to turn the pillars of Society into pillars of salt. Down comes the house. And priests can rest in sight of it.—They ought to be dead against the sanctimony that believes it excommunicates when it curses. The relationship is not dissolved so cheaply, though our Society affects to think it is. Barmby's off to the East End of this London, Victor informs me:—good fellow! And there he'll be groaning over our vicious nature. Nature is not more responsible for vice than she is for inhumanity. Both bad, but the latter's the worse of the two."

Nataly interposed: "I see the contrast; and see whom it's to strike."

Dartrey sent a thought after his meaning. "Hardly that. Let it stand

He's only one with the world : but he shares the criminal infamy for crushing hope out of its frailest victims. They're that—no sentiment. What a world, too, look behind it!—brutal because brutish. The world may go hang : we expect more of your gentleman. To hear of Nesta down there, and doubt that she was about good work ;—and come complaining ! He had the privilege of speaking to her, remonstrating, if he wished. There are men who think—men !—the plucking of sinners out of the mire a dirty business. They depute it to certain officials. And your women—it's the taste of the world to have them educated so, that they can as little take the humane as the enlightened view. Except, by the way, sometimes, in secret ;—they have a sisterly breast. In secret, they do occasionally think as they feel. In public, the brass mask of the Idol they call Propriety commands or supplies their feelings and thoughts. I won't repeat my reasons for educating them differently. At present we have but half the woman to go through life with—and thank you."

Dartrey stopped. "Don't be disturbed," he added. "There's no grounds for alarm. Not of any sort."

Nataly said : "What name ?"

"Her name is Mrs. Marsett."

"The name is . . . ?"

"Captain Marsett : will be Sir Edward. He came back from the Continent yesterday."

A fit of shuddering seized Nataly. It grew in violence, and speaking out of it, with a pause of sickly empty chatter of the jaws, she said : "Always that name ?"

"Before the maiden name ? May have been or not."

"Not, you say ?"

"I don't accurately know."

Dartrey sprang to his legs. "My dear soul ! dear friend—one of the best ! if we go on fencing in the dark, there'll be wounds. Your way of taking this affair disappointed me. Now I understand. It's the disease of a trouble, to fly at comparisons. No real one exists. I wished to protect the woman from a happier sister's judgement, to save you from alarm concerning Nesta :—quite groundless, if you'll believe me. Come, there's plenty of benevolent writing abroad on these topics now : facts are more looked at, and a good woman may join us in taking them without the horrors and loathings of angels rather too much given to claim distinction from the luckless. A girl who's unprotected may go through adventures before she fixes, and be a creature of honest intentions. Better if protected, we all agree. Better also if the world did not favour the girl's multitude of enemies. Your system of not dealing with facts openly is everyway favourable to them. I am glad to say, Victor recognizes what corruption that spread of wealth is accountable for. And now I must go and have a talk with the—what a change from the blue butterfly ! Eaglet, I ought to have said. I duple with you, for Victor may bring news."

"Would anything down there be news to you, Dartrey ?"

"He makes it wherever he steps."

"He would reproach me for not detaining you. Tell Nesta I have to lie down after talking. She has a child's confidence in you."

A man of middle age! he said to himself. It is the particular ejaculation which tames the senior whose heart is for a dash of holiday. He resolved, that the mother might trust to the discretion of a man of his age; and he went down to Nesta, grave with the weight his count of years should give him. Seeing her, the light of what he now knew of her was an ennobling equal to celestial. For this fair girl was one of the active souls of the world—his dream to discover in woman's form. She, the little Nesta, the tall pure-eyed girl before him, was, young though she was, already in the fight with evil: a volunteer of the army of the simply Christian. The worse for it? Sowerby would think so. She was not of the order of young women who, in sheer ignorance or in voluntary, consent to the peace with evil, and are kept externally safe from the smirch of evil, and are the ornaments of their country, glory of a country prizing ornaments higher than qualities.

Dartrey could have been momentarily incredulous of things revealed by Mrs. Marsett—not incredulous of the girl's heroism: that capacity he caught and gauged in her shape of head, cut of mouth, and the measurements he was accustomed to make at a glance:—but her beauty, or the form of beauty which was hers, argued against her having set foot of thought in our fens. Here and far there we met a young saint vowed to service along by those dismal swamps: and saintly she looks; not of this earth. Nesta was of the blooming earth. Where do we meet girl or woman comparable to garden-flowers, who can dare to touch to lift the spotted of her sex? He was puzzled by Nesta's unlikeness in deeds and in aspect. He remembered her eyes, on the day when he and Colonel Sudley beheld her: presently he was at quiet grapple with her mind. His doubts cleared off. Then the question came, How could a girl of heroic character be attached to the man Sowerby? That entirely passed belief.

And was it possible his wishes beguiled his hearing? Her tones were singularly vibrating.

They talked for awhile before, drawing a deep breath, she said: "I fancy I am in disgrace with my mother."

"You have a suspicion why?" said he.

"I have."

She would have told him why: the words were at her lips. Previous to her emotion on the journey home, the words would have come out. They were arrested by the thunder of the knowledge, that the nobleness in him drawing her to be able to speak of scarlet matter, was personally worshipped.

He attributed the full rose upon her cheeks to the forbidding subject.

To spare pain, he said: "No misunderstanding with the dear mother will last the day through. Can I help?"

"Oh, Captain Dartrey!"

"Drop the captain. Dartrey will do."

"How could I!"

"You're not wanting in courage, Nesta."

"Hardly for that!"

"By-and-by, then."

"Though I could not say *Mr. Fenellan*."

"You see; Dartrey, it must be."

"If I could!"

"But the fellow is not a captain; and he is a friend, an old friend, very old friend: he'll be tipped with grey in a year or two."

"I might be bolder then."

"Imagine it now. There is no disloyalty in your calling your friends by their names."

Her nature rang to the implication. "I am not bound."

Dartrey hung fast, speculating on her visibly: "I heard you were."

"No. I must be free."

"It is not an engagement?"

"Will you laugh?—I have never quite known. My father desired it: and my desire is to please him. I think I am vain enough to think I read through blinds and shutters. The engagement—what there was—has been, to my reading, broken more than once. I have not considered it, to settle my thoughts on it, until lately: and now I may suspect it to be broken. I have given cause—if it is known. There is no blame elsewhere. I am not unhappy, Captain Dartrey."

"Captain by courtesy. Very well. Tell me how Nesta judges the engagement to be broken?"

She was mentally phrasing before she said: "Absence."

"He was here yesterday."

All that the visit embraced was in her expressive look, as of sigh drawing inward, like our breath in a spell of wonderment. "Then I understand; it enlightens me. My own mother!—my poor mother! he should have come to me. I was the guilty person, not she; and she is the sufferer. That, if in life were direct retribution!—but the very meaning of having a heart, is to suffer through others or for them."

"You have soon seen that, dear girl," said Dartrey.

"So, my own mother, and loving me as she does, blames me!" Nesta sighed; she took a sharp breath. "You? do you blame me too?"

He pressed her hand, enamoured of her instantaneous divination and heavenly candour.

But he was admonished, that to speak high approval would not be honourable advantage taken of the rival condemning; and he said: "Blame? Some think it is not always the right thing to do the right thing. I've made mistakes, with no bad design. A good mother's view is not often wrong."

"You pressed my hand," she murmured.

That certainly had said more.

"Glad to again," he responded. It was uttered airily and was meant to be as lightly done.

Nesta did not draw back her hand. "I feel strong when you press it."

Her voice wavered, and as when we hear a flask sing thin at the filling, ceased upon evidence of a heart surcharged. How was he to relax the pressure!—he had to give her the strength she craved: and he vowed it should be but for half a minute, half a minute longer.

Her tears fell; she eyed him steadily; she had the look of sunlight in shower.

"Oldish men are the best friends for you, I suppose," he said; and her gaze turned elusive phrases to vapour.

He was compelled to see the fiery core of the raincloud lighting it for a revelation, that allowed as little as it retained of a shadow of obscurity.

The sight was keener than touch and the run of blood with blood to quicken slumbering seeds of passion.

But here is the place of broken ground and tangle, which calls to honourable men, not bent on sport, to be wary to guard the gunlock. He stopped the word at his mouth. It was not in him to stop or moderate the force of his eyes. She met them with the slender unbendingness that was her own; a feminine of inspired manhood. There was no soft expression, only the direct shot of light, on both sides; conveying as much as is borne from sun to earth, from earth to sun. And when such an exchange has come between the two, they are past plighting, they are the wedded one.

Nesta felt it, without asking whether she was loved. She was his. She had not a thought of the word of love or the being beloved. Showers of painful blissfulness went through her, as the tremours of a shocked frame, while she sat quietly, showing scarce a sign; and after he had let her hand go, she had the pressure on it. The quivering intense of the moment of his eyes and grasp was lord of her, lord of the day and of all days coming. That is how Love slays Death. Never did girl so give her soul.

She would have been the last to yield it unreservedly to a man untrusted for the character she worshipped. But she could have given it to Dartrey, despite his love of another, because it was her soul, without any of the craving, except to bestow.

He perceived, that he had been carried on for the number of steps which are countless miles and do not permit the retreat across the desert behind; and he was in some amazement at himself, remindful of the different nature of our restraining power when we have a couple playing on it. Yet here was this girl, who called him up to the heights of young life again: and a brave girl; and she bled for the weak, had no shrinking from the women underfoot: for the reason, that she was a girl sovereignly pure, angelically tender. Was there a point of honour to hold him back?

Nataly entered the room. She kissed Nesta, and sat silent.

"Mother, will you speak of me to him, if I go out?" Nesta said.

"We have spoken," her mother replied, vexed by the unmaidenly allusion to that theme.

She would have asked, How did you guess I knew of it?—but that the, Why should I speak of you to him?—struck the louder note in her bosom: and then, What is there that this girl cannot guess!—filled the mother's

heart with apprehensive dread : and an inward cry, What things will she not set going, to have them discussed ! and the appalling theme, sitting offensive though draped in their midst, was taken for a proof of the girl's unblushingness. After standing as one woman against the world so long, Nataly was relieved to be on the side of a world now convictedly unjust to her in the confounding of her with the shameless. Her mind had taken the brand of that thought :—And Nesta had brought her to it :—And Dudley Sowerby, a generous representative of the world, had kindly, having the deputed power to do so, sustained her, only partially blaming Nesta, not casting them off ; as the world, with which Nataly felt, under a sense of the protection calling up all her gratitude to young Dudley, would have approved his doing.

She was passing through a fit of the cowardice peculiar to the tediously strained, who are being more than commonly tried—persecuted, as they say when they are not supplicating their tyrannical Authority for aid. The world will continue to be indifferent to their view of it and behaviour toward it until it ceases to encourage the growth of hypocrites.

These are moments when the faces we are observing drop their charm, showing us our perversion internal, if we could but reflect, to see it. Very many thousand times above Dudley Sowerby, Nataly ranked Dartrey Fenellan ; and still she looked at him, where he sat beside Nesta, ungenially, critical of the very features, jealously in the interests of Dudley ; and recollecting, too, that she had once prayed for one exactly resembling Dartrey Fenellan to be her Nesta's husband. But, as she would have said, that was before the indiscretion of her girl had shown her to require for her husband a man whose character and station guaranteed protection instead of inciting to rebellion. And Dartrey, the loved and prized, was often in the rebel ranks ; he was dissatisfied with matters as they are ; was restless for action, angry with a country denying it to him ; he made enemies, he would surely bring down inquiries about Nesta's head, and cause the forgotten or quiescent to be stirred ; he would scarcely be the needed hand for such a quiver of the lightnings as Nesta was.

Dartrey read her brows. This unwonted uncomeliness was an indication to one or other of our dusky pits, not a revealing.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHAPTER IN THE SHADOWS OF MRS. MARSETT.

HE read her more closely when Arlington brought in the brown paper envelope of the wires—to which the mate of Victor ought to have become accustomed. She took it ; her eyelids closed, and her features were driven to whiteness. " Only these telegrams," she said, in apology.

" Lakelands on fire ? " Dartrey murmured to Nesta ; and she answered : " I should not be sorry."

Nataly coldly asked her why she would not be sorry.

Dartrey interposed: "I'm sure she thinks Lakelands worries her mother."

"That ranks low among the worries," Nataly sighed, opening the envelope.

Nesta touched her arm: "Mother! even before Captain Dartrey, if you will let me!"—she turned to him:—"before" . . . at the end of her breath she said: "Dartrey Fenellan. You shall see my whole heart, mother."

Her mother looked from her at him.

"Victor returns by the last train. He telegraphs, that he dines with——" She handed the paper to Dartrey.

"Marsett," he read aloud; and she flushed; she was angry with him for not knowing, that the name was a term of opprobrium flung at her.

"It's to tell you he has done what he thought good," said Dartrey. "In other words, as I interpret, he has completed his daughter's work. So we won't talk about it till he comes. You have no company this evening?"

"Oh! there is a pause to-night! It's nearly as unceasing as your brother Simeon's old French lady in the *ronde* with her young bridegroom, till they danced her to pieces. I do get now and then an hour's repose," Nataly added, with a vision springing up of the person to whom the story had applied.

"My dear, you are a good girl to call me Dartrey," the owner of the name said to Nesta.

Nataly saw them both alert, in the terrible manner peculiar to both, for the directest of the bare statements. She could have protested, that her love of truth was on an equality with theirs; and certainly, that her regard for decency was livelier. Pass the deficiency in a man. But a girl who could speak, by allusion, of Mrs. Marsett—of the existence of a Mrs. Marsett—in the presence of a man: and he excusing, encouraging: and this girl her own girl;—it seemed to her, that the world reeled; she could hardly acknowledge the girl; save under the penitential admission of her sin's having found her out.

She sent Nesta to her room when they went upstairs to dress, unable to endure her presence after seeing her show a placid satisfaction at Dartrey's nod to the request for him to sleep in the house that night. It was not at all a gleam of pleasure, hardly an expression; it was a manner of saying, One drop more in my cup of good fortune!—an absurd and offensive exhibition of silly optimism of the young, blind that they are!

For were it known, and surely the happening of it would be known, that Dudley Powerby had shaken off the Nesta of no name, who was the abominable Mrs. Marsett's friend, a whirlwind with a trumpet would sweep them into the wilderness on a blast frighfuller than any ever heard.

Nataly had a fit of weeping for want of the girl's embrace, against whom her door was jealously locked. She hoped those two would talk much, madly if they lived, during dinner, that she might not be sensible, through

any short silence, of the ardour animating them: especially glowing in Nesta, ready behind her quiet mask to come brazenly forth. But both of them were mercilessly ardent; and a sickness of the fear, that they might fall on her to capture her and hurry her along with them perforce of the allayed, once fatal, inflammable element in herself, shook the warmth from her limbs: causing her to say to herself aloud in a ragged hoarseness, very strangely: Every thought of mine now has a physical effect on me!

They had not been two minutes together when she descended to them. Yet she saw the girl's heart brimming, either with some word spoken to her or for joy of an unmaidenly confession. During dinner they talked, without distressful pauses. Whatever said, whatever done, was manifestly another drop in Nesta's foolish happy cup. Could it be all because Dartrey Fenellan countenanced her acquaintance with that woman? The mother had lost hold of her. The tortured mother had lost hold of herself.

Dartrey in the course of the evening, begged to hear the contralto; and Nataly, refusing, was astounded by the admission in her black mind of the truth of man's list of charges against her sex, starting from their capriciousness: for she could have sung in a crowded room, and she had their company, for stolid company or giddy, an ocean of it. This now a desire thinking, that the world of serious money-getters, and feasts, and the dance, the luxurious displays, and the reverential Sunday service, would ultimately prove itself right in opposition to critics and rebels, and to any one vainly trying to stand alone: the thought annihilated her; and she was past the age of the beginning again, and no footing was left for her. She was not self-justified in being where she stood. She heard Dartrey's outsider praise of Nesta's voice for tearing her mother's bosom with notes of intolerance; and it was hap-hazard irony, no doubt; we do not the less bleed for the accident of a shot.

At last, after midnight Victor arrived.

Nesta most impudently expected to be allowed to remain. "I say, go, dear," her mother said. Victor kissed his Fredi. "Some time to-morrow," said he; and she forbore to beseech him.

He stared, though mildly, at sight of her taking Dartrey's hand for the good-night and deliberately putting her lips to it.

Was she a girl whose notions of rectifying one wrong thing done do another? Nataly could merely observe. A voice pertaining to the present, said in her ear:—Mothers have publicly slapped their daughters' faces for less than that!—It was the voice of her incapacity to cope with the girl. She watched Nesta's passage from the room, somewhat affected by the simple bearing for which she was reproaching her.

"And our poor darling has not seen a mountain this year!" Victor exclaimed, to have mentionable grounds for pitying his girl. "I promised Fredi she should never count a year without Highlands, paper r Alps. You remember, mama?—down in the West Highlands. Fancy become ne dear bit o bundle, Dartrey!—we had laid her in her bed; she was driven about seven o sight; and there she lay wide awake.—What's Fredi thin' of?"—"I t

answered:

thinking of the tops of the mountains at night, dada.'—She would climb them now; she has the legs."

Nataly said: "You have some report to make. You *dined* with those people?"

"The Marsetts: yes:—well-suited couple enough. It's to happen before Winter ends—at once; before Christmas; positively before next Spring. Fredi's doing! He has to manage, arrange.—She's a good-looking woman, good height, well-rounded; well-behaved, too: she won't make a bad Lady Marsett. Every time that woman spoke of our girl, the tears jumped to her eyelids."

"Come to me before you go to bed," Nataly said, rising, her voice foundering; "Good-night, Dartrey."

She turned to the door; she could not trust herself to shake hands with composure. Not only was it a nauseous mixture she was forced to gulp from Victor, it burned like a poison.

"Really Fredi's doing—chiefly," said Victor, as soon as Dartrey and he were alone, comfortably settled in the smoking-room. "I played the man of pomp with Marsett—good heavy kind of creature: attached to the woman. She's the better horse, as far as brains go. Good enough Lady Marsett. I narked on Major Worrell: my daughter insulted. He knew of it—spoke of you properly. The man offered all apologies; has told the Major he is no gentleman, not a fit associate for gentlemen:—quite so:—and has cut him dead. Will marry her, as I said, make her as worthy as he can of the honour of my daughter's acquaintance. Rather comical grimace, when he vowed he'd fasten the tie. He doesn't like marriage. But he can't give her up. And she's for patronizing the institution. But she is ready to say good-bye to him: 'rather than see the truest lady in the world insulted:—'her words. And so he swallows his dose for health, and looks a trifle sourish. Antecedents, I suppose: has to stomach them. But if a man's fond of a woman—if he knows he saves her from slipping lower—and it's an awful world, for us to let a woman be under its wheels—I say, a woman who has a man to lean on, unless she's as downright corrupt as two or three of the men we've known:—upon my word, Dartrey, I come round to some of your ideas on these matters. It's this girl of mine, this wee bit of girl in her little nightshirt with the frill, astonishes me most:—thinking of the tops of the mountains at night! She has positively done the whole of this work—main part. I smiled when I left the house, to have to own our little Fredi starting us all on the road. It seems, Marsett had sworn he would; amorous vow, you know; he never came nearer to doing it. I hope it's his better mind now; I do hope the man won't have cause to regret it. He speaks of Nesta—sort of rustic tone of awe. Mrs. Marsett has impressed him. He expects the title soon, will leave the army—the poor plucked British army, as you call it!—and lead the life of a country squire:—hunting! Well, it's not only the army, it's over Great Britain, with this infernal wealth of ours!—and all for pleasure—eh?—or Paradise lost for a sugar plum! Eh, Dartrey? Upon

my word, it appears to me, Esau's the Englishman, these times. I wonder old Colney hasn't said it. as your regiments are of the officers who have led the emasculated:—the nation's half made up of the idle and idle."

"Ay, and your country squires and your manufacturers the Army a body of consumptive louts fit for nothing shilling—and not worth it," said Dartrey.

"Sounds like old Colney," Victor remarked to himself. "I'm ashamed of the number of servants who wait on me, so much matter, as Skepsey says, if they were trained in respect. That little fellow Skepsey's closer to the right practice, too, than any of us. With his Matilda jumped out of himself at the proper idea of women, to a man who has been up three times before the magistrates, a disorderly subject—one among the best of English citizens. I never think of Skepsey without the most extraordinary, and envy—as if he were putting in action an idea I once had and got hold of again. The match for him is Fredi. She threatened to her any of us as devoted, just as simple, as he. I positively doubt whether she could stop her, if she had set herself to do a thing she thought of."

"I should not like to think our trying it possible," said Dartrey.

"All very well, but it's a rock ahead. We shall have to alter my friend. You know, I dined with that couple, after the minutes with Marsett:—he formally propounded the invitation, close on his hour, rather late: and I wanted to make the woman besides putting a seal of cordiality on his good intentions—politely subsequently I heard from her, that—you'll think nothing of it promised to stand by her at the altar."

Dartrey said, shrugging: "She needn't do that."

"So we may say. You're dealing with Nesta Victoria. contest with that girl, I undertake to manage any man or woman."

"When the thing to be done is thought right by her."

"But can we always trust her judgement, my dear Dartrey?"

"In this case, she would argue, that her resolution would bind or help to bind Marsett to fulfil his duty."

"Odd, her mother has turned dead round in favour of Sowerby! I don't complain; it suits; but one thinks."

"Well, yes, one thinks or should think, that if women rooted to the bed of the river, they'll veer water-weeds, and no wonder."

"Your heterodoxy on that subject is a mania, Dartrey. women independent."

"Then don't be exclaiming about their vagaries."

Victor mused: "It's wonderful: that little girl of mine now: but what a head she has! Oh, she'll listen to reason what I say:—with that quiet air of hers, the husband, if

Jacob the German, of If we're not plucked, But don't their work, we're and the servants of the

contrive to give than to take the

"But, believe they can me. It wouldn't to arms and self-

cause of notion, and the The m-Pridden! He has

And there's a and is considered

alto; ans. I declare! and of tritless kind of

apricious never quite a desires to be just

to her any of us the dance,ght."

to any course, she was twenty outside we were

praise of happy, le sweet! And bleed fo—Fred

ay, go, row," for the

to

me a ng."

Dudley men!" Sn having

tides, like can't have

—good height in: only ma-

will imagine she's the most docile of wives in the world. And as to wife, I'm not of the contrary opinion. But quâ individual female, supposing her to have laid fast hold of an idea of duty, it's he who'll have to turn the corner second, if they're to trot in the yoke together. Or it may be an idea of service to a friend—or to her sex! That Mrs. Marsett says she feels for —'bleeds' for her sex. The poor woman didn't show to advantage with me, because she was in a fever to please:—talks in jerks, hot phrases. She holds herself well. At the end of the dinner she behaved better. Odd, you can teach women with hints and a lead. But Marsett's Marsett to the end. Rather touching!—the poor fellow said: Deuce of a bad look-out for me if Judith doesn't have a child! First-rate sportsman, I hear. He should have thought of his family earlier. You know, Dartrey, the case is to be argued for the family as well. You won't listen. And for Society, too! Off you go."

A battery was opened on that wall of composite.

"Ah, well," said Victor. "But I may have to beg your help, as to the so-called promise to stand at the altar. I don't mention it upstairs."

He went to Nataly's room.

She was considerably treated, and was aware of being dandled, that she might have sleep.

She consented to it, in a loathing of the topic.—Those women invade us—we cannot keep them out! was her inward cry: with a reverberation of the unfailing accompaniment:—The world holds you for one of them!

Victor asked her too much when his perpetual readiness to doat upon his girl for whatever she did, set him exalting Nesta's conduct. She thought: Was Nesta so sympathetic with her mother of late by reason of a moral insensibility to the offence?

This was her torture through the night of a labouring heart, that travelled so one dull shock, again and again repeated:—the apprehended sound, in fact, of Dudley Sowerby's knock at the street door. Or sometimes a footman handed her his letter, courteously phrased to withdraw from the alliance. Or else he came to a scene with Nesta, and her mother was dragged into it, and the intolerable subject steamed about her. The girl was visioned as deadly. She might be indifferent to the protection of Dudley's name. Robust, sanguine, Victor's child, she might—her mother listened to a devil's whisper:—but no; Nesta's aim was at the heights; she was sure in mind as in body. No, but the world would bring the accusation; and the world would trace the cause: Heredity, it would say. Would it say falsely? Nataly harped on the interrogation until she felt her existence dissolving to a dark stain of the earth, and she found herself wondering at the breath she drew, doubting that another would follow, speculating on the cruel force which keeps us to the act of breathing.—'Tough I could draw wild blissful breath if I were galloping across the moors! her worn heart said to her youth: and out of ken of the world, I could regain a portion of my self-esteem.—Nature thereat renewed her old sustinment with gentle murmurs, that were supported by Dr. Themison's account of the virtuous married lady who chafed at the yoke on behalf of

was it, that she might have fancied it expected, save for her knowing herself too serious to have played at wiles to gain her ends.

He "wished her prudent advisers."

She thanked him. "In a few days, Louise de Seilles will be here."

A Frenchwoman and Papist! was the interjection of his twist of brows.

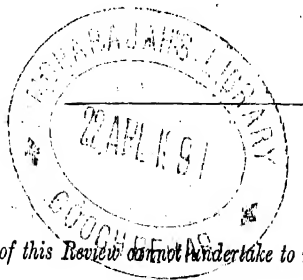
Surely I must now be free? she thought when he had covered his farewell under a salutation regretful in frostiness.

A week later, she had the embrace of her Louise, and Armandine was made happy with a piece of Parisian riband.

Winter was rapidly in passage: changes were visible everywhere; Earth and House of Commons and the South London borough exhibited them; Mrs. Burman was the sole exception. To the stupefaction of physicians, in a manner to make a sane man ask whether she was not being retained as an instrument for one of the darker purposes of Providence—and where are we standing if we ask such things?—she held on to her thread of life.

February went by. And not a word from Themison; nor from Carling, nor from the Rev. Groseman Buttermore, nor from Jarniman. That is to say, the two former accepted invitations to grand dinners; the two latter acknowledged contributions to funds in which they were interested; but they had apparently grown to consider Mrs. Burman as an establishment, one of our fixtures. On the other hand, there was nothing to be feared from her. Lakelands feared nothing: the entry into Lakelands was decreed for the middle of April. Those good creatures enclosed the poor woman and nourished her on comfortable fiction. So the death of this member for the South London borough (fifteen years younger than the veteran in maladies) was not to be called premature, and could by no possibility lead to an exposure of the private history of the candidate for his vacant seat.

GEORGE MEDDITH.



* * The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. CCXCIII. NEW SERIES.—MAY 1, 1891.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1825—1832.

IF there is one thing of which a reasonable man might have felt reasonably confident, it is that nothing could heighten the admiration or deepen the affection felt by him for the name and the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It would have seemed, till now, as possible that some new revelation or discovery should intensify the wonder and the worship which the world pays in tribute to the genius of Shakespeare. But this impossibility has come palpably to pass: and the year 1890 must ever be remembered in the history of letters as "Scott's year"—if I may borrow from the turf a phrase to which one who loves horses so wisely and so well would certainly not have objected. The too long delayed publication of his Journal is in every way an almost priceless benefit; but as a final illustration and attestation of a character almost incomparably loveable, admirable, and noble, it is a gift altogether beyond price. When we are disheartened and disgusted by the woful revelations of such abject unmanliness and disloyalty as dishonour the names and degrade the memories of poets so much greater than Scott as were Coleridge and Keats, we can now turn back with more confidence and more pride than ever to the first literary hero and favourite of our earliest reading years. No one ever doubted that Tennyson's noble praise of Wellington must be no less applicable to Scott; that, whatever record might leap to light, he never would be shamed; that upon his brow shame would be ashamed to sit. The more we know of Byron and Bonaparte, the lower do they lie in the estimate of sane and honest men; the more we know of the loyal man of war and the loyal man of letters, the higher do they stand and the clearer do they shine. The very weaknesses revealed in Scott's commercial relations, in Wellington's correspondence with a speculative and saintly maiden of apostolic but ambitious piety, excite no harsher or unkindlier feeling than such regret as cannot reasonably temper our admiration with any serious infusion of sorrow or of blame.

It is difficult to understand on what principle the passages given from this Journal in the *Life of Scott* were selected by a biographer whose loyal affection for his illustrious father-in-law is at once beyond question and beyond praise. For the impression left by the perusal and reperusal of those most interesting and pathetic excerpts must surely have been most bitterly painful to any reader, boy or man, who loved and honoured Sir Walter as any man or boy worth his salt will always love and honour him. The crushing and grinding weight of miserable mischance was all, or almost all, that our sympathies were permitted or admitted to feel. Over all the close of a noble and glorious life there seemed to hang a dense and impenetrable cloud of suffering—gallantly faced and heroically endured, but pitiful to read of in its progress, and closing in a lamentable graduation of collapse. And now that we have before us in full—in all reasonable or desirable completeness—the great man's own record of his troubles, his emotions, and his toils, we find it, from the opening to the close, a record not only of dauntless endurance but of elastic and joyous heroism—of life indomitable to the last—of a spirit and an intellect that no trials could impair and no sufferings could degrade. It is no longer pity that any one may presume to feel for him at the lowest ebb of his fortunes or his life; it is rapture of sympathy, admiration, and applause. "This was a man!" And Lockhart did not show us—would not let us see—what a man of men this was. But now that we know, we may say with Milton's Manoa—"Nothing is here for tears." The very last days of all, as recorded by Lockhart, are painful indeed to read of, but not painfuller than would be the record of any other gradual and conscious decline and subsidence of spirit and body, overworked and overworn, towards the common end—"no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." All that, grievous and even harrowing, as it is to a young reader on his first reading, is merely deathbed exhaustion: and deathbed exhaustion is no more important, significant, or worthy to be taken into account than deathbed conversion. What a man was while he could stand, speak, and write, is a matter of interest and importance to those who care to know anything about him: when he cannot, it may be assumed that he can no longer think for himself—and that if (for instance) he belies his whole life by submission to a creed for which, while sound and strong in mind and body, his contemptuous disgust was wont to exhaust the whole vocabulary of scorn, it is not the living man but the breathing corpse that is received into the pale of conversion. And what Sir Walter was while he could put pen to paper we now can judge for ourselves. Kind and true, brave and wise, single-minded and gentle-hearted, he is himself alone—as surely as ever was Shakespeare's Richard, though scarcely after the same fashion. And he

is himself to the very last line of this Journal. The most rigid agnostic might relax into thanksgiving for the revelation of so comfortable a fact as is revealed by Scott's own record of his visit to Italy—the fact that he was still capable of such appreciation and such enjoyment as Lockhart had made us think all but impossible for him; that Malta, Naples, and other landing-places, were still interesting and delightful to his hard-worked but yet unwearied and indefatigable intelligence. As far as good spirits and good humour are concerned, the very last entries in this Journal might have been set down by a young fellow, high in heart and health, on his first holiday excursion across the continent.¹ On the 16th of April the pen slipped from his hand: five months and five days later "his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." It was not so long a period of decrepitude and delay that any man need now make moan over it.

A life more full of happy activity and of active happiness was surely never allotted to any man on earth. While he could write at all, he could usually write well; if not always worthily of his genius at its best, yet seldom altogether unworthily of it. No more stupid and beetle-headed falsehood ever crawled into hearing and hardened into tradition than that which has condemned his last works to compassionate oblivion or contempt. One only—*Castle Dangerous*—shows anything like a serious or positive sign of decay; and it can hardly be called worse than another abortive story, *The Betrothed*, which had preceded it by six years, and had been succeeded by such admirable work as the *Chronicles of the Canongate*—which, be it remembered, include not only *The Fair Maid of Perth* and *The Surgeon's Daughter*, but those two masterpieces of tragedy in miniature, *The Two Drovers* and *The Highland Widow*. If these be tokens of impotence and decrepitude, Heaven send us such another decrepit and impotent man of genius to beat his stalwart and competent supplanters out of the field! There will be many Jameses—nay, there will be many Hawthornes—ere such another Scott. There will be many Scotts—let this also be granted—before we see another Shakespeare. A flatterer of Scott while alive and a backbiter of Scott when dead has held up to no unreasonable or unjust derision the monstrous absurdity of adulation which would set the author of *Waverley* beside the author of *Othello*—an absurdity, we must remember, decided by no man more scornfully than by Scott.² Truth is truth, though it be a Carlyle or a Gladstone, a Pigott or a Parnell, who affirms it: our astonishment at the fact must not be permitted

(1) A word has been dropped out of the printed text, which appears in the reproduction from the MS. of these closing lines. Compare vol. ii., p. 481, with vol. i., p. vi. (Preface).

(2) "The blockhead's talk of my being like Shakespeare—not fit to tie his brogues."
—*Journal*, Dec. 11, 1826, vol. i., p. 321.

to impair our recognition of its existence. But it is also true that if there were or could be any man whom it would not be a monstrous absurdity to compare with Shakespeare as a creator of men and an inventor of circumstance, that man could be none other than Scott. Let any true lover of his work run over in his own mind the number of living figures which stand out on the background of his memory as creatures of the author of *Marmion* and *Rokeby*: let us keep to the poetical or metrical fictions, faulty and clumsy and conventional in execution as they may sometimes be or as they too often are. Where, since the age of Shakespeare died out and faded into the generation of Shirley, shall we find in any other than satirical poetry a figure as living as William of Deloraine or as Bertram Risingham? *Marmion* and Roderick Dhu are more theatrical, it may be, and less convincing to the adult mind than these; but how infinitely more credible, actual, and interesting than any heroes of poetic narrative or protagonists of poetic action who have since arisen to compete with them! As to the novels, it would need the indefatigable as well as inspired hand of Victor Hugo to attempt a catalogue of the living and everliving figures comprised in the muster-roll of their characters. In his noble book on Shakespeare the greatest writer of a great age has paid untranslatable tribute to the inexhaustible fecundity of his predecessor's genius. His words would need only a change in the proper names to be not less applicable to Scott's. From Bradwardine to Redgauntlet and onwards, what a chain of heroes! from Meg Merrilies to Wandering Willie, what a kinship of living and superb and adorable varieties! from Abel Sampson to Gideon Gray, what a sequence of so gently and noble and loveable figures, grave or grotesque externally, internally kind and true as the heart and the genius of their Creator! It would require a volume, and not a smattered volume, to enumerate only the more notable and the more memorable of the immortals whose friendship Scott has bequeathed to us for the use of our mortal life.

This is the man whose private journal now comes at last before us. "Thank heaven," somebody said once, "we know nothing about Shakespeare." "Thank God," any reader of this diary may say, "we know all about Scott." But this knowledge brings him so near to us that we feel it almost as difficult as his nearest friends must evidently have felt it to express the impression or translate the emotion it produces or excites.

The crowning charm of Sir Walter's Journal is this: that it is not by any means what he meant it to be when he began it by registering his lifelong regret that he had not kept a regular journal. A more irregular and desultory record was never kept: and this fact must serve at once as explanation and as excuse for the desultory and irregular style of review which may perhaps be the only one appro

priate. To begin at the beginning and grind your way through to the close would be the surest receipt for failure in giving any conception of the quality which makes it priceless. "No, sir; do you read books through?" At all events, though there is nothing (how should there be anything?) to skip, it seems to me that the fittest form of introduction or of comment must be the humble and homely method of selecting and designating, here by choice and there by chance, some few of such passages as may seem more than usually significant of the noble nature and the noble genius now finally revealed for our thankful admiration and our loyal love. For instance, if we began at the beginning, it would be painful to remark and impossible to avoid remarking on the offensive reference to the noble poet of the *Sepolcri* and the illustrious scholar whose unfinished edition of Dante had the supreme good fortune and the transcendent honour of continuation and completion by the hand of Giuseppe Mazzini. This insultingly reckless and savagely stupid example of headlong and brainless insularity is less inexplicable and scarcely more lamentable than the immoral and perverse infatuation which made Scott speak of one of the basest and shamefullest slanders that ever dropped from the lying lips of Byron as a mere sample of his "love of mystifying; which indeed may be referred to that of mischief." It is hard to understand how so honest and loyal a man should ever have had two weights and two measures for the conduct of others; but in this and another too memorable instance, that venial reference to Charles II.'s treatment of Lord Mulgrave which so justly horrified and disgusted Leigh Hunt, it is but too evident that he had. The fact must be admitted and dismissed. But where to choose first among the passages noted on a first reading as especially illustrative of the man so loved and so revered, whom now we find worthier than even we had ever held him worthy of reverence and of love, is a riddle which can only be solved at random. And by chance if not by choice I begin with a passage which may haply suggest an inadequate apology, an insufficient excuse, for the manifest and manifold shortcomings of this tribute to a great man whose avowal of infirmity reassures me by the revelation of kinship on the weaker side. "I think," he writes on the thirteenth day from the beginning, "this journal will suit me well. If I can coax myself into an idea that it is purely voluntary, it may go on. . . . But never a being, from my infancy upwards, hated task-work as I hate it. . . . It is not that I am idle in my nature neither. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable the desire I have to do something else—not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just because it is escaping from an imposed task. I cannot trace this love of contradiction to any distinct source, but it has haunted me all my life. I could almost suppose it was mechanical, and that the

imposition of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like the mace of a bad billiard-player, which gives an impulse to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tangent different from the course designed by the player."

It will be a comfort too for other unfortunates to recognise "one more unfortunate" in the writer of this entry:—"I cannot conceive what possesses me, over every person besides, to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at *c'en*, enclosing a bill for £750; *no deaf nuts*. Well, I read it, and note the contents; and this day, as if it had been a wind-bill in the literal sense of the words, I search everywhere, and lose three hours of my morning,—turn over all my confusion in the writing-desk—break open one or two letters, lest I should have enclosed the sweet and quickly convertible document in them,—send for a joiner, and disorganise my scrutoire, lest it should have fallen aside by mistake. I find it at last—the place where is of little consequence; but this trick must be amended."

"Thou seest," says the old Duke to Jaques, "we are not all alone unhappy." But who would have thought it of Sir Walter?

"Rodrigue, qui l'eût cru?"—"Chimène, qui l'eût dit?"

Thus far, I hardly need say, my excerpts from the Journal will be found in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*; but on February 6th, 1826, an entry was made which will not be found there.

"Obliged to borrow £240, to be refunded in spring, from John Gibson, to pay my nephew's outfit and passage to Bombay. I wish I could have got this money otherwise, but I must not let the orphan boy, and such a clever fellow, miscarry through my fault. His education, &c., has been at my expense ever since he came from America."

It really would seem that, "whatever record leap to light," this best of great men and greatest of good men—saving, at the outside, one or two among them all—is sure to appear the nobler and the kindlier. "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus" when writing in praise of him? But that we must not try to do—or rather we must try not to attempt it. And yet it is impossible to abstain from reference to the charity lavished on an "Orkney laird," and his muddle-headed mother in the thickest turmoil of his own affairs: the reflection which follows on an entry registering a loan of £300 on a doubtful security is as characteristic as any in the book. "I have no connection with the family except that of compassion, and age. I have known my father often so treated by a heathen comes of had laboured to serve. But if we do not run some race whom he attempts to do good, where is the merit of them? It is not hazard in our throats I will bring

And what splendour of good sense shines out in the entry of December 6th, on the folly of parents who would force all youngsters into the same groove—and what rational and compassionate humour in the description of a “good-natured lad,” who, “after fighting two regular boxing-matches and a duel with pistols in the course of one week, tells” his friends “roundly he will be no writer, which common sense might have told them before.” But citation from the excerpts given by Lockhart and familiar to all civilised humanity would seem superfluous, if Lockhart’s own organ, the egregious and incomparable *Quarterly Review*, had not taken advantage of this publication to display in full exposure the utter nudity of its ignorance with regard to a biography unfamiliar to its contributors alone; if the same invaluable organ of Gothamite politics and Gothamite criticism which regretted that Scott’s first and best novels were disfigured by “dark dialogues of Anglified Erse”—I quote from memory; it might as well have been “of Germanized Slavonic” or “of Russified Chinese”—had not revealed the fact that Lockhart’s *Life of Scott* is in the main an unknown book, an undiscovered apocalypse, an unrealised entity, to the present conductors of Lockhart’s Review.¹

One of Scott’s best and keenest touches of criticism was suggested by “a touch of the *morbus eruditorum*,” as he calls an affection of the nerves and mind, the heart and the reins—which perhaps he did wrong, but most nobly wrong, to resist so gallantly; to “give battle in form, by letting both mind and body know that, supposing one the House of Commons and the other the House of Peers, my will is sovereign over both.” There is, as he says, “a good description of this species of mental weakness in Fletcher’s² fine play of *The Lover’s Progress*.” His further remarks on the singularly original and successful treatment of supernatural effect in that equally romantic and realistic tragedy are exactly and admirably

(1) This must appear so incredible that it may be worth while to cite evidence in proof of it: “In his journal,” says the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1890 (No. 342, vol. cxxi. p. 390), “he wrote the following passage on the same subject, which Lockhart did not publish.” In the fourth chapter of Lockhart’s *Life* (p. 36, ed. 1845) the greater part of the passage will be found—line by line and word for word.

“On the 2nd of November, 1825,” says the Reviewer, “he gives this unpublished anecdote,” which every one else has read—and remembered—in the ninth chapter (p. 81) of Lockhart’s *Wife*. We need look no further; though such research would not be unrewarded. “I hope here be proofs.”

In the same number of the *Quarterly Review* I find as perfect an example of erudition and accuracy as ever perhaps embellished its pages. Chaucer’s “Sir Thopas” (we learn from a passage to be found on page 455) “begins to tell a rhyme which he had learned in days gone by.” Readers of the *Canterbury Tales* have hitherto laboured under the delusion that Chaucer himself began to recite the metrical romance of Sir Thopas, and was pulled up short by the Host; who expressed an opinion that his “drafty riming” was not worth—shall we say, the brain-stuff of a *Quarterly Reviewer*?

(2) Not “Beaumont and Fletcher’s”: his scholarship was at fault there.

just. There is indeed in this scene of Fletcher's a singular anticipation of the method and the object of so dissimilar a writer as Defoe. And here rather than elsewhere we may observe a no less notable entry of all but eight months later. "A sort of bouncing tragedy," to which I cannot tell whether the critic was more or less than just when he described it as "worthless in the extreme," was yet, in his opinion, "like many of the plays of the seventeenth century, written to a good tune"—a phrase of perfect and precise felicity. "The dramatic poets of that time seem to have possessed as joint-stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them often remind you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than now, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune or the Red Bull which would not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain. This leads far."

It does; and among other things it justifies and explains the deep and serious interest which all competent readers take in the exploration of the obscurest corners, in the study of the humblest byways, through which the investigation of Shakespeare's art in Shakespeare's age may lead them.

And such a note as this should remind us how much there is in the work and in the character of Scott which would suffice to make the memory of a lesser man respectable, but is naturally overshadowed, if not darkened, by the lustre of his greater gifts and his nobler qualities. The leavings, the scrapings, the parings of his genius and his intelligence would suffice to equip a dozen students or critics of the unproductive sort. And it is simply because they are Scott's that such a dramatic poem as *Auchincloss* and such a historical romance as *Count Robert of Paris* are forgotten or ignored. Bertram Risingham has eclipsed John Mure, as Ivanhoe has eclipsed Count Robert. Anna Comnena and her recreant husband are sketches as humorously and as seriously lifelike as any in the more popular but hardly more admirable *Talisman*; and the cynic Agelastes is a more original and less theatrical villain than Conrad of Montserrat. But perhaps it may not seem wonderful that even the biographer whose devotion was so scornfully derided by Carlyle should once and again have been a little less than just to the lesser works of Scott, when we consider how strangely incapable was Scott himself of appreciating aright his own best and most precious work.

"The air of 'Bonnie Dundee' running in my head to-day, I [wrote] a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-9, I wonder if they are good" (!!). "Ah! poor Will Erskine! thou couldst and wouldst have told me. I must consult J. B." (!!!)

This was the note entered in the author's diary after writing the very finest song of its noble kind—a fighting ballad with a fighting burden—that ever was or ever will be written: a song with the sound of trumpets or the beat of hoofs or the clash of steel in every deathless line of it. “Le poète inconscient a sans doute les défauts de ses qualités: il a aussi les qualités de ses défauts.” Had Scott been less uncritical of himself,—a better and a worthier judge of his own strength and weakness,—we might possibly have had neither this glorious poem nor these amazing remarks on it. And yet it is a sign of weakness rather than of strength, of incompetence rather than of competence, that a great workman should be as blind as the smallest of critics, as deaf as the dumbest of reviewers, to the glory and the harmony of his very best work. It is better, no doubt, that he should underrate than that he should overrate it; it would be better still, and better by far, that he should appreciate it as fairly as if it were not the work of his own hand. And that Scott could not always do so is evident; the evidence is supplied by a note written when his “hand was as nervous as a paralytic’s.” After correcting the text of *St. Ronan’s Well*—the most pathetic, as *The Bride of Lammermoor* is the most perfect, of all tragic poems in prose between the date of *Manon Lescaut* and the date of *Notre-Dame de Paris*,—this paralytic hand was able to register his opinion that “the language of this piece” was “rather good.” Well, that is hardly what his most loving and thankful readers would say—or would then have said—in praise of that immortal “piece”; though they might agree with the author that “the fashionable portraits” can hardly at any time have been “the true thing.” No doubt he was right in thinking that he was “too much out of the way to see and remark the ridiculous in society.” And “the story,” as perverted and deformed by “advice of friends,” is “terribly contorted and unnatural.” All this is execrably true: and that a James Ballantyne, backed by an Archibald Constable (it is a comfort to remember that their place in hell is now between Hemings and Condell), should have persuaded him to shatter the construction of his most pathetic story and to impair the conception of his most attractive heroine, is enough to make a synod swear and an archbishop blaspheme. “Sir Walter had shown a remarkable degree of good nature in the completion of this novel.” Shakespeare, Mr. Lockhart might have added, could hardly have shown more had he taken a hint from Hemings or from Tate as to the “completion” of *King Lear*, from Condell or from Ducis as to the “completion” of *Othello*. “In the original conception, and in the book as actually written and printed” (what has become of this text? if extant, all true lovers of Scott should unite to reclaim it), “Miss Mowbray’s mock marriage had not halted at the profaned ceremony of the church; and the

delicate printer shrank from the idea of obtruding on the fastidious public the possibility " which alone could have preserved the story from the charge of absolute, monstrous, flagrant and strident impossibility. No wonder that Scott was at first inclined to make short work of this preposterous impertinence. " You would never have quarrelled with it had the thing happened to a girl in gingham : —the silk petticoat can make little difference." That " after some pause the author very reluctantly consented to cancel and re-write about twenty-four pages, which was enough to obliterate the dreaded scandal, and in a similar degree, as he always persisted, to perplex and weaken the course of his narrative, and the dark effect of its catastrophe," is a fact which bears woful and final evidence to his lack of due respect and serious regard for his art, his reputation, and himself. More than this : it proves him to have been most uncritically unconscious of the injury done to his heroine by reducing her conduct and her language to such a level of incoherence as can only be explained by the apparent aberrations of inexplicable imbecility. A woman unspotted in person as in mind who confesses to her brother that the most venomous of scandal-mongers " cannot say worse of her than she deserves " must evidently be suffering from some more or less unspeakable form of lunacy : and this would vitiate the whole pathos of a most pathetic and tragic situation. But Scott, unaccountable as it seems, evidently failed to realise how far superior is Clara Mowbray to all his other heroines of the same rank or class. The colourless and spiritless Lucy Ashton was so much his favourite that her inevitable immolation was consummated, as we know, with more reluctance and regret than the sacrifice of any other victim.

But that Scott was at times a good and even an excellent judge of his own work is evident from his estimate of a little masterpiece which failed to attract the noisy and contagious enthusiasm of immediate popularity. " Wrote a good task this morning," he observes on July 8. " I may be mistaken ; but I do think the tale of Elspat McTavish in my bettermost manner." Is there a finer short story in the world—or a tragic poem as good and as brief? *A Yorkshire Tragedy* is more terrible, more corrosive and vitriolic in its power ; but these are not the highest qualities of tragic invention. And if Scott had never written a line for publication—if this journal were simply the journal of a ruined gentleman, of Mr. Godfrey Bertram or Sir Arthur Wardour, the greater part of his diary would be but a little less interesting than it is. The deep devotion of loyalty so beautifully painted in Miss Edgeworth's first and finest story was matched and overmatched by the doglike and divine fidelity of a retainer whose death must surely have reminded Scott of *Castle Rackrent*,—his old friend's creation of so many years before the date

when the unpublished author of *Waverley* was encouraged by the assurance of his Ballantyne that his work was really now and then as good as hers. "Old Will Straiton, my man of wisdom and proverbs, also dead.—When he heard of my misfortunes, he went to bed, and said he would not rise again, and kept his word." It is beautiful to read of, but not wonderful. And it heightens our sense of the privilege enjoyed by that most highly privileged of men whom Scott could designate as "the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*," James Skene.

It is curious, if not inexplicable, that "Lord Elgin's remembrances" of Bonaparte, entered by Scott in his diary of March 13th, 1826, should have been omitted by Lockhart; who can hardly have been impelled by any regard for Napoleon to suppress the curious anecdote illustrative of the bandit's brutal and vile vulgarity. Few letters of Scott's, by the way, are more interesting than one here cited from the Duke of Wellington's *Despatches*, in which he remarks on "Bonaparte's general practice, and that of his admirers"—the chivalrous and manful habit of "denying all bravery and all wisdom to their enemies." The loyalty, magnanimity, and unselfishness of the great nation to which the typical English vices of egotism and envy are so proverbially unknown are never more gracefully displayed than in the comments of Frenchmen on their enemies—unless indeed the lustre of these lofty qualities be yet more characteristically conspicuous in the dealings of Frenchmen with their friends.

An adequate notice of Sir Walter's Journal would be at least half as long as the Journal itself: the reviewer, however devoted to his task, must therefore curb his goodwill and content himself with a few references, chosen as much by chance as by any less random process of selection from among numberless passages on which any lover of Scott would naturally delight to dwell. For one instance; all the world remembers the divine anecdote of Uncle Toby and the fly: but what is that fiction to this fact?

"June 8 [1826]. Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine."

For another instance, it is pleasant to find Scott—not always, though the writer of many successful and admirable songs, a very delicate or appreciative critic of lyrical poetry—in accord with Leigh Hunt as to the value of Fletcher's "unrivalled song in the *Nice Valour*."

The manful good sense which seems naturally to accompany a manly tenderness of nature is patent in the entry next to that which records with such unutterable pathos the emotion of the seven days' widower. "We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature.

All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely."

The new matter dated June 12 and 13 [1826], is of great and various interest. "Ballantyne thinks well of the work" (the *Life of Napoleon*, then in steady though painful progress), "but I shall [expect] inaccuracies. An it were to do again, I would get some one to look it over. But who could that someone be? Who is there left of human race that I could hold such close intimacy with? No one." And the next day's entry is as quaint as this is pathetic.

The criticism (March 6, 1827) on an unsatisfactory actor of Benedick—"my favourite Benedick"—is almost worthy of Lamb himself for its keen and delicate accuracy of appreciation.

Anything about Scott's dogs is always good reading, though Lockhart did not think this entry worth insertion.

"Here is a little misfortune, for Spice left me, and we could not find her. As we had no servant with us on horseback, I was compelled to leave her to her fate, resolving to send in quest of her to-morrow morning. The keepers are my *bonos socios*, as the Host says in 'The [Merry] Devil of Edmonton,' and would as soon shoot a child as a dog of mine. But there are scamps and traps, and I am almost ashamed to say how reluctantly I left the poor little terrier to its fate.

"She came home to me, however, about an hour and a half after we were home, to my great delectation."

It is sad to contrast this tenderness for a dog with such irreverence towards an infant as is displayed (April 10, 1828) in this disgraceful reflection on one of his grandchildren: "The baby is that species of dough which is called a fine baby. I care not for children till they care a little for me." After all, Scott was neither a Homer nor a Victor Hugo.

The note on what he calls "the sense of pre-existence" may be compared with Lord Tennyson's powerful and subtle treatment of the subject in one of his early sonnets.

There is a good new story of murder in the entry for March 10, 1828: but a more interesting novelty is this note on the Duke of Wellington (April 27):—

"Dined at Croker's in the Admiralty with the Duke of Wellington, Huskisson, Wilmot Horton, and others, outs and ins. No politics, of course, and every man disguising serious thoughts with a light brow. The Duke alone seemed open, though not letting out a word. He is one of the few whose lips are worth watching. I heard him say to-day that the best troops would run now and then. He thought, nothing of men running, he said, provided they came back again. In war he had always his reserves."

Wellington's attraction for Scott is more explicable by a certain similarity or community of qualities between these two great men than is Nelson's for Wordsworth—which is perhaps on that very account the more interesting and memorable of the two.

The tribute of Scott to the character of Rogers would of itself suffice not only to confute and put to everlasting shame the dastardly and poisonous malignity of Byron's most foul and treacherous libel, but to efface all impression of the vulgar tradition which ignores or denies the amiable and kindly qualities of a man whose bitter wit was apparently as visible to all as his goodness was certainly apparent to some.

"At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like Rogers, and have always found him most friendly." (May 26, 1828.)

This passage would have recalled to my mind, had it ever been necessary to recall, the gracious and cordial kindness of Mr. Rogers to a small Etonian some twenty-four years later.

It is odd that Scott, who if not an ideal was a very passable editor, should have said of the most execrably misedited book that ever (I should hope) disgraced the press—even of Hartshorne's *Metrical Romances*—"the work is well edited." But the mixture or alternation of lazy negligence with strenuous industry which is occasionally noticeable in Scott's own editorial work may perhaps in some degree account for this monstrous misapplication of lenity or good nature.

March 23, 1829, is a day to be thankfully and joyfully remembered by all lovers of Johnson, of Boswell, and of Scott. On that day, says the Journal, "I kept my state till one, and wrote notes to Croker upon Boswell's Scottish tour. It was an act of friendship, for time is something of a scarce article with me." It was much more; it was an act of beneficence to the world of English letters and of English readers for ever and a day. Those bright and vivid notes not only relieve the foggy and prosy twilight of Croker's, but literally illustrate the already radiant text with a fresh illumination of kindly and serviceable guidance.

A very few more references must suffice to show how much longer than is usually supposed the spirit and the intelligence of this great man were able to hold their own against all odds of time and trouble. Witness the hitherto unpublished entry of December 21, 1830. "Fall back, fall edge, nothing shall induce me to publish what I do not think advantageous to the community, or suppress what is." Witness also the sensible and temperate note of December 23, when "obliged to hold a Black-fishing Court at Selkirk." One sentence is suggestive of far wider application than any concerning a question of provincial fisheries: "They have been holding a meeting

for reform in Selkirk, and it will be difficult to teach them that this consists in anything else save the privilege of obeying only such laws as please them. . . . Six black-fishers were tried, four were condemned. All went very quietly till the conclusion, when one of the criminals attempted to break out. I stopped him for the time with my own hand." Witness also the spirited and vigorous lines thrown off as a motto for a chapter of *Count Robert*—from "The Deluge: a Poem." Witness, finally, the interview at Malta with the prelate—"one of the priests who commanded the Maltese in their insurrection against the French"—to whom, he says, "I took the freedom to hint that as he had possessed a journal of this blockade, it was but due to his country and himself to give it to the public, and offered my assistance."

Further evidence can hardly be needed of the cordial gratitude due from all loyal lovers of Scott—in other words, from all intelligent humanity—to the benefactors who have given us, in these two volumes, the crowning and conclusive proof that he was, if not a greater or a better, an even stronger and happier man than we knew. And to him what further tribute is it possible for love or loyalty, for reverence or devotion, to pay? While the language in which he wrote endures, while the human nature to which he addressed himself exists, there can be no end of the delight, the thanksgiving, and the honour with which men will salute, aloud or in silence, the utterance or the remembrance of his name.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE MIDNIGHT BAPTISM.

A STUDY IN CHRISTIANITY.

THEY were harvesting in Sixty-Acres, and the revolving arms of the painted reaping-machine glared red in the sun against the pale brown corn, while the knives of the instrument clicked like the love-call of the grasshopper. At each circuit of the field the brass star on the forehead of the leading horse glistened suddenly into the eyes.

As the morning wore on the standing wheat was reduced to smaller and smaller area in the middle of the field. Rabbits, hares, snakes, rats, mice, all retreated inwards as into a fastness, unaware of the ephemeral nature of their refuge and of the doom awaiting them later in the day when, their covert shrinking to a more and more horrible narrowness, they were all huddled together, friends and foes; till the last few yards of upright stalks fell also under the teeth of the machine, and every creature of them was put to a fearful death by the sticks and stones of the harvesters.

Upon the fallen corn in the rear of the machine the binders had set to work, some of them men, but the majority women, or rather girls. A singular charm was added to these latter by their out-door employment. The men were personalities afield; the women were almost a portion of the field; they had somehow lost their individuality, and assimilated themselves to their surroundings.

They wore drawn cotton-bonnets with great flapping curtains to keep off the sunburn, and gloves to prevent the stubble from wounding their hands. The eye was attracted by one who appeared in a pink cotton skirt; but it was not on account of the garment, nor even because she could boast of the most flexuous outline, the finest figure of the group; rather from a certain listlessness which characterized her: she never turned her head like the other women, who often gazed around them. She seduced attention precisely because she did not demand it. Her bonnet was pulled so far over her brow that not an inch of her face was disclosed while she worked; but her complexion might have been guessed from a stray twine or two of shady hair which extended below the curtain of her bonnet.

Her binding proceeded, indeed, with clock-like indifference and monotony. From each sheaf last finished she would draw a handful of straw by the ears, to form a bond, patting their tips with her left palm to bring them even. Then stooping low, she moved forward, gathering a proper quantity of the cut corn against her knees. Next pushing her left hand under the bundle, with the end of the bond in

her fingers, she met it with her right on the other side ; holding in a lover-like embrace the sheaf thus formed, on which she knelt while bringing the ends of the bond together and tying them, beating back her skirts now and then when lifted by the breeze. A narrow stripe of her naked arm was exposed between the buff leather of the gauntlet and the sleeve of her gown ; and as the day wore on the feminine smoothness of the skin became 'scarified by the stubble, and bled visibly.

At intervals she stood up to rest, and to re-tie her disarranged apron, or to pull her bonnet straight. Then could be seen the oval face of a handsome young woman about eighteen years of age, with dark eyes, and heavy tresses which seemed to seize in a lazy cling anything they fell against. The cheeks of the damsel were paler, the red lips thinner, than is usual with country-bred girls.

The movements of the other women were more or less similar to hers, the whole bevy of them drawing together like dancers in a quadrille at the completion of a sheaf by each ; every one placing her sheaf on end against those of the rest, till a shock of ten or a dozen was formed. As the hour of eleven drew near a close observer might have noticed that every now and then the glances of the girl in the pink frock flitted wistfully, and even anxiously, to the brow of the hill, though she did not for a moment pause in her sheafing. On the stroke of the hour a group of children, their ages ranging from about thirteen to five years, rose above the stubbly convexity of the field. The young woman with the clinging hair flushed a little, but still she did not pause. The eldest of the children, a girl in a mud-coloured triangular shawl whose corner draggled over the stubble, brought what at first sight seemed to be a doll, but proved to be a very small infant in long clothes. Another brought some lunch. The harvesters ceased working, took their provisions, and sat down against one of the shocks. Here they felt to, the men plying pretty freely a stone jar which had been hidden under a sheaf, and passing a cup round to each. The aforesaid young woman had been one of the last to suspend her labours. She sat down at the end of the shock, her face turned quite away from her companions. When she had deposited herself a man in a rabbit-skin cap and with a red handkerchief tucked into his belt, held the cup of ale over the top of the shock towards the girl in pink. But she did not accept his offer. As soon as her lunch was spread she called up the biggest of the children, evidently her sister, and took the baby from her, who, glad to be relieved of her burden, went away to the next shock and joined the rest of the children playing there. The other, with a curious, stealthy, yet courageous movement, and with a still rising colour, unfastened her frock and began suckling the child.

The men who sat nearest considerably turned their faces towards the other end of the field, some of them beginning to smoke; one, with absent-minded fondness, regretfully stroking the jar that would no longer yield a stream. All the women but the youthful one with the baby fell into animated talk, and adjusted their disarranged knots and bows. When the infant had taken its fill the young mother sat it upright in her lap, and, looking into the far distance, dandled it with a gloomy indifference that was almost dislike. Then all of a sudden she fell to violently kissing it some dozens of times, as if she could never leave off, the child crying at the vehemence of an onset which strangely combined passionateness with contempt.

"She's fond of that there child, though she do say she wishes the baby and herself, too, were underground," observes one of the other women in an undertone.

"She'll soon leave off saying that," replies her neighbour. "Lord, 'tis wonderful what a body can get used to in time!"

The harvest-men rose from the shock of corn, stretched their arms, and extinguished their pipes. The horses, which had been unharnessed and fed, were again attached to the scarlet machine. The spouseless mother, having quickly eaten her own meal, beckoned to her eldest sister to come up and take away the baby; then, fastening her dress, she put on the buff gloves anew, stooped to draw a bond from the last-completed sheaf for the tying of the next, and worked on automatically as before.

At dusk that evening they all rode home in one of the largest waggons on the farm, in the company of a broad, tarnished moon which had risen from the ground to the eastward, its face resembling the outworn gold-leaf halo of some worm-eaten Tuscan saint. The pink girl's female companions sang songs, and, looking towards her, could not refrain from mischievously throwing in a few verses of the ballad about the maid who went to the merry greenwood, and came back a changed person. But they were sympathetic, and glad to have her among them again, the event which had made of her a social warning having also for the moment made her the most interesting inhabitant of the village. Their friendliness won her still further away from herself, their lively spirits were contagious, and she became almost gay.

But a quick period was put to this unauthorized indulgence in good spirits. When she reached home it was to learn to her grief that the baby had been taken ill quite suddenly since the afternoon. Some such collapse had been probable, so tender and puny was its frame; but the event came as a shock nevertheless.

The baby's offence against society in coming into the world was forgotten by the girl-mother; her soul's desire was to continue

that offence by preserving the life of the child. However, it soon grew clear that the hour of emancipation for that little prisoner of the flesh was to arrive even earlier than her worst fears had conjectured. And when she had discovered this she was plunged into a misery which transcended that of the child's simple loss. Her baby had not been baptized.

She had drifted into a frame of mind which accepted passively the consideration that if she should have to burn for what she had done, burn she must, and there was an end of it. Like all village girls, she was well grounded in Scripture, and knew the histories of Aholah and Aholibah, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom. But when the same question arose with regard to the baby, it had a very different colour. Her darling was about to die, and no salvation.

It was now bedtime, but she rushed downstairs and asked if she might send for the parson. The moment happened to be one when her father's sense of respectability was at its highest, and his sensitiveness most pronounced, for he had just returned from his evening booze at the public-house. No parson should come inside his door, he declared, prying into his affairs just then, when, by her shame, it had become more necessary than ever to hide them. He locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

The household went to bed, and, distressed beyond measure, the girl retired also. She was continually waking as she lay, and in the middle of the night found that the baby was still worse. It was obviously dying—quietly and painlessly, but none the less surely.

In her misery she rocked herself upon the bed. The clock struck the solemn hour of one, that hour when thought stalks outside reason, and malignant possibilities stand rock-firm as facts. She thought of the child consigned to the nethermost corner of hell, as its double doom for lack of baptism and lack of legitimacy; saw the arch-fiend tossing it with his three-pronged fork, like the one they used for heating the oven on baking days; to which picture she added many other curious details of torment. The lurid presentment so powerfully affected her imagination in the silence of the sleeping house that her night-gown became damp with perspiration, and the bedstead shook with each throb of her heart.

The infant's breathing grew more difficult, and the mother's mental tension increased. It was useless to devour the little thing with kisses; she could stay in bed no longer, and walked feverishly about the room.

"Oh, merciful God, have pity; have pity upon my poor baby!" she cried. "Heap as much anger as you want to upon me and welcome, but pity the child!"

She leant against the chest of drawers, and murmured incoherent supplications for a long while, till she suddenly started up. "Ah! perhaps baby can be saved! Perhaps it will be just the same!" She spoke so brightly that it seemed as though her face might have shone in the gloom surrounding her.

She lit a candle, and went to a second and third bed under the wall, where she awoke her little sisters and brothers, all of whom occupied the same room. Pulling out the washing-stand so that she could get behind it, she poured some water from a jug, and made them kneel around, putting their hands together with the fingers exactly vertical. While the children, scarcely awake, awe-stricken at her manner, their eyes growing larger and larger, remained in this position, she took the baby from her bed—a child's child—so immature as scarce to seem a sufficient personality to endow its producer with the maternal title. The mother stood erect with the infant on her arm beside the basin, the next sister held the Prayer Book open before her, as the clerk at church held it before the parson, and there and then this emotional girl set about baptizing her child.

Her fine figure looked singularly tall and imposing as she stood in her long white night-gown, a thick cable of dark, braided hair hanging straight down her back to her waist. The kindly dimness of the weak candle abstracted from her form and features the little blemishes which sunlight might have revealed—the stubble scratches upon her wrists, and the weariness of her eyes—while her high enthusiasm had a transfiguring effect upon the handsome face which had been her undoing, showing it as a thing of immaculate beauty, with an impress of dignity that was almost regal. The little ones kneeling round awaited her preparations, their sleepy eyes, blinking and red, full of a suspended wonder which their physical heaviness at that hour would not allow to become active. The eldest of them said listlessly, "Be you really going to christen him, Sis?" and the girl-mother replied in a grave affirmative.

"What's his name going to be?"

She had not thought of that, but a name came into her head as she proceeded with the baptismal service, and now she pronounced it. "*Sorrow*, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." She sprinkled the water, and there was silence.

"Say 'Amen,' children."

The tiny voices piped in obedient response, "A-men!"

Sis went on: "We receive this child"—and so forth—"and do sign him with the sign of the Cross." Here she dipped her hand into the basin, and fervently drew an immense cross upon the baby with her forefinger, continuing with the customary sentences as to

his manfully fighting against sin, the world, and the devil, and being a faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. She duly went on with the Lord's Prayer, the children lisping it after her in a thin gnat-like wail, till, at the conclusion, raising their voices to clerk's pitch, they again piped into the silence, "A-men!"

Then their sister, with much augmented confidence in the efficacy of this sacrament, poured forth from the bottom of her heart the thanksgiving that follows, uttering it boldly and triumphantly, in the stopt-diapason note which her voice acquired when her heart was in her speech, and which will never be forgotten by those who knew her. The ecstasy of faith almost apotheosized her; it set upon her face a glowing irradiation, and brought a red spot into the middle of each cheek, while the miniature candle-flame, inverted in her eye, shone like a diamond. The children gazed up at her with reverence, and no longer had a will for questioning. She did not look like Sissy to them now, but a being large, towering, and awful, a Divine personage with whom they had nothing in common.

Poor Sorrow's campaign against sin, the world, and the devil was doomed to be of limited brilliancy—luckily perhaps for himself, considering his beginnings. In the blue of the morning that fragile soldier and servant breathed his last; and when the other children awoke they cried bitterly, and begged Sissy to try to find another.

The calmness which had possessed the girl since the christening remained with her in her baby's loss. In the daylight, indeed, she felt her terrors about his soul to have been somewhat exaggerated; whether well founded or not she had no uneasiness now, reasoning that if Providence would not ratify such an act of urgency, she, for one, did not value the kind of heaven lost by the irregularity—either for herself or for her child.

So passed away Sorrow the Undesired—that intrusive creature, that bastard gift of shameless Nature who respects not the law; a waif to whom eternal time had been a matter of days merely, who knew not that such things as years and centuries ever were; to whom the cottage interior was the universe, the week's weather climate, new-born babyhood human existence, and the instinct to suck human knowledge.

Sis, who mused on the christening a good deal, wondered if it were doctrinally sufficient to secure a Christian burial for the child. Nobody could tell this but the parson of the parish, and he was a new-comer, and a very reserved man. She went to his house after dusk, and stood by the gate, but could not summon courage to go in. The enterprise would have been abandoned if she had not by accident met him coming homeward as she turned away. In the gloom she did not mind speaking freely.

"I should like to ask you something, sir."

He expressed his willingness to listen, and she told the story of

the extemporized ordinance, and its reason, owing to her father's pride and the baby's illness. "And now, sir," she added earnestly, "can you tell me this—will it be just the same for him as if you had baptized him?"

The dignity of the girl, the strange tenderness in her voice, combined to affect the Vicar's natural feelings—or rather those that he had left in him after ten years of endeavour to graft technical belief on actual scepticism. The man and the ecclesiastic fought within him, and the victory fell to the man. "My dear girl," he said, "it will be just the same."

"Then will you give him a Christian burial?" she asked quickly.

The Vicar felt himself cornered. "Ah—that's another matter," he said.

"Another matter—why?" said she rather warmly.

"Well—I would willingly do so if only we two were concerned. But I must not—for parochial reasons."

"Just for once, sir!"

"Really I must not."

"Oh, sir, for pity's sake!" She seized his hand as she spoke. He shook his head.

"Then I don't like you!" she burst out. "And I'll never come to your church no more!"

"Don't talk so rashly, Sis."

"Perhaps it will be just the same to him if you don't? . . . Will it be just the same? Don't speak, sir, as parson to sinner, but as you yourself to me myself—poor me!"

How he reconciled his answer with the strict notions he supposed himself to hold on these subjects it is beyond a layman's power to tell, though not to excuse. Somewhat moved, he said in this case also, "It will be just the same."

So the baby was carried in a small deal box, under an ancient woman's shawl, to the churchyard that night, and buried by lantern-light, at the cost of a shilling and a pint of beer to the sexton, in that shabby corner of the enclosure where the nettles grow, and where all unbaptized infants, notorious drunkards, suicides, and others of the conjecturally damned are laid. In spite of the untoward surroundings, however, Sis bravely made a little cross of two laths and a piece of string, and having bound it with flowers, she stuck it up at the head of the grave one evening when she could enter the churchyard without being seen, putting at the foot also a bunch of the same flowers, in a little jar of water to keep them alive. What matter was it that on the outside of the jar the eye of mere observation noted the words, "Keelwell's Marmalade"? The eye of maternal affection did not see them in its vision of higher things.

THOMAS HARDY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI.

AND did I once see Mazzini plain? Did I hear him talk? Did I touch his hand? Did I feel the unique magnetism of his personality? Indeed, it is a never-to-be-forgotten epoch in my life the day on which I saw this great man for the first time, for his presence came upon me with the surprise of a revelation. It would be difficult to explain how the effect was produced, but I became aware almost instantaneously that the man sitting there, familiarly chatting among friends, was not so much an individual as the incarnation of an idea in a perishable human frame.

And a particularly perishable, worn, and emaciated body was that of Mazzini, when, as a girl, I was fortunate enough to know him in his latter years. He seemed to hold life by a very frail tenure. His face, too, of wax-like pallor, was furrowed by suffering even more than years—by suffering and the continuous strain of thought. But the inspired look of the eyes—dark, glowing, luminous with spiritual fire—gave an appearance of eternal youth to the wasted countenance. In the features and expression you observed a singular blending of the qualities which show the thinker and the man of action. The upper part of the head and brow had a dominant massiveness not unlike that of the fine bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, and the aquiline curve of the nose and firm-set mouth, with the close-cropped grey beard, were suggestive of unflinching energy and an iron force of will; but this effect was softened by an expression of deep and earnest thought, and the rare smile whose subtle sweetness seemed the aroma of a nature as remarkable for tenderness as strength.

Those who have heard Mazzini will never forget the eloquence, originality, and range of his talk. It sometimes had a prophetic grandeur, a ring of passionate conviction, which stimulated every better impulse, and made his listeners realise those larger issues of life which bring individual consciousness into harmony with universal law. His speech had the urgency of a trumpet call. In fact, to have known Mazzini is to understand those mythical and historical figures who, from Buddha to Savonarola, have infused a new spirit into the outworn religious thought of their age,—men who were themselves the embodiment of their message, and whose unwritten sermons, graven on the hearts of disciples, became the means of transforming empires and shaping the destinies of nations. As far as I am able to judge, all the writings of Mazzini, however powerful, are but a pale reflection of his own impressive and apos-

tolic individuality. He belonged to that class of men who ranked highest in his judgment, "the men of the mighty subjective race," as he called them, "who stamp the impress of their own mind—like conquerors—both upon the actual world and the world of their own creation, and derive the life they make manifest either from the life *within* themselves, or from that life of the *future* which, prophet-like, they foresee."

However, Mazzini's conception of life, as shown in his writings on religious, political, and social questions, is too well known to be touched upon here. I propose, in the space at my disposal, to make a record of his talk and teaching as addressed to myself, and, as far as I am able, to let him speak in his own strong and stirring words. Of course this would be impossible now had I not at the time taken notes of his conversation under the heading of "Words of Life." And if his teaching did not, in my case, have just the result he might have expected, neither did it fall on entirely barren ground. It seemed to me, then, in the ferment and unrest of my mind, that I might get some clue to the meaning of the world, some help in my vain seeking after truth, from one who in his own person seemed a guarantee of the sacredness of life. For the preponderance of evil and sorrow, the poor pittance of happiness doled out to the individual, the limitations which hedge us in on all sides, had tormented me from an early age, and would often fill me with a passionate rebellion against existence. The materialist school of thought, which recognised force and matter as the only factors in the world, the notion that we are ephemeral creatures here to-day and gone to-morrow, that the life in us is as the flame of a candle which burns down to the socket and goes out, left a void which it required Mazzini's essentially spiritual doctrine to bridge over. His quenchless faith in the progress of the race, in the duty of the individual to modify and transform the social medium, and in the intrinsic *oneness* of all human life, gave it a deeper reality by connecting our temporary passage here with all the generations that have gone before and are coming after. What made Mazzini so great in my eyes was that he tried to grasp life as a whole; that he considered the evolution of society as an upward movement, of which the progressive stages are marked by the different creeds which each in turn have contributed their share in developing the moral and mental capacities of man. Mazzini's ideas in some respects were not unlike those of Lessing and of Auguste Comte, who, in their luminous generalization, interpret history as an educational process in the growth of humanity.

"One and all, like Herder," he says, "we demand of the instinct of our conscience a great religious thought which may rescue us from doubt, a social faith which may save us from anarchy, a moral

inspiration which may embody that faith in action, and keep us from idle contemplation."

How often in conversation with me have I heard Mazzini inveighing against the habit of contemplation and that reprehensible frame of mind which is content to passively receive the impressions of the outer world. For, as he believed that we are "down here" (as he used to put it) to transform nature, he blamed those who merely seek for sensations; especially the poet, the artist who, instead of reaching out after some ideal, considers that he has done his part in copying that which already exists. "High poetry is truth," he would say, and the theory of art for art's sake was abhorrent to his soul. The paradox of a witty contributor to this Review as to the uselessness of all art would have elicited his most vehement protest. In his view it was one of the most ennobling forces of society, and by peopling the imagination with types of moral and physical excellence, helped in transforming the ideals of one generation into the realities of another. Possibly the beautiful myth of Pygmalion and Galatea foreshadows this conception of art; and the artist's passionate aspiration after beauty may in time have the mysterious faculty of translating the marble image into palpitating life.

At any rate, it may be useful to recall this spiritual view at a moment when the naturalist school of art is bearing down everything before it. According to Mazzini's grand generalization, art should not rest content with following in the footsteps of experience, but be the herald in the van. On this account Æschylus, Dante, Schiller, and Byron were the poets he preferred. He did not actually rank their genius higher, but he loved them best. Though he considered Goethe the greatest poet since Shakespeare, he was always finding fault with him, a little, perhaps, on account of my intense admiration for this writer. "Goethe," exclaimed Mazzini, on one occasion, "was incapable of considering events in their public connection, and as they affected the mass of men. In this respect he seems to have lacked some faculty. Isolated facts and individuals alone had any interest for him. The carcass of a sheep, the bones of a fish, had actually more importance in his eyes when travelling in the Argonne than the great Revolution which then raged in France. Believe me, you are deluded by the great genius of Goethe. I was also completely fascinated by him in my youth. So difficult is it at that age to realize that heart and genius do not always go together. Goethe's genius enabled him to project himself in imagination into every possible form of human emotion and aspiration, but his whole life proves that the man himself was not possessed by such aspirations. Still, I am quite ready to admit that Goethe is the most representative poet Europe has produced since Shakespeare, but like Shakespeare, the poet with whom he has the

most in common, he resembles a mirror which passively reflects the world as it is."

"But the method of these two poets," I replied, "seems essentially different. Shakespeare disappears completely behind his works, while Goethe's are so many steps in his own development."

"You are right; but this is also accomplished by him in an objective, passive manner. The poet calmly holds up the glass to his own ever-changing sensations and emotions, and reflects them precisely as he would any other object in nature. But is this the true mission of the poet? Should not he embody in language that which abides in his own deep heart, instead of contenting himself with giving us a mere reflection of passing impressions? Turn from your idol, Goethe, to his noble contemporary; there it is the man himself who hopes, strives, and suffers with humanity, as Dante did, and as *Æschylus* did before Dante.

"Indeed, the ancients had no idea of our modern way of separating the man from the artist, and judging them separately. The man should always be our first and foremost consideration. In the next place we have to judge of the man-artist; but to judge him precisely as we would judge of the man-soldier, the man-artisan, the man-peasant, &c. In modern times the man himself has been effaced, and an undue prominence given to the artist. I consider this to be not only a great misfortune in itself, but as one which radically destroys true art.

"But to return to Goethe. The fact is that he was not only indifferent to the needs and sufferings of the people—the child of humanity—which it is the duty of the gifted and fortunate to educate and raise to their own level, but at bottom he was cold to everything. His feelings were never deeply affected, for his brain had pumped his heart dry. Anything and everything interested him alike. When Bettina in her youthful enthusiasm threw herself at his feet and worshipped him, his only thought was—'I will study her.' But the green serpent twisting about on his table was an object of equal importance to him. He observed one on account of her brilliant flashes of fancy, and the other for the delicate play of light on its scales. He looked at both in the same spirit of scientific curiosity.

"Moreover, I am convinced that Goethe never truly loved any woman. Woman was a subject on which to make experiments in love. Look at Dante, on the other hand. What a sustained glow of true passion is in him! He does not wait for objects to impress him. He impresses the seal of his own soul on every object. He is not moulded; he moulds. His whole life—the reality of his aspirations, of his hate and love—glows with irresistible truth through his writings. We need not go to any biographer to learn who and what the Man Dante was."

Curiously enough Goethe's view of art resembled Mazzini's far more than one would expect. "The great artist," he remarks, in his conversations with Eckermann, "stands above nature and treats her according to his aims. Art is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but to laws of its own. The artist has a twofold relation to nature: he is at once her master and her slave."

I remember one day, on being asked by Mazzini what books I had been reading, that I owned to an enthusiastic perusal of Carlyle.

"Carlyle!" he exclaimed, with a half-quizzical smile, for he was often playful, and even bantering in conversation: "Why, you are fast drifting down the road to materialism. You are lost!"

And as I could not help remarking that in spite of all differences there seemed to me a strong affinity of nature between himself and Carlyle, he said, with great energy: "Why, we are diametrically opposed to each other! He worships force!—I combat it with all my might!"

"But all the same," I ventured to persist, "he resembles you in his discontent with the present state of society, in his conviction that men should shape their lives according to some religious ideal, some standard of duty!"

"Can you tell me," asked Mazzini, with flashing eyes, "what religious ideal he enunciates? to what standard of duty he asks you to conform? Can you show me in any of his writings what objects of belief he points out for your worship? In our age words are too often made to do the work of ideas, and when you sift them to the bottom you find they are meaningless.

"Scepticism, analysis," he continued, with a meaning look at me, "are the bane of our age. To think that women, even women, who should be all compact of faith and devotion, are beginning to question and to analyse! Remember the story of Psyche. When, impelled by doubt, she took a lamp to assure herself of the reality of love, love fled for ever. So it is with all deepest and holiest feelings when looked at with your analysing scepticism. Carlyle is the sceptic of sceptics. He is grand when he pulls down, but incapable of reconstructing something fresh. How can you call *Sartor Resartus* a magnificent book?" he continued. "If you called it a work written with great genius, that would be nearer the truth. I used to know Carlyle intimately, and I told him fifteen years ago, when he was still a republican, to what his principles would lead him. He would not believe me, but time has shown that I was right. We have separated because we could no longer agree. He is a worshipper of force—intellectual or moral force, I grant you—but this, in the end, must lead to an apology for despotism. If, instead of loving and admiring nations and humanity, you only love, admire, and reverence individuals, you must end by being an advo-

cate of despots. Great men can only spring from a great people, just as an oak, however high it may tower above every other tree in a forest, depends on the soil whence it derives its nourishment. This soil must be enriched by countless decaying leaves or the acorn embedded in it could never shoot up into a gigantic oak. Just so a great man draws his strength from the generations which have preceded him, and from the men of his own generation by whom he is surrounded. Mind, I don't mean to deny the power of individuality. I don't deny that every human being brings something with him that is distinctively his own. *You* are something; *I* am something; you and I are different from either you or I. And it is this interdependence of man upon man which is the germ of that collectivity manifested through history. There is deepest truth in Christ's saying:—'Where two or three are gathered together there is the Holy Spirit.'"

In connection with this subject, I remember Mazzini saying that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Cæsar who destroyed the Roman Republic: the republic was dead before Cæsar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline preceded and foreshadowed Cæsar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands. For there is no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together; at the same time, supposing he had appeared a hundred and fifty years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Cæsar's death could not restore that."

By way of assisting me in the course my reading should take, Mazzini sketched out the following plan of study, and after bidding me to lay aside Carlyle, who could only lead me astray, he added:—"Do not entangle yourself in philosophy. Philosophy will do you no good. It will only teach you thought about thought. Study astronomy. I mean, make yourself familiar with the laws unfolded by that astonishing science, and when you have grasped its elements, dive down, through geology, to the forces which have elaborated our globe. Next in order take up history from the most primitive times to our own, and, if you like, take up the different systems of philosophy each in connection with the period it sprang from—Plato, Descartes, Spinoza in their historical sequence. Read, and meditate deeply on what you have read. If much still remains dark, concentrate your mind in prayer. You know what I understand by

prayer. After a while, when you have discovered that the laws which govern history are in harmony with those which rule the heavens and the earth, the meaning of life will grow clearer, and it is that which it concerns you above all things to know.

"You should give six hours a day to the course of study I have indicated; that is," he added, smiling, "if you are not too much taken up with your dress. I should like some time to talk to you, not about literature or philosophy, but about life. I should like to speak to you about our mission in life. But I must know you better first. Yes," he concluded, "I have not yet formed a clear estimate of your character. I think you have an extraordinary amount of imagination and that makes it more difficult. Besides, it is always easier to know men than women. A man is either good or bad, but woman is the sphynx. You may have known her all your life and yet not know her to the bottom. From your love of Goethe, among other things, I conclude that you are objective—by which I mean that you have no aim or ideal after which to strive. You simply watch the world turn round and get absorbed by whatever happens to be before you. Wholly and brilliantly so, I grant you; then the object passes and something else engrosses you in turn. This is selfish. For though the dreams you indulge in are always most poetical, it is a selfish indulgence. You want to be happy; but happiness, let me tell you, is not the object of our life. When you set out on a journey you have an object towards which you are going. You may welcome the sun if it shines on your path, but you do not break your journey if it should not be shining; nor do you travel on purpose to seek it. It is the same with happiness. Search not for it; believe me, by so doing it will always escape your grasp. Like a shadow it will for ever hover beyond your reach. But if with steady aim you pursue an appointed task, just as unexpectedly as the sunshine falls on your path happiness will surprise you unawares.

"Forgetfulness of the world and existence, glimpses of something higher and brighter—that is all we can mean by happiness here on earth. A deep abiding sadness always fills my heart. The things of this world are so fleeting and incomplete that, if for no other reason but this, I could never be happy here. With a few exceptions, I despise the present generation, and only in the idea of Humanity as it will be in the future do I find my consolation. For at present men have lost the sense of the continuity and unity of their race. Each one is only conscious of his own individual rights. They have forgotten duty. Their love itself is only a selfishness *à deux*. Though we can only love a few with all our heart, yet should we bear ourselves towards all men as though we loved them. I have always tried to behave alike to all, but only the

smiles of a few dear ones ever give me any comfort. Remember, I do not act thus for the happiness it may bring me. I do not hold the Christian belief that doing good must needs make us happy. Nor do I expect any kind of reward. No; you must do good for the sake of goodness only."

In order to impress his theory of life more clearly upon me, Mazzini, in answer to my appeal for fuller insight, wrote me several letters, from one of which I will give an extract, as it sums up in a little room the quintessence of his teaching:—

"It is not from me, dear troubled one, it is from yourself that you must draw strength and comfort. It is by reaching through your own efforts, faith: faith in duty and immortality. You have had moments in which faith visited you; but next moment you analysed, dissected and it disappeared. Did you ever think, Mathilde, that all great scientific discoveries have been owing to what they call intuition—to an hypothesis which flashed before the eye of genius, without antecedents, without any reasoning that could be ascertained. Reasoning only ascertained the truth of the hypothesis afterwards. As intuition to the intellect, so are those moments to the soul. They see truth. They make you feel life: your analysing reason can only, like anatomy, examine death. As the telescope—the enlarged eye—discovers new stars and planets by concentrating on your pupil a larger mass of rays of light: so you can only discover truth, moral truth, by a concentration of all your faculties, instincts, aspirations on a given point. The moments of which you speak, do that. Why do you spurn them, ungrateful child? why do you doubt them? High poetry is truth; and it is truth because you cannot trace out or analyse its source. In a beautiful night, near the grave of a dear lost one, before the Alps or the sea, in a moment of concentrated love for a being, for an idea, for an aim, you are nearer the truth than after having spent days and nights on philosophical systems. If ever you have a strange moment of religious feeling, of supreme resignation, of quiet love of humanity, of a calm insight of duty, kneel down, kneel down, thankful, and treasure within yourself the feeling suddenly arisen: it is the feeling of life.

"Such feelings came to me at the period about which I wrote these pages; I cannot write them down. Still I have written enough to show their source. The source is a definition of life. Life is not *search* for happiness; life is a mission. We have no rights: we have only duties; when bent on fulfilling them, we have a right to not be prevented or checked: thence liberty, thence equality, thence association; but we have no rights, unless we do fulfil a duty. . . .

"God is: but He is not the Christian God. He is not the arbitrary

dispenser of grace. He has made laws; He has given you powers and liberty; He has put before you evil, so that you may fight it; He has surrounded you with millions of other beings, so that you may feel your brotherhood with them; He has pointed out to you many aims tending to their improvement; He has given to your contemplation a whole long tradition of martyr-souls, of good, patient, struggling, hopeful men as examples and companions on the way. He could not, cannot do more for you. Do not ask for grace: conquer it. Do not contemplate: work. Do not think of yourself: think of others. Christianity tried to teach man how to save himself alone, in spite of the world, and spurning it—unsuccessfully. Man cannot save himself, except by saving others—by modifying for the best the medium, the element in which he is living. Do not seek as alms what you can deserve by deeds. Do not fret or moan while you can fight. Worship duty: it is the only reality. Very strange that we should recognise it in each inferior manifestation of life; that we should say: ‘Man, if he wants to live physically, ought to work;’ and that we forget it whenever we think of life in its whole, of life in its highest sense. . . .

“Life is a mission: nothing else.

“There is nothing real but duty. The sun may, or may not shine on our path; but the path is ever the same.

“Call it God or what you like, there is life which we have not created, but which is given. There is a law of life. Therefore we have each of us a *function*, an individualized mission.

“To study and try to discover what part of the law of life is pointed out to us in our epoch—then to fulfil it according to our means of action—that is the only possible aim of our terrestrial existence.

“The first thing may be achieved by your listening to the tradition of mankind, and to the sacred whisper of your own conscience. On the intersection point where they both meet is truth—not absolute truth, of course—but what of it you may conquer in your stage of life.

“The second will be achieved by feeling that man is thought and action; by strengthening as much as possible that now dismembered unity; by establishing for yourself the law of trying to embody, to symbolize by *action*, as far as possible, every good *thought* you have.

“We do not know, nor can down here know, *all* the laws of life; but we already know that life is inseparable from progress, progress inseparable from association. You must, therefore, not leave your terrestrial existence without having endeavoured to add something to both. Otherwise your life down here will be a failure;

and, although you may not believe in them, I know that the consequences will be heavy on your own progress in future." . . .

Mazzini lived at that time at 2, Onslow Terrace, Brompton, and whenever I entered the door of his modest room it had the same elevating effect upon me which a church has on the faithful. It was crammed with newspapers, books, and pamphlets; the chairs and sofa, as well as the table, were covered with them, so that there was little space left for turning these articles of furniture to their natural use. It may be on this account that Mazzini had got into a way of sitting on the very edge of a seat, leaning forward a little, with his thin hands, more often than not, crossed on his knees. A shadowy figure, all dressed in black, without a vestige of white collar or necktie, with the smoke of a companionable cigar usually floating round him. Here great part of Mazzini's time was spent in a voluminous political correspondence with his Italian compatriots. But, while keeping the flame of revolutionary enterprise alive in his country, the gentleness of his nature was shown, among other things, in his love of birds. He kept several, and so tame were they as to fly freely about the room, perching confidently on the shoulder of the man who was an object of distrust and terror to most of the governments of Europe.

Indeed, pity and tenderness for all things weak, suffering, and oppressed were the mainspring of Mazzini's political action. Love for those beneath him was his ruling impulse, and no description can convey the compassion that suffused his face and vibrated through his voice in speaking of the masses and the hardness of their lot. But he did not even hate those powerful ones of the earth whose privileges he attacked. He warred with institutions, not with men. The only time I can recall an expression of concentrated scorn and anger in his tone was on his speaking of "The Man of December." He never named him. His silence conveyed an intensity of reprobation more terrible than the wildest abuse.

For though he made war to the knife against superannuated systems of religious and political life, he had a profound reverence for the past. True, it was dying or dead, and we should haste to bury it with all decent observances, lest it taint the air of the living; but we should refrain from spurning it with impatience or contempt. Never would you hear on Mazzini's lips that cheap eighteenth-century declamation against kings and priests, as if they were the originators instead of being the offspring of what is out of joint in society. Believing in the working of a continuous law through history, he did not put them in a class apart and imitate those Sioux theologians who said, "The Great Spirit made all things except the wild rice; but the wild rice came by chance."

Austere in his private life and of the simplest habits, Mazzini led an existence of self-denial verging on asceticism. Outside the intercourse of a few chosen ones he had no relaxation, and seldom stirred from home except to visit the bedside of a sick friend. He lived so completely in high thoughts and strove so earnestly to translate them into action, that the things of the actual world took but little hold of him. "Would you have me look for nature in the streets of London?" he asked me once ironically; and then added, pointing to two trees outside his window, "Out of these I can construct the whole of Nature. Give me the Alps or nothing. By the way, the only time to see them at their best is in winter. Then they are sublime. They look to me like the mothers of Europe. They feed the great plains of our continent with the streams and torrents flowing in undying life beneath the snow."

Among flowers, also, Mazzini had a characteristic preference. Better than the rose he loved the pale blossoms of the syringa, whose acrid perfume, suggestive of the hidden sting in all pleasure, was more typical of life. The moon, he once told me half jokingly, had a special fascination for him; he looked upon it as a world in the cradle, and watched her as one would an infant. He had a fancy that one day, when life should be developed there, some kind of communication would be established between our earth and the moon. Every edifice equal to Westminster Abbey would then be visible to our largest telescopes, and it would perhaps depend on an intuition of genius in some inhabitant of the moon to afford us ground for a sort of telegraphic intercourse. Such trifles may not lack interest as indicating a side of Mazzini's temperament not revealed in his published writings.

For the rest I shall be satisfied if I have succeeded in adding one touch to the figure of this modern prophet, whose greatness, like that of an Alp, will make itself manifest in proportion as we get far enough off to judge of him correctly.

MATHILDE BLIND.

THE TRANSATLANTIC CATTLE TRADE.

MORE than six years have now elapsed since I drew attention in the pages of this Review¹ to the precarious position of agriculture in Great Britain. The acreage devoted to the various corn crops was at that time shrinking, and while our home herds showed no signs of increase, there were portents from the western world overseas which were to render inevitable that immense expansion of the fat cattle and dead meat trade which has since actually taken place. I ventured under these circumstances to suggest that the best and, indeed, the only prospect of relief was to permit the English farmer or cattle dealer to purchase store cattle in the one cheap market in the world—the market of the United States. On this side of the sea were the three acres constantly depreciating for the want of a cheap cow: there, on the other side, was the cow—but at this point our legislators had stepped in, so that the American cow was, as it still is, rigorously excluded. Because there was disease in Maryland, therefore store cattle from Montana must come under the ban. There are 8,000,000 acres of land in Holland, there are 2,000,000,000 acres in the United States; a case of pleuro-pneumonia in this giant area with over 50,000,000 of cattle was to be treated in the same light-hearted fashion as in the other and smaller area with less than a million and a half! In one case, as in the other, the fiat of the Privy Council had gone forth and the trade in live cattle was summarily stopped. It had thus happened that just after the opening of the Transatlantic cattle trade, some time during the seventies, pleuro-pneumonia sent over from Europe had made its appearance in Baltimore, and the herds of all the United States were at once scheduled under the Act; so that instead of a natural trade in store cattle and breeding stock such as this country to-day enjoys with Canada, to the mutual profit of both parties, the trade from the United States has been forced into a trade in carcass beef or in fat cattle, which, on their arrival, must be immediately slaughtered in our ports.

Truly that disease must be desperate which requires so desperate a remedy! To deprive this country of a vast supply of cheap “raw material,” and to drive the United States deeper and ever deeper into a dead meat trade, is, it seems to me, to drive also the very last nail into the coffin of the British farmer. And melancholy indeed are the other consequences that have followed in this wake of woe. As substitutes for those natural fertilisers from beasts fattening in our home farmyards, we are compelled to import the costly nitrates of South America, and the phosphates from the Gulf of Florida. Hence, also, it happens that, spring after spring, there is an increasing

(1) December, 1884.

scarcity of store cattle at English fairs, this scarcity showing itself both in the famine rates farmers have to pay for their store beasts and in grasslands positively unemployed for want of stock. Instead of a healthy condition of trade, the breeder making his money out of the public, we have seen one class living on the misfortunes of another class—the breeder, especially the Irish breeder, making his profits out of the losses of the English grazier. And all the while that the price of stores has been rising in England, in America it has been rapidly falling; thus the price of the raw material of beef being extremely high here and extremely low in the United States, the inevitable result has been that great expansion of the Transatlantic meat trade which has been the melancholy characteristic of the past few years. In his official report for 1890, Major Craigie writes:—

“The trade in imported fresh beef, mutton, and pork, which up to the end of 1875 did not furnish more than a single pound per annum to each average family of five persons, has furnished 29½ pounds for each such family in the period 1886—89, and in the single year 1889 reached 40 pounds a year to every family in the United Kingdom.”

If the consequence of the Cattle Diseases Acts has been this growing plague of dead meat; if it is these Acts which alone have prevented the evolution of British agriculture on the lines of those economic forces which have been so evidently at work; if their inevitable and foreseen result has been to cheapen the raw material for our foreign competitor while raising its price against our own farmer,—then I venture to think the existing depression of our “leading industry” is more fully accounted for than on any other hypothesis. Granted a condition of free trade in a finished article (in this case, fat meat) and a vastly lower price obtaining abroad for that raw material, which may not be brought to our shores, we should confidently anticipate such a submergence of the industry thus afflicted as has been the case here during that precise period in which the Cattle Acts have been enforced against America. While it is quite true that wise laws cannot make a country rich, yet the correlative proposition is not less true, that ill-advised legislation can impoverish any country, no matter how rich in natural resources. And I venture to add that there is no country that I have ever seen, except, perhaps, Egypt, where agriculture should prosper, and will, I believe, yet prosper as in these fertile and populous islands.

Let us take stock of our agricultural position by the light of Major Craigie's figures. In spite of a rapidly-increasing population the average number of acres devoted to corn was—

1871—75	11,543,000
1876—80	10,931,000
1881—85	10,345,000
1886—90	9,722,000

We have been told recently by Sir Lyon Playfair, at Leeds, that

"in less than twenty years the United States will have no surplus food to send us," which is an amazing statement truly to make when contrasted with the census returns of the last four decades.

UNITED STATES WHEAT PRODUCTION PER HEAD.

1850	4 bushels.
1860	5 "
1870	7 "
1880	9 "

Including all the cereals, I find from the census returns that from 35 bushels per head in 1870, the production of the United States had increased to 53 bushels per head in 1880.

The total area of land and water in the United Kingdom is less than 78 million acres, while in the United States the acreage actually cultivated with the maize-plant is in excess of 79 million acres. The maize harvest of 1889 was over 2,000 million bushels, having a value about equal to the national debt of that country.

And significant as are these figures, the returns of live stock from 1877 to 1887 exhibit an increase not less remarkable—

Dairy cows increased	39 per cent.
Other cattle	66 "
Horses	45 "
Mules	61 "
Sheep	24 "
Swine	90 "

While the increase of population was less than 28 per cent.

Such is the country of which we are assured that in twenty years it will have no surplus food to send us! These perpetual prophecies, always dating twenty years forward, of the day when American rivers will have run dry for our farmers to cross dryshod, are a painful and a very pitiful reminder of that earlier and brighter horoscope, wherein we were invited to gaze upon an entire world converted to "free trade" in ten years, or at most in sixteen.

It is fairly evident, I think, that the possibilities of successful agriculture in Great Britain do not lie in the direction of an increased corn area; but, judging from the avidity with which farmers receive store cattle, not from Ireland only, but from distant Canada, the view is justified that, had this country during the past ten years been permitted to stock her acres up to the hilt from the breeding herds of that one country which has the cattle to spare, then we could have adapted our agriculture to assimilate these imports, and having effected an immense increase in the herds at home, we should become year by year less dependent for our meat supplies on foreign countries. It is a bold but a not improbable forecast, that we may yet come to produce all our beef at home, and possibly all our mutton.

To better illustrate what has been going on since I first drew

attention to the position in the pages of this Review, I include this table:—

I.

TOTAL OF CATTLE.

	1834.	1889.	Increase or Decrease.
United Kingdom . . .	10,422,762	10,272,765	— 149,997
¹ Canada	3,500,000	3,500,000	None
United States	43,771,295	52,801,907	+ 9,030,612

Let me further add the table of cattle exports, alive and dead, in 1889, from the United States and Canada to this country, recalling also to the reader's attention the all-important fact that Canada, unlike the United States, is not under the ban of the Cattle Diseases Act, so that our exports from Canada are as free as from Ireland, while from the United States they are hopelessly hampered, all store cattle being rigidly excluded.

II.

EXPORTS, 1889.

	Live Cattle.	Fresh Beef, cwts.
From the United States	294,124	1,275,948
From Canada	102,919	148

Taking six cwts. of beef to a carcass, the United States exported 509,000 cattle and Canada 102,943.

Turning to the figures in the first table, their significance can hardly be overestimated. If we look at the enormous increase of cattle in the United States, over nine millions in six years, to what shall we attribute it? I think we must attribute it, to a very large extent, to an unnatural excess of production because of the impossibility of exporting breeding cattle. In no other way can such a prodigious growth be satisfactorily accounted for. In the case of Canada, on the other hand, her cattle export being unchecked, we find an increase certainly *less* than normal; less, that is, than the ratio of the increase of population. And this view is strongly emphasised by the figures of the exports of the two countries contained in the second table. Here we find that, while the export from the United States in 1889—a year, too, of exceptionally heavy shipments—was only one beast out of each hundred and four, the export from Canada was one out of each thirty-four. I think I am entitled to read these figures as showing that, but for the restrictions of the Cattle Diseases Act, the normal cattle export from the United States should be annually at least 3 per cent., or upwards of a million and a half of live stock, instead of only half a million, alive and dead. Also, that the export trade in live cattle, lean or half finished, is more profitable and economical than the trade

(1) Until the census returns for 1890 are completed, no exact statistics in the case of Canada are available; but as Ontario had 1,925,000 cattle in 1884, and only 1,891,899 in 1889, it is a reasonable inference that the figures for the entire Dominion will show

in fat cattle or dead meat, is sufficiently evident from the fact that Canada, free to choose, sends 95 per cent. of her cattle for store purposes, and twenty-four carcasses only out of a hundred thousand animals exported.

But perhaps it may be suggested that the United States export a smaller percentage of cattle than Canada, for the reason that there is a smaller surplus in the States, and the domestic requirements are greater; but here again all the figures point the other way. Not only is the proportion of cattle to population immensely higher in the States than in Canada, but the cattle stocks of the United States are very rapidly outstripping the growth of the population, while in Canada the tendency is in the other direction. In 1870 there were in the United States twenty-three million cattle and thirty-eight million people; thus the ratio of cattle to population was as 61 to 100; to-day there are over fifty-three million cattle to sixty-five million people, so that the ratio has closed up until it is as 81 to 100. Neither is this all, for the very marked improvement in the quality of the United States cattle during the past ten years has increased their average weight by quite 10 per cent., while the expansion of the railway system has given the herds of such remote regions as Oregon and Washington cheap access to the market centres of population. That the available beef surplus is increasing very rapidly is further evidenced by the fact that the average price of cattle has fallen at least 35 per cent. during the past eight years.

The general direction of the above statistics anyone can read. I am convinced that had the American markets been open to the requirements of the English breeder and the English grazier, the cattle stocks of the United States, not dammed back as now by English legislation, would never have exhibited this phenomenal rate of increase, while we ourselves, having added to our home reserves by drawing largely on theirs, might now be confidently anticipating the entire cessation of the import of foreign cattle whether alive or dead. The great and growing danger to English agriculture is in the sterilisation of the soil resulting from the ever-increasing trade in meat fattened to fertilise foreign farms, also in the impossibility, without large heifer importations from some new source, of increasing at all considerably our home stocks of cattle. There is one country only which both from the price of cattle and from the magnitude of the stock would supply our requirements very cheaply, and from that country we have over hastily isolated ourselves by legislative enactment. There are ten millions of cattle in these islands and the problem which occupies many anxious minds to-day is, how shall the landlord get his rents and is there any future for the landed interest. Jam-growing and hen-ranching are all very well, but when ten millions of cattle shall have increased to fifteen millions, then and then only the agricultural problem will

have approached solution. A mere season of cheap stores is useless ; the English farmer is to-day paying £14 for store bullocks worth £11 ; by *worth* I mean the worth as dictated by the price now obtaining in Chicago for similar stock, plus freight, feed, and insurances to this country. If our farmer is aware that he will get a supply for £11, not once but always, then he will so adapt his system as to accommodate profitably that supply.

Let me make a comparison of prices here and in America, which comparison, thanks to Mr. Westley Richards, Sir John Lawes, and a few active propagandists, the live stock weighbridge in any market town will now verify. Agriculture would not have been still groping in the dark had we imported the weighbridge from America many years ago. The price of Irish stores per stone of fourteen pounds (liveweight) in the Norwich market to-day is over 4s. ; the average two-year-old weighing, say, seventy stones, costs £14. The cost of a similar bullock in Chicago is three cents per pound (1½d.), or some £6. The cost of freight, feeding, handling, and insurance from Chicago to Norwich for a light store bullock or heifer will be amply covered by £4, or 1s. a stone, so that the Norfolk buyer is to-day paying for protection against disease the entire difference between 4s. per stone and 3s. ; and the measure of this protection may be summed up very briefly in the fact that from Ireland pleuro-pneumonia continues to be imported, and year after year the dread disease, traceable back to that source, shows itself all over Great Britain ; while from the United States, in 1890, only four animals of their whole export were diseased. Nor is it at all certain that these four were suffering from the genuine lung plague. Cattle are being slaughtered almost weekly in England for pleuro-pneumonia, and the lungs sent to the Board of Agriculture for inspection. In the majority of these cases the autopsy discovers that the disease is *not* contagious lung plague at all.

Let us further, with the use of the weighbridge, declare the ratio of value obtaining in England between lean stock and fat. The evidence reaches me from all parts of the country that farmers are paying about 4s. 3d. per stone (fourteen pounds) for stores, and selling these same stores when fat for 4s. per stone : whereas in Chicago the stores (feeders as they are called) which are bought lean for three cents per pound, sell readily in that market when fattened for five cents. When, similarly, the ratio of the price per stone of stores to finished cattle is in England as three is to five, the profit will have returned to our home agriculture, and the fact that the English farmer is able to give such prices as now for stores, without actual loss, and that the American, who buys so much more cheaply, yet makes no excessive profit, is eloquent enough of the unnatural conditions imported into the entire business by Act of Parliament. For do not these figures point irresistibly to the conclusion that England, if she can pay such prices and yet compete in

her home markets with American beef, must have some immense natural advantages over America, in the process of fattening? And what is that advantage? Clearly it is in the comparative mildness of our winters. The cattle that have been fattening these five months past in the great prairie states, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, have been exposed to a temperature of twenty-five degrees below zero, and this often for weeks together. The amount of food required to sustain the animal heat in the system must, therefore, be very much greater than in a climate so moderate as ours; and from the admitted fact that the farmer of Illinois who buys his stores at three cents per pound loses money by the transaction unless he can market these cattle when fattened at five cents, I believe a general proposition may be safely laid down—which is, that the economy in food, in time, and in labour when fattening a bullock in Norfolk as compared with Illinois, will pay twice over the freight charges from Illinois to Norfolk on the maize necessary to fatten that bullock.

Let us suppose for a moment that while England was prevented by the present Act from importing stores from America, Scotland was free to do so, can it be doubted that the Scotch farmer, having bought his stores at one-third less than the English farmer, would swamp the London market with cheap Scotch beef, and if this is so, the analogy is not less good in the case of the Illinois farmer and the Norfolk farmer—the former of whom, feeding to-day for the English market, is tapping a supply of cheap raw material from which the latter is excluded by English law.

So indifferent, however, is the British public to this question, and so hostile are our farmers to any relaxation of these restrictions, that did this trade in American stores rely for a future upon the pressure of public opinion here, its prospects would be poor enough. If, however, American store cattle were to be forced upon this market, *coûte que coûte*, then it would only remain to make the best of such guests, however unwelcome.

Now, it is clear that the export surplus of any country must depend, *cæteris paribus*, on the ratio of supply to population. A country such as the United States, where the ratio of cattle to population is over 80 of beasts to 100 of population, should export proportionately more beef than Canada, where the ratio is probably less than 70 to 100. The Americans appear to have arrived at the conclusion suggested by these figures; they think that they should export annually not 1 per cent., but at least 3 per cent. as Canada does, and in order better to effect this the Meat Inspection Act of last session has given such powers to the President as were previously unknown to the Constitution. The new Act provides that, should the President consider the conditions of health are such as to render the export of store cattle to Europe reasonably secure, he is empowered to embargo all exports to America from any

recalcitrant community. So that the *ipse dixit* of the President will now be followed either by the triumphal entry of American cattle, or, failing this, we are to know the true import of the statement which so recently outraged the economic abstractions of Sir Lyon Playfair. "In our system and age of civilisation," said Senator Evarts, of New York, "trade between nations stands for war, in a sense never to be overlooked." As this country has not yet slept off the effect of the Cobden debauch, the intervention of the American President will result in our promptly offering both cheeks to the smiter; or, otherwise, the Opposition will be reinforced by all those "free traders" whose particular export trades are to be the victims of American reprisals. And in the case of the live cattle trade I think it will be found that the claim for free entry by the American Government will be difficult to dispute.

If a rapid increase in the growth of their herds is a sign of freedom from disease, then the American statistics I have already quoted leave nothing to be desired. The only contagious disease alleged against America is pleuro-pneumonia—a disease the existence of which can only be established by autopsy of the lungs. Now, the Government officers stationed in Chicago are able to inspect daily in those giant abattoirs the lungs of five thousand cattle brought to the City of Shambles from every State in the West; surely if this disease really exists in the West, it should be possible now and again to discover a lung with the genuine scars of lung plague? It may well be, also, that the existence of pleuro-pneumonia is impossible in all the country west of Illinois, owing to the Arctic severity of the winters and the prohibitive cost of shedding animals where timber is so expensive. That any exposed animal suffering from lung disease could survive the ordeal of those Western winters is not probable.

Six years since I ventured to represent to the Canadian Government that, as pleuro-pneumonia in the United States was confined to the Atlantic seaboard, the cattle of the Western States intended for export might safely be passed into Canada, at Sarnia, or further to westward at the head of the Great Lakes, and thus be shipped to England by way of Montreal. If only the Dominion Government could obtain the permission of the authorities in Downing Street or St. James's Square, I am convinced that a toll of three dollars a head, or even five, would not prevent Western stores from passing wholesale through Canada bound for England on such an errand. And not only would this great trade be a fair equivalent for the McKinley Act, which was aimed at Canada, but the profits which the Canadian railways would secure, as also the increased market for the feeding stuffs of Ontario for the ocean transit, the activity of the shipping trade at Montreal—these, and a hundred kindred developments, would vivify the general trade conditions of Lower Canada. It seems fair to suppose that, but for the restrictions of the Cattle Diseases Acts, the United States would

be able to export annually by this route 3 per cent. at least of their fifty millions of cattle; and also, that for years to come, room could be found profitably in these islands for so vast an exodus.

In concluding this short review of an important question, it may not be inopportune to refer briefly to an article which appeared in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*.¹ The writer describes his vicissitudes when accompanying a consignment of ranche cattle from Alberta to some unnamed port in the British Isles. The narrative is of such an evidently sensational character that it would not require serious criticism, except that Mr. Plimsoll and one or two other gifted emotionalists had already commenced a crusade against all live cattle imports whatsoever—a crusade which, if successful, would reduce the average value of all the cattle in Canada by at least a pound a head, would deprive a large number of Scotch and English farmers of their annual supply of Ontario stores, would inflict great losses on the English shipping trade, and would deprive a score of local industries at Liverpool, Glasgow and Deptford of the materials indispensable to their trades. A dozen Acts of Parliament, although they could doubtless destroy the Canadian live cattle trade, would be powerless to divert that trade into a trade in dead meat. A large daily supply of fat cattle fit for butchering might perhaps be obtained in Canada during three months out of the twelve. But imagine slaughter establishments capable of handling a hundred thousand cattle in ninety days standing idle during the remaining three-quarters of the year, and it will be recognised that to work the cotton mills of Lancashire under similar spasmodic conditions would be comparatively easy.

It appears that a year since a vessel carrying live cattle from New York was overtaken by a cyclone, and went down with all hands. This fact is sufficient for Mr. Plimsoll. Had he taken the trouble to inquire at Lloyd's, he would have found that while the insurance rates for ships engaged in the live-stock trade are not exceptionally high, the business of insurance is exceptionally profitable. But the *Erin* had gone down, so that the widow and the orphan can be brought effectively before the public. Writing from New York, in December last, to the *Times*, Mr. Plimsoll says:—

"It is not quite a year since the *Erin* sailed, cattle laden, from this port, with seventy-four men on board: she was never again heard of. I went down to the far East of London to see the poor widows and fatherless children, and shall never forget the anguish of bereavement and the misery of poverty I then saw. Help me, sir, to protect these helpless people. Let all the Press in England help, and so shall the bitter grief of the widows made by the *Erin* become the root from which shall arise the fair plant and the beautiful flower of safety and happiness for many an anxious sailor's wife."

To append an economic tail to such a kite as this would be incongruous.

(1) *Five Thousand Miles with Range Cattle*. By Nele Loring.

But let me return to Mr. Loring, who has travelled with his charge from far distant Alberta, and has landed presumably either at Glasgow or Liverpool. Precisely how many "died of suffocation" on shipboard, or, "having lost their foothold, were mangled to death by their mates," are details left to exercise the reader's powers of imagination. Certain it is that, of this gallant band, a number of the fittest did somehow survive.

I venture the suggestion, that Mr. Loring, in charge of Senator Cochrane's cattle, crossed the Atlantic in an ocean "tramp"—the *Knight Companion*, a ship quite unfit for the live stock trade—and that he lost twenty-two beasts out of seven hundred and thirty. Further that the Allan liner, the *Corean*, carrying four hundred and seventy-seven cattle belonging to the very same consignment, lost only three, and these from natural causes. Mr. Loring concludes with these lines:—"It is found impracticable to fatten up range cattle on their arrival in England, and after a few days' rest to allow them to recover from their fevered condition, all these cattle were sold for immediate slaughter. It is difficult to suppose that any of the little beef that is on them can be healthy human food. I can only suppose that it is made into sausages."

It may be so; but I remember during the winter of 1884 tying up some hundreds of these range cattle in Wisconsin, a number of which cattle, having been fattened, were shipped down the great lakes from Superior to Buffalo, and thence *via* New York to Deptford. On leaving their stables their weights averaged 1,348 lbs., at New York 1,316 lbs., and Messrs. Roberts and Pritchard, the Deptford salesmen, wrote to the *Times* on August 4th, 1885, that these cattle had dressed 780 lbs. of beef, which, being nearly 60 per cent. of their gross weight at Superior, shows that, notwithstanding a voyage of four thousand miles, the cattle had lost little or no flesh! The price realised at Deptford was a halfpenny per pound more than prime Chicago carcass beef sold for the same day in the same market. Exactly why large numbers of cattle should each autumn be sent from Alberta to England at a cost of over £7 per head, to be converted into sausages, I need not stop to inquire; because any one acquainted with the Canadian cattle trade is aware that both at Liverpool and Glasgow there is a perfect scramble by farmers for Canadian beasts for store purposes and that the number butchered on landing is quite inconsiderable. The total annual losses of cattle in transit are much less than 1 per cent., so the "watery elemental strife" with which Mr. Loring was persecuted from the time he left the *tranche* must be regarded as phenomenal, as a direct interposition of Providence to sanction Mr. Plimsoll's latest "appeal."

Of the recognised steamship lines engaged last season in this Canadian trade, the Allan and the Beaver lines lost one beast in

266. The Donaldson line in eight years have lost 641 out of a total of 82,000, and deducting the exceptional losses on three of their steamers during November hurricanes, the mortality rate is reduced to 1 per 300, the deaths chiefly resulting from an illness known as "red water." If anyone supposes that live cattle homeward bound are less carefully stowed than are emigrants outward bound, he walks by faith in Mr. Plimsoll, and not by sight. To such an one I would suggest that a visit to Deptford any day will be a liberal education.

I have referred earlier in this paper to certain great economic changes in the West which must involve corresponding adaptations before our home agriculture can cope successfully with the growth of American competition. The present being a period of transition, is inevitably a period of suffering, from which without doubt the British farmer will a little later emerge safely. And the most important of these economic developments, though perhaps the one on this side the water the least recognised as yet, is the extraordinary reduction during the past ten years in the freight charges of American railways, a reduction which has resulted from the great expansion of the lake and river navigation within the United States. Remember that the Mississippi River system alone serves a fertile area of over a million square miles, and furnishes to the farmers of twenty-one States of the Union over 16,000 miles of river navigation, these free water-ways protecting the farmer, as also the general consumer, against the tyranny of railway corporations. And even more significant of what is taking place are the returns of traffic down the great lakes, and these are returns also which, in view of the expansion of Africa, possess an interest to-day outside of these islands. It is by no means improbable that in a few years "protectionist" America may have within her own confines an amount of tonnage greater than we, who across the "melancholy ocean" have become the porters for happier and more domestic communities. A recent number of *Bradstreet's Journal*, says:—

"During 234 days of navigation last year, tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London. This does not include traffic between Lakes Superior and Michigan, or Lakes Erie and Ontario, or local traffic between ports on the lakes. Nearly three times as many boats yearly pass through the canal at Sault St. Marie,¹ as through the Suez Canal, with an aggregate tonnage of 7,221,935 in 1889, against 6,783,187 for the Suez Canal, though with only 234 days of navigation; whereas the Suez Canal is open all the year round. Last year the tonnage constructed by lake builders was equal to that of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific shipyards combined."²

(1) The canal connecting Lakes Superior and Huron.

(2) It is claimed that the steamship of the future has been invented by Captain McDougall of Duluth: a steel "whaleback" of light draught, and so nearly submerged as to disregard the roughest weather on lake or ocean. These boats have been navigating the Great Lakes during the past season, and one at least has been despatched from Duluth round Cape Horn for the Pacific Coast trade. I learn from a recent local

Compare the freight charge of fivepence per bushel for wheat from Newcastle to London (270 miles) with the 1½d. per bushel from Duluth to Buffalo, 1,040 miles by lake steamer. It is little wonder that, subjected to this terrific competition by inland water-ways, American railway charges have been forced down to a point which even yet may by no means represent the irreducible minimum.

And this being the case, the policy of the English farmer should aim at importing the stock that is least perishable—lean stock, and when necessary feeding stuffs also, thus employing the very cheapness of American transportation to enable him to compete with the American trade in fat cattle and in dead meat, which have been fattened under climatic conditions comparatively unfavourable, and which, being from their nature perishable, must necessarily be marketed here under conditions of great disadvantage to the foreign shipper. The market price of beef fattened in England is not less than a penny per pound higher than that of Chicago carcass beef sold here; at six cwts. per carcass, here is 50s., a sum which would to-day pay the freight charges from Chicago on two tons of maize.

In concluding I will only add that, while the remedy I have briefly outlined in these pages is unpopular with the farming community, it is yet worthy of their continued and careful consideration. And, far beyond this, the probability of a profitable future for agriculture through an immense increase in the cattle stocks of this country involves national issues larger than the interests of any one section of the community. For not only has the agricultural depression of the last fifteen years so seriously reacted upon the general trade of these islands that we may almost look upon the depression of agriculture as the *cause*, the depression of trade as the *effect*, but also it is becoming clear to the student of contemporary politics that we are at the threshold of far-reaching changes in the fiscal conditions of our nation, which changes will in a future not remote bring England, her Colonies, and India within the embrace of a customs union. And while it is quite true that Greater Britain—our surplus population having been diverted by a favouring tariff to fill our own waste places—can be relied on to supply cheaply our cereal deficiencies, yet it can only be by the importation of breeding cattle in great numbers from the United States that we can supply with cheap meat the growing population within our gates.

And this being so we shall be obliged to depend to-day upon the United States for that increase in our home herds which may make us to-morrow independent of supplies from America, and also from all foreign countries.

MORETON FREWEN.

newspaper the dimensions of the last of these ships now under construction in the shipyard at West Superior. She is to be four hundred and fifty feet long, fifty feet in beam, to be driven by three screw-propellers, and it is expected that she will log twenty-five knots an hour.

THE IBSEN QUESTION.

Is Ibsenism to become a serious revolutionizing influence upon the stage, or is it to die out as a fad and a fallacy?—that is the point at issue for us; but so much strong and vague language has been used for and against Ibsen's claim to take a place among accredited European dramatists, that a plain and moderate man is likely to be bewildered rather than guided to an opinion by the controversy.

Unfortunately Ibsen's friends have so far been content to praise in theory, and advocate, so to say, by hypothesis. They have not dared "to put it to the touch" of public opinion. From the great practical ordeal of the play-house they have shrunk. Ibsen's work has never yet in this country been truly and fully and continuously submitted to "the tumultuous judgment of the pit." Nothing not vigorous enough to hold its own against this form of public opinion can be considered a true play. It may be very pretty, delicate stuff in its own way, but it is not a dramatic work. Literature and painting and sculpture and music may, at times, be exclusive, and for the few and the cultivated, but the playwright's work must be strong enough to bear the strain of rough, uncultured criticism. That is the main law of the drama which the Ibsenites a good deal overlook. Æschylus and his compeers, Moliere, Shakespeare, Racine, and all the famous playwrights—tragic and comic—who fill the interstices in time between these great men, or have followed in their train, all of them have obeyed this law and lived. Ibsen must obey it and live, or fail and die. The Ibsenites may say that they are educating public opinion, that we are an ignorant Philistine public, lacking in culture, and incapable, till we know more, of appreciating so original a genius as Ibsen. Well, all this may be true, though I doubt it; but they have surely been a most unconscionable time about their teaching.

It must be admitted that from this Ibsenite point of view we have still a good deal to learn. Between the Scandinavian's point of view in literature and in the drama, and the Englishman's, there lies a great gulf, and it may well be that the imperfect appreciation of Ibsen in this country and in Germany and the almost complete rejection of his work in France is, after all, a question of race. It is always difficult for the man of one race to enter into and assess the literary work of a race not akin to his own in blood, or to which he is not affiliated through literary tradition. Englishmen judge and like the *Nibelungenlied* because we derive, not racially only but politically, socially, and through literary tradition, from the Germans. We

take to the *Iliad* because our literature comes lineally from the Greek, and if we are more remote from Frenchmen in blood, and yet can appreciate French literary utterance, it is because twice over, since the birth of English civilization, we have joined hands with France over books and plays and art at large. With Scandinavia it is altogether different. Near as we may be in blood, in letters we have stood apart from the three Scandinavian nations for centuries. The Sagas, their typical early epics, are, to put it plainly—let Mr. W. Morris say what he will—to an English reader the most pointless, perplexed, and profitless of reading; and, so far as Ibsen's own faculty of expression, his phraseological methods, are concerned, we Englishmen will require much education before we are convinced that he himself is not, to put it moderately, far too lineal a descendant and too close a follower of the writers of the ancient Sagas.

It is well to say at once that Ibsen's social plays, those that range from *The Young Men's League*, written in 1869, to his latest, *Hedda Gabler*, are—to the writer of this article at least—works of great and even absorbing interest. They are interesting, not because he thinks them good plays, in any proper sense of that term, or because they are in accord with his own views of life, for they are in strong disaccord, but because they are clearly the work of a man of rare genius, and because the touch of a man of genius is always profoundly interesting; and, moreover, they are the exposition, by a poet and a thinker, and a keen analyst of character who is also a pessimist, of certain theories of life which, for the moment, are in the forefront of modern speculation. So far, and with certain other limitations to be hereafter stated, he ranks himself with the Ibsenites, and his opinions must be taxed accordingly. Even to admit so much in favour of Ibsen is not in the present writer's opinion to say enough. Many a great poet and earnest thinker, and keen psychologist, besides Ibsen, has written plays, but they come into the category of what the French happily call *Le Théâtre Impossible*—they may be read, but they cannot be acted. By a curious chance, however, this particular poet and thinker has had the training of a stage-manager. He has studied stage craft and knows every trick of the theatre. His plays may be purely imaginary work, work not thought out from observation, but evolved from the imagination, a poet's romance, not a playwright's serious work; his plots may be as absurd as the plots of our dreams, the characters and the motives that govern them may be pure dream fancies; but as in our dreams, when their absurd postulates are once granted, everything that follows is accepted in sober faith and seriousness, so in Ibsen's plays—in the best of them, at least—when the preposterous conditions are once accepted, we cannot choose but listen; we are spell-bound by the play-

wright's art. He has neither style, wit, epigram, nor humour, he is trivial and monotonous, but he is a master of dramatic situation, dramatic contrast, and all the artistic possibilities of the stage.

That these remarkable works should have met with so very inhospitable a reception from the vast majority of Englishmen is due probably to other causes than race difference, to two especially: their plain-speaking on many points on which the breeding of the civilized world has brought itself to avoid plain speech, and their already noticed failure to rise to our Western standard of right expression—in plain words, their lack of style, as we non-Scandinavians understand style.

Of Ibsen's grossness too much may easily be said. It is not the deliberate, unwarranted, chuckling pruriency of the French realistic writers; it is not, as theirs so often is, mere indecency sought out and set forth in order to please *l'homme moyen sensuel*, and having no connection with the plot or purpose of the work. It is rather the scientific grossness, the academic plain speech of the anatomical theatre. It mostly serves the purpose of the play, and points a moral; and it is probably in some measure unconscious, like the coarse talk of a rustic boor, or the conversation of our own forefathers a hundred years ago. In Ibsen's plays it is, no doubt, at once a note of provincialism and of inexperience of modern manners. As to the Norwegian author's lack of style more must be said, for this point in plain truth underlies the whole controversy, and is the main cause of his non-acceptance with ourselves. The more ardent Ibsenites will not for a moment grant that his style is anything but admirable, and it may, perhaps, be conceded that, for aught we know, it is excellent, but in its native dress, and only from the Scandinavian point of view. In our English judgment it is beyond question bad; and when Ibsen's English opponents deliberately allege of his plays that they are of an intolerable dullness, they will always carry the majority of Englishmen with them. They are not indeed dull in their motives, nor in analysis and definition of character, nor in their method, for at times Ibsen is nothing short of startling in the sudden evolution of incident and situation; but he is, beyond all question, to many among us though not to all, most dull and trivial, with a terrible north-of-Europe dullness, in his setting forth of these same motives, ideas, and situations. This fact may probably be accounted for as follows:—

We, the people of Western Europe, who derive our lineage from various races, have in us, to speak somewhat loosely, two leading strains—one from the north and one from the east, or the south or the west. On our northern side we care for many high and noble things in letters, but not a jot for style; on our other side we love it. On this non-northern side of us we delight in brevity, in sharp,

pointed utterance, in antithesis, in wit, in humour, in the idea conceived in its most salient form, and evolved lucidly and concisely, the wine of thought pure and undiluted; and we dearly love the music and magic there are in words and phrases. So mingled are we of English race that probably there is hardly one of us but partakes of the blood of forefathers who loved right phrase form, and of those who regarded it not. • This circumstance surely should bestow upon us a fine tolerance, and beget for such an author as Ibsen, who can touch us on at least one side, an appreciation which they who come of less mingled race may not attain to. Unhappily the two strains in us are not always blended in equal proportions—in some of us one, in some the other strain predominates—in some few, one perhaps to the entire exclusion of the other: whence comes, I make no doubt, this mingled chorus of cheers and hisses that has greeted Ibsen.

It is true that in dealing with Ibsen's plays out of his own country we are dealing with translations only, and Ibsen's advocates are given to contend that we should judge him in his original tongue. Surely this is to ask too much. Ibsen may be a classic, or may live, to be proved one, but his speech is not among the classic modern tongues. No man is bound to learn it in order to taste a classic writer from Norway, and Ibsen must either consent to be judged in French, German, or English, or be relegated for good and all to the obscurity of Scandinavia. I am myself inclined to doubt if, after all allowance be made for Scandinavian taste and the difference of language, the claims of Ibsen's countrymen in his favour for excellence of style and supreme grace of expression are not altogether exaggerated. One enthusiastic praiser speaks of *Peer Gynt*, admittedly his greatest work, as being "cast in a form so full of quaint imagery, so brilliant in its ceaseless corruscation of wit, so dazzling and bewildering in its supernatural machinery, that many a reader may go through it again and again, laughing with full lungs, . . . hardly suspecting that what he takes for whimsical laughter is in truth the roaring of that volcano's 'tongue of flame,' which," &c., &c.

Immediately after this lofty passage the writer proceeds to translate a short gem from this supremely "corruscating," pathetic, witty, weird, and earnest tragedy. A critic who quotes is always the most satisfactory of critics. He may carry us off our critical foot-stand by his eloquent declamation or denunciation, but when he quotes a passage in proof, we stand on firm earth once more. By the critic's quotations shall ye know his author. Here, for instance, is Mr. Wicksteed's "short gem," from *Peer Gynt*—in support of his admiration:—"There go two brown eagles sailing, and southward the wild geese fly, and here in the mere knee-deep must I tramp and moil. (*Leaps up.*) Yea! I will with them! Yea! I will wash myself pure

in the bath of the keenest wind! I will up; I will plunge myself clean in the shining baptismal font. I will out o'er the saeter mountains; I will ride me all sweet in soul!"

"*I will ride me all sweet in soul!*" This, no doubt, is good as "the roaring of the volcano's tongue of fire." It is not perhaps estimable otherwise; and as for the "ceaseless corruscation of wit" in Ibsen's work, I will take upon myself to declare that, after a very careful and critical reading of the eight social dramas, where, if anywhere, wit and humour should be discoverable, there is nothing which the most tolerant of Western critics could set down as either wit or humour. I believe if these qualities existed, or any great ones, in the original, they would be found, at least some faint echoes of them would be found, in our English translations, for Dr. Ibsen has had the good luck to have been done into our tongue by two very distinguished men of letters—Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Archer. I do not think it possible that so excellent and discriminating a critic and so accomplished a writer as Mr. Gosse could have allowed all Ibsen's alleged literary good qualities to evaporate in his translations. Mr. Archer, also, is a strong writer, and he too has a very pretty wit of his own. He is understood to be as fluent in the Scandinavian tongues as he is in English. I will rather, therefore, believe that Ibsen is as dull in his native language as in ours than that two such men should have so betrayed him. As we get him—and he is not a jot more eloquent in French or German—he is a dry, monotonous writer, trivial, pointless, very often long-winded, and wearisome. On the other hand, in his social dramas at least, and when he is not standing over that "volcano's tongue of fire" already referred to, he is natural, measured in his talk, speaks the language of daily life, and agreeably refrains from commonplace rant and rhodomontade.

It is a singular fact, common, I think, to no other writer of any time or country, that the work which has made Ibsen famous at home is not that which has made him famous abroad. Throughout the Scandinavian Peninsula Ibsen enjoys a great reputation as a poet first, and as a poetic dramatist afterwards. His two greatest works are *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*, romantic dramas in verse, poems indeed rather than dramas, imbued with the mystical spirit of the North, and as to which his countrymen are lavish of praise for the beauty of their versification, their mingled wit and humour, and the serious wrestlings therein with ethical problems of the deepest import. In Scandinavia these two dramas, and especially *Peer Gynt*, are almost what Goethe's *Faust* is in Germany, or *Hamlet* with us. We, who are not Scandinavian linguists, must in the meantime take these works on trust. They have not yet been done into English, and if I may judge from the quotations made by some admirers and by Mr. Wicksteed in particular (among them the "short gem" cited

above), they will require a translator of rare skill and eloquence to do them justice.

Enough has been said of the manner of Ibsen. Before dealing with the matter of his plays, something must be said of the author's life history and life work. He was born in the year 1828, at Skien, a little seaport among the fiords of the southern coast of Norway. The trade of Skien is in timber, and its social converse turns mainly, according to Ibsen's biographer, upon Pietistic Religion. His family were of middle class; and on his mother's side he has German blood in his veins. At the University of Christiania he studied medicine, but turned aside towards literature, in the company of Björnson, Jonas Lie and others who have since become famous. Of the personal appearance of the future poet, playwright and misogynist his friend Björnson wrote the following not very complimentary couplet:—

"Tense and lean, the colour of gypsum,
Behind a vast coal-black head, Henric Ibsen."

Through the influence of the great violinist, Ole Bull, he was made Director of the National Theatre at Bergen, for which he wrote some plays that were not published; eight years later he married a clergyman's daughter; at the same time he moved to Christiania and became Art Director of the National Theatre there. After six years in Christiania, he left his country, in the year 1864, virtually for good, and settled in Germany, residing first at Dresden, and afterwards at Munich. Since his voluntary expatriation, he has produced on an average two plays a year.

Ibsen's dramatic work may be divided into three well-marked categories corresponding with three periods of his life: the historical plays, his first series of works; the dramatic poems already mentioned, which consist only of *Love's Comedy*, *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*; and thirdly, the social dramas. The latter he began to write in 1869, beginning with *A Young Men's League*, and ending with his last year's work, *Hedda Gabler*. This series includes the well-known *Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, and *Rosmersholm*, all three of which have lately been given at *matinées* in London, and in similar semi-amateur fashion to a section of the British public.

Ibsen is above everything else a social and political reformer, and before dealing with the matter and motives of these social dramas, it will be well to quote an extract from a speech made by him at Drontheim on the occasion of a visit to his native land in 1884. In a few sentences it contains the gist of a great part of Ibsen's evangel. "Mere democracy," he said—his audience were working-men,—“cannot solve the social problem. An element of aristocracy must be introduced into our lives. I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of understanding. That alone can

bring in freedom. From two sources I look for this aristocracy to come to our people—from our women and from our workmen. The revolution in the social condition, now preparing in Europe, is chiefly concerned with the future of the workers and the women. In this I place all my hopes and expectations; for this I will work all my life and with all my strength."

A sanguine and perhaps visionary expectation, but certainly the words of an earnest and thoughtful worker in the cause of humanity. They will not seem to be less visionary when we come to see what the nature of women is as they are presented to us in Ibsen's plays, for above everything Ibsen is a pessimist, a deplorer of present abuses and a lamenter over the modern social status; and each one of the social dramas deals a blow at some prevailing order of things or some existing institution.

Ibsen's work as a playwright, his biographer tells us, has been intimately connected with contemporary political events. The Franco-German war seems to have converted Ibsen into a Social Democrat, in politics at least, and he has enjoyed the privilege—~~are~~ with political theorists—of seeing his particular and favourite theory, that, namely, involved in the ascendancy of the individual over the State, carried out to the very letter. He shall himself be the exponent of his own views. It was towards the end of the war that he wrote thus, frankly stating his opinion to Dr. Georg Brandes: "The State is the curse of the individual . . . The State must go! That will be a revolution that will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing." A fine phrase, indeed! But the statesman who is rather a patriot than a politician, and who has dealt with men from the practical more than from the poetical side, might say that it was only a long-winded way of writing Anarchy.

Would the poet's scheme work? Ibsen was to find out for himself; for a few months after he had written this sentence, the "State" did "go" during the reign of the Paris Commune; in its place "spontaneous action" of "the individual" was set up, but alas! "the idea of spiritual relationship" among the *Communards* and *Petroleurs* did not make for "unity"; the liberty that resulted was licence; anarchy followed, then collapse, and after that the inevitable reaction.

His biographer informs us that this painful disillusion startled and horrified Ibsen. Events of this kind are apt to convert weak-kneed visionary Democrats into stiff Conservatives; but if Ibsen is a visionary, he is not weak-kneed; he resolved, we are told, to give up at once the idea of political evangelization and reform. He would

in future merely observe and record "the hypocrisy of society, the brutality of personal egotism." This resolve has resulted in the eight social dramas that are dealt with in this article. Ibsen has in no sense altered his views: he is still a preacher; he is still a Social Democrat; but whereas formerly he wished to change the order of the body politic, he would now reform the ordering of society: not of all society, for that in a way comprehends the body politic, not of the working classes nor of the so-called upper classes, but of that section of the middle class, of the very provincial sort, with which alone, apparently, he has been thrown, with which alone, at all events, he fills his plays. His first play of the new series, *A Young Men's League*, sets forth the hypocrisy of politics and the base motives that underlie the Democratic movements of the day. In his second play, *The Pillars of Society*, he attacks the ordering of modern society; it is rotten to the core in Ibsen's eyes, and the so-called "pillars of society" that profess to hold it up are themselves a still greater sham and delusion. It was not till Ibsen wrote his third piece, *A Doll's House*, that he really roused the attention of Western Europe.

When the play opens Nora Helmar has been married eight years to a husband who is fond of her and whose affection she returns, but he has treated her not as a reasonable woman but as a spoilt child. She has been brought up by a father who likewise spoilt her, and who was a man of loose morality in financial matters. Nora is an impulsive, light hearted, doll-woman, charming as doll-women may be charming, but unprincipled. She is false; she lies without compunction; she is greedy. A heartless flirt up to the point of endeavouring to extract money from a friend of the family; her conversation, moreover, with this friend is of an equivocal and prurient character that hardly M. Zola himself could improve upon. Yet this offensive young woman adores her husband and her children. Eight years of married life have not taught her a particle of worldly wisdom; and when there is no other way of procuring a holiday for her husband, and his health seems to require it, she calmly forges a commercial document, placing herself thereby in the power of a villain. This is the staple of the first two of the three acts. In the third a great and sudden change has come over the character of Nora. Her conventional husband's horror at the forgery committed by his wife, and the disgrace it will bring upon him, opens her eyes to the hollowness of the whole situation. When, by the sudden repentance and reformation of the villain, the exposure is avoided, and her husband proposes to take her into favour again, she refuses, considering that she has been unfairly treated. By her father first and then by her husband she has been treated as a doll; she has not dwelt in a home but in a doll's house; she has not lived eight years in serious marriage, but eight years in companionship with a strange man. She

must now study life for herself at first hand, she must establish her own individuality; whereupon, abandoning her husband and children, she opens the door and walks out into the world to attain these two most desirable objects. As the curtain falls the front door closes with a bang, and husband and children are left, the first virtually a widower, the second motherless.

To state the plot in plain English is to state its utter absurdity. In this play, it will be observed, there are two underlying motives, or what the French critics style *idées mères*. The law of heredity and the necessity for individualisation. These two motives underlie nearly every one of the social plays of Ibsen, and are to him what the inexorable laws of destiny are as motives to the ancient Greek playwrights. In the *Doll's House* there is in truth something of a superabundance and something of a clashing of motives, for Nora's troubles come from two causes; first, hereditarily through her father's wickedness, and secondly, because of the suppression of her individuality by her husband's injudicious treatment of her. This unfortunate gentleman might, however, reasonably remonstrate with his playwright, "Why do you make me responsible and hold me up to scorn for my wife's faults and follies, when you know that by your own theories she could be nothing else but foolish and faulty through the iniquity of her father?" The husband might further ask, "Whence comes it, with any scientific consistency, that Nora, in spite of her unfortunate antecedents and my wicked suppression of her individuality, was after all capable of such a sudden and energetic action, and such an absolutely right scientific solution of the situation in the third act? Had she after all a forefather or a foremother, some way farther back than the wicked father, whose influence for good must have overcome his for evil, and why, pray, was this ancestor not referred to in your play?"

Is not such criticism as this all but fatal to the pretensions of the novelist or the playwright who seeks to work on simple scientific principles instead of dealing with human nature at first hand? Ibsen is of the fashionable scientific school; by his method he must needs overlook the countless complexities of human life, in order to bring human motives and actions into accord with scientific formulæ. Ibsen, however, is a poet, a dreamer and a thinker, as well as a scientific formal theorist, and his work has therefore much more in it than the dull, monotonous materialism of the so-called "naturalist," but he works with their tools nevertheless.

His next work, *Ghosts*, deals with heredity as a motive. Captain Alving has been a drunkard, and a coarse sensual voluptuary. No one, however, but his wife is aware of his various iniquities, and she is a widow with an only son when the play opens. Mrs. Alving's pious desire is to strengthen the excellent reputation left by her scoundrel

of a husband among his fellow townsmen, and to rear up their son into a respectable and honourable manhood. The hereditary vices of the father are the "Ghosts" that walk the earth, and they have entered into the bodies of Captain Alving's son and of his illegitimate daughter. The young man so possessed is quite a pleasant gentleman in manner and speech, but when he returns from Paris, where he has been working as an art student, he very soon exhibits a very unhappy propensity to crime. He drinks three glasses of wine when one should have contented him, and flirts with a young lady in a manner which must have seemed outrageous in the eyes of the "pietistically religious circles" of Ibsen's natal town of Skien, where it is said the scene is laid. Presently all the symptoms of the diseases inherited by him from his father show themselves in the unfortunate young man with an aggravation and suddenness which, from a medical point of view, nothing but the exigencies of the stage could justify. In the last act he lies a jibbering idiot, calling upon his distracted mother to give him poison, which the audience foresee she is about to do as the curtain falls. It is a terrible tragedy, removed by a hair's breadth from being a farce.

Mrs. Alving stands supreme among the women of Ibsen's social drama—at least in the opinion of extreme Ibsenites—as a noble, high-minded, unselfish, self-sacrificing, virtuous, and pre-eminently "sensible" lady, and it is a measure of the playwright's estimate of women, of his strong, perhaps unconscious misogyny, to bear in mind that this "wise and virtuous woman" sees nothing greatly to blame in an almost unmentionable form of crime, that she encourages her son to drink champagne when his doctor would certainly prescribe toast and water, and that by her own confession, she had left her husband and offered herself to a virtuous clergyman who had refused the tender! The virtuous clergyman, it should be noted, is invariably with Ibsen the representative of conventional Philistinism and the butt of the freer thinking personages of the drama.

Ghosts had, perhaps naturally, raised a storm of horror and indignation by its plain speaking, and *An Enemy of the People*, the play which came next, is a long tirade against the ingratitude of the world towards those, who, like Ibsen, seek to better it by telling the truth. *An Enemy of the People* is not a play at all. Its hero, Dr. Stockman, the medical director at a bathing establishment, raises universal disapprobation by calling attention to the bad drainage which infects a mineral spring to which the town owes all its prosperity. Mr. Gosse well and critically calls the work a novelette in dialogue. Even that, is, perhaps, unduly to raise anticipation of literary entertainment. It is certainly, however, a sound bit of ethical teaching, a sermon shamming as a play; but no one wants to go to the theatre to hear a sermon.

Rosmersholm, the next play, is devoted chiefly to local politics, and to a psychological study of the progress of the establishment of the individuality of two lovers, one a semi-virtuous, conventional prig, the other a young adventuress, with a singularly contradictory and complicated nature; she loves the man, yet refuses him; she confesses to the assassination of her lover's wife under circumstances of peculiar baseness and atrocity, and is yet full of high aspiration for the reformation of the world. When the situation becomes overstrained he and she walk down to the same mill-dam where the unfortunate wife had been persuaded to commit suicide, and drown themselves. Heredity is less the *idée mère* of this play than the necessity for the assertion of individuality. The concurrent political motive is to be found in the extract already quoted from Ibsen's speech to the workmen of Bergen two years before the publication of this play, namely, that society can be raised only by an aristocracy of character and will and understanding on the part of women and of workmen.

It is easy to set *Rosmersholm* down as inchoate, incoherent, and inconsistent: it is all that, but none the less it is like life as it presents itself to us when we hold but half the threads of motives and effects in our hands, and know but half the sequels; but to those who require their drama or their fiction done up into nicely assorted, duly labelled packets, it must be eminently disappointing. To the clever parodist it is difficult to imagine a happier hunting-field than this interesting and very absurd drama.

Ibsen, it will be seen, is essentially a moral playwright, a writer with a strong ethical purpose. I want, he seems to say in every one of his plays, not to entertain you, far less to amuse you—and in justice to him it may freely be admitted that he does neither—but to teach you; and time was when his moral came as a tag to his play as inevitably as Æsop's "The Fable teaches." *The Pillars of Society*, the second of the social series, ends with as plain a conclusion from the facts as Æsop's tales or a country clergyman's sermon:—"Berwick. There is another thing which I have learned in the last few days. It is that you women are the real pillars of society."

"Miss Hessel. That is a poor lesson, brother. No; the spirits of truth and liberty, those are the pillars of society."—Very true. *Virtus est bona res*. It is useless to deny it.

Now, however, Ibsen has become more wary, or has caught the trick of indefiniteness from some modern playwrights, and he goes as far in the direction of vagueness as before he went in that of plainness. Though his purpose is as strong as ever, he is careful to leave something in doubt, something to be puzzled over as the curtain falls. He loves to end with the suggestion of an enigma. In *Ghosts* the audience asks itself, as it puts on its great-coat and opera cloak, "Is Mrs. Alving really going to poison her idiot son?" In *The Doll's*

House it wants to know where Mrs. Halmer is going when she gets outside her own front door, and if she ever means to come home again? And in *Rosmersholm*, it asks (as well it may), "Why did these two people kill themselves in the neighbouring mill-dam, when they might as easily have married and 'lived happily ever after'?"

Of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, which just preceded *Rosmersholm*, little need be said, for it is in truth hardly a play at all, though it has so far the form of a play as to be written in dialogue and divided into scenes and acts. It is one of the gloomiest bits of pure pessimism ever laid before the public even in these days of abounding pessimism. It stands in contrast with the last but one of the series of social dramas, the play with the pretty title of *The Lady from the Sea*, which has been already mentioned as the solitary deviation of the playwright into temporary and modified optimism. When a child has been crying for a long time after an impossible plaything, and its exasperated nurse finally lets it have its will, the irrational baby is apt to say, "Now I don't want it." This is the plot of the play; *The Lady from the Sea* is a foundling after a wreck at sea, a girl bred in a lighthouse. She marries an exemplary landsman, but she only moderately loves her husband and is not content with her home. Herself a creature of the briny waves, she pines for and cries after one of her kind, an impossible plaything lover in the shape of a rough seafaring Finn. It is suggested that he is disreputable and unworthy, but she cries for him irrationally all the same. At last she has her will, she is bidden to take her Finn; but observe the excellent result of letting the "individuality of the individual" assert itself freely, in other words, of allowing every one to do just as he pleases! The moment she has full liberty to take her sailor lover, she says, "Now I don't want him," and turns contentedly to her worthy husband, who might, but does not, say, "Now I don't want you!"

This play was clearly written in a genial mood. The moral is so obviously told in the story that the author had no need to enforce it tediously, and for once the stern ethical theorist is lost in the poet. The piece is really filled with a glamour of romance; it is bright and sunny, a half-play, half-fairy-tale, that no one but a true poet could have written. This, however, is not the sort of stuff that the true Ibsenite cares for, and the author hastened to write *Hedda Gabler*.

This last piece is, as I write, before the public; it is being played with rare thoughtfulness and finish by two young American actresses, Miss Robins and Miss Marion Lea, and I venture to think that this public presentment of an Ibsen play will bear out all I have said of the supreme stage craft of the author; of his consummate power of compelling an audience to be interested in his drama. No one who has only read a play of Ibsen's can tell what possibili-

ties lie in it when it is well and sympathetically acted. It is as if the dry bones of a skeleton were by a miracle clothed with flesh, and lived and moved.

Hedda Gabler is undoubtedly the strongest piece of dramatic work that Ibsen has yet done; but, as usual, the plot, the motives, the characters, and situations are taken not from life but from the author's dreams of what life might be if all his pessimist theories of it were sound. If, indeed, the majority of the actors in a human comedy were diseased in body or in mind, the few virtuous men and women weak and tiresome fools, and all the energetic people full of purposeless duplicity and meanness or cruelty, then *Hedda Gabler* would be a representative drama of human life. But, to use Milton's phrase, "skilful considerers of human things," as exemplified in poets and playwrights, have during the last two thousand years come to the nearly unanimous conclusion that we are neither so weak nor so wicked as Ibsen paints us. As a piece of ethical reasoning, therefore, the play is inconclusive. It is difficult in setting forth the mere plots, and in describing the *dramatis personæ* of the Ibsen plays, to convey to the reader a just idea of how the lack of all truth to nature in the motives and in the conceptions of the characters, and how a medium of poor and pointless dialogue tend to spoil them for men and women who know the world as it exists in civilised centres. We feel that we are dealing with a fairy story, or listening to the recital of a dream. A clever woman lately said to me, after reading some of Ibsen's plays, "I don't like them because they are such very dull reading; there is no colour; the dialogue is as if skeleton men were talking to each other, the characters are so very uncivilised. They are like savages in their coarse, graceless, tactless directness."

This is just criticism, but it only applies truly to Ibsen's plays as they are read. *Hedda Gabler*, as we read her talk, is an impossible, inhuman woman—a savage, a skeleton; but when she comes before us interpreted by such a consummate actress as Miss Robins has shown herself—she lives. She lives, but still she is atrocious and intolerable. *Hedda Gabler*, the heroine of the piece, taken all round, is, indeed, perhaps at once the most stupid as well as the wickedest woman in the whole range of the European drama. When we have done with her (by suicide), as the curtain drops, we ask ourselves if the author has not taken a liberty with us in putting a mad woman upon the stage. That there are liars enough about us, no one needs to learn from a play, and that there are plenty of women made malignant by envy and jealousy, or, more commonly still, by their unappeasable vanity, and that there are women who, but for fear of consequences, would not hesitate at crime to appease their malignity. This we all know, and these women are dramatically interesting;

but if a woman is malignant to the point of murder and with no sufficient cause: if she commits her crimes with a certainty of being found out: then we feel that we are being cheated. Hedda Gabler is not a *dramatis persona* to arouse tragic horror, but a lunatic (created for ethical reasons) whose place is not on the stage, but in a madhouse.

Put plainly and shortly, this is the plot: Hedda Gabler, married to a good, weak, and conventional man whom she does not love, finds on returning from her honeymoon an old school-fellow, Thea Elvsted, married herself to a gentleman not in the play. Thea, a sweet, weak, and pretty woman, has herself eloped with a man of genius, Lövborg, a temporarily reformed rake and drunkard, with whom Hedda has herself long before had a strong flirtation. This circumstance, and the fact that Thea has pretty golden hair—"irritating hair" the playwright makes his heroine call it—is motive enough to induce Hedda to plot to get Lövborg into her power, not that she cares for him or for any one, but in order to spite the weak and pretty Thea. Hedda having induced Lövborg to renew his flirtation with herself, lures him back into habits of drunkenness. She steals from him, and wantonly and cruelly destroys, the manuscript work which is to make him famous. It has been the work of years, and has been written under the influence of Thea's love. Hedda gloats over its destruction, and, as she puts it leaf by leaf in the stove, she exclaims, with fiendish malignity: "I am burning Thea's child!" This Hedda Gabler has æsthetic tastes, and when she gives the now ruined and reckless Lövborg a pistol to kill himself with, and recommends him to make a romantic end by shooting himself in the head, he grievously disappoints her by wounding himself mortally in the stomach. After gaining so many of her objects, Hedda herself tires of life, and when a certain admirer, a Judge, offers to screen her from detection for her crime at the price of her surrender of herself, she suddenly shoots herself, and the curtain falls.

Now, it is all very well to be patient with the pessimism of the ultra-pessimists, but such a "superfluity of naughtiness" and imbecility as this is past all tolerance. Where has Ibsen lived to find men and women such devils and fools? Is he not libelling Dresden and Munich where he has spent his later years, or Christiania, where he passed his early manhood? The women of these cities have great cause, certainly, to quarrel with this misogynist playwright. Perhaps earlier impressions of life bias his judgment: they often affect us: and he is describing, or libelling, society as he once knew it at Skien, in Southern Norway, that centre of Pietistic Religion and the Timber Trade.

It will be clear from this rapid analysis that Ibsen's so-called.

social dramas are not, with the exception of his last and great work, dramas at all in the sense of being attempts to render by dialogue and scenic movement the motives and actions of that strange, composite being, man, but that they are moral themes put upon the stage, through which run the two already-mentioned leading theories of life—heredity and the necessity of individual assertion. Two great truths. No man who has closely watched the ordering of human affairs, either as savant or worldling, can doubt the truth of the doctrine of heredity. Does it, however, need at this day such simple exposition as alone it can get in the limits of a short play? It is a doctrine full of limitations and extensions, full of complexity, and it is far better elucidated in such a cycle of realistic fiction as the lengthy *Rougon-Macquart* series of M. Zola; but it can be best of all dealt with in a serious scientific treatise where the misleading imaginative element is wholly omitted.

Ibsen's second doctrine is of larger import and of more urgent interest. Individualism underlies all the Liberalism of to-day. It is the dominant idea in modern democracy, and few sane well-wishers for humanity will shrink from aspirations towards the liberation, within safe limits, of the individual will and energies. Ibsen is a poet first and a social philosopher afterwards. It is not too much to say, with his plays in our memory, that he loves extremes: the people he puts into them are extreme people, their views are extreme views. A play is of the playwright's own fashioning; he is autocrat therein, and he can clothe his views and motives in the guise of human beings, and conduct their actions to what issues he pleases. This is what Ibsen has done; if he goes further and does what the great dramatists have done, and procures himself vast audiences, who shall listen spell-bound and accept his conclusions, he has done the very highest thing that can be done in art. He has his finger on the lever that moves the moral world. This is what Ibsen has not yet accomplished; and it remains to be proved if he can. It may be that he will succeed with *Hedda Gabler*. If he does, it will be, I think, because this play alone among its author's is devoid of moral purpose. It is a thrilling psychological study of a woman's soul, and what is most singular about it is, that the story and its ending deliberately give the lie to Ibsen's own favourite doctrine. Hedda asserts her individuality; she has her will all through—her very wicked will—and yet the end is tragedy! So far as was known, till *Hedda Gabler* was seen, it was evident that an intelligent rendering of one of these curious plays would always procure a few theatrefuls of intelligent and curious listeners out of the many millions of dwellers in this city. There were many others who went in when Ibsen was in the bill; there are always the translunary politicians, the seekers after the philosopher's stone in literature, the

pure dullards hurrying any whither from the imputation of Philistinism, the students of the unknowable, mystics, disdainers of the lucid and adorers of the obscure; there are always, too, morbid lovers of the indecorous, the perverted and the obscene; and then, again, there are the worshippers of the great god *Fad* in all his changing shapes—these will always form a pretty sprinkling in pit, stalls, and galleries when Ibsen is acted; but not all the curious put together represent a nation or even the tiniest section of a nation. Possibly, *A Lady from the Sea*, which is about to be given, and which is optimistic, and *Hedda Gabler*, where the author abandons his two ruling theories, may draw audiences. In the recent controversy on Ibsen's dramatic and literary position he has been claimed by his friends as a realist, and I am not aware that his enemies have denied his claim. He is a realist indeed in manner, in style, in dialogue: his characters talk with almost the pointlessness of real life, and have everything of real life but its redundancy; but this does not constitute a realist in any true sense, and the enumeration I have given of his characters and their motives will suffice to show that no purer idealist, no truer romanticist ever wrote for the stage. As Ibsen and his advocates claim for him that he is essentially an ethical writer, one who seeks to better the world by his presentment of the doings of its inhabitants on his stage, it is not unfair to ask if he has succeeded in his intent. He is an ideal dramatist; has he set up one single ideal figure and so clothed it with mortality that men may believe in it and use it as a standard to live by, hating and despising, or loving and admiring and striving to live up to this standard? Has he made folly seem more foolish by his humour, villainy and hypocrisy more contemptible by his wit, or raised the standard of right doing? Will he leave behind him a Lord Foppington, a Tartuffe, a Hamlet, or a Cordelia? His enemies may contend that he has degraded humanity by many degrees and condoned the vileness that he paints. If his types are to be accepted as normal the world is certainly a viler as well as a gloomier place than most of us have supposed.

I have been struck lately by the judgment upon the drama written deliberately by Heinrich Heine in the later years of his life. Heine was a cynic, with no measured contempt for sentimentality, and was one who had too good cause to be a pessimist, yet this was his judgment of a great classic dramatist so apparently remote from him in thought and feeling as Racine:—"Whether Euripides is a greater poet than Racine I do not know. But this I know, that Racine has been a living fountain of love and of the sense of honour, and that a whole nation has drawn enthusiasm, delight, and inspiration from this source. What more can you seek from a poet?"

It is a poet who says this, and the subtlest critic of this century.

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

TRADES UNIONISM ~~AMONG~~ ^{CHURCH} ~~WOMEN~~.

I.

LAST winter I was present at a meeting of laundresses in Fulham. The Gas Stokers' Union had gallantly called out their band and had played the women out of their laundries, until they came trooping in after the music like the children of Hamelin Town at the heels of the piper! When the proceedings began, however, a gentleman, who had looked in by chance, rose and asked sarcastically, "Whether we were a meeting of the Salvation Army?" "Sir," I replied, "this is a meeting of Trades Unionists; we *are* the Salvation Army." And, in saying this, I am sure no sound Trades Unionist will think that I overshot the mark. The truth is that this question of the organization of women's labour is inextricably bound up with the grave industrial problems which are now pressing in all countries of the civilised world for their solution, and the right settlement of which is a matter of life and death to nations. We cannot possibly remain any longer indifferent to the conditions under which hundreds of thousands of the women of England gain their bread and that of their families. The fatalistic attitude adopted in the past towards the working out of that law of so-called political economy which may be briefly expressed in the saying, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," has been modified at last by the horrors which have been developed through unregulated competition. Except in the well-organized trades, we are face to face with a struggle for bread so unintelligent that it often defeats its own object. Take, for instance, some factory which twenty years ago employed a thousand men whose wages were such that on them they could maintain their wives and children at home in comfort—and the wife of the working man has surely enough to do in "keeping things straight" and watching over her little ones. After a while, however, the firm take on a few young women who soon do as much work as their fathers, but at a far lower rate of remuneration. The change does not end here, or we might only say, "It is well that the girls should be adding to the common stock and relieving the family burdens until such time as they themselves shall have a home of their own." What follows is that the employers, under pressure of competition, steadily increase the staff of women and decrease the staff of men, with the result that the husbands, and fathers, and brothers drop into doing odd jobs for wages which make it impossible for them to keep up the home, whilst the wives and daughters resort to the factory in order to make up the weekly winnings. Thus the home goes more or less to

pieces, whilst the dividends earned by the business on the invested capital are often more than trebled. After this, in too many cases, begins the process by which the wages of the unorganized women workers are lowered, little by little, till they drop to starvation level.

If we turn from factory labour to the labour of the workshop, we find the same conditions further aggravated by the fact that the want of publicity encourages the growth of various abuses which are almost impossible in places of business subject to authorized inspection. Both as to hours and as to sanitary conditions, the lot of those who are engaged in workshops is, as a rule, far worse than that of those who work in the least well-regulated factories. I know a warehouse-workshop in one of our large towns where the hours are, including the time allowed for food, eleven daily; where the weekly earnings rarely average 7s.; where the work is carried on, and the food must be eaten in a room the sanitary conditions of which are bad, and where all the workers are congregated at the top story, the only access to which is by a small iron stair, so that in case of fire not a life could be saved. Instances such as this could be multiplied by hundreds in towns such as Glasgow, Liverpool, or London; they cry out for legislation of the character proposed by the various Bills which have been recently introduced into the House of Commons. The lives of the present and the health of future generations are at stake, and even were the reasons for interference less strong, we must hold that proper provisions as to sanitary conditions and accommodation, as to meal-times, and as to exit in case of fire, are matters which ought not to be left to the benevolent discretion of individuals, whose self-interest too often appears to lie in their neglect.

A lower deep, however, is reached as soon as we come to the disgraceful circumstances which often attend home-labour. At first sight, one is tempted to say that it is well that there should be industries which permit the women engaged in them to work at home. It seems as if it must be well that they should be able to contribute something to the common stock by taking to occupations which admit of their fulfilling their home duties the while. What is the result of this system? Alas! when once a home has been invaded by an industry, the home too often falls a victim to its exigencies. In Shoreditch, one finds that the wives and elder daughters are not the only members of the family who are busy with matchbox-making; it is the little children who suffer most. "Of course," a mother will say, "it is very hard on the little ones, and of course we cheat about school, but their little fingers are so quick—they that have the most of them are the best off." And so the match-boxes made for firms said to pay over 17 per cent. dividend are produced in this way, by the labour of the mother and her little ones living and working in a single room. All the available space in this room

is covered often by boxes drying, the whole of which must be stacked before any member of the family can lie down to sleep.

It would be idle to quote more instances of the manner in which the problems of women's labour work out. In some ways the shop-assistants (like the railway servants) are a class standing somewhat apart, for the conditions of their lives—which are frequently injurious if not fatal to health—are plain in the public view. Young girls are to be found in considerable numbers working in unhealthy shops for seventy, eighty, and even ninety hours a week; they have miserable wages and insufficient time for either rest or food. At the present moment they, and the men engaged in similar situations, are crying out to the public to help them. The employers are requested to close early, or to give a half-holiday once a week; the customers are requested not to shop on certain days, or after certain hours. Something certainly may be hoped for from the education of public opinion on these points, but far greater progress would be made if the employed, both men and women, were to take the matter into their own hands, and by organization and combination strengthen the forces of those who wish them well.

This course would be the more desirable because, by means of a strong union, the shop-assistants would be able to touch effectively other grave evils, connected with their occupation, against which at present they have no remedy. They might deal, if they were organized on a sound Trades-Union basis, with the vexed wages question, and could at least prevent girls who have comfortable homes underselling those who needs must work for a maintenance, by giving their services for mere pocket-money, as is too frequently the case. The special difficulty of the labour question, as far as women are concerned, is indeed much the same in all directions. We have to ask ourselves, when they are urged by necessity to gain their own living, or when they are only laudably anxious to add to the family means:—"How are we to prevent them from lowering the current rate of wages in the trades they seek to enter?" It has been urged that the men, whose pay they lower, and whose place they take, should console themselves by reflecting that only the trades for which women are specially apt will eventually fall to their share, and that men who are displaced by them will also eventually take to fitter work. Facts will not support this argument. Take, for example, some of our agricultural districts, where in winter the men may be seen lounging round the cottage door whilst their wives are in the fields, and that too, as any parson's wife will tell you, greatly to the detriment of all that should make the home. Trades Unionism alone can come to the rescue in this matter, and should be encouraged by all who have the true welfare of women at heart, to put forth its fullest powers, so that it may finally succeed in bringing all those who seek to enter on the work of a trade within the rules of that

trade. Once women are brought within the rules of the callings which they seek to pursue, the just objection to and fear of their labour felt by men will disappear, and not only so, but the whole social position of women themselves will be advanced. Learning to act with others and for the good of others is in itself an education; self-respect is evoked by a sense of responsibility; the intelligence is aroused and cultivated by the effort which must be made more or less by every member of a Trades Union to understand the economics of the particular trade; for all come constantly in touch with such problems as the causes of the rise and fall of wages, or the relations of demand and supply, or of capital and labour. Each woman gradually learns that her individual action is important to the well-being of all, and realises that the future of her children as wage-earners is directly affected by her own conduct and her influence on the policy of her Trades Union.

In this way, women may learn, and do learn to take an interest in such questions of legislation as bear on the condition of the factories or workshops in which they labour, and in various questions connected with that labour in which at present their experience is lamentably deficient. Not only is the rapidity with which even those of ordinary intelligence will assimilate fresh information, provided it bears on the conditions of their daily work, already remarkable, but their awakened interest, when it becomes more widespread, must tell with immeasurable force in elevating them generally, and in giving them the education of responsible and serious life. We are constantly told that want of livelihood drives our sisters into the streets. This statement is to some extent true, but it requires modification. We—all of us I mean who have touched everything but the fringe of the great labour problem—know well how the strong man is demoralised by long periods of “out of work.” We know how it comes to pass that he who has been a steadfast toiler for the home, through no fault of his own is condemned to idleness, and we know how idleness brings discouragement and loss of self-respect; we know how gradually the once brave and busy workman drops step by step till the last point is reached, and beggary and vice become the companions with whom he walks daily unashamed. There is nothing sooner lost, even with the strong man, than the habit of daily and regular work. The woman with her weaker physical organization, her days of weariness and nervous depression, is even more exposed to lose all love for the toil by which she earns the pittance which stands between her and famine. Once this habit of regular work gone, then what has the woman to save her from her fall? Here the Trades Union steps in, and on the ground that it acts most certainly with immense preventive force in this direction, I would urge the claims of this work on all those women who feel the sacredness of the tie of our common womanhood. Not only does

the Trades Union educate its members and develop their mind and character: it gives to them social protection and support in the bitter crises of sickness or of enforced "out of work." The daily visit to the "Office" at such a time, the daily word with the official in whose presence the book must be signed if "out of work" pay is to be drawn at the end of the week, have helped many a girl to pass triumphantly through periods of the sorest temptation.

As long as our women keep their habit of regular work they keep their honour; even if starvation sits within their doors. I have followed most closely every detail of the lives of women who have never known what it was to have six shillings wages in the week. I have known them live their long lives without a murmur, honest, virtuous women, independent, asking charity of none. There are thousands of women such as these in every large town, knowing nothing of what we call the joys of life, but ready to meet death as bravely and uncomplainingly as they have lived. To them, in their sordid misery, we, who sit in honour, should bow the knee. Their lives surely are both our glory and our shame: our glory that there should be such depths of pure heroism in our common nature; our shame, seeing that we do naught to put within their reach something of all that wealth of life which we ourselves so abundantly enjoy.

It must, however, be remembered that mere goodwill to the cause will not make a sound Trades Unionist. I could point to more than one centre of women's industry in which the work of their organization is suffering grievously from the uninformed zeal of philanthropic friends. There are, unfortunately, now on foot commercial speculations which have obtained the countenance and support of well-known men, and of charitable ladies with pleasant-sounding titles, because they call themselves "friendly" societies, but which are held by the highest authority on the subject to have no right to be called "friendly." In like manner, societies are started under the name of Trades Unions which have as much claim to be so described as a coal and clothing club, or a sewing class. The result of such enterprises, however well-meaning, is most disastrous in every way. The women joining them are deluded into the belief that they are members of a trade organization, whereas they are merely the clients of a few kindly and generous persons accustomed from their youth to the exercise of charity and patronage. The accredited representatives of labour find their councils rejected, and are forced to stand aloof, whilst their necessary inaction is misunderstood by the outside public, and misrepresented as want of interest in, or even hostility to, the organization of women. The truth is, that no honest workmen can countenance what they know to be little else than a fraud on their fellow-labourers.

There is but one safe course for those who are willing to work for Trades Unionism amongst women. The business in which they aspire to engage is a very serious business, and mistakes are both mischievous and easily made: no mere general acquaintance with the difficulties of workers will enable their friends, however warm-hearted, to direct their efforts successfully, for the conditions of different trades are different, and their different needs have to be reflected in the organization by which they are represented, if that organization is to be truly efficient; nor will any amount of sympathy replace the absence of that practical knowledge which alone will show, in each instance, what is the special reform which should be fought for:—whether compensation for “standing time,” “regulation of fines,” shorter hours, or better pay. Let the willing amateur, therefore, who desires to help this cause, seek the guidance of the Trades Council in his own town: he will be sure to find amongst its members that experience in which he himself is deficient, and—if he acts on their advice—he will at least be saved from that bitterness of failure which comes of misapplied power.

EMILIA F. S. DILKĒ.

II.

THE formation of women's trade societies is undoubtedly a difficult task, and has even been declared impossible. It is certainly true that many earnest attempts to get working women to combine have failed; nevertheless the facts of the case, discouraging though they may be, are hardly sufficient warrant for Mr. Haldane's statement in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, that Trades Unionism among women is almost non-existent. As several writers and speakers have of late made assertions to the same effect, I am anxious to publish a few figures which may give some indication as to the number of women unionists in the kingdom. In 1875, Mrs. Paterson and Miss Simcox, two of the most energetic and able pioneers of the movement, attended the Trades Union Congress held that year in Glasgow. Much doubt was felt at the time as to whether they would be admitted as delegates, but the majority of trades unionists welcomed the idea of organization among women, and, after Miss Simcox had read a paper on the subject, a resolution was passed in which the members expressed “their satisfaction at the development of the first self-helping and self-relying trades union movement among women employed in the various industries and their determination to assist in promoting it in their respective

localities." At every Congress since 1875 women delegates have been present doing good service in giving evidence on such subjects as factory inspection, urging in particular, not only an increase in the staff of factory inspectors, but also the appointment of women as better fitted than men to inspect factories in which women only are employed.

At present it is impossible to state with accuracy the number of women unionists in this country. I have, however, succeeded in collecting figures which show the number of women represented at the last Trades Congress, but it must be noted that numerous important societies, some of which have women members, besides many societies composed of women only, did not send delegates; the figures, therefore, given in the subjoined tables cannot be taken as showing the total number of female unionists. As regards the cotton industry of Lancashire, with the exception of two or three societies counting perhaps a total membership of 6,000, all the weavers' associations were represented at Congress last year; so that the figures given show almost precisely the number of women unionists in the Lancashire cotton industry. It is, however, to be regretted that the secretaries of unions comprising both men and women do not always take the trouble to register the sex of their members, for I have found in many cases that only the initials of the members were entered in the books, and, in consequence, the estimates given me by the union officials cannot be considered as strictly accurate.

SOCIETIES REPRESENTED AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT LIVERPOOL,
1890, ENROLLING BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.

Name of Society Represented.	No. of Male Members.	No. of Female Members.
Boot and Shoe Operatives, National Union of . . .	32,600	400
Card and Blowing Room Operatives, Amalgamated Association of	5,600	9,000
Cigar Makers, Mutual Association of, London . . .	4,665	735
Gasworkers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland	59,200	800
Hosiery Union, Leicester	700	450
Mill and Factory Workers, Scottish Federal Union	3,230	1,600
Trades Council, Glasgow	23,700	300
Trades Federation, Midland Counties	9,708	292
Weavers' Association, West Riding of Yorkshire . .	1,518	1,932
Weavers, Northern Counties Amalgamated Association of	20,980	26,000
Weavers, Power Loom, Church and Oswaldtwistle . .	593	1,267
Total	162,494	42,716

SOCIETIES ENROLLING WOMEN ONLY.

Name of Society Represented.	No. of Members.
Bookbinding, Society of Women Employed in, London .	200
Bookfolders, Liverpool	200
Hat Trimmers and Wool Formers, Amalgamated Association of, Denton	2,500
Laundresses, London	400
Match-makers' Union, London	1,300
Shirt and Collar Makers' Trade Union, London . .	40
Tailoresses Coat-making Union	286
Tailoresses' Trade Society, Liverpool	120
Working Women, Bristol Association of	70
Total	5,116

There were, therefore, 47,832 women represented at the last Trades Congress. Twenty societies known to me which did not send delegates have between them a membership of nearly 10,000.¹ There are then at least 57,800 women unionists in the United Kingdom.

We often hear it said that one of the chief difficulties in the way of organizing women workers is their inability to comprehend the principles of trades unionism. Last September a letter on the organization of so-called "unskilled" women workers appeared in the *Spectator*, in which the writer, who evidently relied for his facts on imagination rather than on observation, alluded to the look of perplexed amazement on the faces of unskilled women workers when listening to an exposition of the doctrines of trades unionism. I have been present at many women's meetings, among both skilled and unskilled workers. One of the most striking characteristics of such audiences is their ready grasp of the methods of trades unionism. When, after the business of the evening has been got through, we ask the women what they think of trade societies as a means of

(1) The following is a list of women's trades unions unrepresented at the Trades Congress in Liverpool, but it does not pretend to be complete. Most of the societies enumerated have a membership under 200. The Confectioners, however, are 800 strong; the Framework Knitters, 400; the Mill and Factory Operatives' Union of Dundee, 5,000; the London Tailoresses, 220; the Weavers of Alva, 700; and the Women employed in the Bedstead Trade, 560:—Bedstead Trade, Women employed in, Birmingham; Brushmakers, London; Confectioners, London; Framework Knitters, Nottingham; Cigar Makers, Nottingham, 700; Laundresses, Brighton (recently affiliated to the London Society), 250; Mantle and Waterproof Cutters, Manchester; Match-Box Makers, Shoreditch and Bow; Mill and Factory Operatives' Union, Dundee and District; Protective and Provident League, Oxford; Ropemakers, London; Scientific Dress-cutters, London; Seamstresses, Chelsea; Shirt and Collar Makers, London; Shirt Makers, Manchester; Spinners, Preparers, and Rulers, Belfast; Tailoresses, London; Upholsteresses, London; Weavers, Warrpers, and Winders, Belfast; Wareroom Hands, Belfast; Weavers, Alva; Women's Union, Aldersgate Street, London, &c., &c.

protecting their interests, the almost invariable reply is, "We ought to have formed one long ago. The wages are lower now than they used to be, and we have to work harder to get a living." The real difficulty of organization for women lies, not in the want of intelligent interest in the principles of trade organization, but in the circumstances of a woman's life. A woman seldom starts her industrial career with the fixed idea of working at her trade till life draws to a close. The chance, however remote, of matrimonial good fortune, or of help from male relatives, tends to weaken her interest in the welfare of a trade which she visits only for a season and may quit as a bird of passage. Again, the benefits of trade organization are not immediate. To start a successful union requires a certain amount of public spirit and energy. It demands no small amount of self-denial to pay a weekly subscription of 2d. out of a wage of six or seven shillings, and some self-sacrifice to attend a meeting after a long and hard day's work. Moreover, large numbers of our working women have domestic duties which, in many cases, they are neither able nor willing to put aside, and which make attendance at meetings almost impossible. Much work is done by women in their own homes, and they know little or nothing of other workers in the same trade. As may readily be imagined, it is well nigh impossible to gather together and animate these isolated units with anything like *esprit de corps*.

Advocates of women's suffrage assert that the industrial condition of women would be improved if they became objects of direct instead of indirect solicitude to politicians. Whether fear of the female section of their constituencies would have so much weight with members of the House of Commons, I do not pretend to decide, but we may rest assured that women's voice and influence on legislation concerning industrial questions will never be a factor attracting very serious consideration unless they are brought together through their trade organizations, and so receive an education calculated to develop public spirit and rouse them from indifference as to their industrial interests.

More accurate information on labour questions, the collection of which would be facilitated by an enlargement of the Labour Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, would in itself do much towards removing some of the evils now existing in connection with women's work. A simple publication of facts with regard to women's labour would remove the necessity of raising protests in Parliament, and would make workwomen less dependent upon legislation for the removal of abuses. For such purposes legislation is seldom so satisfactory as the cultivation of public opinion by spreading accurate and copious information. The defects and shortcomings of our "Starved Government Department" have, however, been exposed recently in the *New Review* by Lady Dilke and

the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and, although the writers were not in complete agreement as to the best method of remedying the defects, they were fully in accord as to the insufficiency of the present system. Their statements have never been contradicted, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that before long, steps may be taken in the direction of reform. The work of the Royal Commission for inquiring into the relations between employers and employed would, without doubt, be much facilitated were more complete statistics and fuller information available by means of a better organized Labour Statistical Department. It is impossible to exaggerate the beneficial effects of publicity in questions affecting the interests of labour.

The first efforts of Mrs. Paterson and her friends seventeen years ago, resulted in the foundation of the present Women's Trades Union League (which has its offices at Clark's Buildings, in Shaftesbury Avenue), to promote combination among women. Since then the importance of the question has greatly increased, for the number of our female operatives is growing more rapidly than that of our male. There were in the cotton manufacture in 1861, 130 women employed to 100 men; in 1871, the number of the former had increased to 148; and in 1881, to 164. In the worsted and stuff manufacture we find, in 1871, 162 female hands to 100 male, but in 1881, 180 to 100. In the silk and ribbon trade the women employed largely outnumber the men, the proportion, as in nearly all textile industries, showing a tendency to increase; in 1871 we find 208 women to 100 men; but in 1881, 224 to 100. In 1871 there was one tailoress to three tailors; whereas in 1881 there was one tailoress to two tailors. We have just had a fresh census, and there is little doubt that during the last ten years a rapid growth in the number of women operatives as compared with men has been taking place. This increase of women workers points to the need of spreading a knowledge of the principles of trade organization among them. Mr. Burnett in his last Report on the chain and nail makers, writes, "That the wives and daughters are competitors of the husbands and fathers, dragging their wages down to lower and lower levels." What is true of the chain and nail manufacture is true of many other branches of industry. "Rightly or wrongly," I once heard a working man say, when addressing a women's meeting, "we refused in my trade to work with women, and why? Because we know that as soon as the women come in, down go the wages." Women are not only lowering their own wages by their reckless willingness to take work at any price, they are also reducing the earnings of the men who labour with them, and who may be responsible for the maintenance of a wife and family.

FLORENCE ROUTLEDGE.

PRIVATE LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

NO. III.—THE MIDDLE CLASS.¹

IMAGINE a long low hall opening on the street by two wide arches, not unlike the arcaded streets of Lombardy or Savoy, only these arches are window-frames, not porticoes. There is no glass, but at night the open space is closed by great wooden shutters, horizontally enormous, meeting transversely (like the eyelids of a bird) across the middle of the window-frame. At morning the great eyelids open. The upper shutter is hauled up and fastened, so as to form a penthouse, protecting the interior from rain and rough weather; the lower, resting on the wall breast-high, which separates the house from the street, opens outwards and forms a broad ledge or stall, on which the merchant heaps a varied sample of his merchandise.

From the street, across the ledge, you see the great hall, dimly illumined by the brazier in the centre, with counters all along the edge, and, behind the counters, many shelves, from floor to ceiling, heaped with stuffs or spices. Behind again, brightly lit by a huge fire in the stone chimney, you see the back-parlour, with, by the hearth, a dozen animated figures—fellow-merchants, friendly neighbouring knights, who have dropped in to discuss the war and the progress of affairs.

Such is the shop of a merchant of the fourteenth century: very large, built of stone in the south; smaller and chiefly wooden in the north; but similar in construction and design.

In those days, when every king and every serving-wench wore fur upon the borders of their garments, when every palace and every burgher's kitchen put a dust of spices in almost every dish; and when these furs came from Muscovy towards the Pole, and these spices from Barbary and from Babylon² in Egypt, there was need of enterprising men to secure these indispensable commodities, and there was perhaps in the trade of a grocer or a draper more poetry and more adventure than we find to-day.

Certainly, in comparison with the surrounding classes, the shop-keepers were richer, more important, than they had ever been before. In an age of need, when no one had any ready-money, they kept the monopoly of capital. The length of their purse gave them a political importance, made them redoubtable adversaries, enviable

(1) See *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1890; November and December, 1890; for the "Workmen" and the "Peasants."

(2) Cairo.

allies. Etienne Marcel, a cloth merchant, Pierre des Barres, a goldsmith, Pierre Gilles, a grocer, nearly overthrew the throne of their sovereign. That sovereign—the Wise King, Charles V.—retorted by ennobling the daughter of Marcel, and by raising the middle class to an unprecedented importance. By opening the chief offices of the State to these turbulent burgesses, marrying them among the aristocracy, and choosing his ministers and confidants among them, the king converted the revolutionary middle class into a bulwark of the monarchy. The twenty years of his rule witnessed the evolution from this class of mercers and hucksters of an upper middle class, political and erudite, composed of lawyers (never more important than towards the close of the fourteenth century), of scholars, and important functionaries of the Civil Service. Already there springs from the back-shop the sturdy stamina of the *Noblesse de Robe*.

Let us follow for a moment the progress of this development. Let us take the life of a burgess, some wealthy merchant of Rouen or Montpellier, towards 1350, and study his business, his social and his civil life, his relations with the nobles, his opinions and education, his travels; let us come with him to Paris twenty years later, and observe in the capital the political importance of the middle class. Armed with the researches of MM. Léopold Delisle, Siméon Luce, Haureau, Jérôme Pichon, Léon de Laborde, Edouard Forestié, &c., &c., with the ballads of Eustache Deschamps, the Chronicles of Froissart, and the novels of the period by our side, we may make this little excursion without too much trouble, with some profit, and perhaps some pleasure.

I.

The large shopkeeper of a country town is to-day, however wealthy, a personage of secondary importance, in a fixed class of his own, far below the poorest of the county gentry. He is the least considerable of the rich men in the neighbourhood. As a fact, his position demands little resource, no great capital, and genius would be out of place in it. The feudal ages accorded a higher importance to their more enterprising merchants. A wealthy grocer, such as Regnault d'Auriac, of Montpellier, with branches in four cities and agents in half the ports of Africa and Asia, was a man compelled to risk, not only his capital but a vast expenditure of intelligence, and often, as we shall see, the safety of life and limb in the acquisition of his considerable fortune. Such a man was somebody and was treated as somebody: he married the daughter of a knight, Gérard de Gaigniac;¹ Etienne Marcel, the Paris draper, married an heiress of the famous house of Dammartin;² Folcaut of Montauban espoused the daughter of a neighbouring noble, the Seigneur de Brissols;³

(1) Siméon Luce, *Guerre de Cent Ans*, p. 27.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 60.

(3) Bonis.

Jehan le Flament married Marie de Mongison, *Damoiselle*.¹ It is useless to draw up a catalogue of such examples ; these will serve to show the dignity, the importance, the social value of Money, behind as before the counter, even in a feudal age.

In fact, the frequent expulsion of the Jews and the destruction of the Templars had left the merchants the only trustworthy and steadfast capitalists of a needy century. They were respected as force is always respected, and they became something more than shopkeepers. . . . Throughout the thirteenth century the Templars had managed the finances of France, they had received and collected the taxes, advanced large sums for local expenses, lent money to the Treasury, and stored in their coffers the sums borrowed by the king from Jew, or Florentine, or Lombard. Philippe le Bel had killed the goose that laid these golden eggs. The destruction of the Templars, which gave the king a certain sum of ready money, left the country without a banker and without an administration. Little by little the rich local shopkeeper filled, as best he could, the place left empty by the ruin of the Knights.

The publication of the *Accounts of the Brothers Bonis, of Montauban*,² sheds an invaluable light on the affairs of a wealthy provincial merchant. In the end of the fourteenth century Bonis Brothers were not only drapers and grocers, they were bankers ; despite the anathema of the Church, they were also money-lenders and pawn-brokers. Deeds and valuables might be deposited in their trust. They were tax-collectors for the king and the farmers of ecclesiastical revenues. Yet the good brothers, who, as we view the extent of their affairs, appear little less dignified than the farmers-general of the eighteenth century, did not disdain the back-shop and the counter, weighed out with their own hands the peasant's ounce of saffron, measured the milkmaid's ribbons, and mixed a black draught for the apoplectic squire.

The business of a Bonis or a Regnault was almost universal. As we look through the ledgers published by M. Forestié we perceive that Mr. Whiteley has unconsciously revived a very ancient fashion. Bonis Brothers, bankers, accountants, moneylenders, pawn-brokers, tax-gatherers, drapers, grocers, added to their list the trade of mercer, confectioner, apothecary, chandler, corn-chandler, jeweller, armourer, gunpowder manufacturer, horse dealer, finally of funeral warehouseman.

The house in which they carried on this complicated business was larger than the manor of the neighbouring squire ; we have already described the fashion of the shop. Above this the reader must imagine a suite of three or four large rooms with monumental chimneys and sculptured window frames filled with white glass, often

(1) *Ménager*, xxvi ; note, clxiii.

(2) Edouard Forestié. Paris, 1890.

blazoned with the burghess' arms (for every rich burghess in those days had his arms, and the humblest man in business his device, engraved on his seal and his belongings, like the modern English crest). In some houses the windows were filled, instead of glass, by oiled parchment, painted with figures and strained across the aperture. Thus the *Ménagier* of Paris, though a rich man at the head of a well-mounted house, closed his windows with oil silk or parchment,¹ and the Queen of Sicily as late as 1454 had the window-frames of Chinon screened with oiled paper,² while we know that there were windows of oiled and painted linen in the "Emperor's Chamber" at Chambery in 1416,³ and, three years earlier, in the Duchess of Berry's castle at Montpensier.⁴ Yet window glass was not very dear; painted with the owner's device, it cost about four sols the square foot.⁵ As a matter of fact many burghers afforded this wholesome luxury. Idette des Marès, daughter of the celebrated lawyer and politician, paid in 1395 twenty livres a year for a house in Paris adorned with glass windows.⁶ In 1372 one of the revenue officers of Charles V. at Bayeux had glass windows put in his office—"pour ce que aucuns fois quand il pleut le vent chace le pluie sur les papiers"—at a cost of seventy sols.⁷ We may suppose that, like the electric light to-day, this modern improvement was more often found in the new house of the parvenu than in the ancient manor of the noble. We know, for instance, from M Forestié's publication, that Bonis, better off than the Queen of Sicily, had glass in his windows.

In these chambers (airy, glazed, and carven, but not gay) the lady of the house lived, managed her servants, and brought up her children. We will return to her anon; for the moment we are occupied, not with the merchant's wife, but with his house. On the second floor, less elegant, slept the servants and the young men in the shop. Higher still, immense garrets, lofty, scoured through and through by draughts of air, formed a warehouse for a considerable portion of the merchant's goods. The garret communicated with a round turret which enclosed a stone staircase leading to the court below, with its medley of waggons, benches, casks, &c. Built round this court, at right angles with the house, stood the surgery, the

(1) "Ayez vos fenestres closes bien justement de toile cirée ou de parchemin." *Le Ménagier de Paris*, I., p. 172.

(2) "Accounts of Queen Marie d'Anjou" (*Arch. Nat.*, k 55., fol. 99), quoted in note to above.

(3) Cibrario, *Economie Politique du Moyen Age*, p. 140.

(4) *Compte de Jean Avin*: Marquis Léon de Laborde. *Glossaire Français du Moyen Age*, p. 539.

(5) Champollion-Figeac, *Les Ducs d'Orléans*. The intrinsic value of the sol (1360-1400) was about sixpence. As for its purchasing power, opinions differ; M. Forestié would say two shillings. I should say about four shillings.

(6) *Ménagier de Paris*, I., lxxxiii.

(7) *Arch. Nat.*, k.k., 360, fol. 78vo. Quoted by M. Siméon Luce in his *Bertrand du Guesclin*.

laboratory, the grocery warehouse, &c. A narrow gateway in one corner opened into an alley, nearly dark, leading to a block of sombre warehouses for stuffs and calicoes, a granary, and still further back, the merchant's gloomy stable.

Besides this establishment in town, the merchant almost always possessed a country house. The *ménagier* says to his wife, "Do such and such a thing," *quand vous êtes au village*, and bids her look over the register of sheep and other livestock. Bonis, who possessed land to the value of about £30,000 in the neighbourhood of Montauban, was also the owner of a farm or country house; rude enough probably, and only visited by the family in summer weather when there was no great hardship in the mullioned windows merely shuttered, the great four-poster beds, the coarse curtains, and the half-dozen carven coffers, oak tables, settles, and wooden benches, that formed all the furniture. We get some idea of the construction of such a house, half-farm, half-villa, from the description of the Manor of Fontains-les-Nangis in Brie,¹ which has been published by M. Siméon Luce.

“The house called Les Clos, consisting of a vast hall, divided into three rooms above and two below, with four chimneys above and below. *Item*, a large granary with cowhouses underneath. *Item*, a chapel with a kitchen and a storehouse underneath, adjoining the said hall or house: they all being covered with tiles fitly and sufficiently. *Item*, a dovecot, a barn, a fowl house, a stable, and a pigsty. *Item*, another house or lodge with two rooms above and a cellar underneath. All the aforesaid property being well enclosed with walls and, alongside the walls, three gardens.”

The garden, as we see from the instructions of the *ménagier*, was carefully tended and planted with abundant flowers; roses, lilies, violets, and double violets, poppies, periwinkle, pansies, pimpernel, pinks, and peonies, ranunculus, lavender, bushes of rosemary and bay, beds of marjoram, thyme, and borage, clumps of sage and tansy, with every sort of herb. In a former article, we have already remarked upon the surprising wealth of the kitchen-garden. But the fourteenth-century pleasure was planted as much for pleasure as for profit. There the girls and children of the household had their treasured gardens as to-day; and we find the old *ménagier* bidding his child-wife *passer le temps de son adolescence féminine* in tending her rose-trees, and weaving garlands as she loves to do; while the Knight of La Tour Landry, who tells his story in his garden to his daughters, bids them walk there alone after vespers to meditate upon the morrow's mass. Thoughts less pure agitated the Lady of Fayel when she passed through her garden to the grove where she used to wander all alone and think upon the Chatelain de Coucy. These airy, pleasant groves and gardens, praised by

(1) “Bertrand du Guesclin,” I., p. 8, from *Arch. Nat.*, JJ 119, No. 232, fol. 146.

Brunetti Latino as peculiar to France, are the natural settings to the life of a mediæval lady, whether of noble birth or merely burgher rank.

The burghess in his country-house was often the wealthier neighbour of the county squire or the impoverished noble. And not unfrequently he gradually supplanted the natural lord of the manor. He knew, as many a provincial lawyer knows to-day, how to lend sum upon sum to the poor lord with an expensive household, and when these accumulated advances amounted to more than the debtor ever could repay, to offer, instead of cash, to take this manor or that seigneurie. The nobleman was then more completely in his creditor's clutches than a few centuries later; his privileges had not yet grown out of reason; over and over again the Brothers Bonis prosecute for debt their noble clients; four great lords of Quercy were at one time obliged to come to the town of Montauban, and to stay there, the merchant's hostages, well in his grip, well under his eye, until the debt was paid. Often before this prospect knight or lord would quail: part of the estate would go—sometimes the larger half, sometimes the whole. And so it is not rare to find such and such a burghess enrolled as "seigneur" of such and such a property. The title went with the manor; and many a rich merchant bought the manor for the sake of the title.

Impoverished by the war and by many ransoms, continually harassed by the companies, many a noble unable to maintain his ancient state in his baronial hall solicited the privilege of citizenship and became a burghess of his county town. Even when he did not reside continually there, he spent the winter frequently within the city walls. Thus the Châtelain de Coucy, for all his Manor of Cauvigni, was often in residence at Saint Quentin. He had an hostel there. Now in those days an hostel meant no palace like the Hotel de Rochefoucauld and its neighbours in the Faubourg St. Germain; it designated a set of apartments, perhaps a single chamber, set apart for the noble in the mansion of one of the principal burghesses.¹ Here he was habitually received; and here, of course, he became familiar with the host who was sometimes his counsellor and frequently his creditor. Sprung from different origins, the noble and the burgher classes had grown into contact, and were, if not united, at least adjacent.

It must not be supposed that such a man as Bonis was by any means the only rich, nor even perhaps the richest burghess of his provincial town. Those great townsmen, Tozet and Gourdo, were (we imagine) certainly wealthier. Even the smaller citizens—such as the mercer, the butcher, the keeper of the public baths—buy jewels, plate, velvets, silk, embossed silver belts and such expensive trifles for their families. The butcher's wife has a far finer quality of linen

(1) "Le Châtelain de Coucy": see Gaston Paris, in the *Hist. Litt. France*, t. xxviii., p. 364.

for her under-garments than the neighbouring seigneuresse. Nearly every citizen of importance appears to have kept a tutor for his children.¹ We learn from the *Ménagier de Paris*, and from Bonis' ledgers, that every burgess of good position employed a housekeeper and a major-domo, or dispenser, to supervise his numerous staff of servants. Life among these tradesmen who were fast becoming financiers was evidently a costly life: luxurious, fond of display, and tinctured, as we shall see, by the facile erudition of the age.

It would be interesting to establish the cost of living in the later fourteenth century, to find out what sum represented wealth and ease, what was considered the dowry of an heiress, and what was the average yearly outlay of a wealthy knight or burgess. The Knight of La Tour Landry, insisting on the wealth of some ladies of his acquaintance, says of one of them, "Her husband has certainly fifteen hundred livres a year"; and of another, "She must, I should think, have an income of £1,700."² This was evidently riches for a fourteenth-century nobleman. When the son of the Viscount of Rouen married, under Charles V., his father allowed him £350 a year and his poultry.³ £7,000 was considered a very great dowry for an heiress, yet the intrinsic worth of this sum was not more than £1,000 sterling. Such a great lady as Ermengarde de Lautrec was richly dowered with £1,500. Jeanne de Dammartin brought £850 to Etienne Marcel, and was considered an heiress.⁴ The wife of Giraud Bonis brought £220 to her husband. Regnault d'Auriac who, at his death, left £30,000 *tournois*, was one of the richest members of his class and province. Bonis himself possessed in landed property about the same amount. Guillaume de Harselli, the great doctor of Laon, was also the possessor of thirty thousand livres, "of which," says Froissart, "I suppose he did not spend two sous per diem, for he used to lunch and dine among his patients. But all his pleasure was to *assembler grand' foison de florins*. And of such wood, methinks, are all your famous doctors made."⁵ We may therefore fairly presume this sum of £30,000, found at Montauban, at Laon, at Montpellier, to represent the fortune of a wealthy burgess. Now, in the fourteenth century, the normal rate of interest (for those whose scruples

(1) Bonis, p. 25. Arnaut Bernaut, of Montauban, has a tutor for his children: p. 34, R. Delpy, Bourgeois of Montauban, has a tutor named B. Pépin for his children; p. 54, Ausac d'Ausac, Bourgeois of Montauban, has a tutor for his children; p. 151, the Seigneur de Flaunhac has a tutor for his children; p. 180, Gualhart de Guordo, Bourgeois of Montauban, has a tutor for his children.—*Circa* 1345. M. Siméon Luce gives a list yet more complete of the tutors and schoolmasters of a district in the north of France some thirty years later, in his history of Du Guesclin, p. 15.

(2) We employ the numbers in italics to denote the mediæval livre in opposition to the pound sterling. *Le Livre du Chevalier de La Tour Landry, pour l'enseignement de ses filles*; publié d'après les manuscrits de Paris et de Londres, par M. Anatole de Montaiglon, 1854.

(3) Communicated by Comte Albert de Circourt.

(4) Siméon Luce, *La Guerre du Cent Ans*, p. 52.

(5) Froissart. *Chroniques*, book iv., chap. xxx.

allowed them to touch it) was ten per cent. A capital of £30,000 well invested, would bring in at least 3,000 livres. We know that the rent of a large house and garden at Montauban in 1345 was £17 per annum, and that in Paris at the close of the century, a house fitted up with the newest improvements could be rented for twenty livres. Therefore the three thousand a year of our rich provincial merchant, compared with the price of things and contrasted with the wealthy noble's income of fifteen hundred, shows his importance and the scale of his establishment.

We have, in previous papers published in this Review, discoursed so long upon the furniture and garments of the fourteenth century, that we will leave our readers to reconstruct the walls, tapestried with the History of the Maccabees or the Legend of the San Gréal, the painted wedding-chests, the great four-post beds with their quilts of miniver, the cushioned window-seats, with strips of carpet laid before them, the quaint draped settle by the fire, with on the other side a deep high-backed chair, with baldaquin and cushions for the master. We bid them fancy the floor strewn over with green trails in summer, and in winter with leopard skins, rush mats, and carpet, imitated from the industry of the Saracens. We will ask him to imagine the merchant seated by the hearth in his cloth hood lined with silk, his ample tunic, his long crimson sleeves furred with sable. At his feet, on a low stool, his young wife stoops to warm her hands before the blaze; she has come in from Mass and is still dressed in a *houppelande* of black silk, which, half thrown off, discovers the amber necklace round her throat and the tight Princess robe of green cloth, cut low in front and edged with fur. Her gown lies heaped in long fur-bordered folds along the floor, but is split up at the sides to show the under bodice with hanging sleeves of tawny silk curiously embroidered with gold thread and pearls. On her head the lady wears (at the reader's discretion) a high peaked *hennin* of white cambric; a soft veil of Eastern silk pleated and folded round the brows like the wimple of a nun; or a hair-net of coloured silk, showing on either cheek a thick plait of hair looped and pendant from brow to chin. We will not stay to consider the price and fashion of these garments: we have already touched upon this subject, always palpitating to a woman. There is another subject, more interesting still, for which hitherto we have had scant information, but which to-day opens fruitfully and effectually before us. What were the ideas, the opinions, the prejudices of a burgher of the fourteenth century. What was the soul of the man?

Despite his riches and his relations with the nobility (they probably disdained him as a parvenu and he was probably aware of it), the fourteenth-century burgher was Liberal in sentiment and politics. Far from denying his popular origin, if he was ever secretly ashamed of it, that secret humiliation added a point to his rancour

against the nobles, against whom he loved to pit the virtuous poor. The real beauty of this feeling is sometimes marred, in his manifestation of it, by a suspicion of cant—honest cant, if we may use the term, almost involuntary; yet we feel his democrat sympathies to be a form of Grundyism. Our sense of humour is struck when the *Ménagier de Paris*, after quoting the *Chemin de Pauvreté et de Richesse*, to show the superiority of the workmen's breakfast of bread and garlic with clear water, goes on to mix a handful of spice with every dish. We constantly are made to feel how purely theoretic and literary was that preference for poverty which the richest class in France combined with so keen an eye to practical comfort. In a popular poem of the period—in, as it were, the pages of a middle-class and fourteenth-century Piers Plowman—we read one line that explains, much better than all his Liberal tirades, the real view of existence taken by our excellent burgess: "*God made the world that man might enjoy his property*"—("Renard le Contrefait").

The author of this poem was a grocer—a clerk unfrocked "*pour femme*," who had returned to the trade which appears to have been his father's—

"Marchand fu et espiciers
Le temps de dix ans tous entiers."

When for lack of customers he left this business which he had learned in youth—

"Cil gingembre, cil lactuaire,
Que je sçavois si bien faire
Et fis quand j'estoye enfanchon."

Perhaps in no other pages of the time do we get so true a reflex of the soul of the average man—of the man in the street—as in the interminable musings of this studious grocer, so respectable, so matter-of-fact, so conventional in every moment of his soul, yet not devoid of generous indignation against his political opponents. Never was man more self-satisfied; he is full of contempt for the nobles who oppress the poor:—"They have gone too far, the knights; Reason will destroy them as she did the Templars." Yet they themselves are everyone the serf of somebody.

"Il n'est pas un qui n'ait son maistre."

And they, moreover, have to pay far heavier fines than the citizens. Endless expenses! When their Suzerain goes to war, or when the fancy moves him to convoke them to his court, then, at a moment's notice, the noble's purse is emptied for new horses, new armour, new apparel, no end to the *fal-lals*, which, a few months

(1) "Renard le Contrefait," *Bib. Nat. MS. Français*, 370. I owe my knowledge of this interesting poem to the kindness of M. Gaston Paris, who has lent me his unpublished notes and extracts from the manuscript.

later, he is glad to sell for next to nothing. 'Tis an out-at-elbows trade, and every man of them, if he dies young, leaves his orphans at the mercy of an unscrupulous Suzerain.

As for the poor, they are still more to be pitied. And here the good grocer tells us a ghastly little story, a story which took place in his own county, not far from Troyes, in the very district which a little afterwards was devastated by the Peasants' Revolt:—

"There was a lady at Dochies near Troyes. And there was a young woman in the village who died suddenly and was buried in fifteen ells of fine linen which the lady had spun for her own use. When the lady heard of it she was exceeding angry—

'Ne me plaist mie
Que tel vilainne ait dedans terre ma toile.'

She ordered the grave to be opened, and the winding-sheet stripped off the corpse which was thrown back naked into the trench. The linen was cut into horse cloths for the lady's palfreys. And the people of the village looked on and said nothing—but rather loved and feared so proud a lady of the Manor—

'Onques vilains n'y regardèrent—
Mais plus l'amèrent et doubterent.'

Well may the burgess say that the poor love their masters!

"Les vilains aiment les gentilsz—"

And are therefore little less despicable than they.

No, there is but *one* respectable class—the middle class!

"Mais les francs-bourgeois seulement
Ils se vivent très-noblement.
De tous estats c'est le greigneur ! . . .
Ils pevent leurs corps déporter,
Tous vêtemens de roy porter. . .
Falconx, ostours, et éperviers
Beaulx palefrois et beaulx destriers. . .
Quand escuiers en l'ost iroint
Et les bourgeois se dormiroint ;
Cils se font en l'ost détrenchier
Et les bourgeois s'en vont nagier ;
Quand s'en vont honnir et destruire
Et les bourgeois s'en vont déduire ;
Bourgeois sont la moyenne vie."!

Clearly the world was made that the burgesses might enjoy their property.

Another poet, writing towards the end of the fourteenth century, after the defeat of Nicopolis, complains more bitterly still of the nobles' vanity:—

"They are good for nothing, not even to fight: a little heat, a little cold, half kills them.

"Ah, how far more sensible it would be if we sent our strong, sturdy

(1) Let the gentle reader pardon so much Old French! But the poem is the more precious that it has never been printed; and it is easier for one of us to skip a few lines

peasants to the wars instead of those finicking and effeminate nobles! Heat or hardship would be as nothing to them; they would fare better off a little cheese than your fine knights off capons! They are strong enough to stand the rough road and the long way. If the bread be stale and the bed wretched, these stalwart lads will never find out the difference.

'Ne craignent mal lit ni mal pain,
Ne vent, ne pluye, ne trop faim.'

For they have never been used to anything better. You despise them and underrate them. But give them a knife, a cloak, and a bow and arrows:

'Ils vous feroient plus grande guerre
Que tous les gentils d'Engleterre.'

And if by mishap the enemy takes them captive, 'tis no national disgrace as in the case of knights and nobles."¹

"They think of nothing but fine clothes and folly, these nobles," adds the author; and the burgher-poet, Master Eustache Deschamps,² takes up the strain:—

"They look like monkeys, their cloaks are so short. Or like panthers, so parti-coloured, splashed and slashed with divers hues. But their shoes have beaks a yard long. What fashion of thing are they? Owls, perhaps: for they wake by night, and lie in bed till the bells ring noon. They think of nothing but games and gambling and the heaping together of money; they make a mock of men more serious than they."

The *Ménagier* of Paris, we remember, warns his young wife that though he loves her to amuse herself, she must accept no invitations to the balls and festivities of the great seigneurs. (This passage, by the way, is a proof that such invitations were given by the Parisian nobles to the more considerable *bourgeois*.) In fact, play ran high among the aristocracy, even among the women: "Ne soyez jamais grandes jouaresses," says the Knight of La Tour to his daughters. Vainly the king punished games of chance with heavy fines and banishment. We are compelled to believe that, at any rate in the fourteenth century, the most noble salons of the kingdom were often little better than gambling hells.

than for another to refer to a manuscript in Paris. And what an insight these few lines give us into the burghess's view of life! What an absence of chivalry or adventure! How far, how very far, we are already from the Holy Sepulchre! "The burghesses have the best of it," says our grocer; "theirs is the greatest class and the richest. They can disport their bodies as they please, and can all wear king's garments. The hunt and the chase are for them. When the squires ride to the army, the burghesses go to sleep; when the squires are cut in pieces, the burghesses go and swim; when the squires ride to shame and destruction, the burghesses go to play!"

(1) *L'Apparicion de Maistre Jehan de Meung*, Bib. Nat. Fr. 811, No. 7,203. This MS. is adorned with charming miniatures representing the persons and costumes of a Princess (Valentine of Milan), a prior, a monk, a Jew, a Saracen, &c., at the end of the fourteenth century. We believe that the text, or some part of it, has been published by the Société des Bibliophiles de France. This poem was written by Honorat Bonnet, Prior of Salon.

(2) *Ballades d'Eustache Deschamps*. Publié par le Marquis de Queux de St. Hilaire. Ballade ccciv.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.
(Madame JAMES DARMESTETER.)

2. They have been empowered to act through committees, not necessarily composed of members of their own body—

3. On which committees public officials are allowed to sit, though without a vote.

4. While the County Councils alone have the power of imposing rates, either on the whole, or on such parts of their districts as may be benefited thereby—

5. Grants for secular subjects of instruction are administered by the committees, and may be made by them to voluntary Public Elementary Schools, even of a denominational character, on condition—

6. That the accounts of these schools are open to the inspection of the council, and—

7. That the local authority is, to a limited extent, represented on their governing bodies.

I do not say that the whole of these provisions appear in any one of the recent Acts or Bills; but they will all be found in them, if read together; and I quote them here, because I can thus offer Parliamentary authority for several proposals, now revived, to which grave objection was taken, in certain quarters, when my scheme was originally published. I refer to them individually in the appropriate paragraphs of the following—

SCHEME FOR BRINGING ELEMENTARY EDUCATION WITHIN THE SCOPE OF EXISTING AND PROPOSED MEASURES FOR LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

1. The Local Government Act, 1888, has set up Councils for—

EACH COUNTY, including—as administrative Counties—

The Ridings of Yorkshire, and Divisions of Lincolnshire, Sussex, Cambridge, and Northampton.

London.

Sixty-one large county boroughs.

2. It has transferred to these Councils, certain powers, duties, and responsibilities, previously exercised by Quarter Sessions.

3. It enables—

Section 3 (vii.) These Councils to establish, maintain, and contribute to Reformatory and Industrial schools.

„ 10 (1 a.) To take over under Provisional Orders of the Local Government Board, confirmed by Parliament, statutory administrative powers, duties, and liabilities of the Education Department, of other departments of the State, and of “public bodies” corporate or incorporate, not being School Boards.

The area of a county is, as a rule, too wide for the efficient administration of the duties of a School Board by one central body acting for the whole county.

Section 24 (2 *b.*) To pay to the Guardians of Poor Law Unions, the school fees of pauper children sent from a work-house to a Public Elementary School.

„ 20 (2) To delegate certain duties to committees of their own body, or to Petty Sessions, or to District Councils.

4. Since 1888 the County Councils have further been made “Educational Authorities” under the Technical Instruction Act (1889) and the Welsh Intermediate Education Act (1889); while the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise Duties) Act, 1890, has placed moneys at their disposal for Technical, Manual, and Agricultural Instruction throughout the country.—The very general desire to make Elementary Education more practical points to the union in the same hands of the local direction of all branches of popular instruction.

5. It was announced in the Queen’s Speech that Government wishes to deal, in the present Session, with the question of District Councils.

—Their Bill, if drawn on the lines of the Clauses, relating to such Councils, which were dropped from the Local Government Bill, 1888, will set up—

DISTRICT COUNCILS.

(*a.*) Urban, for { Boroughs,
Urban Sanitary Districts.

(*b.*) Rural, for Rural Sanitary Districts.

6. It will transfer to these Councils certain powers, duties, and responsibilities of existing Local Authorities, under various Acts—*e.g.* it will probably enable District Councils—

(i.) To take over in urban districts the powers and duties of Improvement Commissioners, and Local Boards; and in rural districts of Sanitary Authorities.

(ii.) To administer the Public Libraries Acts.

(iii.) To establish { General District Accounts. } *See Para-*
 { Special District Accounts. } *graph 9.*

(iv.) To borrow on the security of the rates, whether general or special.

7. It would be advisable in the coming Bill—

To transfer the functions of all School Boards and school attendance committees to—

I. The County Councils of

• The sixty-one large county boroughs, who should be empowered to entrust this part of their duties to committees, chosen to the number of at least *one-half* from outside their own body. Of these large boroughs, fifty-four have School Boards, and seven have not.

This is in accordance with one of the leading principles of the Local Government Act, viz., the concentration in a single body of the powers of numerous local authorities, elected under varying suffrages, for intersecting areas, and worked at considerable cost. The last triennial elections of School Boards, although in very many districts there were no contests, cost upwards of £50,000, and their charges for administration amount to nearly £300,000 a year. Many Borough School Boards have no schools under their management, and the school attendance committees appointed by Town Councils are working very efficiently. It would lead to much administrative confusion and to endless local disputes, if the dissolution of School Boards were to be left optional, and not determined, once for all and universally, by the Bill.

The Councils of County Boroughs are too large to deal with education save by a committee, and it would be well to have the assistance on that committee of women, and of educational experts, who may be disinclined either to face the worry and cost of an election, or to take part in the ordinary municipal duties of the Council. For such duties women are not well suited; and those of them who are best qualified for educational work are the very class to whom electioneering contests are specially distasteful. Their very merits are fatal to their success. The case of Mrs. John Grey is well known. Although pre-eminent as an authority in all questions relating to the education of girls, she was defeated when she stood for a seat on the London School Board, after a contest which (it was said at the time) cost her no less than £600.

There are precedents for the devolution of such duties upon committees. Under the Public Libraries Act (18 and 19 Vict., c. 70, sec. 21) the general management, regulation, and control of Public Libraries, Museums, and Schools of Science or Art may be vested in Committees appointed by the Town Council, "the members whereof need not be members of the Council." So under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act (1889) it is held that the members of the Joint Education Committee, appointed in every county by the County Council, need not be members of that body.

The case of London will require special, and separate, treatment.

II. The District Councils which will probably be set up for—

- (a.) Boroughs and urban districts, with more than 10,000 inhabitants.
- (b.) Rural districts, of nearly equal size, in which the smaller boroughs will be merged.

It would be a great gain to get rid of the small rural School Boards;¹ and the new districts will probably be of such a size that School Board powers could be discharged with convenience and efficiency by the Councils of these districts. Some statutory provision, however, will be required to enable the Local Government Board, in concert with the Education Department, to apportion the liabilities of the merged Boards.

8. These Councils should have the powers of School Boards and school attendance committees, generally, and in particular in regard to—

- (a.) Maintaining and managing rate schools, already existing; and establishing new ones when required or sanctioned,

(1) There are at present some 525 School Boards for parishes and districts with less than 500 inhabitants. Of these, 55 have populations under 200; and 3 are for parishes of less than 100 souls. In one of these three (with a population of 56) the first election of the School Board cost £20 8s. 10d. (1889). In 131 cases the School Rate ranges from 6d. to 1s. 6d. in the £.

in county boroughs by the Education Department, and in county districts by the County Council; subject to appeal to the Department (*Paragraphs 10 and 11*).

- (b.) Administering the compulsory bye-laws, and appointing special attendance officers for the purpose.
- (c.) Paying fees for poor (not pauper) children. Paupers to continue as now to be paid for by the County Councils.
- (d.) Borrowing for the purpose of providing schools. The approval of the Department, as well as the consent of the Local Government Board, should be required in such cases.

By the Bill of 1888 (Clause 72. i. i.) the consent of the Education Department was expressly barred. Yet the control of the supply of schools is a matter in which the Department is most specially interested, though the Local Government Board should certainly be consulted before the rates of any locality are charged with further burthens. The outstanding liabilities for School Board loans amount to over £18,000,000; while the indebtedness of Local Authorities has reached the formidable amount of £195,442,397, showing an increase of 42 per cent. in the last ten years. The School Rates, in 1889, amounted to £2,665,443.

9. District Councils should have the further duty of—

- (e.) Charging the *special district rate* of any parish or parishes with the cost of providing and maintaining school accommodation for, or common to, such parish or parishes. The *general district rate* would, on the other hand, bear all the common charges of the district for compulsion or otherwise administering the Act. But the parishes which have provided, and continue to maintain efficiently, their own supply would not be rated for parishes failing to do so. (*See Elementary Education Act, 1876, Section 31 (2); and Technical Instruction Act, 1889, Section 4 (3).*)
- (f.) Appointing local committees for parishes or groups of parishes under the Act of 1876 (Section 32).

10. If this were done, there might be transferred, by Provisional Orders, to the County Councils (of counties proper) the duties of the Education Department in respect of—

School Supply, which would include¹ the power of uniting or combining parishes (for the supply and maintenance of a common school), of making one parish contributory to another (to meet the case of a few children living on the borders of two or more parishes); and of requiring District Councils to keep up the school supply of their respective districts.

The County Councils would thus be charged with the duty of the local

(1) See Act of 1870, secs. 40, 49, 52. The necessity for such a power is evident from the fact that, of the 15,000 parishes in England and Wales, 852 had, in 1881, populations less than 50, 2,034 less than 100, 4,477 less than 200, and 6,398 less than 300. The census of 1891 will probably show a considerable increase in the number of these small parishes.

organisation of education, while its administration would be given to the District Councils, working within smaller areas which they would know thoroughly, and could easily manage.

11. The Education Department would continue to exercise their present general power of control over the Councils of County Boroughs, in carrying out their duties as School Boards; and would be a Court of Appeal for District Councils objecting to the requirements of County Councils (under paragraph 10).

12. In addition to the administrative functions already specified—

1. *County Councils* should act, by committee, as the general educational authorities of their respective counties.
2. Her Majesty's inspectors of the districts within a county should be ex-officio members of the education committee of the county, and of a board of examiners to be appointed by the Council.
3. All public elementary schools, within the county, whether voluntary or rate supported, should be annually examined by this Board.
4. Grants on the average attendance should be made from the county rate for the three R's, at the rate of 6s. (or 7s. 6d.) i.e., 2s. (or 2s. 6d.) for each, according as 75 per cent. of the scholars passed fairly (or well).
5. Labour passes should be granted by this Board.

The first four of these proposals are based on the recommendations of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission in 1861 (Report, vol. I, p. 544). H.M. Inspectors would give the committee the benefit of their educational and administrative experience, would help to secure a reasonable amount of uniformity, and would keep the county authorities in touch with the Central Department. The fifth proposal would follow on the examination of the three R's being entrusted to the County Council.

13. It would tend still further to decentralise our present system, and to reduce the number and cost of officers, both on the outdoor and indoor staff of the Education Department,¹ if the county examinations were extended to singing and needlework. A payment of 2s. 6d. (in all) on the average attendance might be made by the County Council in consideration of these subjects being taught in a school, with a reduction in respect of either of them in which fair proficiency was not shown.

The grants, in the case of a voluntary school (under Paragraphs 12 and 13), would be made in respect of secular instruction only, which, but for the existence of that school, would have to be given to the same children in a Board school at a much greater cost to the rates. No rate money would be spent on the teaching of religion, which would continue to be provided by voluntary local effort.

(1) In 1889 the administration of the department cost £217,173, and the staff consisted of 170 indoor and 305 outdoor officers. The number of this staff indicates an amount of work on details from which the chiefs of the department must be relieved if they are to give proper time and attention to questions of general educational policy.

14. As the great rise in the expense of elementary education, since it was adjusted in 1870, an expense which will not be lessened by the last Code, has been mainly caused by the large outlay of School Boards on rate schools, it seems reasonable (1) that the rates should contribute to the cost of the voluntary schools thus increased (whose supporters contribute so largely to the support of Board Schools) and consequently (2) that the ratepayers should be represented on the management of these schools, to an extent proportionate to their contribution to the cost of maintaining them. (See Technical Instruction Act, 1889, Sec. 1 (1) (a).)

It may be hoped that, without sacrificing a healthy educational rivalry between voluntary and rate schools, any excessive and injurious competition between them will be lessened by the abolition of school authorities, elected *ad hoc*, whose interest naturally lies in the extension of the system which they administer.

15. The County Council should accordingly have the right—

(1.) To examine the accounts of every public elementary school (Technical Instruction Act, 1889, Sec. 5).

(2.) To appoint, after consulting the District Council within whose jurisdiction the school lies, two members of the managing body of every voluntary school, one of whom might be selected from the parents of the children attending the school.¹

16. The financial effect of these proposals would be that a school might receive per child in average attendance—

1. 15s. from local effort (fees and subscriptions or rates), according to the Act of 1870.

2. 10s. from the County Council (paragraphs 12 (4) and 13).

3. 10s. from the Department, as a *fixed grant*.

4. A sum not exceeding 10s., also from the Department, in respect of the subjects not covered by the county grant (No. 2); including English, history, geography, and elementary science, with gymnastics, cookery, field husbandry, or gardening, and such other practical instruction as might be given in the school.

The central grant (20s.) would thus be met by a larger amount (25s.) from local sources. These two amounts make up the sum (45s.), which might be fixed as the normal cost per head of an elementary school. This sum is 50 per cent. in excess of the amount (30s.) contemplated by the Act of 1870; which was raised to 35s. by the Act of 1876. It represents the average cost of a scholar in a Board School now.

17. It should further be provided by Parliament, that—

(1) In 3,759 schools which made special returns, on this point, to the Royal Commission, there were 1,721 parents who were managers. The majority of the Commissioners reported that—"so long as the parents are not a preponderating element we should be glad to see them represented on the Committee of Management."—(Report, p. 67.)

1. Standards III. and V. should be the universal standards of partial and total exemption from school attendance.

If Standard V. was fixed for this purpose, the scholars who, after passing it, desire to devote themselves to technical instruction should be allowed to do so. The intellectual requirements of the higher standards of the Codes of 1884 and onward are absurdly high for the children of the Seven Dials, and not less so for the young ploughboys and dairymaids of the rural districts. They may be suited for a few scholars who require what is really secondary education, but ought not to be imposed upon the whole community, under the *Elementary Education Act of 1870*. Such a perversion of Mr. Forster's great measure would be put an end to if the ideas set forth by Mr. Arnold in the passage from his report, prefixed to this paper, were ever realized.

2. Rate schools may be transferred to voluntary managers by the councils of county boroughs, and by District Councils with the consent of the County Councils.

This consent should be required, as the County Council will be charged (see Paragraph 10) with the supervision of school supply.

This proposal is made in the interests of economy, and in consideration of the circumstances under which so many voluntary schools have passed under the control of School Boards. It would secure that personal attention to scholars and schools which cannot be given to them by the members of large School Boards, however able or zealous, and which is, in such cases, left to paid officials of no higher qualifications than the teachers of the schools they supervise. In the case of School Boards, moreover, in small rural districts, and in some large towns where in the elections little is thought of education, the members are often far from well suited for discharging the duties of school managers, more especially in matters affecting the religious education of the children.

3. New voluntary schools, after being carried on for a year, with an average attendance of not less than 60 scholars in urban, and 30 in rural districts, should be recognised as entitled to claim annual grants.

18. If in any year the expenditure either of a County Council or of a District Council amounted to more than the produce of a 3d. rate, any excess over the sum raised by such a rate should be paid to such council by the Education Department from the Parliamentary Grant. The policy of the Local Government Act is to do away with the appropriation of grants in aid; but education is of Imperial necessity, and the principle of directly lightening the pressure on local rates, in extreme cases, is recognised by the Act of 1870, Sec. 79.

This was my original proposal. It was based upon the section of the Act of 1870 which I refer to, and has a counterpart in both the French and Canadian systems of granting special central aid to areas of local government on which the educational requirements of the State may impose undue burthens. But the principle, recently introduced in this country, of making large contributions from the Exchequer to the expenditure of local authorities points to another source from which these relief grants might now be more legitimately drawn.

SANDFORD.

A CHEMIST IN THE SUBURBS.

I.

RICHARD PELSE was the chemist. The suburb was near the "Angel"; at the top of the City Road; on the confines of Islington. There he led his prosaic life—getting old, and a bachelor. But into the prosaic years—years before Islington—there had burst once the moment of Romance. Then his shop was near Oxford Street. Into the sitting-room over it there had come, one evening, for an hour, the lady of his dream. Unexpectedly; suddenly. She had drawn her chair, by his own, to the fire. They had sat together so; and he had been happy. She had given him his tea; had opened his piano; had played, a while, Xaver Scharwenka's wild music had kissed him once; and had gone away.

Perhaps his years before and after had seemed at times two deserts, divided by that living stream which was her momentary presence. Perhaps there was an outstretched darkness on one side of the heavens: then a star: then again outstretched darkness—the life of the shop and the suburb.

Richard Pelse was one of those poor men who are born cultivated: one of the cultivated who are born poor. You had only to look at him now, across the counter and the ranged tooth-powder pots—to see the clear cut head, against its background of dry drug jars and Latin-labelled drawers—"Alumens"—"Flor: Sul"; "Pot: Bitar"; "Cap: Papav"—to know that he was individual. A sympathetic spectator might call him original; an unsympathetic, eccentric. What fires burnt in the brownness of his quick, keen, restless eyes? What had left his face—not yet really old—topped with a mass of silvery-white hair? There were the delicate features, decisive and refined; the nose aquiline, the kindly mouth with nervous movement at its corners. And, again, the hands,—thin and white and long: with fingers and thumbs turning back prodigiously: flexible, subtle, sensitive. And the spare figure, still quite straight, dressed in the black frock-coat of his business hours. Original or eccentric: a man whom men and women looked at: either liked or feared.

At home for years within a stone's throw of the Angel, he had all his life been a Londoner. Energy and diligence he had had from his boyhood, but country colour had never come into his cheeks; no robustness of the sea's giving, into his frame. All his pursuits were of the town—and nearly all his recollections. His mother was a widowed little news-agent—a withered woman, once pretty and vivacious—who kept, when he was a child and a lad, her news-shop

in a by-way, two doors from North Audley Street. His father? He never knew him.

When he was twelve years old his mother died, and a customer of theirs, a druggist of the quarter, took him as "useful boy." Had he ever changed and risen so far afterwards as to be a famous physician, it would have been told of him, in pride, or as astonishing, that he had been an errand boy only. As it was, he had in fact been that, but something besides. He was so intelligent that gradually he had got into all the work of the shop. He was civil, and comely too. From selling things behind the counter, he was put into the dispensary. He educated himself; he passed his examinations; he became an assistant who was entirely necessary; then he became a partner. At thirty-five he was a prosperous man and alone; the shop's earlier master having retired. For Richard Pelse, before that happened, there had been twenty years of progress, and of self-denial; no doubt of satisfactory, but of unremitting work. Then he allowed himself a holiday, and with a valise by his side and a "Baedeker" in his pocket, started for Switzerland and Savoy.

II.

Mr. Pelse had made more than half his tour and had got over his surprises, the sense of all that was strange, when he found himself, one Sunday, arrived at Aix-les-Bains for two days' rest, and for the charm of its beauty. He stayed at the Hotel Vénat. Though a tradesman, he had tact as well as education; various interests and real kindness. He could mix quite easily with "his betters"—found his "betters" much more his equals than his neighbours had been. At the Vénat, an argument with an English chaplain brought him into contact with a family of three—Colonel Image, a military politician, very well connected, and busy in the House; and his wife, who was above all things fashionable; and his daughter, who was blonde and nineteen.

Richard Pelse must certainly then, with all his earlier deficiencies and disadvantages, have been picturesque, and almost elegant, as well as interesting. The impulsive Miss Image found him so. In the garden, from his ground-floor bedroom, there had been a vision of a tall white figure, of floating muslin, of pale coloured hair. Nearer, there were seen dancing eyes, large and grey, and a mouth that was Cupid's bow. At *table d'hôte* there was heard the voice that he liked best, and liked at once. A voice? Hardly. An instrument of music. You listened to it as to a well-used violin.

In the drawing-room he got into talk with her. Was she not, unexpectedly, the ideal realised?—the lady of the dream of all his youth.

But that night he reflected on the distance between them. He

was no ambitious snob, scheming for marriage in a sphere not his. The distance—the distance! No, there could never be marriage, or, his career must change first. Should he leave to-morrow, and forget the encounter? Should he enjoy her for two days, and forget her then instead, or hug the memory? At all events, he did not go.

And on both sides, in the short two days—prolonged to three and four—there was interest and fascination. Perhaps he should have told her father who he was. Instead of it, he told her. There was a recoil then—and it might have saved them. Her knowledge of the world and of the *convenances*—nineteen, but bred in society—was suddenly uppermost. Nothing more could be said to him, and she would mention to her mother as a piece of gossip to be heard and forgotten—as the funny adventure of travelling and of chance acquaintance—that the man was a shopkeeper, a chemist; might have sold her sponges, nail brushes, eau de Cologne. Then the simplicity, the naturalness, warmth, impulsiveness—which were in her too—came uppermost in their turn. She would tell none of that. She would keep him to herself, for the time at least—him and his secret. There was mutual attraction, strong and unquestionable. Elective affinities. And such things had their rights.

Wilful and independent—it seemed so then—she laid herself out to be with him. Mrs. Image was indolent, physically. In the morning the military politician was wont to wait in the ante-chamber of a man of science who was great on the healing waters; later in the day he was borne from the Bath House, closely muffled, in a curtained chair, and put to bed till dinner-time at the hotel. He was not seriously ill, however, and the treatment, which had begun a fortnight before Richard Pelse's arrival, would now soon be over. Anyhow their opportunities were numbered. There was an end to meetings—chance meetings, after all, though wished for on both sides—at noon, under the shade of the grouped trees in a sun-smitten park encircled by the mountains; at night, amid the soft illuminations of the Villa des Fleurs, whither Miss Image was chaperoned; again at breakfast time, when almost from the open windows of the hotel could be discerned, here and there, between luxuriant foliage, gold and green—beyond the richness of walnut and chestnut branch, beyond the vines, beyond the poplar marshes and the sunny fields—a level flash of turquoise, which was the Lac de Bourget.

"We go to-night," said Beatrice, meeting Mr. Pelse by the Roman Arch, when she had deposited her father for his last consultation.

"Should I speak to Colonel Image?" he urged, almost hopelessly.

"I was mad for you to do it; but you never must. Nothing could possibly come of it but harm. You must be loyal and obey

me. There is not the very ghost of a chance for us. . . . Oh! you won't think of me very long. You have your own life, you know; and I must have mine. Silly, silly lovers! I might wait; but then it could never, *never* be. Dick!—forget me!”

“And in England we live almost in the next street,” he said to her. “There is nothing but class that divides us. I have done something already, if you recollect how I began. I could do more, and go a good deal further. You are the first lady I ever talked to, intimately. You would change me—you would bring me up to you.”

“There is nothing in me to bring you up to, Dick. Think how young I am! I am a little fool, who happened to take a fancy to you. Pretty, am I? But a little fool, after all. You treated me so gravely and so well. I had been flattered often enough. And I was mad to be respected. . . . There is no chivalry left. . . . Your respect was flattery, too. . . . Here is my photograph, because I trust you. But forget me, forget me! My last word. Take my hand. And good-bye!”

He took her hands—both of them—and so saw the last of her. And, by another train, he too went back to London, to the chemist's shop.

It was curious, at first, to think, as he was making up prescriptions, or giving them to his assistants, that she was within a stone's throw of that pestle and mortar: almost within sight of the green and red and straw-coloured jars that stood in his shop window and were the sign of his calling. His shop was in Orchard Street: their house in Manchester Square. Once, did she pass the shop? Once, when he was on the Oxford Street pavement, was that she, borne along in a Victoria?

But gradually he was training himself to forget all that. He was loyal, obedient—was accepting the inevitable. Was it not a chance fancy? Was it not in sheer impulsiveness—in recognition of he wondered what in him, besides the deepest admiration—that she had flung him her confidence; honoured him by liking? Could that last with her? Could it anyhow have lasted? Probably he would never see her again. Might he not one day console himself?—he once half whispered. No—it could never be that. He was so dainty about women; he was so particular—he either wanted nothing, or exacted so much—the experience of a rapid fascination would never be repeated. He was an idealist—of those who want, in women, a picture and a vision: not a housekeeper.

III.

The autumn dragged along. Pelse had acquired from America the rights to an exclusive sale of a particular preparation of the Hypophosphites, and the Society doctors—the men who had charge

of Royalty and of over-tasked celebrities, of smart people, and of the very rich—had taken to recommend it. The extra work which that involved made him very busy, and his own more accustomed work, in all its thousand details, was done at his shop with such a singular nicety—of which he of course was the inspirer—that the shop was more and more frequented.

Winter succeeded to autumn. •A thick fog had been for days over Orchard Street. Then there came a little snow. But in the parlour over the shop—with the three windows closely curtained—one could have forgetfulness of weather. There was the neat fireplace; the little low tea-table; a bookcase in which Pelse—before that critical event at Aix-les-Bains—had been putting, gradually, first editions of the English Poets; a cabinet of china, in which—but always before Aix-les-Bains—he had taken to accumulate some pretty English things of whitest paste or finest painting: a Worcester cup, with its exotic birds, its lasting gold, its scale-blue ground, like lapis lazuli or sapphire; a Chelsea figure; something from Swansea; white plates of Nantgarw, bestrewn with Billingsley's pink grey roses, of which he knew the beauty, the free artistic touch. How the things had lost interest for him! "From the moment," says some French art critic, "that a woman occupies me, my collection does not exist." And many a woman may lay claim to occupy a French art critic; only one had occupied Richard Pelse.

It was on an evening in December, when Pelse was in the sitting-room, tired with the day's labours, and not particularly happy with the evening newspapers—for, apart from any causes of private discontent, the *Pall Mall* had told him that our upper classes were unworthy of confidence, and from the *St. James's* he had gathered that even the lower could scarcely boast complete enlightenment—it was on an evening in December, when the chemist was so circumstanced, that his neat servant, opening the door of the parlour, held it back for the entrance of a veiled tall lady. "Miss Image," said the servant, for the name had been frankly given her.

The servant vanished. Richard Pelse rose from his seat, with his heart beating. The tall lady was standing there with lifted arms, detaching veil and the broad velvet hat; a minute afterwards, laying aside her furs and her warm wraps, the glowing face of a swift walker in the winter weather was made visible: the blonde head, the slim and straight and rounded figure had got up to the fire-place. She put her hand out towards Richard Pelse. He took it, exclaimed to her, by her name: nothing more—"Beatrice!"—wheeled a chair to the fire. And down she sat.

"Yes. I could stand it no longer. I have passed the place so often. I was mad to see you. They are gone into the country on a visit. I could manage it to-night." She looked quite good and

sweet and serious—passionate it might be, as well as young, but, at all events, no intriguing Miss. Strange—the intuitive trust she had in him, to come there so! “Perhaps you can give me some tea?”

He flew downstairs to order it—a bell’s summons would have been inadequate to the occasion, and would have given no vent to his delight. Ten minutes after, it was in front of the fire. The lamp was just behind her. Might he be calm now; might he be excited? Might he be paralysed with astonishment? She was so quiet and so bright, he was made quiet too. She sat there as in an old and daily place—the blonde head, the eyes, the figure’s lines. He was so happy. Suddenly his house was made a home.

“How have you been? How are you?” But before he answered, he had given her a stool, respectfully: had put a cushion at her head. “How good of you!” she said, with her grey eyes very beautiful: thanking him for his mental attitude: not for his cushion and his stool.

“Well, you know, I have been trying to forget you. Have you changed your mind?” She gazed into the fire. “Has the time come for me to speak?” he continued. His chair was close beside hers. “Why did you come here?”

“I suppose I felt you cared about me. And I was sick of *not* coming. I suppose I felt you were a friend. No, I don’t think I have changed my mind at all. But I am one of the girls who can do mad things. And girls who can do mad things, once or twice in their lives at all events, are commoner—much commoner—than proper people think. So here I am! ’Tisn’t wonderful. Father and mother are at Lord Sevenoak’s.”

His brow clouded. Again, and, as it seemed, with emphasis, the difficulty of class. Difficult? Impossible, was it not? Yet this was what he said:—

“You will come again? And one day I will speak. Beatrice, Beatrice,—I am *yours*! Have it as you will—it shall all be as you will—but you *know* that you can never go away for good.”

“If you are nice to me, very likely I shall come ever so *many* times. I can’t stay very long to-night. There—my cup. Ah! you have got a piano? Whose is it?”—opening it—“A Bechstein. Sit still there. I will play.”

She tried the instrument a moment, first. Certain chords. Then, with turned head, she waited silently: was making her choice. For, whatever it was, it would have to be from memory. There was not a single music book.

In a minute, she had chosen. It was a plunge into a weird wild dance. . . . “You know whose that is?”

“No.”

“Polish. Xaver Scharwenka’s. Now the same again, and then

another." And they were played, and then she rose from the piano. "My cloak, please. Thank you."

He went to the window curtain: listened for the rumble of the street, for all the city was about them—they two. But the noises of the town had ceased.

"Snowing fast!" he said, coming back from the red curtains. "Can you go?"

"It is only two minutes' walk," she answered. "And I don't quite think I see them cheeking me. Besides, I will find some excuse or other for wet things. O! You think me mean. You don't approve of prevarications. But prevarications give me to you." Her smile would have melted mountains. "Thank you"—near the door. "I suppose I shall come back many times. Dick! I feel like it." He looked enraptured. She put her hand out, and he took it. Always respectful, reverential, he had had an angel's visit. From the Heavens, down into Orchard Street, what divine, undreamt of, guest! "O! But you worship me *too much*," she said. She brushed his cheek with her lips, and her hand stayed in his.

"You must come back many times," he almost gasped. For all his manhood yearned for her. And she was gone—and gone as much as the last note of Scharwenka's wild music.

For she never came back. The voice, the figure's lines, the blonde head, and the eyes, and the mouth that was Cupid's bow—no more in Richard Pelse's sitting-room. A flirt, was she? Heartless?—changeable?—a child? Who shall say? For weeks, he waited. Then, a short letter. "*O! Dick: It is of no use, you know. You'll have to forgive me, because I was wrong and rash. Only, Dick, understand that it is all over. I could never do that again. If I say I owe Father and Mother something, you know I'm not a fraud—you know I mean it. After all, we should never have done together. Yet, I love you. Think of me kindly. Good-bye!*"

And she kept her word, and it was over. No lamplight, welcomed her; nor fire gleamed for her; nor chairs were placed again on the cosy hearth, for two. And, in the closed piano, there slept, for ever, Scharwenka's wild music.

IV.

But Pelse had to move from Orchard Street. Change of scene; change of people. And good-bye—with all his heart—to the fashionable custom—to the inroads of the elegant who reminded him of Her, though with a difference. He must seek a new life, in some work-a-day quarter. To be with the busy and the common—not with any chosen or privileged humanity, but just humanity: nothing else. To be with people who really suffered; not with people who wanted hair-dyes. So it was that when a long-established druggist

of Islington passed away old and decrepit, with a business neglected and lessened, Richard Pelse came near the "Angel"—to the dingy shop you mounted into by two steep steps from the pavement—to the dingy shop with the small-paned, old-fashioned windows; with the little mahogany desk at which who stood at it commanded the prospect of the City Road. He sold the Orchard Street business; and, taking with him only the youngest and least qualified of his young men—and the china and the First Editions, to coax his thoughts to return again to these first loves—he established himself afresh, and did his own work. Gradually he was recognised as rather an exceptional person in the quarter. And his energy was great enough to allow him, little by little, year by year, to build up a trade.

Things were slack in the forenoons, and a face sometimes depressed, sometimes pre-occupied, looked out into the street; and Pelse would stand at his desk with bright eyes and clenched mouth, rapping a tune nervously with the long lean fingers. After Islington's early dinner, important people were abroad—the people who lived in the squares on the west side of Upper Street—and the wife of a City house agent, pompous and portly, patronized (with the breadth of the counter, and all that that conveyed, between them) a man whom Beatrice Image had once kissed. Acquaintance with these folk was strictly limited. The shopkeeper, refined and super-sensitive, was not good enough company for the genteel.

But when evening came, he was wont to be too busy to think for an instant of his social place. The prescriptions brought to him were few, but the shop—and on Saturday night especially—was crowded by the smaller *bourgeoisie*, with their little wants; the maid of all work from the Liverpool Road arrived hurriedly in her cap, and was comforted; Mr. Pelse was the recipient of sorry confidences from the German clerks of Barnsbury. He was helpful and generous—kind to the individual and a cynic to the race. Late in the evening the gas flared in the little shop. Its shutters were just closed when the cheap playhouse, almost within sight, vomited forth its crowd, and loafers were many about the bars of the "Angel" and at the great street corner, and omnibus and tramcar followed each other still upon the long main roads. The night of the second-rate suburb.

And that went on for years; and he was a bachelor with no relations; getting visibly older and thinner; and a shock of white hair crowned now the pale forehead, over the dark brilliance of the keen, quick eyes. Long ago he had read in the newspaper of the marriage of Miss Image—a day when he had been wondering where, of all places in the wide world, the one face might be?

"Where is she now? What lands or skies
Paint pictures in her friendly eyes?"

Then he had read of her marriage. Hers, at least, was a wound that had healed. His?—but what sign was there of wound at all? For in intervals of business he had come again to hug his First Editions. They knew him at book sales, at Sotheby's. He dusted his own Worcester carefully. Was it not of the best period?—with the "square mark." As a contrast to his quarter's commonness, he had begun to cultivate the exquisite with the simple in his daily ways. His food was sometimes frugal, but it was cooked to perfection. When he allowed himself a luxury, for himself and one rare crony—an unknown artist of the neighbourhood, discovered tardily; a professor of languages who understood literature; or a brother druggist whom business dealings caused him to know—it was nothing short of the best that he allowed himself: he admitted not the second-rate: he was an idealist still. The fruit with which just once or twice in summer or in autumn he regaled a pretty child, was not an apple or an orange, but grey-bloomed grapes, or a peach, quite flawless. The glass of wine which he brought out from the parlour cupboard to the weak old woman, accommodated with a chair, was a soft Madeira, or a sherry nearly as old as she was. It had known long voyages. It was East India, or it was Bristol Milk. Yes; he was fairly prosperous; and showed no sign of wound.

Even "the collector" within him re-asserted itself in novel enterprise. To the Worcester, the Swansea, the Nantgarw, the Chelsea, the First Editions, there came to be added bits that were faultless, of Battersea Enamel—casket and candlesticks, saltcellars, needle-case, and rose pink patch-box: best of all the dainty *étui*, with the rare puce ground. Yes: he was prosperous.

Still, the nerves had been strained for many a year; and suddenly were shattered. Speechless, and one side stiffened—stricken now with paralysis—Mr. Pelse lay in the bedroom over the shop; understanding much, but making small sign to servant or assistant or medical man. His last view—before a second and a final seizure—was of the steady February rain; the weary London afternoon; the unbroken sky; the slate roofs, wet and glistening; the attic windows of the City Road. He had lived—it seemed to him—so long. The Past—that moment of the Past, however vivid—might, one thinks, be quite forgotten.

Yet, wrapped in a soiled paper, in the pocket of his frock-coat, after death, they found a girl's likeness. "My photograph, because I trust you!" she had said to him at Aix-les-Bains. And what was all the rest!

In all his thought, for all those years, she was his great dear friend. Once or twice he had held her beautiful hands—looked at her eyes—been strong and happy in the magnetism of her presence.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

VIRGINIA MINES AND AMERICAN RAILS.

II.

In my first article I dealt almost exclusively with the systems of railways which form the network of supply to the great central archaic basin of the United States, and I described shortly the bearings of the various systems on one another, especially from the point of view of the great through routes in the direction of the corn-growing areas of the North. The political and financial bearings of these vast properties on one another, and the interest that the investing public in Europe have in these properties, would admit of very lengthy treatment, far beyond the limits of a magazine article. It was only possible for me to suggest the principal conditions that hold good with regard to railway property in the east generally, and to point to the growing importance of the movements towards the consolidation of those interests which is taking shape in America. In the present article I will deal more especially with the interests of the South, not only in the matter of railways, but also as regards the prospects which this portion of America holds out in the distant future. It will not be within the scope of my article to cross the Alleghanies and discuss the interests of the great cotton belt or the so-called Piedmont territory of the Southern States. The question of the negro and his future is so mixed up with Southern prospects that it is almost useless to enter into speculations regarding the cotton States, when the immediate interest of the South lies to the north of the Apalachian system, where the general level of the land, with its broad and fertile valleys and thickly-timbered mountains, is at such an altitude above the sea level that the climate is not subtropical and in no way demands negro labour.

Long previous to the Civil War it was known that iron and coal existed in important quantities throughout this region, though it had never been geologically explored. I have seen the remains of furnaces in the South which must have been at least a hundred years old, at the present town of Glasgow, Virginia, and also right up in the mountains at Big Stone Gap. These furnaces existed all over the country and were fed by wood, and the pigs were dragged for miles to get them to a shipping spot on road or river in order to reach a market. The quantity manufactured was quite insignificant, owing to the want of all means of transport and to the fact that there was no demand in a purely pastoral country for large quantities of raw iron. Besides, Pennsylvania and the Adirondacks furnished

all the iron that was required for Eastern uses and could be made at a profit in competition with European imports, and indeed the early development of railways in these New England States gave the iron industry a start that it has not yet lost in Pennsylvania. Matters are to-day, however, taking quite a new shape. The great coking field of Pennsylvania is no longer the only source of the finest coke, while the natural gas has given out altogether. On the other hand, since the demand for steel has become so enormous, for railways and house-girder building, &c., the Eastern ironmasters are compelled to go to Lake Superior to obtain a suitable ore for their Bessemer converters. This ore has to come all the way from Lake Superior at a water freight of about two dollars a ton, is shipped to Toledo and Cleveland, and from thence by rail to the Pennsylvania blast furnaces. The Eastern iron trade is, therefore, much like our cotton trade at Manchester, which depends on the cotton-fields of the Carolinas to keep the Lancashire cotton-spinner employed at his loom. Some six dollars a ton this Bessemer ore from Lake Superior costs in carriage before it reaches the Eastern furnaces over a thousand miles south-east. It is only the best ore that it pays to send; tons are dug and cast aside that is not of a high-enough grade to be worth sending.

Let it be remembered that west of Kentucky there is no such thing as a mine of good coking coal in the United States. The bituminous shales of Colorado are not worth mentioning, and of the coke-fields of Birmingham, Alabama, I will speak later. Now, notwithstanding the high cost of production of steel in Pennsylvania, as compared with the South, it must be remembered that Pittsburg and Cleveland, with their iron kings like the philanthropist, Mr. Carnegie, have certain advantages in their proximity to the immense markets for iron in the North, and they are fully protected against foreign competition by a prohibitive tariff. The demand for steel rails alone will keep Pennsylvania going for years, simply because every railway is compelled to cast away by degrees the whole of its iron rails and lay down steel, otherwise it could not possibly carry the weight of modern rolling stock in the States. Steel rails in America have, in fact, doubled the carrying capacity of lines, and the demand for steel is practically incalculable.

If we now turn our attention to Virginia and Tennessee and observe the coal and iron riches of that country, we shall begin to realise what there is in store for it. Let us trace for a moment the area of the one great coking basin of America. Though large in size, it is unique so far as the continent is concerned. Whatever may have existed in early times within the great archaic basin, has all been washed out to sea down the Missis-

issippi except the territory comprised within the eastern bend of the Appalachian chain. Beginning with the northernmost area of production, the Connersville coke-field, we go on south to the New River field in West Virginia, to the great Pocohontas field on the border of North Virginia, to Big Stone Gap and the field of the Tennessee Coke Company, and then on further south to the English town of Middlesborough. From thence we descend to the very much less good coke of Chattanooga, and lastly to Birmingham, Alabama, where the coke-fields end altogether west of Birmingham. Beyond this point coke is not to be found in America. If we take a map we can sketch in the whole of this coal area thus:—Taking Pittsburg on the North we include a portion of the southern half of the State of Ohio, the whole of West Virginia, the eastern end of Kentucky, thinning out to a strip only in crossing Tennessee. The coal measures crop out once more about Birmingham, Alabama, there to end. The character of the coal deteriorates also as we proceed south, so much so that the furnaces at Chattanooga are sending their cars as far as the fields of Pocohontas for coke in preference to using the highly sulphurous coke they make down South. The heaviest deposits are in East Kentucky and West Virginia, for there the strata have not been denuded at all, and I have seen in the ravines throughout that region, both at Middlesborough and Big Stone Gap, two six-foot seams of pure coal, one above the other, running right through the entire mountain range without a fault in the seams, besides one and sometimes even more four-foot seams all above the water level of the valleys. These large seams are worked with simple adits into the hillside, and the coal wherever I went into it was as solid between slate beds as could be wished for. The majority of this coal is free from sulphur and cokes out to 96 per cent. of carbon; at least, it does this at the two fields I saw at Cumberland and Big Stone Gap. Now the whole of this great Elkhorn coal region, as it is called, comprising as it does many thousands of square miles, is virtually one great forest-clad country of hills and mountains and valleys, intersected with streams and rivers, covered with an undergrowth of rhododendron and azalea. The timber is probably the finest hardwood timber in the world—elm, ash, maple, oak, hickory, walnut, &c., of immense size. This great forest country has never been cut into and destroyed so far, because there was not only no market for the timber, but the country itself was only half surveyed. The whole of West Virginia and East Kentucky had always been an impenetrable mountain forest till quite lately in their history. There were absolutely no roads for years except one or two tracks such as Daniel Boon's famous track through the Cumberland into West

Kentucky which was blazed by him and his enterprising followers in the year 1775. This country was, in fact, the home of what were called the poor whites, renegades from civilisation, men of the wildest and most lawless lives, and these squatters exist to-day throughout the whole of this region. Their shootings and blood feuds form blood-curdling stories that are told all through the South, and though it is perfectly safe to meet them and pass a night in their log cabins, they will shoot one another on the smallest pretext, and there is no law or discipline that can reach them. Even at Middlesborough these shooting raids are frequent, and when I was there a malignant squatter who refused to be bought out, was inhabiting a miserable cabin that was pointed out to me, and was ready any day with his Winchester to fire on the first navvy who should attempt to turn the first sod of the belt railway of the valley, which happened to necessarily cross his squatting.

It thus happens that the titles to all these forest-lands are most difficult to ascertain and clear up. Some day these forest-lands will be the most valuable tracts in the United States. Not only is the timber of immense value, but the coal beneath makes the whole of this country the future Durham and Northumberland of America. It is simply a question of time when this region will be completely opened up. Unfortunately the devastation of timber that is going on wherever work has begun is simply disastrous. Wasteful now beyond words, the State will one day regret its insane disregard of this unique store of hardwood that has taken centuries to grow to its present magnificent size. These forests were in remote times granted to the soldiers of the revolutionary wars by the State of Virginia. Some portions were surveyed and claimed under earlier explorers, such as Henderson, in the days of Daniel Boon, who made land-grants under the authority of the Virginian Legislature. The whole of these surveys and grants were made, however, in the most primitive manner. The early explorer went with his rifle and his chain and compass, whenever he could use the latter, and his landmarks were trees and hilltops and rivers, often badly and loosely described, so that in the original grants areas overlap one another, and it is impossible from these grants to make out any boundaries. This question is becoming of very great importance now that the value of these territories is understood, and many companies have been formed, both in England and America, to purchase and hold large tracts of these coal and timber lands of West Virginia and East Kentucky. It takes months and years of residence in the country itself to clear these titles. The first step is to examine the original land-grants made by the State of Virginia, and to satisfy the representatives or descendants of these holders and to trace all collateral issues. This

is an enormous task, as the titles often have been for some generations in abeyance, and even holders of the original titles are not to be found. The next step is to settle with the squatters' rights, which in many parts cover the whole of this wild region. A whole tribe of people have settled down in this forest country, not living in villages at all, but separately, at miles interval, and have built log cabins where they keep a cow and grow a patch of maize and kill deer and game, and pass their time in carrying on family feuds with one another in a state of what is really primitive barbarism. They go forth from time to time to civilisation, earn a few dollars which they spend in necessities, and then return to their homes in the wild forest, and live there with their half-savage families. To clear the titles to these lands you have to go and live among these squatters and associate with them in their cabins, and treat with them separately through some boss, who is a man of credit among the inhabitants of that particular district. I met one or two young Englishmen at Middlesborough who had been out the whole summer in the woods trying to deal with these people so as to clear the titles to certain large areas that are being syndicated in England and America. The American lawyers are the best hands at this work. They know the proper people to employ to deal with these squatters and get option prices from all of them, so that a large district of some hundreds of thousands of square acres can be all averaged at the same price to all the squatters of the district. Often a squatter will refuse to deal at all, and he has to be considered separately. He does not wish to move, or he has a blood feud that he wishes to stay and see through, by being killed himself or exterminating the entire family of his rival. This makes a perfectly valid reason why, on family grounds, he should wish to stay. Many of these large areas that are being dealt with cannot be entirely cleared as regards their titles owing to such difficulties. English companies that intend going in for this sort of investment should be careful to do the whole of this work only through the very best legal experts in New York or other large Eastern town; otherwise they will find that their titles are not worth the paper they are written on, and the State of Virginia will not uphold them in the long run. Outside these large forest areas there is no difficulty whatever as to land titles. They are as clear as day, traceable in many cases down to pre-revolutionary times so far back as Charles II. It was this wild forest country alone, that was never settled and that none ever believed was worth having, that was allowed to get into this complete confusion as to ownership.

The whole of this country till quite lately was uncrossed by any railway. South of Connersville on the Pennsylvanian system, the Chesapeake and Ohio now crosses West Virginia through the New

River coke-fields, coming down to Natural Bridge and the new town of Glasgow, Virginia, and so on to Richmond. The Louisville and Nashville have run a line from Louisville by Mount Vernon through the new tunnel of the Cumberland Gap which reaches Knoxville, and the Kentucky Union are struggling to get funds to continue the line from Winchester to Jackson, which is already made, on to the Clinch Valley and the town of Bristol through Big Stone Gap. The ranges of the Alleghany that separate Tennessee from Virginia are practically impassable for railways, except at immense cost in tunnelling, the whole way from the New River coalfields right down to Jacksborough in Tennessee, except for the two great breaks at the Cumberland, where the Middlesborough tunnel is situated, and Big Stone Gap, where the Kentucky Union will come through. A considerable tunnel will be required here, though not so considerable as the Cumberland tunnel, where the main range had to be pierced. Big Stone Gap has, indeed, many strategical advantages over Middlesborough, which will appear later on in considering the Tennessee valley and the line of the Norfolk and Western. The difficulty of developing this forest area is, indeed, very great. The mountainous character of the whole country makes railway building very costly, and the running of branch lines into deep ravines and thickly-wooded glens up to the coal headings is very laborious. There is no shaft-sinking required, however, for many years to come, owing to the enormous quantity of coal measures that exist above the water-line altogether.

Close in proximity to these enormous coalfields are the great iron ore deposits of Virginia and Tennessee. From Glasgow, Virginia, right down throughout the whole of the so-called Smoky Range of the Alleghanies, bordering North Carolina and Georgia, and again down as far as Birmingham, Alabama, iron ore deposits abound. On the Cumberland side of the Tennessee valley there exists a bed of red fossil ore for over seventy miles in length. This is the principal ore that will be used at Middlesborough, and is the same in character as the ore at Birmingham. It is high in phosphorus, but can be treated on the basic-hearth process for steel-making, especially when blended with the red or brown ores that abound through the Smoky Ranges the other side of the valley. The possibility of making cheap basic-hearth steel is the problem on which hangs the future of the iron industry of the South. Our English experts all speak in most sanguine terms of the process as it has been worked in England. Several English companies have gone out and put up new plants on this system, not only at Birmingham, Alabama, but at Middlesborough, and at other places in the South, to work this new method. I confess, from careful

inquiries I made in America, it does not seem that the process can be as cheap as steel-making with magnetic ores on the Bessemer converter system, and this is why the great deposits of magnetic ore at Cranbury, near Johnstone City, merit special attention. Whether there are other deposits of magnetic ore in the Smoky Range, it is impossible to say; the country is vast in extent, and has not been entirely explored. My friend and guide through the country, Mr. Proctor, the State Geologist of Kentucky, has ridden over the whole of these hills and mountains for over twenty years, and he stated that he was of opinion that other deposits might be found, and that he had many exploring enterprises on hand yet, before he could decide the facts. As it is, the Cranbury deposit is of immense extent and depth. I saw a face uncovered at Cranbury which showed over five hundred feet thickness of the ore on nearly a quarter of mile breadth, and the deposit extended the same manner on the other side of the valley. There is another vast deposit next to the Cranbury mine belonging to Philadelphia owners, but it has not been developed like Cranbury. The railway which has been made to reach the Cranbury mine from Johnstone City and Watauga has cost over two millions of dollars to construct, and the ore is so prized that it is shipped all over the Norfolk and Western road to blend at other furnaces with the brown ore of other parts of the country. A gentleman who has charge of this property, General Wilder, was asked lately by one of our Iron and Steel Institute travellers, with notebook in hand, what might be the extent of this magnetic deposit, and the general, whose language is notorious for its picturesqueness of style, told the English scientist:—"Well, sir, I guess that deposit is that considerable, that if you were to look you would find the devil making pitchforks in hell out of it at the present moment." In every direction the brown ore deposits occur all along the southern side of the Norfolk and Western line, and it thus is evident that the bearing of the great coal forest on the North to the iron beds on the South is of the utmost importance, not forty miles apart as they are from one another.

Leaving out Birmingham, Alabama, and the district of Chattanooga, we begin with the town of Knoxville, Tennessee, on the French Broad river, situated in a most lovely country several hundred feet above the sea level. The whole of this river scenery right up to Ashville, in the middle of the Smoky Range, is of unsurpassed beauty, and this latter place is one of the favourite winter resorts of America, the winters being somewhat similar to those of the European Riviera. These climatic advantages extend all up the Tennessee valley, and the new town of Middlesborough is developing a large sanatorium outside the mountain pass in the middle of the broad Clinch Valley, which is to be called Harrogate, and where a hotel of colossal pro-

portions and especial luxury is being constructed for invalids at the present time. It is worth noticing that the isotherm of the northern portion of the State of New York descends along the Alleghanies and follows up the valley of the Norfolk and Western for several hundred miles; the climate, therefore, of Tennessee is quite unrivalled in the United States, and this fact will have a great bearing on future development, taking into consideration the resources of coal and iron that are at hand. From Knoxville to Bristol the communication is by the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia line. At Bristol the Norfolk and Western begins. And here let me say a word about this wonderful property of the Norfolk and Western. No railway in the whole of the United States has the prospect before it of the Norfolk and Western, and it is largely held by English capital. It is a great pity that its interests are not being pushed more energetically, for the Louisville and Nashville is eating into its territory, and will destroy its monopoly if more energy is not displayed in its extension. The Louisville and Nashville have already seized on the Cumberland Gap, and have helped to build the railway for the American Association to Knoxville; and although the Clinch Valley division of the Norfolk and Western runs up to Big Stone Gap, the management have taken no effective steps to ally themselves with the Kentucky Union Company who are stuck up for want of funds at Jackson close by, and thus giving communication up to the Kentucky river. A connection down to Knoxville also is of the utmost importance to the Norfolk and Western. Knoxville will, no doubt, be the future Cincinnati of the South, owing to its strategical advantages, which fact the management of the Louisville and Nashville and the East Virginia and Georgia both comprehend, as also does Mr. Jay Gould.

The line of the Norfolk and Western runs by Roanoke eastwards to Lynchburgh and on to Norfolk and the coast, passing close to Richmond. Roanoke is the junction of the Shenandoah Valley line to Hagerstown, where it joins the Pennsylvania system; Lynchburgh is the junction of the Richmond and Danville, which has access to Washington, and so on to New York. The importance of all these railway connections will appear later on. At Lynchburgh, also, the Chesapeake and Ohio route crosses, giving direct communication with Cincinnati. Another great advantage possessed by the Norfolk and Western, which is of incalculable advantage to a railway which has an immense mineral traffic, is that the gradients are especially favourable, and that it would be impossible for another road to be constructed through the Valley of Tennessee that could parallel the Norfolk and Western with advantage. The Clinch Mountains, which run down the centre of Tennessee, offer great difficulties: Moccasin Gap, near Bristol, is one of the only natural gaps in the chain, and

the general broken character of the whole country makes it very difficult to obtain good mineral gradients.¹ Along the whole course of the Norfolk and Western towns and blast furnaces are growing up everywhere. The track is only a single one, and though the line is well made and the depots are good stone buildings, there are not transit facilities for one-half the traffic this railway could carry.

This leads me to say something of the towns that are springing up in every direction all through the Tennessee valley. The country is in some way crazed. There is the same feverish boom going on in the South that has taken place everywhere in America when new and valuable territories have been opened out. The enterprising land agent and speculator is to be found all over the country. Leaflets, advertisements, and such literature of all sorts are thrust at you at every station you stop at. The first thing the eye notices is always a huge blast furnace in course of building. On the strength of this blast furnace enterprising persons have purchased the farm lands all round, often to the extent of four or five thousand acres, and the new town can be seen from the railway staked out into rectangular streets and avenues. Building, too, is going on spasmodically. A factory here, a large hotel in the rambling wooden villa style dear to the American eye, a main business street, and distant cottages, and poorer quarters, a colony of darkey dwellings, and so on. From Bristol to Roanoke on to Glasgow and Buena Vista I must have passed "fifteen" different towns in progress of one sort or another. The blast furnace is the golden image everyone believes in, and I fancy there is no spot in the country that one could not go and make a boom in, if only one commenced to erect a blast furnace. I must tell a typical story of one of these new towns, told me by a gentleman who lives at Knoxville and is general manager there of the East Tennessee railway.

One day a tall New Englander, of gaunt and austere appearance, called on him and informed him with much importance of language that he was engaged on an enormous enterprise and was anxious to discuss the matter of railway facilities to a new town he was building that was to be called after him, Harryman. This occurred only two years ago. My friend was induced to travel down the line with Mr. Harryman and visit a bare level plain covered with long, waving grass, and intersected with a muddy stream. "There, sir," said Mr. Harryman, in no way abashed, "is the site of the future town of Harryman, one of the most important towns of Tennessee." My friend, whose name is Fitzgerald, looked at Mr. Harryman blankly, and inquired if this land was not anyway rather low in situation

(1) This is the great advantage Big Stone Gap possesses over Middlesborough. The gradients from Middlesborough even to Knoxville are not good, while eastward they are very unfavourable. The South Atlantic and Ohio line, as it is called, from Big Stone Gap crossing by Moccasin Gap to Johnstone City and Cranbury, is very advantageous for coal shipments from the former.

and liable to floods. He had noticed a log of wood stuck up in the branches of a tree by the riverside, high up above the river, having evidently been brought down by a former winter flood. "Sir," said Mr. Harryman, "this land has never been known to have been damp even in the memory of man." My friend thought Mr. Harryman to be more or less crazy, and never for one moment believed that anything would ever come of his scheme. A great land sale, however, was advertised to take place at the town of Harryman on a particular day, and the success of the sale was complete. Sleeping-cars arrived from all parts of America, by every route that leads to Knoxville, in such quantities that it was impossible to side-track them at Harryman, and the would-be buyers had to take such shelter as crazy tents could offer. To add to the misery, a fearful storm occurred the night before the sale, and tents and everything were blown down. Nothing, however, damped the ardour of the crowd. The auctioneer went from lot to lot among the staked-out streets, and people tumbled over one another to bid, and the auctioneer had to satisfy the disappointed bidders by promising another lot should be put up for them. This went on for three days, thousands of people were there from all parts of America, and vast sums were invested in these prairie building lots. I witnessed a sale of this sort on a more reasonable scale at Glasgow, Virginia. The weather was drenching, and instead of selling the sites on the spot from a waggon, the sale took place in a tent pitched in the middle of the staked-out town, and I am bound to say the sale went off well; the lots sold from £400 to £500 a lot in good streets, and you had to go and locate your lot after the sale with a sale map on the ground. Now the town of Harryman aforesaid exists to-day in virtue of that famous three-days' land sale, and the way Mr. Harryman compassed his object was ingenious. He arrived with two other New Englanders with little more than his railway fare in his pocket. They decided to commence operations at this particular locality, and they proceeded to enter into negotiations with the countrymen who owned and cultivated these poor lands for an option of twelve months or more on their farms. The prospect of selling this bad land was, of course, attractive to the Southern farmers, and they all entered hotly into the plan and gave Mr. Harryman and his friends options on half a dozen large farms or more, for a very small sum in ready money. Twelve months' option was not enough for Mr. Harryman, though, and so he set to work and commenced suits against these land-owners regarding their titles, which gave him the ready means of hanging up his options for another two years at least, while he proceeded to deal with the lands. He advertised the proposed town of Harryman in every paper in America, and had

glowing notices put in for a few dollars' bribe to reporters of local papers, stating that Harryman was to be the coming city of the South. All this work was so carefully and completely done that when the day of the sale took place, the enormous influx of people tended to strengthen everybody in their belief in the good faith of the advertisement. Part of his plan, too, was to sell land shares of the town of Harryman beforehand, and to offer to all holders of these shares that they could pay half the price of the lots they bought in these land shares. No end of land shareholders from every town in America arrived, and knowing nothing of the country but what they had heard, and the fact that there was an immense crowd of buyers, they invested indiscriminately, and the sale was a marvellous success. It is needless to add that Mr. Harryman never returned to his town, but left it to the enterprising holders of costly town lots to set to work and build the town they had taken so much interest in. I do not say that this is a common story of Southern boomed towns, but this is the story of the existing town of Harryman as I was told it by an eye-witness.

After Knoxville, which is an old locality, the most important of the towns that are springing up in Tennessee are Middlesborough, Bristol, Roanoke, Johnstone City, Glasgow, and (though it has made little progress as yet) Big Stone Gap, which promises to be a second Middlesborough. Roanoke, Johnstone City, and Bristol are hardly a few years old, yet they may be said to be towns in full blast. Villa residences of beauty and costly character mark the advent of capital and luxury, and the air of growing business and manufacture are to be seen on every side. These are towns whose future is assured; there are many others on the line of the Norfolk and Western which are in a less developed condition, and some will probably fizzle out altogether. Glasgow, near Natural Bridge, is perhaps one of the most important sites in Virginia—a magnificent plateau of great natural beauty on the banks of the James River, at the point of intersection of the Shenandoah Valley and the Chesapeake and Ohio lines. It possesses an immense deposit of brown iron ore in the hills around, and the gradients from the Pocahontas and New River coalfields are particularly favourable.

The bulk of the property, which has been formed into an Anglo-American company, was the ancestral estate of General Lee, descendant of the great general of that name. One large farm in the middle of the plateau was unobtainable for a long time. It belonged to an obstinate old lady, who eventually sold it for £18,000, retaining fifty acres with her ancestral homestead, where she still lives. Her farm forms the very centre of the proposed town, and her house stands with its fifty acres in the very middle of the plateau. She has been offered £50,000, I understood, to sell; but

has refused, having no use for the money, she may leave it for a public park on the corner contain a statue to her memory. I have reserved to the last part of the town of Middlesborough, which is strictly an English enterprise. It is so far an English town in the Southern States, built and run with English money. The history of the place is on this wise. Some years ago my friend, Mr. Proctor, had stimulated some of his Lexington friends to go on a tour to prospect the mountain gaps in the Cumberland range to secure favourable town-sites at low prices. The party arrived on horseback with their kits on their saddles and looked down on the basin of Middlesborough from the Cumberland Gap, and they saw a prospector's tent in the valley, which on inquiry they heard belonged to a Mr. Arthur, who was in the employ of certain Englishmen who were obtaining land options on the adjacent property. With true Virginian politeness the party of explorers turned their horses' heads, and eventually went off elsewhere, and selected the site of the present location of Johnstone City, where they operated, I hope, to their advantage. Mr. Arthur had early brought to the notice of friends of his the importance of the basin of Middlesborough, and its strategical position with regard to railway development owing to the natural resources it had in coal and iron. The matter was taken up in New York and the American Association was formed. This association formed as its offshoot the town company of Middlesborough. Over four millions sterling has been spent by these two companies on the development of this property, A railway to Knoxville, a tunnel through the Cumberland, a belt railway right round the Middlesborough basin of fifteen miles, hotels, streets, watercourses, &c., have been, and are being, made with English capital. The sanatorium of Harrogate, just outside the tunnel, and within ten minutes by rail from Middlesborough with its blast furnaces, is in course of planning. In fact, the place is one busy hive of expenditure, and promises to bring one day a return to the enterprising undertakers of this immense enterprise, which certainly stands in the van of the development of these Southern regions.

So far it has all been money going out; and moreover, the sales of land and shares that have brought in the ready money only represent really the confidence of investors in the future of the place and the prospective worth of town lots. The real test must be, the success of the basic-steel process. It is true that Birmingham succeeded under conditions far less favourable than Middlesborough. Speaking roughly from memory, the original capital that started Birmingham, Alabama, was £60,000, and in the ten years since it started it has paid in dividends over five million of dollars (one million sterling). It does not follow that what succeeded at Birmingham will succeed equally

now, in the face of the gigantic competition that is going on.¹ And so far as I could judge, I would rather wait and see what was the output of the two large sets of furnaces that are being built at Middlesborough, by the English firm of Watts and the Boston company, before I could feel assured that the scale of prices that are paid for town lots is justified. One great drawback to all English enterprises in America which have either a purely English management, or are controlled and directed from this side of the water, is the impossibility of making the "long arm" as efficient as the short one. It is the old story of trying to administer the finances of India from the India Office under the control of Parliament. Such management does not wear well in competition with purely American or Anglo-American enterprises with the seat of administration in New York. There are, indeed, numberless good enterprises that have failed to succeed from no other fault than this one, and it is surprising that there should not be more co-operation in these undertakings from both sides of the Atlantic. It is often forgotten by English investors when they put their money into South American countries that they have to deal with a country that has virtually no settled forms of government, and that England is not going to enforce the claim of English creditors with the cannon of our warships. Again, these countries have practically no population, and what there is is composed mostly of lazy Italians and Latin races of all sorts. In America, on the other hand, you have the most stable and conservative form of government in the world. We may not understand the institutions and laws of America, but that is our fault, and if our investing public make mistakes in American investments, they have simply themselves to blame. The courts are free, and will respect general rights of all sorts. There is no possibility of repudiation. There is no fear of foreign wars. It, therefore, all comes down to a question of efficient management and careful selection. Breweries and stockyards and elevators are very fine things so long as you can

(1) "The American Production of Pig Iron.—From statistics collected by the American Iron and Steel Association it appears that the output of pig iron in the United States in 1890 was 10,307,028 net tons of 2,000lb., or 9,202,203 gross tons of 2,240lb., against 7,003,642 gross tons in 1889—an increase for 1890 of 1,599,061 gross tons, or over 21 per cent. As the production in 1889 was over 17 per cent. greater than that of 1888 the combined increase in the American output of pig iron in the last two years has, consequently, been over 38 per cent. The American production in 1890 was about 1,200,000 gross tons larger than the estimated output of Great Britain in the same year, and about 600,000 tons larger than in 1882, which was its year of largest production. From these statistics it appears that the American output of pig iron in 1890, for the first time in the history of the United States, was larger than that of its European rival. The American production of pig iron in the first half of last year was 4,560,513 gross tons, and in the second half 4,642,190 tons—an increase of 81,677 tons in the second half. The increase in the second half would have been larger but for the blowing out of furnaces in December, caused by the strike of the Alabama coalminers and by the financial stringency."—*Times*, February 11.

get them managed by local American boards who have a strong share interest in them, but do not let us blind ourselves to the fact that you are really only buying goodwill, a four-walled factory, and a lot of beer-barrels. The true value of America is in real estate, and in real estate I include not only such property as Middlesborough, but also all American railways in which you can hold an effective block of stock which will control the management. It is in this real estate of one form and another that future unearned increment of value lies. Breweries will vanish, but coal regions and railways will remain. You have an Anglo-Saxon race of sixty millions of people who work like beavers, developing your property, and adding to its value every day if you own real estate investments, and this is far better property than Buenos Ayres Waterworks and Argentine Great Western, or even Buenos Ayres and Rosario or Great Southern Rails, where there is nothing in the way of population except a few million slow-going Spaniards or Italians. This is simply a common-sense view of investment generally, and it seems strange that our English public do not see the advantage that is to be derived from joint enterprise with American companies managed and directed in New York, rather than in schemes that are run from London, where the water that gets into the concern before it belongs to the English public is almost incalculable. Take the capitalization of breweries, and other schemes that have been brought out in London. It is notorious in America that the English investor has not had at the outside 70 per cent. for the £100 he paid for his shares. The promoters on both sides, the lawyers, the trust companies, &c., all have had their shares of the plunder. In New York no one discusses a financial scheme for England at a lower rate than setting aside from 30 to 35 per cent. for expenses connected with the bringing out of a company. It is not my business to do more than touch on these facts in passing. They have their bearings on the development of the Southern States. Here you have undoubted values to deal with, which I am ready to endorse to the fullest, but I will not do this without raising a note of warning to the investing public to be cautious of the two rocks in foreign investment—"the management of the long arm," and the method in which American companies are financed this side of the water.

I will now undertake to sum up what I have said in this and in my former article on American railways and the mining prospects of the South. I have taken as the field of discussion the great archaic basin of the United States. I have purposely avoided all interests that lie outside, whether to the West or the South. I have pointed to the great importance of the line of the great lakes towards Chicago, as being the first factor in the development to the north of this area. By this route the great

corn-growing belt was reached and populated, and the great towns and gigantic wealth of the North-West was built up. Long previously, the southern portion of the great basin was settled with quiet homesteads, possessed by a resident population who had settled down to a method of life before the Civil War, which differed little from the pastoral life of modern Europe. I have pointed out that railway development followed the line of the lakes, and has resulted in the grouping together of three or four most powerful organisations of through railway systems from the coast to Chicago, and that these three or four systems after they pass Chicago develop into five or six more systems, which are to a very large extent superimposed on one another, and these latter systems are engaged in cutting one another's throats in competing with one another, and must continue to do so in the nature of things. I have insisted on the great political danger that is growing in America out of the fact that these large railway corporations are becoming concentrated in the hands of an irresponsible railway aristocracy, far more dangerous in its ways than any aristocratic class that ever existed in England, since they are the creation of Wall Street, and owe no allegiance either to the constitution or to the public which has allowed them to come into existence. My next object was to demonstrate that railway property in America has, next to real estate in the large cities of America, a greater promise of future and permanent value than any other form of property in the country, and I might add in any other country of the civilised world; and I insisted that it is simply a question of efficient management and proper control by legislation in Congress which will give to this property the security it should possess. Leaving aside the great questions that concern the development of the North-West in mines, and in the immense area of cornlands of which Chicago and Kansas City are the chief centres of trade, I directed my remarks to a less-known development which is but beginning in the South.

The mining resources of the Apalachian range are probably one of the most important factors in the future of America, for the reason that the raw product of the blast furnace, both in steel and iron, can be made there several dollars a ton cheaper than in Pennsylvania; and according to statistics the power of consumption of the population in America for iron products of all sorts is growing in a most remarkable manner. Every other species of industry must follow in the track of the iron production: before long we are certain to see the whole of this Tennessee valley a veritable Black Country in America. All these advantages of the South it is almost impossible to exaggerate. Whether the country will retain its natural beauties is much to be doubted, but on the other hand a country that lies on an average nearly eight hundred feet above the

sea and has a mountainous climate must be peculiarly adapted to manufacture of all descriptions. It may fairly be expected that the products of the cotton belt will before long go into this country, and that instead of crossing the seas to Liverpool, an immense cotton-spinning industry will grow up in Tennessee. As against the Pennsylvania iron industry, Virginia will be able to produce iron and steel at an advantage for Southern railway consumption of over twelve dollars a ton, so that for these markets the North will not have a chance. Even in the East the advantage will still lie in favour of the South for a very important reason, which Mr. J. Gould and some of the railway kings are just beginning to find out.

Mr. Gould controls the great Missouri Pacific system, as is well known. He has now got a leading control of the Eastern Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railway, and he has been working, it is understood, for a control of the Chesapeake and Ohio or Baltimore and Ohio. He has already a large control of the Richmond and Danville, which runs from Kansas City by Birmingham and Atlanta to Washington. If anyone will take a railway map and note the bearings of these systems on one another, he will observe that the great Missouri Pacific system connects at Kansas City with the Richmond and Danville and gives access to Washington and New York. The East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia from Cincinnati gives access to New Orleans, Savannah, Memphis, and Knoxville. The Chesapeake and Ohio also gives access to Norfolk and New York. So that even without the latter system Mr. Gould may be said to hold the control of an immense system which, leaving out the Missouri Pacific altogether, and its communications with Denver and Omaha in the North, and Memphis and Arkansas in the South, covers the great quadrilateral—New York, Savannah, New Orleans, and Kansas City; and if he secured control of the Chesapeake and Ohio he would move his quadrilateral further north to Cincinnati, New York, Norfolk, and New Orleans, and hook up the whole of this area on to his Missouri Pacific system. Here is a fine campaign for a great railway general, and it is useful to note the strategy. All the great through routes that run from New York towards the North-West, and so on to Kansas City and the far South and West, have to their disadvantage in reaching the Eastern coast a haul of nearly six hundred miles more than the Southern systems would have. Consequently if a great railway system is organised that will tap the whole of the south-west as the Missouri Pacific does, and this is connected up by Southern through systems to the coast at Norfolk, the haul in this direction has the advantage of nearly six hundred miles in reaching the shipboard, and by the route of Cincinnati about four hundred miles advantage over the New York Central or Erie systems. This is the reason why Mr. Gould's present scheme is really the largest

thing that has ever been done in the United States, and also it is a reason why he will no longer try to wreck any of these properties. He has got the preponderance of control he wanted for himself and his group of allies, and it is his interest to develop this great Southern traffic and make it rival the Northern systems of lines, in the same way that the coal and iron industries of the South in Tennessee are going to rival, in the long run, the older industry in Pennsylvania. Now, all these Southern lines have been far more costly to build than the Northern ones were; and they are, for the most part, better constructed and ballasted, for the simple fact that if they were not they would be washed away in these hilly countries. It remains for me to point out the possibility of a railway combination for English capital which would, if it did not rival Mr. Gould's schemes, at least hold together and unite English investing interests instead of their playing second fiddle, as they are at present, if not being made the victims of Mr. Gould's plans. I will take the Norfolk and Western as a nucleus, and suppose that it has control of the Tennessee valley from Knoxville to Norfolk on the coast, that it has allied itself to the Kentucky Union, and that it has consolidated with the Central Railway and Banking Company of Georgia and has opened out direct connection south-west to Birmingham, Alabama. There is now the Illinois Central, of shady repute in former times, and there is the line called the three C's—Charlestown, Cincinnati, and Chicago. I am not suggesting a hard-and-fast scheme; there are plenty of other combinations that would suggest themselves to railway men as variations of my plan. I only put a hypothetical case. Let us see the ground this amalgamation would cover:—New Orleans, Chicago, the head waters of the Missouri River at Sioux City, Cincinnati, Columbus, Birmingham, Savannah, Charlestown; and if we were to add on that shuttlecock of the London Stock Exchange, the M.K.T.—the Missouri, Kansas and Texas—we should increase the system by Kansas City, Galveston, and St. Louis. Suppose we add to this a control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, we have a great Southern system of railways, with entrance to New York, all allied to one another, that would overlay the whole of Mr. Gould's systems, and with development and careful control, might be developed into being one of the largest and most important railway systems of America. This is the meaning of the remarks I made in my previous article on the necessity of concentrating English investments by the operation of some large American railway corporation, formed in England, that would understand the bearings of the problems I have indicated.¹

I cannot too much impress on those persons to whom these

(1) Since writing my first article, it has been brought to my notice that the "English Association of American Bond and Share Holders," formed in 1884, undertakes

railway details have any interest, that the time is coming when railways in America, and especially Southern lines, are assuming a settled and permanent standard of value. The days of holding shares simply as voting papers and gambling counters must come to an end as the great mining resources of the South are developed. There is some little jealousy still in the North against Southern enterprises. The great stream of emigration West is not yet slackening off, though emigrants from the North-West are already coming down to these Southern countries where the climate is so far preferable to the North-West. The smart Bostonian and the men from Philadelphia are more long-sighted than the New Yorkers. There is a great deal of solid investment going on in the South from these places, while in New York, unless you went to special persons, you would find it difficult to get any information as to what was going on in Virginia. The light-hearted New Yorker loves his Wall Street counters, and prefers speculations in railways in the East and North-West to all other modes of gambling. Sugar Trusts, Standard Oil and Western Unions, and a few other well-watered securities he still believes in, while in real estate matters Eastern money goes out principally to the building of the towns in the North-West. Not a single man in New York would admit that either the Southern groups of railways or the mines of Virginia could ever rival his Northern possessions; yet the day is not so far off when anyone who has taken the trouble to read so far in this sketch of American interests will find the majority of its prognostications verified.

MARLBOROUGH.

for the payment of threepence per share to obtain the registration of shares in America in the name of the Association, and issues to depositors its certificates against the original shares, which are deposited in the names of trustees with the London and Westminster Bank. By this means the bonds and shares held this side of the water, which for the most part have lost their voting power to the existing holders, have their voting power revived in the name of the Association in question. This is no doubt a most useful step, but the real object of an American Railway Investment Corporation should be to guarantee to the depositors of approved securities a minimum dividend on stocks deposited, and take powers to deal with the stock while on deposit as the Corporation see fit, giving in the place of the stock the bonds of the Corporation, and undertaking to re-deliver the stock when called to do so. The operations of such a Corporation would be to obtain the controlling interests I have depicted in certain groups of railways, and it need not be anticipated that the depositors would ask for the return of their original stocks, it being assumed that the effective action of a prudent administration would make the united blocks of stock held by the Association, by prudent grouping and investment, more valuable than the miscellaneous shares originally deposited.

THE RUSSIAN CENSURE.

THE idea which an Englishman usually attaches to the words, Russian Censure, is that of a strict, and irksome control exercised over the periodical press with a view to hinder the propagation of ideas or the publication of facts tending to discredit autocracy in the eyes of Russians; that is to say, an institution unpopular but indispensable as long as the doctrine of divine right is sedulously taught and bolstered up with dishonest interpretations of Bible prophecies, said to contain predictions about the escape of the present Emperor from a violent death at Borki in the Steppes of Southern Russia.¹ Whether the reality is entirely covered by this moderate view, will appear from the following sketch, based upon carefully verified facts which can be supported by most trustworthy evidence.

The definition of the scope of the Censure put forward with all needful clearness in the fourteenth volume of that bell of good intentions called, "The Complete Collection of Russian Laws," is as comprehensive as the most tyrannical autocrat could well desire. "Its function is to scrutinize all productions of literature, science and art destined to be circulated in the Empire, with the exception of such as are expressly exempted from preventive censure," which, I may explain by the way, are also scrutinized and judged with the same unbending rigour. This paradox is quite on a par with the statement of the Connaught clodhopper, sent to see whether all the pigs were come home, to the effect that he was not quite sure as to their number; he had counted them all except one mottled pig with a curly tail, that kept running about in such a bewildering way that the wit of man could not count him. Even if jealously confined within these broad limits, the Censure would still deserve to be regarded as an all-important factor in the history of Russian civilization, a sort of serpent-like Nithhöggr, gnawing away at the three-fold root of modern culture—literature, art and science. In practice, however, it knows no limits; but, striking out successively in every direction, contrives to hedge in thought in all its forms, crushing out every normal manifestation of healthy, moral and intellectual life, and suppressing with the same ruthlessness a play, a picture, and a private letter. It would be impossible to point to any branch of science, art, or literature on which the Censure has not left deep

(1) Serious organs of the Russian press maintained that one of the minor prophets foretold the *railway* accident at Borki, and the miraculous intervention of Providence in favour of the Imperial family. The most curious part of this theory is the statement that the Emperor's name was mentioned by the inspired writer in full, as was also that of the Empress. The matter was seriously discussed by Russian theologians two years ago. Jeremiah may yet be found to have foreseen, foretold, and lamented the

and abiding traces of its nefarious influence, stunting it in its growth, and warping it from its appointed goal, sometimes into miry paths and marshy byways, whither even the moralist follows it only from afar.

A long, yellow, ugly building in Theatre Street, St. Petersburg, which, appropriately enough, also accommodates the Prisons Board, is the material receptacle of whatever brain-power the Russian Censure may be supposed to possess. It is divided into a home and foreign department, the former of which has its functions as a sort of intellectual excise office, and the latter as a literary custom-house with a prohibitive tariff. It is in one of the stuffy rooms of this dingy building that the official (who probably has never been to a university or even grammar school) told off to censure the Tsar's journalistic literature runs his eye every morning through the damp newspapers, marking with a red pencil the passages which he thinks it prudent and desirable that the Emperor should read, cutting them out with a scissors later on, and pasting them on a few sheets of thick paper. It is in another room of the same edifice that these courtly extracts are conned by a more experienced member of the Council—generally the Director-in-chief; after receiving whose *imprimatur* they are carefully copied out in a bold, legible hand, censured by three or four other dignitaries, by each from his own particular point of view, perused by the aide-de-camp in waiting, and served up by him in the digestible form of gossip, spiced with the *chronique scandaleuse* of the day before.

But this spacious building possesses no chamber of horrors, no pandemonium of souls in pain, such as one may see any day in the passport office. The reason is that little of the real labour of sifting the wheat and isolating it from the tares is done in this literary clearing-house, which generally confines its activity to issuing orders, taking official cognisance of their execution, and summarily deciding such cases of doubt as occasionally crop up even here, where a whim is held to be a fair substitute for a reason. Books, manuscripts, engravings, photographs, atlases, music¹—for the device of the Censure is *Humani nihil a me alienum puto*—are being daily received in these quarantine barracks for disinfection or destruction; and from this office they are usually sent to the private lodgings of the Censors, who examine them when they have time, passing a judgment from which there is seldom any appeal. Once a week the Censors come together in solemn conclave, to compare notes and distribute the work on hand.

This wide range of subjects renders it necessary that the Censors should in certain cases modestly content themselves with the functions of a grand jury, and, having found a true bill against the accused, refers to a still less able but also less responsible body the inquiry into details. But no Censor would dispense himself from

(1) Cf. § 187, Observ. I. of the Censure Laws.

reading professionally a cookery book on the flimsy pretext that the bearing of the culinary art upon Russian autocracy is so shadowy and remote that an error of judgment in estimating it would prove comparatively harmless. On the contrary, he would first analyse the work from a purely political point of view, and then pass it on to the medical censure, where the hygienic truths it contained would be sifted and winnowed from the heresies, and, the suggested changes having been made by the author, sanctioned for publication. If Lenten fare were descanted upon to any considerable extent, the work would most probably be also submitted to the ecclesiastical censure, whose deliberations are invariably characterised by incredible slowness. A book on logarithms or conic sections, or a treatise on medicine written in Singhalese or Celtic, or any other tongue, of which no subject of the Tsar has an inkling, would, an uninitiated person might suppose, be wholly dispensed from the time-consuming formalities of the Censure Office. This, however, is not the case. The Censure in Russia is as universal as death: no book can escape it; and more than one purely mathematical work has been suffocated before it saw the light owing to the disordered fancy of a harassed official. Should a special treatise of this kind contain a sentence in the preface or a foot-note alluding to the enlightenment of the Emperor or his father or grandfather, it would, after having been examined in the ordinary way, be handed over to the Minister of the Court, who would take counsel as to whether the allusion should stand or the work be allowed to appear. "How dare you allow a ribald scribbler to lampoon my imperial ancestors?" said the Tsar to the Head of the Censure, a few months ago, alluding to an erudite history of Catherine the Great. A book that touches even incidentally upon marriage or burial, a saint or a ceremony, after issuing from the ordeal of the general censure, must run the gauntlet of the ecclesiastical inquisition; a tragedy or comedy has to be scrutinised by the general censure, the dramatic censure, and then, according to the range of subjects incidentally touched upon, by the ecclesiastical, military, or other appropriate departments; a work on finance—say, Professor Jevons' book on money—would have to pass through the censure of the Ministry of Finances; and a biography upon Russian contemporary celebrities would have to be first sanctioned by all or nearly all of these various censures, and then by every dignitary and every influential writer mentioned in the work.¹

Some works that pass out of three or four such ordeals unscathed are condemned in the last, and either wholly annihilated or placed in one of the pigeon-holes of the archives in Theatre Street—a store-room of unrealised ideas, wishes, plans, and projects like those

(1) *Our Acquaintances* is the title of a humorous work on these lines. The characteristics of nearly every one of the persons mentioned therein had to be re-written in very many cases, and the work was modified in most and sanctioned in all.

with which Ariosto filled the limbo of the moon. The number of these records of things that might have been—many of which disappear every year for want of proper surveillance—is immense; for the Censure disdains nothing, from formidable folios to tiny leaflets; and only eighteen months have elapsed since his Majesty's Minister publicly reprimanded the responsible officials for a culpable lack of zeal in censoring the little gilt paper rings that encircle cheap cigars and cigarettes, on which one word is printed—the name of the cigar which implies its strength and quality. The names, it appears, were in many cases printed with Latin instead of Slavonic letters, and were, like the cigars themselves, of Polish, not of Russian origin, and the paper ringlets were, in the interests of good government and public morality, forthwith forbidden.¹ “We have quite a numerous series of censures,” wrote one of the few enlightened members of that body; “a General Censure under the Ministry of Public Instruction (now the Ministry of the Interior); a Supreme Board of Censure; an Ecclesiastical Censure; a Military Censure; a Censure in the Service of the Foreign Office; a Dramatic Censure in the Ministry of the Court; a Press Censure; a Censure of the Secret Police; a new Pedagogical Censure; a Censure of Law Books; a Censure of Foreign Works. If we reckon up all the officials occupied in censoring, we find that they are more numerous than the books that are published each year.”²

The laws laid down for the guidance of the Censors are rigidly absolute in the sense that while the official, prompted by fear of dismissal, desire of promotion, or private animosity, may err with impunity on the side of severity, an attempt to stretch a point in the direction of indulgence would inevitably prove suicidal; a hundred sleuthhounds would scent out the crime, and anonymous denunciations and signed indictments would rain upon the Minister as plentifully as warnings used to pour into the mouth of the lion of St. Mark's in troublous times of sedition and discontent, leaving the Minister no choice but to punish the culprit. The Censor, told to bear in mind that excess of zeal may possibly be rewarded but will never be punished, whereas indulgence is almost certain to be followed by dismissal, frequently succumbs to the temptation to commit most arbitrary acts, against which the public, which is quite accustomed to be treated with cynical contempt, has no remedy. I was once on terms of intimate acquaintance with the Censor of the Foreign Department, enjoying a favourable opportunity of observing the manner in which he—an unusually indulgent official—acquitted himself of his official duties. He explained to me the working of the Postal Censure, which receives daily all the foreign reviews, newspapers, books, music, and printed matter of every description

(1) *Grahdanin*, 27th October, 1889.

(2) *Cl. Russian Antiquity*, March, 1891, p. 632.

which pass through the post to persons living in Russia. The examination is sometimes tedious, and the result frequently unfavourable; but if the book or journal be registered, it may be expected in the long run to be either delivered to the addressee or returned whence it came; otherwise the chances are considerable that, whether approved or condemned, neither the sender nor the addressee will ever set eyes upon it again. My own experience amply confirms this statement. Hundreds of copies of English, French, and German newspapers, reviews, and books sent to me and to my personal friends have been intercepted in this way.¹

This friend of mine in the Censure Office was in the habit of receiving bundles of publications twice or thrice a week addressed to people living in Russia; and I think I can honestly say that he never once made a present of any of them to his friends, or gave them a place in his own library. The language they were written in was not Russian, and the number of persons who speak or read it in the Russian Empire is extremely limited, so that he enjoyed a liberty to do almost anything he liked without fear of control; moreover, as he occupied a dozen other lucrative posts in the city, his leisure was too limited to allow him to be pedantic or minutious. He seldom mutilated, and still more rarely prohibited a book or review. "Works in the ——— language," he used to say, "are as likely to be read by Russians as the inscriptions of Rameses the Great; and it does not signify one jot what they contain." He was wont to read, for his own pleasure, two periodicals addressed through the post to persons who lived several hundreds of miles from St. Petersburg, often keeping them back a month or two for the purpose. I once paid a tribute of praise to the patience of the two distant subscribers, to whom it seemed to make no difference that they received in February a periodical published abroad in December of the year preceding. "Well, worse evils might befall them than waiting," he once exclaimed. "I have never yet cut off any one's supplies of periodical literature, though I might do so at any time. They feel that this power is a Damocles' sword ever suspended above their heads."

Circumstances that occurred much later made me better acquainted with the extent of the discretionary power thus vested in men whose intellectual development is generally much inferior to that of those to whom they stand in the capacity of mentors. A weekly periodical which I was in the habit of receiving possessed an irresistible attraction for the Censor appointed to read it, whose education had been rather neglected in his youth. Being compelled somewhat late in

(1) It is only a few weeks since several copies of the English translation of Count Tolstoi's tale, *Work while ye have the Light*, forwarded by English booksellers to Englishmen living in St. Petersburg, were returned by the authorities. One of the gentlemen whom it was feared the perusal of this work might demoralise is the lector

life to give lessons in English grammar and literature, he was laudably desirous of acquiring, for his own satisfaction, a knowledge of the language which he was being paid to teach. He selected my periodical for his experiment, and began to read it over slowly and with difficulty, working most zealously with the dictionary for ten days at a time, while I, ignorant of his efforts, was engaged in an angry correspondence with my Bookseller on the subject of the delay. Several numbers never reached me at all.

Once when more than usually desirous to see the periodical, in order to read an interesting paper that had appeared therein, I applied to a Russian acquaintance who, I was aware, occasionally received a copy. On inquiry, however, he proved to be merely a borrower, not a subscriber; but he kindly promised to endeavour to procure me the number I was seeking for. He kept his word and sent me the journal, which I found, to my extreme surprise, to be my own copy, paid for by me, but read and owned by the Censor, who had lent it to the friend from whom my Russian acquaintance had borrowed it. It was only lent to me for that one day, and I never set my eyes upon it afterwards. An official whom I consulted as to the advisability of lodging a complaint against the Censor strongly dissuaded me on the ground that I should do more harm to myself thereby than to this indomitable student of the English tongue.

The circumstance that many of the Censure laws run counter to common sense is never treated as a reason for not enforcing them, and even the most meaningless and absurd of them all is executed with the same puerile pedantry in virtue of which the sentry, told off to stand guard over the rose to which the Empress Catherine once took a fancy, was maintained there for half a century after the rose had withered and the Empress mouldered away in dust. Thus the law ordains that all books and papers in the possession of strangers or natives crossing the Russian frontier be taken from them and forwarded to the Censure Committee of the nearest city, which may be hundreds of miles distant from the traveller's destination; and the circumstance that these are well-known Russian works, published in the Empire and bearing the imprimatur of the Censure on the flyleaf, is not enough to ensure their exemption from this costly and irritating formality.¹ It is only fair to say that even to this rule there are some exceptions: "A foreigner has the right to take with him one note-book, one almanack, one small dictionary, one album, and one keepsake" (*sic*), if, in addition to other negative characteristics, to be verified at the custom-house, they are found to contain nothing subversive of morality and are not of a religious or political character. Rubinstein's musical manuscripts were taken from him in this way, as they aroused the suspicions of the officials, and the Censure in the fulness of time either confiscated or lost them. The

(1) Cf. § 196, Obs. I., of the Censure Laws.

maestro never saw them any more. A traveller who should take his *Encyclopædia Britannica* with him would probably be annoyed to see himself deprived of it on the frontier, and exasperated to find, on receiving it back, that hundreds of paragraphs had been blackened with printer's ink, and scores of pages cut out in a most slovenly manner. It must not be forgotten, however, that, like the blast tempered to the shorn lamb, this seemingly harsh treatment is deprived of a little of its sting by the provision made in section 195 of the Censure Laws, which thoughtfully enacts that the Censors are to fold up carefully the pages thus cut out and, at the desire and expense of the owner, forward them across the frontier by post to any address he gives.

It would be difficult to imagine a code of regulations more childishly pedantic, more wantonly irksome than the 306 paragraphs of which the Censure Laws are composed, which, comprehensive though they are, constitute but the warp of the web, the woof being made up of secret instructions and galling prohibitions which would seem positively ludicrous to a Chinaman and oppressive to a Turk.¹ Editors are frequently summoned by letter, as Members of Parliament are by a three-line whip, and enter the Council Chamber in Theatre Street in fear and trembling, uncertain whether they have not committed an inexpressible crime, the wages of which is literary death. There they listen in silence to the High Priest of public morality, who reads out a list of topics to which they must under no circumstances allude:—the emigration to Brazil, perhaps, the migrations of peasants in Russia, the famine in various districts of the interior, the frequent cases of armed resistance to the authorities, the drunken brawl between Prince X. and Count Y. at Cubat's on the Grand Morskaja, the flight of T.'s wife, the movements of the Tsar, Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*, and a dozen others.

No book or writing can be exempted from the Censure on the ground of its universally acknowledged moral tendency, nor even for the more intelligible reason that it has already been approved by the Censure, and published scores of times—nay, that it has been specially recommended by the Ministry of Public Instruction; and the imprudent printer or publisher who should issue a new edition or a new translation of the *Imitation of Christ* or a Homily of John

(1) Neither this nor any other statement of mine is intended to be taken for a figure of rhetoric: it is the expression of a fact. In Russia it is still the custom to laugh at the Chinese system of government, and the word, *Kitayshtchina* (*Dalliei, chinoiserie*), is a synonym for utter chaos. And yet Russians should know better. Privy Councillor Vassilieff, Professor of Chinese at the University of St. Petersburg, informs his countrymen, with more enthusiasm than befits a loyal Privy Councillor, that "in China there is no such thing as censure. Periodicals, pamphlets, and books are published without any examination"; and he further communicates the interesting fact that when, on a certain occasion, "a work was published against the reigning Mandchou dynasty in China, the Emperor contented himself with answering the book by a book."—(Vassilieff, *Chinese Progress*, St. Petersburg, 1883, p. 14.)

Chrysostom without first obtaining the written sanction of the authorities, would have to atone for his crime by a maximum fine of £40, and a term of imprisonment not exceeding three months,¹ besides putting himself under a cloud of suspicion that would damp his energies and clog his efforts for years to come. The excusable desire to weave into the wording of that portion of the Censure Laws which is accessible to the public, the proof that these restrictions are not the result of obscurantism, but emanate from enlightened solicitude for the welfare of the people, gives rise to passages of unrivalled *naïveté*. Thus the Censors are informed that they need not necessarily prohibit a work, say a history of Germany or a treatise of metaphysics, on the sole ground that reprehensible opinions are quoted therein, "provided always that a reasonable amount of indignation be expressed by the author of the work, or a sincere attempt made to refute them"; though, even then, the question of sanctioning or condemning the work is deemed too momentous to be decided by any one official; it must be referred to the Central Censure Committee for final solution, the members of which are as eager to compete with each other in patriotic zeal as were the French regicides after the king's death, and far more deeply impressed by the truth embodied in the Russian proverb, which says that "a man's shirt is nearest his own skin."

The Censure Laws depend largely for their efficacy upon the complete control exercised by the Government over printing offices, type foundries, booksellers' shops, circulating libraries, and all cognate trades and callings in the Empire; and the most analytical of German professors would gape in admiration at the wonderful minuteness and thoroughness of this control. None of the above-mentioned establishments can be opened without a very special authorisation which it is a Herculean labour to obtain. A most searching inquiry is invariably made into the antecedents of the applicant, the sins and backslidings of fathers being visited upon sons and daughters, and the imprudence of the children recoiling upon their parents. When the permission is finally obtained, the heavy responsibility that goes with it, the galling restrictions that fetter the successful applicant, and his helpless dependence in business matters upon a number of venal officials devoid of scruples of any kind, is sufficient to crush out whatever enterprise he may have been originally endowed with. Every new printing machine, every set of type bought, sold or repaired,² every book or pamphlet

(1) Cf. Russian Criminal Code, Section viii., § 1024.

(2) My object being to give a faithful picture of things as they are rather than an unfavourable comparison with other countries, I think it right to point out that in England, down to 1869, no one might make or sell type without a special license, and that every person so licensed was obliged to keep an account, in writing, of all persons to whom types or presses are sold; "and to produce such accounts to any Justice of the Peace requiring the same, under a penalty of twenty pounds."

destined to be printed, must be first announced to the authorities, verified by them, next entered in detail in a number of books, and then sent to the Censure for examination. If a printer gets one of his presses altered and neglects to notify the fact to the authorities, he is fined five hundred roubles, besides being visited with other and more serious pains and penalties.¹ If a journal, having been read by the Censure, is sanctioned for publication, but the written authorisation should happen to be delayed, the printer who dared to set it up in type and publish it, would be fined three hundred roubles and imprisoned for three months.² A person who sells type, printing presses, hectographs, &c., is in duty bound to look upon the intending purchasers as conspirators against the State, and must, in his own interests, turn them away, unless he knows them personally, and is in possession of their real names and address. Nor is this acquaintance considered sufficient to allow of business relations: he can deal only with authorised printers, and he is exposing himself to a heavy punishment if he part with a set of type without having first seen, with his own eyes, the authorisation to the buyers to purchase and keep a printing press.

Permission to open a bookshop, a circulating library or a reading-room is more difficult to obtain than a railway concession, and the melancholy list of pains and penalties for infraction of any one of a long category of rules and regulations makes the man's life an intolerable burden. The petition or petitions—for there is a whole series of them—in which he humbly prays for the boon, and in the framing of which as many elaborate formalities have to be observed as in the preparation of certain of the specifics of Paracelsus, is certain to be rejected, if the applicant's name is found inscribed in the black books of the Secret Police—a sort of recording angel's register in which are carefully entered, to use the Hibernicism of a late Member of Parliament, the record of all the political crimes prevented by the vigilance of the police as well as the intentions and velleities of persons suspected of disaffection by the experienced thought-readers of this redoubtable Third Section. It occasionally happens, for obvious reasons, that the applicant is but a figure-head, who possesses neither the capital nor the experience needed to carry on the business, but once he receives the authorisation, the real proprietor, who has no power to remove him without the consent of the authorities, is merely a puppet in his hands. It is scarcely necessary to point out the abuses to which these regulations give rise, especially should the unfaithful steward be wise enough in his generation to make friends to himself of the complaisant Censors.

But on no profession in Russia does the nightmare of the Censure weigh so heavily as upon journalism; an editor's life in one of the mushroom cities of the Far West, who is one day short of the letters

(1) Criminal Code, § 1,010.

(2) Criminal Code, § 1,024.

land v. another day short of money, and a few days later on is hurled into eternity by a pistol-shot, is tame in comparison with the checkered life of some Russian journalists.

To foreigners it is a mystery how a capitalist can risk his money in such a precarious investment as a newspaper; Russian journals, however, require but a small capital to start them, and even that seldom belongs to the editor, who generally begins his journalistic career with credit, continues it in debt, and frequently ends it in bankruptcy and ruin.

Newspapers may be broadly divided into two classes: those which cannot be even printed until they have been approved by the authorities, and those which may be printed but cannot be published without the authorisation of the Censure; the latter category consisting of a very few newspapers published exclusively in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The division really rests on a distinction with a scarcely perceptible difference. So trained are the editors of the latter class of periodicals that they cut and mutilate the contributions destined for their journals with the same unerring judgment, the same unbending vigour as the paid official. Like Violenta in the fairy tale, some of them can almost smell the voice of a man that has the faintest tones of disloyalty in its composition. A curious instance came under my own observation some time ago. An acquaintance of mine, whose name is well and favourably known in Russia, offered a story for publication to the editor of the *Messenger of Europe*. M. Stassiulevitch agreed to insert it on condition that a certain number of pages (eleven, or twelve, I think) were cut out, as he feared the Censure might take exception to them. The authoress, deeming M. Stassiulevitch *plus royaliste que le roi*, refused to allow her story to be lopped and pruned by a timorous journalist, and laid the manuscript before the editor of *Russian Thought* in Moscow. M. Goltseff, ignorant of the circumstance that it had been offered to another editor, read it and accepted it on condition that certain passages (exactly the same as those marked by M. Stassiulevitch) should be erased. The authoress again refused and sent the manuscript to the editor of a journal which is censored before being printed, and the Censor authorised its publication, after having struck out the identical passages objected to by the first editor.

Editors' intuitions, correct though they are, are not the only guarantees against a disagreeable surprise; the proof-sheets of every newspaper, review and book, which is theoretically exempt from preventive Censure, must remain a certain time (calculated in hours for daily newspapers and in days for reviews and books), before publication; and even on the expiration of this term a special authorisation in writing must be placed in the hands of the printer before he can allow the copies to be removed from his office. A line, a word, nay, the absence of a word, is quite enough to cause the permission to be

refused, and the edition must then be printed anew in a modified form at the expense of the editor. The *Messenger of Europe* for April, 1890, while lying on the table of the Censure Committee, awaiting the written permission to appear, was read by some zealous person who objected to certain passages in a paper by M. Issaieff, on the migration of the peasants in Russia. The editor was called upon to make the necessary alterations at once, and to reprint the whole edition.¹ This would have taken him several days, as it was Saturday morning when the order arrived, and the date on which the review should appear had already come. The thing was found impracticable, and the Censure tore out twenty pages of the paper by M. Issaieff. In this condition the review was delivered to subscribers.² Another still more curious case occurred on Saturday, the 28th of September, 1889. The *Universal Illustration*, a weekly illustrated paper, was already printed. Tens of thousands of copies were lying addressed to the subscribers, ready to be delivered to the post office for distribution. The proof-sheets had been read by the Censor, and approved, but at the last moment the watchful eye of a zealous literary policeman spied the disloyal words: "The journey of their Majesties," &c. The adjective "Imperial" had been unwittingly omitted before the word "Majesties." The Council was hastily summoned together, as the proprietor of the journal declared that the loss of money and time would be enormous if he were compelled to destroy the entire edition and print a new one, on account of the accidental omission of a word, the absence of which would pass unnoticed. The Council discussed the question in considerable detail, and took the opinion of the Director of the Censure, after which they decided that the edition must be annihilated, and a corrected edition printed, with the missing adjective "Imperial" added. And yet no people in the world laugh more immoderately at the absurdities of the Turkish Censure than Russian journalists.

So shadowy, even in theory, is the difference between the privileged and the unprivileged periodicals that § 140 of the Censure Laws³ forbids editors to touch upon any topic withdrawn from discussion by secret circulars or verbal prohibitions, which are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and likewise compels them by inference to insert without change or commentary, and as coming from the editor himself, any statement or opinion which it may be found desirable to have propagated. It is the old story—if the masters say the crow is white, the servants must not assert it is black. The *Novoye Vremya* and the *Grashdanin* are continually publishing such paragraphs, which are occasionally copied by the

(1) A number of the *Messenger of Europe* contains about 450 pages.

(2) Pp. 828—849.

(3) *Laws concerning the Censure and the Press*, printed at the Imperial printing office in St. Petersburg, 1886, pp. 20, 21.

Russophile press in England as evidences of the state of public opinion in Russia.

This being the fate of the dry wood, one can readily imagine what happens to the green wood. The sorrows of the editors of unprivileged journals are more poignant than those of Werther, and the knowledge that they are inevitable scares away those rare writers whose literary talents, careful habits of thought, and unbending honesty, would prove an inestimable boon to the Russian press were it only as a leaven. But the vacant places are taken by rusticated students, returned convicts,¹ liars who boast of their mendaciousness,² thieves who have "done their sentences,"³ and drunken bullies who, when a leading article is required, have to be sought for in the taverns and disorderly houses of the city.⁴ None of the vigorous philippics and biting satires of Russian liberals are calculated to give such a fair idea of the difficulties against which an editor has to contend as the matter-of-fact description of the steps he must take in order to obtain permission to found a journal, and the perspective that stretches out before him when he has at last reached the pinnacle of his ambition. I will endeavour to make that description as brief as may be.

The unhappy mortal whom hope or despair drives into journalism and who seeks to found an organ of his own, must first of all draw up a petition to the Minister of the Interior, giving his name, address, profession, the type of journal he proposes to found, its size, detailed programme, a list of the topics it will touch upon, its name, price, the number of times it will appear every week, an autobiography of himself, and a biography of the responsible editor, together with the baptismal certificates and all other official documents relating to their life and activity.⁵ The omission of any of these details would cause the petition to be sent back. Such is the present posture of affairs in Russia that out of every ten such petitions, the writers of which were found to be without reproach (no one in Russia can be truly said to be without fear except certain religious fanatics), nine would be returned at once with an emphatic negative. But suppose the circumstances to be unusually favourable and the petition allowed to take its course; a private inquiry would be next set on

(1) I take it that the total number of convicts and *ci-devant* political suspects engaged in journalism amounts to about fifty-five per cent.

(2) Cf. *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1889.

(3) Cf. *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xlvii. (n.s.), p. 272, where a short sketch is given of Mr. Goldberg, the respected journalist, who was convicted of stealing, sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and having "done" his sentence, resumed his journalistic duties. I am personally acquainted with two other very well known Russian journalists of still worse antecedents, whose history I learned long after I had met them in respectable society.

(4) One of the most forcible leader writers on the staff of the *Moscow Gazette*, under Katkoff's editorship, answers to this description. Another is M. Sytschevsky, one of the best literary critics of the provincial press.

(5) Cf. Censure Laws, § 119.

foot by the police of the city into the antecedents of the applicant, and in this investigation the Governor-General of the province would be asked to take part; the books of the secret police would be overhauled, and the correspondence on the subject would swell to an unwieldy size, while the petitioner would be obtaining an insight into the meaning of hope deferred.

But let us suppose all these formalities paid for and past, and the applicant's perseverance rewarded by the desired permission to found a journal in Kieff or Kazan. His troubles begin forthwith. His staff falls very short of his own modest ideal, and is as casual as the guests at the wedding party described in the Gospel, being composed of stragglers and vagabonds taken from the highways and byeways; reporters who know neither shorthand¹ nor grammatical longhand; writers of weekly letters who are in the pay of his rival; correspondents who take bribes when they can get them; leader writers who have as much claim to be termed journalists as Carlyle's distressed needlewoman, with an occasional professor eager to change his fancied talents into the small coin of the empire; in a word, men in whose tragic career journalism is but a fleeting episode—a halfway house on the *facilis descensus Averni*.

It is no easy matter to make a web of bottled hay, but Russians are justly famous for their optimistic ingenuity, and so trifling are the drafts they present on Fortune's bank, that the editor I have just described would deem himself lucky indeed were he free to put the services of even this motley crew to the best account. But he might as well sigh for the moon. Suppose him fortunate enough to make the important discovery that for years past, in some town or district, the Government had been systematically defrauded to a fabulous extent, or that the judges in one of the law courts had made a practice of selling the justice or injustice which they had paid for the privilege of administering—he is forbidden to hint even remotely at the mere possibility of such enormities, *if the price of his journal for a year be less than seven roubles*. If it exceeded this sum, and the circulation was therefore presumably smaller, he would enjoy the right to hem and haw and beat vaguely about the bush, suppressing names, and not mentioning places;² but even this is no more than a theoretical right which no Censor in the enjoyment of his normal faculties would allow him to exercise. If the editor learns from the most trustworthy source that the Government intends to introduce some new project of law, paragraph § 100 strictly forbids him to make his information public; and were the law less emphatic the Censors would not fail to make good the omission.

But if the publication of news received at first hand is forbidden fruit to a Russian journalist, it seems natural to suppose that they

(1) I have heard of only three Russian reporters who can read or write shorthand.

(2) Cf. Censure Laws, §§ 98, 99.

have full liberty to use their scissors and paste upon all books and journals expressly authorised by the Censure to appear and circulate through the Empire. As a matter of fact, however, paragraph 63 of the Censure Laws absolutely forbids them to reproduce or even summarize any article or item of news published in authorised books, journals, and reviews, without first asking an express authorisation in each particular case, which the Censors are extremely chary of according. Thus in Kieff and Odessa, during the disturbances at the Universities, the press was strictly forbidden to allude even remotely to the subject; and when the University of the former city was closed, six journals of Odessa were forbidden to communicate the intelligence to their readers or even to copy the details which the seventh, an anti-Jewish organ, was permitted to publish. The real cause of the loss of the steamer *Vesta*, three years ago, was carefully hidden from the Odessa public, no newspapers of that city being allowed to discuss the subject, while the press of Sebastopol analysed it in detail. And yet in both these cases all the newspapers were equally subject to preventive Censure.

Driven off the debatable ground of politics the hopeful editor takes refuge in the vast domain of social topics, art and literature, endeavouring to give a faithful picture of the events of the day, "to shoot folly as it flies." An interesting law suit, a local *cause célèbre*, may possibly be going on in one of the law courts, and as the most lengthy account of the proceedings in the organ of his most serious competitors is fully two days behind, he resolves to steal a march on his rival and take the lead. Engaging at considerable expense a reporter who can write a little shorthand, he prints on Tuesday night, for Wednesday's issue, a verbatim report of Monday's proceedings, intending to astonish the town by his unparalleled expeditiousness. But the wary Censor coldly reminds him that § 77 of the Censure Laws absolutely forbids him to publish any such report of law cases now or at any other time, as this is a very special privilege not lightly accorded to provincial journals. Among the eight newspapers that actually appear in Odessa only one enjoys this rare privilege, and that one is the rabid anti-Jewish organ alluded to above.

Again discomfited, the editor, if not wholly disheartened, starts in search of other items of intelligence, and discovers, perhaps, that the Mir or Peasants' Commune has passed certain resolutions, or that the Assembly of Nobles has adopted strong measures against some long-standing evil. He writes one or two paragraphs, and possibly a leading article, on the subject, hoping that the Censor will allow them to pass unchallenged. But the vigilant official returns the proofs marked with a red pencil, and the words, "See § 82 of the Censure Laws," which strictly forbids the publication of items of news on either of the topics just named without a special authorisa-

tion from the governor in each particular case; and the governor may be two hundred miles distant at the time.

Thus a Russian journalist, like his Spanish colleague described by Beaumarchais, if he only eschews politics, religious and social topics, steers clear of political economy, finance, philosophy, and certain epochs of history, is careful not to offend persons who, whatever their official position, can resent fancied insults, sedulously avoids such burning questions as the taxes, the laws, the economic condition of the peasantry, the press, medicine, education, and the partial famines in the empire, enjoys considerable liberty in the choice of topics for his paragraphs and themes for his leading articles, subject, of course, to the caprice of a timorous Censor, who is painfully aware that his career may be irreparably destroyed by a single mistake on the side of indulgence.

These and numerous other topics being removed from the purview of journalism, a newspaper is generally very uninteresting reading indeed. But there are occasions when a dictionary or an old almanac are read with avidity; "a crab," says the Russian proverb, "is a fish when you can get nothing more like one." But, let us suppose the newspaper at last made up, the latest telegrams received, and the reporters gone home for the night. The editor's next step is to obtain the Censor's imprimatur. At about eleven o'clock, P.M., a messenger is despatched with the proofs, which the wearied official, who has been working, or purporting to work, all day, takes and reads at his leisure, keeping the office-boy waiting generally for two hours on ordinary occasions, and three or four on public or private holidays, when he goes to the play, or spends his evening in jovial company. It is comparatively easy to imagine the feelings of an energetic editor who, after having impatiently waited for several hours for the authorisation to print, keeping his workmen idle, ready to begin work at a moment's notice, at last receives back the proofs at two or three o'clock A.M. with the leading article, which formed the *pièce de résistance*, rejected *in toto*, the cleverly-written feuilleton kept back for further consideration, and the only two interesting items of news struck out.¹ This means that about one whole page is left a perfect blank which it is his duty straightway to fill up; for were he to allow his paper to appear with a blank space, or even with too suggestive asterisks, his journal would cease to appear, and his own place would know him no more. As he has now no time to write leading articles, and, what is still more important, no right to trouble

(1) This is no imaginary case. 'I was once present on the return of the office-boy bringing the proofs, with the most important portions of the newspaper struck out,' and heard the editor apostrophise the absent Censor in language that was quite equal to the occasion.

the Censor's well-earned sleep, he is forced to fall back upon stale news, oft-repeated anecdotes of famous men, recipes from authorised cookery books and other ordinary makeweights, none of which he can use unless they have been previously approved by the identical official who now censures his journal. This vamping up of events long past as news of the day is now so common in Russia that it excites no manner of dissatisfaction among readers. In the *St. Petersburg Svett* of the 30th October, 1887, we find the important intelligence that—"In 1882 the population of Moscow amounted to 753,469 souls, and that of St. Petersburg to 861,303." This reminds one of Elia's unimaginative friend who, when at a loss for a smart paragraph, was wont to communicate the interesting information that—"It is not generally known that the three balls outside a pawn-broker's establishment are the ancient arms of Lombardy."

I have myself observed several cases of newspapers being fettered and expurgated till they ceased to exist, and I have had my own leading articles cut and mutilated, and wholly forbidden. But as in these cases it is always desirable to have published testimony rather than the unsupported assertions of individuals, it may be interesting to give the experience of a provincial journal as described in the review, *Memoirs of the Fatherland*, at a time when the Censure was much less severe than at present. "The prohibitions were numerous, or rather innumerable, and the upshot of them all was simply this, that no matter what topic the editorial staff found it needful to discuss, it was always 'a very delicate question.' . . . They were forbidden to allude to the fact that letters were being constantly lost in the Post Office or delivered to the addresses with broken seals and opened,¹ because the Post Office was under the Governor-General, and an article or even an allusion to the matter would tend to cast a shadow on the good government of the province; neither was it lawful to point out the unsatisfactory condition of the Moscow Tract, and for the same reason; it was strictly forbidden to discuss the terrible fire that had devastated the city, to complain of the exorbitant prices of provisions, of the lack of corn for the people, &c., and the Censure drew a red pencil across a passage in which a comparison was instituted between the prices of provisions in Irkutsh and those that obtained in St. Petersburg. . . . It was forbidden to allude to the Benevolent Society because the Governor-General was its President. The distribution of relief to the sufferers from the fire, which was arranged in such a way that the owners of large storehouses received thousands of roubles while the real sufferers were left to vegetate in holes amid the ruins of their houses, was also placed upon the index of

(1) This practice is more widespread than ever it was before, and is likely to continue so until vigorous representations on the subject are made by foreign Governments to the Russian Foreign Office.

forbidden subjects. . . . It was not lawful to write a word about statistics, because the Censor was the Secretary of the Statistical Committee, nor about the speculation connected with the hiring of the theatre, &c., &c. . . . And as if all this were not enough, it was deemed almost a crime that the editor and the staff had never once praised a general in this paper."¹

It is, perhaps, superfluous to remark that the principles by which Censors are guided in forbidding or permitting leading articles, stories, &c., are as difficult to discover as those which determined Buridan's ass to choose one haystack in preference to the other. What was permissible yesterday is illegal to-day, and the article that may appear without prejudice in the newspaper printed on one side of the sheet, would amount to constructive high treason if it appeared in the journal published on the other. One of the most recent instances occurred last February, when the *Graphic* crossed the Russian frontier with an illustration representing the Tsarewitch with a tiger killed at his feet. It would be as difficult to discover anything hostile to Russia in this picture as to find the philosopher's stone in a waggon of Newcastle coals. But the Censor, with sight sharpened by prospective hunger, descried disrespect to Imperial Majesty therein, and blackened out the offending cut. A fortnight afterwards the *Graphic* reprinted the illustration, and with it a facsimile of the blackened page as it was delivered to Russian readers, with the evident object of casting ridicule upon the Censors. Yet this was allowed into the country without let or hindrance.²

An enterprising editor with a fair capital at his back would naturally spare no pains or money to procure special telegrams from the chief cities of Europe, until he made the painful discovery that it would profit himself and his readers just as much if he distributed his money in bribes to the official meteorologist in the hope of obtaining better weather than his fellows. All such telegrams, whether the journal in which they are destined to appear be privileged or the reverse, must first go to the Ministry of the Interior; and, should the nature of the topics seem to render it advisable, to the other ministries concerned. This procedure, which may sometimes be perfectly justifiable, can always be used by the Censure to delay the appearance of important telegrams and to thwart the intentions of the editor. No newspaper in Russia enjoys such privileges as the *Grashdanin*, which is subsidised by the Emperor. And this is an instance of how the *Grashdanin* testifies to the efficiency of the telegraph Censure:—"We were unable to insert the telegrams of our special correspondents this morning, owing to the circum-

(1) *Memoirs of the Fatherland*, March, 1881, p. 37.

(2) Not being in Russia or England, I did not see either of the copies of the *Graphic*, and my description of the illustration is founded merely on hearsay.

stance that the Censor appointed to examine all telegrams was not at home all night—at least he had not come home up to two o'clock in the morning.”¹

The advertisements, which afford no scope for the display of an editor's energy and enterprise, would seem to be the only portion not dished up by government officials. And yet even they do not constitute an exception to the rule: all advertisements, whatever their character, must be carefully censured, in the first instance by the police, and then by those other departments of the State which are authorized to take cognizance of the things advertised. Thus an advertisement recommending or offering for sale tickets for a foreign State lottery would have to be expressly approved by the Minister of Finances, a patent medicine puff by the Medical Council, &c. This law is very rigorously enforced, and the editor who should presume to publish an advertisement, even for a cook or a coachman, without the written authorization of the police officer, who possibly may be absent from home or with faculties too clouded to allow him to sign his name, would be put on his trial and infallibly punished. I have sometimes seen three editors on their trial together for this crime, and I remember M. Liberman, of the *Tiflis Listok*, who was tried more than once for this offence, and always found guilty and punished.²

It would seem that when all these minute regulations have been literally complied with, the paper brought out, and the editor's troubles over for the moment, there is no reason why his recollections of them should be embittered by a feeling of constant apprehension for the results. And yet, strange as it may appear, he is never wholly free from this feverish uneasiness. For if the Censor have failed to weed out every trace of Liberalism, if he have neglected to inquire into the hidden meaning of some equivocal word or allusion, he may, and very probably will, be condignly punished, but all the real thunderbolts are sure to fall upon the devoted head of the editor, whose journal may be suspended for six months or forbidden ever again to appear, in virtue of Section 154. For, as I remarked above, printed words are looked upon in Russia as caterpillars, and their creators are held responsible not only for their existence but likewise for the acts of the future butterflies. The manifest injustice of this law cannot fail to strike the unbiassed reader. A journalist hands in the proof sheets of his newspaper and virtually says to the Censor: “I will print only as much of this as you may declare desirable; any passage across which you draw your pencil will disappear, any interpolations you suggest will at once be inserted; I am wholly in your hands.” Numerous erasures and additions are

(1) *Grashdanin*, 27th October, 1889.

(2) Cf. for instance, the *Law Journal* of the 21st December, 1887.

then made by the Censor, who at last says: "By the authority vested in me by the Government, I approve this day's issue and sanction its publication." And yet if the authorities be dissatisfied with this authorised version, the unfortunate editor will suffer quite as much as if he had surreptitiously printed the offending passages. Thus out of nine journals suspended during the short space of nine months, five were newspapers that passed through the hands of the preventive Censor, whose every suggestion had been scrupulously carried out; among them were the *Saratoff Leaf*, which was suspended for one month, the *Odessa Messenger* for three, the *Siberian Messenger* for four, and the *Siberian Gazette* for eight months.¹

One of the usual measures adopted by the Government against journals to the existence of which it is desirable to put a speedy end consists in the refusal to appoint a Censor in the city in which they appear. In all Russia there are but eight Censure committees, besides those of the capital; and four of the eight are crowded together in the Baltic Provinces. The Government, by the exercise of paternal indulgence, may allow an official employed in the service of the Crown to censure a journal founded in a provincial town, without regarding him as an official Censor; but this is a privilege and may at any time be withdrawn. Thus one occasionally reads announcements like the following: "The censuring of the *Dniepr* (an excellent daily paper) is transferred from Yekaterinoslav to Moscow," i.e., to the distance of over a thousand versts, so that if the proofs of Thursday's issue were posted to the Censor on Wednesday evening at six o'clock, they might in the most favourable case be delivered into his hands on the following Saturday evening at seven or eight o'clock, and reach the editor on the following Wednesday, exactly a week after they had been posted; in winter they would take occasionally as long as a fortnight to go and return. Of course the journal immediately ceased to appear. In 1881 the editor of the *Tver Messenger* was ordered to send in future the proof sheets of his journal to Moscow to be censored, in consequence of which it ceased to exist.²

If the editor finds that the sale of his journal is unfavourably affected by its high price, he is powerless to lower it, and if he agrees to take the yearly subscription in easy instalments, he has committed a crime, not provided for by any published or secret law, but for which he will have to pay dearly;³ if it appear only six

(1) Cf. *Russian Courier*, 17th January, 1889; *Novosti*, 19th January, 1889.

(2) *Russian Antiquity*, August, 1888.

(3) Last January M. Pobedonostsev wrote a secret complaint to the Minister of the Interior, to the effect that several quasi-Liberal periodicals, among which he mentioned the *Novosti*, the *Observer*, *Nablindatel*, the *Northern Messenger*, the *Week*, and the *Messenger of Europe*, were demoralising the youth of the Empire by allowing them to pay the yearly subscription in instalments. He requested the Minister to forbid this practice in future, and to deal more severely in general with these pernicious publications.

times a week, and he wishes to issue it on every day of the seven, like the papers of his rivals, he might as well propose to lay claim to the Imperial throne as to give effect to his wish; if he is anxious to enlarge the dimensions of the journal by a few square inches, he would infallibly ruin himself and it, were he to do it without a special authorisation, which it is most difficult to obtain and even dangerous to ask for.

In Russian society, bereft, as it is, of public opinion and of public conscience which lies at the root of all healthy public opinion, Censors are, to some extent, pariahs, or, at least, men of an inferior caste. This is keenly felt by the few Censors who were originally destined for something better—by the two Censor poets, Maikoff and Polonsky, for instance, who black out pages of Huxley and Buckle, Swinburne and Byron, in the morning, write “inspired” pæans to liberty and the Muses in the evening, and at all times when poetry or the Censure is mentioned, guiltily “hang their heads, and a’ that.” One may reasonably find fault with a man for bartering away his birthright for a handful of silver and a ribbon to stick in his coat, but, the purchase once concluded, one can scarcely blame him for guarding his acquisition with the aggressive jealousy of a miser. The fact that most Censors do this is the true explanation of the ridiculous scrupulosity with which they object to the most harmless article, scent treason in a note of interrogation, and heresy in the form of a letter of the alphabet,¹ thus rendering their own lives supremely miserable, and driving editors to the verge of madness.

This painful anxiety is natural enough on the part of men who, to employ the technical terms of the law, “can be dismissed from the service for misdemeanours which it is impossible to prove that they committed. And it is hereby decreed that no petition or explanation offered by any individual so dismissed shall be entertained or received.”² One day the Minister of Justice, displeased at some article, insisted that the Censor who sanctioned its publication should be punished. “Certainly,” was the conciliatory reply, “but would it not be as well if we first called him up and heard what he has to say to the charge?” “No, it would not,” angrily replied the Minister (Count Panin); “I insist on his being punished first. Afterwards, if you wish, you may ask him for explanations.”³

Treatment of this kind drives the Censors to extremities which would raise a smile on the lips of a Russian *tschinovnik*, if related of the Turks. An authentic list of incidents of this kind as a volume of humorous anecdotes would be certain of success. I shall mention

(1) That such trivial matters as these do not always depend upon the caprice of the individual Censors is evident from the law cited *in extenso* in a former number of this journal, according to which all books and articles in the Russian language in which the letter *i* is formed as in English, instead of like an *N* upside down, are forbidden.

(2) Cf. *Russian Antiquity*, March, 1890, p. 635.

(3) *Russian Antiquity*, September, 1890, p. 618.

two as illustrations. When the so-called Mareppa dance was invented in Paris, a humorous article on the subject appeared in the organ of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, in the course of which the writer hazarded the conjecture that in a short time the new dance would spread over all Europe. This observation seemed wantonly seditious to the Minister, who, discovering therein a covert sneer at Russia, called up Dtschkin, the editor, reprimanded him very severely, and threatened him with the utmost rigour of the law.¹

Private letters are censored on much the same lines as books and newspapers, although it is in the nature of things that very many of them should escape. There are Censors of private correspondence as there are Censors of science, art, and literature, and the results of their labours are registered in the books of the Recording Angels of the Third Section,² where human misery is being eternally brewed as in a witch's cauldron, where the thread of life of many a young and harmless man and woman has been ruthlessly cut. The broad principle observed in the Censure of Private Correspondence is that a certain fixed percentage of letters taken at random, is opened and read, besides all letters to and from persons whom there is any real or fancied grounds for suspecting of hostility to the Government. My own experience of the practice was varied, curious, and unpleasant. One evening an acquaintance of mine rushed breathless into my room, exclaiming: "What do you mean by enclosing a photograph of your soul in every letter you send to your friends, just as if there were no one to read them but yourself and they?" "Are my letters then really tampered with?" I asked. "Well, yes, I should think they were. Just listen to this music and tell me who composed it. 'My dear X,'" and he proceeded to quote several consecutive sentences from a letter of mine to a friend abroad, which I thought were as secret as if I had merely whispered them to the rustling foliage of a solitary oak. The letter was registered; moreover, I had handed it in and had received the receipt for it myself. "How did you learn the contents of my letter?" I asked, after I had recovered somewhat from my astonishment. "From the Censor—a silly young man," he replied. "You should make his acquaintance and enlarge your gallery of types."

I did make the acquaintance of the young fellow, who lived in somewhat straitened circumstances, and was struggling hard to keep his head above water; and I found him extremely communicative over the walnuts and the wine—a diversion of the day which he had not previously been in the habit of making. With the utmost

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 2nd March, 1890; *Novosti*, 2nd March, 1890; *Russian Antiquity*, March, 1890.

(2) The name of the Russian secret police

simplicity and blandness he told me extraordinary stories of intrigues and counter-intrigues, of damnable lies told and mortal blows struck by unseen assassins whose consciences left them untroubled because they never themselves actually shed innocent blood but only sold it¹ to others. These disclosures startled me, and for days I kept recalling the expressions and allusions contained in my previous letters, calculating the interpretations to which they were open. That such innocent allusions may be, and frequently are, quite as dangerous as real crimes, I have had ample and terrible proof. Three years ago a number of grammar-school boys were arrested and put in prison without knowing or even conjecturing what they were accused of. The secret investigation was tedious, but when it was completed the juvenile prisoners were set at liberty. Some time later, the cause of their arrest leaked out. It appears that one of the boys had written to another, during the Easter holidays, enclosing his subscription for the "good cause." The letter was intercepted, read, and interpreted as a missive from one dangerous conspirator to another, and the boys were imprisoned in consequence. The official investigation established the fact that it was only a question of the regular annual subscription organised by the scholars for the purpose of bribing the man who had charge of the written examination papers to disclose them a day or two before the written examination.

The Censure of spoken words and phrases and private conversations, the systematic abuse of the conventional forms of social life, of hospitality and friendship for the purpose of tempting men and women to think aloud in the presence of living phonographs who, not content with simply repeating, often exaggerate, aggravate and even invent, the consequent air of profound mystery, the look of mistrust, the attitude of fear with which people converse together in the streets and public places—these things constitute a special branch of the subject, which deserves a paper to itself. The degree of terror that lies at the root of all this can readily be imagined; it has been sketched scores of times; among others by an intelligent Censor who enjoyed the confidence of two Emperors, and who in spite of his official position could not refrain from exclaiming: "In sober truth it is a very painful position for men to be in who, though conscious that they never harboured any criminal designs, and have always led irreproachable lives . . . feel themselves daily, nay, hourly, in danger of being irretrievably ruined, merely in consequence of a secret denunciation, of calumny, of misunderstanding, of the bad humour of others, or of a false construction put on their words or deeds. • Harassed and hounded down, as they are, it is infinitely

(1) I confess to having occasionally written letters to friends, knowing that they would be opened and read by the authorities, and desiring it, in order to save innocent men from ruin. Cases have also come to my knowledge—infamous cases—of men having written apparently confidential letters to others for the purpose of compassing their ruin.

better for such men to renounce once for all their right of living and working—to waive that right in the name of—in whose name, O God?"¹

It is a matter for wonder that under the Upas-like shadow of the Censure any embodiment of thought has been permitted to spring into existence, to which by even the widest stretch of courtesy the names of literature and science could be applied. There can be no doubt that the representatives of the Government have been, and still are, desirous of arresting, if possible, the very process of independent thinking, and at the worst of confining it within the narrowest conceivable limits. They rightly feel that any presentation, literary or plastic, of the aspects of Russian life must, by the very nature of the subject, excite disgust at the reality; and it is only natural that the conclusions of science should appear quite as redoubtable in this respect as the types and forms of art and literature; for if the staff be crooked, its shadow cannot well be straight, whether the intercepted rays be those of the midday sun or the flickering light of a tallow candle. "It is my desire," exclaimed the Minister who at the time was Chief of the Censure, "that Russian literature should wholly cease to exist. Then at least we shall have obtained a definite result, and I, at any rate, shall be permitted to enjoy unbroken slumber."²

Bearing this avowed aim of the Government in mind, one cannot affect surprise on learning that innumerable works of literature and science have been either wholly forbidden or mutilated till they were fit only for the trunk-maker's and the pastry-cook's. There was nothing abnormal—judged by this standard—in the refusal of the Censure to sanction Count Uvaroff's work on Grecian Antiquities in Southern Russia, because the word *demos* was rendered by "the people." "If you wish your work to appear, you must change the word *people* into 'citizens,'" exclaimed the Censor, proud of his ingenuity and confident of his power.³ Not less logical was the rigorous exclusion of the word *progress* from all literary and scientific works, native and foreign, destined to circulate in Russia, owing to the demoralizing train of ideas which it is naturally calculated to suggest;⁴ and it would be cruel to reproach the Censure for considering a series of full-stops following in close succession as a satisfactory proof of hostility to the Government, and an unanswerable reason for suppressing books and articles that would otherwise have proved not merely harmless, but eminently beneficial. In England one is

(1) A. V. Nikitenko, *Russian Antiquity*, March, 1890, p. 648.

(2) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 14th December, 1890, quoting extract from the review *Russian Antiquity*, December, 1889.

(3) Cf. Nikitenko, *Russian Antiquity*, March, 1890, p. 637. Deliberating on the advisability of employing the word *citizens* in a book or article, Saltykoff condemns it: "It seems to me that the word 'citizens' should be struck out. Just fancy what it smacks of." Cf. *In the Midst of Moderation and Correctness*, p. 170.

(4) Cf. *Russian Antiquity*, September, 1890, p. 599.

tempted to scoff at these things; in Russia they are stern realities that draw forth tears of blood from the very strongest men, none of whom felt disposed to laugh when Censor Akhimoff, mindful of his duty, refused to sanction the publication of an arithmetic, in which the rows of figures of two problems were separated from each other by a series of too suggestive dots, behind which the wit of man could not divine what diabolical ideas might be lurking. One can scarcely refrain from speculating what, under such conditions, would have become of the irreverent Aristophanes, with his seventy-eight syllabled words, of Rabelais, with his *Antipericatametananaparbeugimphicribationes Toordicantium*, or of Dante, with his cabalistic *Rafel mai amech Zubi almi*? Surely their productions would have been promptly chopped up into little shreds on Holiday Island, near St. Petersburg, and they themselves—if they had the misfortune to be subjects of the Tsar—placed under police supervision. That is what happened to Shevtschenko, the national poet of Little Russia, who was forbidden to put pen to paper, and who scribbled down some of his most charming poems with a pencil on scraps of greasy brown paper, which he hid away in his boots, for which, when discovered, he was cruelly flogged. It is only a very few years since M. Shelgoonoff was banished from St. Petersburg and threatened with a similar or even worse fate; and at this moment his works in two volumes are being mutilated in such a manner by the Censure that he himself finds it difficult to recognise them as his own. Most of Count Tolstoi's later writings are on the index of prohibited books, and nothing that comes from his pen can be sanctioned by any one Censor, no matter how harmless it seems. Every line of his must first be laid before the Censure Committee in St. Petersburg, to be read later on by M. Pobedonostseff, and practically nothing that he writes ever reaches the Russian printer. Even the series of moral pamphlets which he wrote for the peasantry, and being highly approved by the authorities, went through numerous editions, are now being withdrawn from circulation by the Censure, owing to a letter on the subject written to the Minister of the Interior by the restless M. Pobedonostseff, who is shocked at their immorality, while the unredeemed filth of the novels of Alboff and of Zola is propagated like some new and saving gospel.

In the history of no ancient or modern literature is the chapter of might-have-beens so long or so full of tragic interest as in Russia. Scarcely more than half the manuscript works of the gifted Saltykoff have seen the light. Leskoff, one of the foremost literary men of the present day, is practically reduced to silence because he offended the Director of the Censure, by drawing a too faithful portrait of him twenty years ago. It is almost as difficult for literary men to live on the produce of their labours in Russia as it is for astrologers to "hitch their waggon to a star" in England. Lately

one very respectable member of the fraternity died of hunger, and some of those who are yet alive are in fear of meeting a similar fate, while the only fear that possesses others is that they may not die quick enough. "Russian literature, indeed!" exclaims Saltykoff; "why you may die of hunger if you rely upon literary work for a livelihood. I am a living example myself of the fate that overtakes literary men. I do not earn enough to keep my old hack from dying of starvation. No one but an egregious fool would commit such an inexcusable blunder as to devote himself to literary work in Russia." ¹

One of the most celebrated men of letters in contemporary Russia, whose name is favourably known in France, Germany, and England, is at this moment condemned to silence and poverty by the Censure. And he has absolutely no redress, and not the shadow of a hope of better things. Can he not appeal to the Tsar, English Radicals will ask; the just Tsar whose private virtues are belauded even by his enemies? He did so appeal, I reply, in a letter of deeply respectful loyalty and attachment which touched his Majesty's heart. This occurred some three months ago. The Emperor called for the Minister of the Interior, showed him the letter, and inquired: "Is this true? You are persecuting X.?" "Certainly not, your Majesty; we have employed no exceptional measures against him. But I will make strict inquiries on the subject." The Minister then summoned M. Fesktistoff, the Head of the Censure. "What's this X. has been writing to the Emperor?" he asked. "I hope you have issued no exceptional orders against X. in writing?" "Certainly not, your Excellency; I should never think of doing such a foolish thing." "No, I thought not. All right. Order the police to inform X. that his letter was read by his Majesty, and the allegations it contains found to be untrue. Good morning." And the police duly informed X., whose confidence in the sterling virtues of the Tsar was far more lively than that of the most rampant Radical Russophile, that his letter to the Emperor was — a lie. If Mr. Pitt, having received a complaint against Warren Hastings from the eunuchs who had been tortured at Lucknow, were to refer the matter to the accused for investigation, and having received from him an emphatic denial, were to inform the complainants through the police that they lied, we should have a parallel to the case of the unfortunate X.

The Director of the Censure spoke the truth when he said that it would have been foolish to issue written orders against any one writer, singling him out for exceptionally harsh treatment. For there is a comprehensive law which delivers up every writer to the mercy of the Censors, so that even the just themselves may be condemned. According to this law, a pamphlet or book being printed,

(1) *Hist. Messenger*, October, 1889. Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 12th November, 1889.

the forme must be *instantaneously* decomposed, and the type distributed, otherwise the inspector of printing offices is empowered to take cognizance of the fact, and the book is then *ipso facto* and absolutely forbidden. That is to say, the author and the publisher are liable to be severely punished because the printer is not endowed with the gift of working miracles. It would be charitable to suppose this law obsolete, if we had suppositions instead of facts to deal with; but truth compels me to affirm that it is in full force at this very moment. The last case that came under my notice was that of a book compiled by M. Shidkoff and printed by M. Pavlenkoff, of Moscow, some three years ago. The inspector was purposely sent round the moment the printing was done, and he merely took cognizance of the state of the forme, with the result that the large edition of this useful book is now mouldering away, and will never see the light.¹

Few branches of science are so cramped and crippled as history, possibly because his Majesty himself plays at historian to the extent of taking the chair and ringing a bell at the meetings of an historical society in the palace, the secretary of which is M. Bytchkoff, brother of the infamous criminal who was deported to Siberia several years ago. In M. Smaragdoff's work on history, the President of the Censure Committee noticed that a considerable number of pages were devoted to the life and doings of a certain "fanatical vagabond named Mohammed," and he indignantly protested and insisted that they should be erased or the book prohibited, basing his demand on the historico-ethical ground that Mohammed was a scoundrel and the founder of a false religion to boot."² One of the most gifted and conscientious historians of contemporary Russia is Professor Bilbassoff, who has spent the best part of a laborious life in the patient study of the published and unpublished documents relating to the life and times of the Empress Catherine II. After years of research in dark libraries and dusty archives he completed the first volume of his *History of Catherine II*. Being a large work it was printed without censure, but being a book it could not be published with the usual sanction. The term fixed in such cases for the deliberations of the Censure is only seven days, but this work remained there two months, and with the utmost difficulty was at last authorised. The Emperor having since read a portion of it, has severely reprimanded the Minister for allowing "my imperial ancestors to be lampooned." The second volume of this history appeared a few months ago, and was kept eleven weeks in the Censure. A couple of weeks since the secret fiat at last went forth, the dream of a scholar's life was dispelled by the word of a Vandal,

(1) The book was a Russian reading book for schools. The real motive for arresting it was private animosity.

(2) Cf. *Russian Antiquity*, May, 1890.

and a work that would have built up the reputation of the author on a solid foundation has been chopped up into little bits on an island outside St. Petersburg, where a book on Russian finances had met the same fate a few months before. In a biographical dictionary of Russian men of letters, now being brought out by M. Vengheroff, we find under the name "Bakoonin," which, if treated on the scale employed throughout the work, should give occasion for dozens of pages of critical and biographical remarks, the following:—"A family which supplied the ranks of Russian culture with many noteworthy workers. *Certain reasons compel us to defer writing anything more about them until we reach the end of this volume.*"

In all this written law plays no important part. Even secret circulars are superfluous. A verbal command is more than sufficient. *Verbum sat sapienti.* A Russian writer, whose name I purposely withhold, lest he should be spirited away like Madam Tsebrikoff, lately wrote a most interesting paper on a series of abuses that positively cried to heaven for vengeance. A faithful description of them might well be taken for an unpublished page of Dante's "Inferno." The Russian writer narrated the facts in a dry statistical style, the simplicity of which brought them out in stronger relief. As the Government had not the remotest intention of laying the axe to the root of the evil, the article was forbidden. The author was poor and hungry; he had written the paper in the hope of gaining a crust of bread, and the Censure, like an unclean harpy, had snatched it from his hand as he was about to convey it to his mouth. He perseveringly begged for indulgence, but indulgence was denied him. At last an influential official, touched with pity and intent upon extracting good from evil, told him that permission to publish it would be accorded, if only he would consent to strike out a number of the salient facts, tone down all the rest, and pen a few lines stating that all these horrible evils had been completely remedied by the present humane and provident Government, and that his remarks had but a historical interest. His own urgent needs and despair of effecting any good for the cause he had at heart compelled him to act upon this advice, and his article at last saw the light. "But a more damnable lie I never uttered in my whole life!" he exclaimed, and tears trickled down his hunger-pinched cheeks, tears of compassion for the forlorn wretches whose sufferings he had thus contributed to perpetuate, as he stood trembling, talking to me in the cold, piercing wind that found easy ingress through the threadbare garments he wore; and coughing the cough of the consumptive, he turned sadly away, saying: "A heavy sin lies on my soul. May God pardon me!"

And yet his Majesty the Emperor is an honourable man, and the Censors are all honourable men.

E. B. LANIN.

SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

AFTER dallying with Africa for centuries, toying around its shores, and draining it of its inhabitants, Europe rushed upon the continent in earnest six years ago. The Great Powers that have been elbowing and pushing and bullying each other in the scramble seem to have been possessed of the delusion that they could do in a year or two what it has taken the greatest colonising nation that ever existed centuries to accomplish. It is over three hundred years since England began to be "a mother of nations"; it is only the other day that the more advanced of her children tried to walk on their own legs. Yet France and Germany have been fretting and chafing because their infant "Colonial Empire" in Africa is as yet little more than a show on paper. Even such old Colonial hands as ourselves have got somewhat bewildered in the rush, and have been in danger at times of losing our heads. That we have made mistakes in Africa during the past six years no one seeks to deny; our peculiarly English method is to blunder into success. Those in the thick of the game in Africa may not always have made the most judicious moves under the circumstances; but prompt action and prompt speech have often been necessary when it was impossible for those immediately concerned to see all round them. Still in East Africa and in the Niger region we could hardly have been more successful; while in South and Central Africa our success has been so rapid and on so grand a scale as to take away the breath of the timid and rouse the bitter enmity of those who have had the game entirely in their own hands for centuries and done nothing. Day after day new problems to be promptly solved are turning up all over the continent, from Cairo in the north to the Cape in the south, from the Gambia in the west to the Zambesi in the east. It is characteristic of our period that processes which in the old times would have spread over centuries are rushed into months. The earth now seems hardly bigger than a school-globe. Nowhere has this rush to create colonies and to make history been more intensified than in South Africa, or more strictly in the region vaguely known as Zambesia. It is scarcely possible to realise the changes which have taken place in a region covering something like half a million square miles, which only two years ago was known only to a rare explorer, a daring hunter or two, or a zealous missionary. The Matabele country and especially the Mashona plateau was then one of the least-known regions of Africa: a highroad now runs through the heart of it; along this road strong forts have been built at intervals;

hundreds of sturdy young Britons keep watch and ward in the interests of the Empire, and are working diligently to develop the resources of the country; nightly the electric light casts its glare over kopje and bush and stream.

In Northern Zambesia an Imperial Administration has been established under her Majesty's Commissioner. The relation of Southern Zambesia (the immediate sphere of the Chartered Company) to the Imperial Government may be inferred from the peremptory message of the High Commissioner the other day with respect to the threatened trek of five thousand Boers across the Limpopo. After this there can be no doubt that the territory claimed by the British South Africa Company is under Imperial protection, to be defended against invasion like any other portion of the Empire. Incidents like this, combined with the constant nagging of Portuguese adventurers and fatuous, and, it is to be hoped, irresponsible Portuguese officials, have simply stimulated the consolidation of these new territories, enlisted the widespread sympathy of the British public, and compelled the Imperial Government to assume the attitude of active protection much earlier than otherwise it might have done. More than this, it has forced upon the South African colonists, especially upon those of the Cape, sooner than must have been expected, the problem of the future relations of the constituent parts of Africa south of the Zambesi. Here we have a region essentially British, at all stages of progress from the advanced civilization of Cape Town to the barbarism of the Matabeles, with two states thrown in, as it were, more or less civilized, and, formally at least, independent of the Imperial Government. The situation is all the more peculiar and critical in that the Premier of the Cape is also the ruling spirit in the annexation and opening up of the new territories in the Zambesi region. As Premier he is bound to look after the interests of the Colony and to conciliate the Dutch element who are his loyal supporters, and whose interests he has advocated for years; as the leading spirit in the British South Africa Company, he must have regard to the Crown which granted the Company its charter. But Mr. Rhodes's loyalty to the Empire, it is well known, rests on a much higher and broader basis than this; the dream of his life is a commercial and political union of the whole of her Majesty's dominions; with such a union, he believes the Empire could defy all competition, and rest secure from all hostile attack. It is evident, then, that Mr. Rhodes, in his apparently dual capacity, has a delicate part to play. So far he has been admittedly successful. His eagerness for Imperial unity, his loyalty to her Majesty, is well known at the Cape, yet the Dutch there are devoted to him. They know that he has their interests and the welfare of South Africa at heart, and this he has proved on several occasions

and in many ways. There cannot, on the other hand, be a doubt that he has made use of his powerful position to foster the spirit of Imperial loyalty to the Empire among the Dutch Colonists, a spirit which at no very remote period was threatened with extinction. It is only at home, I believe, that Mr. Rhodes's loyalty has been doubted, and the speech which he made a week or two ago to the Afrikaner Bond has been held in certain quarters to confirm this belief, and indeed, it is stated, has given offence in high places. This, I am convinced, arises from a misconception of some of the expressions used by Mr. Rhodes.

The history and aims of the Afrikaner Bond have been so fully explained by Sir Charles Dilke in his *Problems of Greater Britain*, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them in detail here. It is really a union of different associations, having originally different aims, and, even now, its objects are various. Originally composed almost exclusively of Dutch, many of its present members are of British origin or descent. Its great object undoubtedly is "the formation of a South African nationality, by means of union and co-operation, as a preparation for the ultimate object—a United South Africa." While there may be among its members narrow-minded Boers who have no love for the British flag, there can be no doubt that the vast majority look to ultimate union within the circle of the British Empire. At the same time, the Union "proclaims the principle of opposition to outside interference with the domestic concerns of South Africa"; and in this South Africa seeks no more than is claimed for Canada and Australia. Of course, by "South Africa" in this connection is meant no more than Cape Colony and the territories attached to it. Bearing these points in mind, let us briefly consider the policy implied in some of the expressions of Mr. Rhodes's speech at the Kimberley meeting of the Bond on March 31 last.

In the very first paragraph we meet with an aspiration not peculiar to Mr. Rhodes, but to all who have the welfare of South Africa and the Empire at heart. Mr. Rhodes stated that "he regarded the opening of the Bloemfontein Extension Railway as the first link in a chain which was to combine all communities." The same sentiment occurs again and again throughout the speech, and points, of course, to an ultimately United South Africa which shall include the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. But it should be noted that that union is to be one of "Customs relations, railway communications, and free trade"; there is to be no interference with the independence of the States. No more, we may be sure, would Mr. Rhodes advocate interference with the independence of Natal should it join the union at which he is aiming; nor, I feel confident, with the independence of any white community which may in time be able to establish itself between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. Isolated

expressions in his speech may lead those unfamiliar with his career to believe that he has sought to extend British influence north to the Zambesi, solely with a view of ultimately incorporating the new territory as a part of Cape Colony, in the same way as has been done with the Transkei districts and Walfisch Bay, and as may possibly be the case with the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland. "If your ambition or policy is the union of South Africa," he said, "then Cape Colony must keep as many cards as it may possess. That idea led to the settlement of Bechuanaland, and that idea has led to the possession of the Zambesia regions. . . . These territories possess a sufficient amount of wealth to demand in time the principle of self-government. A change must then occur from the chartered system of government to the Imperial system of self-government, and from self-government to a system of union with Cape Colony. . . . I thought it was a grand idea to work for the development of the Zambesia regions, and, at the same time, to remain in touch and in concert with the people of Cape Colony. . . . Up to there (the Zambesi) white human beings can live, and wherever in the world white human beings can work, that country must change inevitably to a self-governing country." Mr. Rhodes then went on to refer to what had taken place in the United States, and stated that if he had his way he would abolish "the system of independent States antagonistic to ourselves south of the Zambesi," referring mainly, no doubt, to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

Now all this and other similar expressions may possibly be held to signify that Mr. Rhodes wanted to incorporate the whole of South Africa, and especially the newly-annexed country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, as an integral part of Cape Colony. If that is his meaning, then I can say with some confidence that he must have changed his mind since he left England for the Cape a few weeks ago. This I feel sure he has not done. The Cape, with its advanced institutions, its resources, its railways, its 400,000 whites, its extensive seaboard and its great ports, must remain for a long time to come the dominating state (if we may use the term) in South Africa. There are, indeed, some enthusiasts who profess to believe that the Mashonaland plateau is the great centre of South African influence and power in the future; but that future, if it ever arrives, is too far off to enter into practical politics. There is no gainsaying the position of the Cape at present. It is natural, moreover, that Mr. Rhodes, as a Cape Colonist, should wish the Cape to benefit by the great advances that have been made to the northward, and should wish to make Cape Town the focus of the rapidly-increasing commerce and the ever-growing railway system. But this does not imply in the least that his aim is to incorporate the whole of South Africa as an integral part of the old colony; his reference

to the United States is sufficient to prove this, apart from the sentiments he has so frequently expressed both in public and in private.

Moreover he was able to assure his audience that in his aspirations and aims he had the support of the High Commissioner and the benefit of his "recommendations" to the home authorities; and I have good grounds for stating that the aim of Sir Henry is not wholesale annexation to Cape Colony. Interpreting the passages quoted above in the light of Sir Henry Loch's views, bearing in mind the sentiments which Mr. Rhodes has been known to hold for years, and interpreting fairly the drift of the speech as a whole, there need be little doubt as to what are the Cape Premier's hopes and wishes with regard to Southern Zambesia. It must certainly go on for a time under the chartered company under the jurisdiction of her Majesty's High Commissioner. In time, and there may be trouble to face before that time arrives, it will be occupied by a considerable and growing community of Europeans, largely of British origin it is to be hoped, but almost inevitably with a Dutch element. Such a community will rightly insist that the mother country shall allot it some measure of self-government; to what extent must be regulated by circumstances. In the meantime, if a Customs Union is formed in South Africa, without doubt Zambesia will be incorporated in it; and if ever the time arrives when a federal union is practicable, the new territory will find a place in it. But that will be as an independent unit, on an equal footing with the Cape and Natal, at liberty to manage its own local affairs, and to use whatever outlet for its produce it may find most convenient.

Such, I feel sure, are the ideas which Mr. Rhodes meant to convey to the Afrikaner Bond. To no other kind of union with Cape Colony would even Mr. Rhodes gain the assent of the powerful white community which in no very long time will have made the country its home. Such an attempt would be dead in the face of his professed creed and his practice. The commercial union which Mr. Rhodes is so anxious to accomplish cannot surely be much longer delayed. With reference to the principle of self-government in its fullest sense for the Cape, there seems every disposition on the part of the Imperial Government to give the Cape and the other great Colonies all that they desire in this direction; though it should not be forgotten that the Imperial Government is responsible for the safety and the welfare of the Empire at large. Mr. Rhodes was probably right in calling it "an extraordinary flight of the imagination" when he talked of a "self-governing white community up to the Zambesi in connection with the united South." When we place before us all the conditions which exist south of the Zambesi, and attempt to work the problem out, we are bound to admit that it is not one which admits of present solution.

"I have a hope that under the principle of self-government we may remain for a long time a portion of the British Empire, enjoying special advantages under differential rates." The phrase "for a long time" need not trouble us; if Mr. Rhodes believes that a time is coming when our great Colonies will leave the common household and set up for themselves, it is a belief which he shares with many loyal sons of the Empire. With them, also, I know he is convinced that if the mother country is only wise enough to adapt herself to the ever-developing conditions of the Empire, the union for all practical purposes need never be broken. One direction in which this adaptation may be effected, Mr. Rhodes tells us in so many words, is the abandonment by the mother country of that Free Trade which many sound economists consider, I believe with justice, has enabled us during the past forty years to maintain the supreme place we have held in the world of commerce. It will sound like rank treason in the ears of many to hint that in the interests of the Empire even our old-fashioned notions as to Free Trade, in which most of us have been cradled and nursed, might bear reconsideration. Have we, or have we not, outgrown them?

Though an ardent Free Trader, I say let us look the subject squarely in the face, for the continued existence of the British Empire may hang upon the conclusions we come to. Let us realise that there is no finality in anything. Imperialists of the type of Mr. Rhodes, and they are to be found in all the Colonies and in the mother country, assure us that mere sentiment, while it helps, will not of itself bind us all together for long. He told the Afrikaner Bond the same thing the other day with respect to union in South Africa. We want a more solid basis—a basis of common commercial interests. It would be presumptuous in me to pronounce any judgment on so momentous a subject. But in view of the vast interests at stake ought we not to cast all prejudice aside, and reconsider our uncompromising Free Trade position in the light of the new Imperial conditions which have been growing up around us with such bewildering rapidity within the past few years? Are we prepared to maintain our present position, even at the risk of breaking up the Empire? Perhaps it would be wise to do so; perhaps it would only lead to disaster, to the assumption by some other Power of the supreme commercial and political position which we still hold, and which I believe it is desirable for the good of the world at large that we should continue to hold. I only maintain that our position demands unbiassed reconsideration. It is as a thorough-going Imperialist that Mr. Rhodes insists on reciprocity between the Colonies and the mother country; and we have in his declaration at Kimberley one more proof of his genuine loyalty to the Empire.

It is fortunate for British interests in South Africa that in the

crisis through which that part of the Empire is passing, we have two such men at the head of affairs as Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Rhodes, both equally staunch Imperialists, who have won their way to the hearts of all—British, Boers, and blacks. With another man in Sir Henry Loch's place we might even now have been devising strong measures to repel a Boer invasion of the Chartered Company's territory. Fortunate also it is that Mr. Rhodes had an opportunity of making his Kimberley speech before the trek began. Not that we need fear that the Company, backed if necessary by Imperial support, could not contend with attacks from any quarter; but surely if we can attain our ends peacefully, we should not rush into fighting. And fighting in plenty there might have been in Matabeleland had it not been for the tact, judgment, and determination of Mr. Rhodes. In time let us hope these same 5,000 trekkers may settle peacefully in Matabeleland under the laws and regulations of the Company, and under the protection of the Imperial flag. With such a critical part to play, so many interests to consider, so many prejudices to overcome, so much suspicion to allay, we, who are not on the spot, are bound to make every allowance for Mr. Rhodes's words and actions, assured that although he is an advocate of the fullest practical measure of local self-government for each constituent part of the Empire, his dearest wish is that the Queen-Empress and her successors should remain supreme over all. There must be a great deal of give-and-take between the empire at home and the empire beyond the seas if filial relations are to be maintained, for the former has her rights and duties as well as the latter. But if we all agree that the most desirable thing for all is the maintenance of a united British Empire, and that for the good of the whole there must be some individual sacrifices, there need be no insuperable difficulties. He would be blind who would not admit in the face of what has been taking place in Canada, that circumstances may arise which may lead to the complete independence of our great colonies; but no one would regret this more than Mr. Rhodes. Even he, with all his influence, all his command of capital, and all his resource, may not succeed in focussing South African commerce and South African politics at the Cape; the geography of the immense area south of the Zambesi may be too strong for him. But his aims and intentions have all along been as patent as his capacity for great enterprises and his desire for a powerful united British Empire.

About the troubles caused by the Portuguese it is not necessary to say much; they are the least of the obstacles with which Mr. Rhodes has had to contend. Happily there are signs that the Portuguese Government are seeing the position in its true light; they might surely have realised before that the settlement of a great British community in Mashonaland,

demanding an exit by the East Coast through Portuguese territory, would increase the value of that territory tenfold. Sir John Willoughby's little expedition has brought the question of the Pungwé to the test, as, indeed, was its purpose; and the Portuguese Government have admitted that they had no right to close the river. There is now on its way a band of three hundred and fifty stalwart miners who mean to make their way from the Pungwé direct to the plateau. Before me lies an advertisement giving the lists of sailings, fares, &c., of a new steam line from the Cape to the Pungwé, and up the river to M'Panda's. "From M'Panda's first-class passengers will be conveyed in comfortable American coaches to Fort Salisbury, Mashonaland, *via* Manica, in about eighty-four hours; second and third-class passengers will reach Fort Salisbury in about twelve days per passenger ox-waggons." You can book for this journey at a well-known address in London. Two years ago it would have required an expedition as formidable as that in which Lord Randolph Churchill has just embarked. The Company has only been at work for eighteen months, and this is one of the results. Every one admits that Mr. Rhodes is at the bottom of it all. Contrast what he, with the aid of a few more Englishmen, has accomplished, with what the Portuguese have effected during the four centuries they have been dallying about the coasts. But that lazy old time is gone; whether or not the *modus vivendi* is allowed to expire, there can only be one result: included in that result must be the opening of the Limpopo to free navigation, and its declaration as an international river. When Captain Chaddock was up the river a year or two ago, he appealed to the Governor of Lourenço Marques for help against some natives on the river who had stolen his property; the Governor, after some delay, sent word that he could render no help as he had no jurisdiction. The rights accorded to the company by Gungunhana must be upheld in any new arrangement, involving complete liberty of access to the East Coast. Let us recognise that Lord Salisbury has a problem of the most complicated character to solve in maintaining international relations, and at the same time securing Imperial interests. Whatever might have been the case in the past, we may be sure that in the present the British Premier will unflinchingly maintain British rights in Africa and elsewhere. Should he seem to give way let us be sure that it is only for international reasons of the gravest character. In the same way the Cape Premier, as we have shown, has many local interests to consider, but never under any circumstances does he lose sight of what he believes to be the interests of the Empire at large. We may trust him unreservedly.

J. SCOTT KELTIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SUGGESTION ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the solitude of an Alpine retreat, the tournament between Mr. Knowles and Mr. Frederic Harrison on the subject of the Elgin Marbles has proved to me, as it must have done to many others, an exquisite consolation. What splendid collision between these angry knights, armed cap-à-pie, from morion to greave! What simultaneous unhorsing of the foe! And then, what savage and gladiatorial combat with sword and poniard on foot! Whether our sympathies be with Macduff or with Macbeth, we cannot but admit that it has been a glorious struggle.

I do not propose to discuss the question of retaining or restoring the Marbles. Mr. Harrison has frightened me off by saying that "it has to be decided by statesmen," and by then proceeding to decide it himself. Nor shall I discuss the question of editorial ethics, which is a matter between Mr. Knowles and his indignant contributor. My sympathies, or perhaps what Mr. Harrison would call my prejudices, are, I confess, strongly in favour of keeping the Marbles in the British Museum, where, in spite of Mr. Harrison's claim that Athens has again become a sort of *φάλαος γῆς*, a thousand pair of eyes see them for every one that can or would visit the Athenian collection; where the friezes, at least, being hermetically concealed behind glass, are safe enough even from London soot; and where, in spacious halls, they can be far better seen and studied than they would be in the necessarily restricted space of the Acropolitan museum, in which, as a matter of fact, their place in the series is taken by plaster substitutes.

But there is a question arising out of, though small in comparison with, the larger issue, which I should like to raise, and in which Mr. Harrison will be surprised to meet, even amid the *alumni* of the "thin end of the wedge school," whom he so cordially despises, with a fellow-conspirator and ally. Though I think it would be both foolish and impolitic to give back the metopes, torsos, and frieze, when they could not conceivably be restored to their original site, but could only be shifted from one museum to another, from the noblest and most frequented in the world to one of far inferior dimensions and quality; yet I do advocate the limited restitution of such of the Parthenon relics as can again be placed, amid their original surroundings, *in situ ipso antiquo* on the sacred rock, and whose empty places there are now filled, to the compunction of the British and the disgust of every observer, with hideous replicas in terra-cotta. These instances are, broadly speaking, two in number.

(1). We are all familiar, if not with the sight, at least with the appearance of that second gem of the Acropolis, the Erechtheum, raised on the northern side of the rock in the fifth century B.C., over some of the spots and shrines held most sacred in the legendary annals of the city. Of this elegant structure the most graceful and the best-preserved portion (it has been restored) is the projecting portico, clumsily imitated in the Church of St. Pancras in London, whose coffered marble ceiling is upheld by six female figures, chiselled at the culminating period of Athenian art. Four of these figures, sometimes called the Attic Virgins, more commonly the Caryatides, face the spectator in an outer row; two are placed behind. But here at once a horrid disfigurement strikes the eye. The second figure from the west in the outer row is not of the same material as its fellows—that superb marble, stained amber with time, that was hewn from the flanks of Pentelicon.

On the contrary, a brown and dismal replica in terra-cotta stands there, in shameful contrast to the authentic beauty of its companions. The original maiden is to be seen in the long gallery at the British Museum, where, like Niobe, she seems to weep her desolation in stone. It is for her restitution to the vacant place among her sisters on the Athenian rock that, even at the cost of Mr. Knowles' ire, I would venture to plead.

(2). The second example is not unimportant though less immediately conspicuous. As we mount the steps of the Propylæa, the miniature but beautiful temple of the Wingless Victory stands high above us on its projecting platform on the right. Also restored, by Laurent I think, fifty years ago, it presents much the same appearance in the nineteenth century after as it did in the fifth century before Christ, furnishing a graceful and delicate introduction to the more stately glories behind. Of its sculptured marble balustrade, which has perished, the surviving portions are among the greatest treasures of the neighbouring museum. The walls of this temple once bore a frieze, depicting, if my memory serves me right, an ancient battle-scene between Greek and foreign warriors. Some panels of the ancient frieze still remain or have been replaced *in situ*. The rest, some four in number, were carried off by Lord Elgin to London, and now adorn the walls of the British Museum, their place on the Athenian structure being taken by coarse facsimiles of the same dingy material as the sham Caryatid. Here, again, why should not the London exiles be restored to their original home?

I can see no reason why, in both these cases, an act of restitution should not be made that would be at once graceful, free from peril as a precedent, and of service to the exalted interests of art. As Mr. Harrison admits, to talk of Lord Elgin or of the British Government as having stolen the Marbles, is absurd. There was no question of robbery, and there is not, in consequence, the slightest moral obligation to return a single fragment of the entire purchase. Any restoration, however restricted or small, would be an act of wholly gratuitous generosity, and would, I believe, be accepted and appreciated as such by the Greek people, who, whether the sons of the ancients or not, are hardly the men to look a gift horse in the mouth, or to refuse an inch because they cannot get an ell. I contend further that the act would be free from danger as a precedent—a risk which Mr. Knowles and the Museum authorities are fully justified in regarding with alarm—for the reason that the broadest distinction in principle exists between a restoration, not merely to ancient locality, but also to ancient site, and a restoration to the former only.

The Parthenon Marbles could only be restored to ancient locality. They could never again be set up on cornice or in pediment. They are destined, wherever located, to an everlasting museum. But it is not so with the relics whose cause I plead. The Attic maiden would join her sisters in the august row where the master-hand placed them two thousand three hundred years ago, and the Greeks and aliens would pursue their animated combat in continuous progression round the walls of the Wingless Victory, instead of leaping in hot and helpless haste from the Acropolis to Bloomsbury. Lastly, the æsthetic aspects of the proposal scarcely require emphasis. These particular works of art are not among those for which it can be claimed that they are inspected or copied in the London galleries by humble students who could never afford a ticket to Athens. The Victory's panels are little noticed there in comparison with their grander brethren from the Parthenon. The Caryatid, standing in sorrowful loneliness, attracts the visitor's eye, but, often as I have stood before her, I have never seen her the subject of students' pencil or chalk. She is not so much an independent product of creative genius as a structural work, subordinate in character and design to the fabric from which she has been torn. In other words her artistic place and her artistic service are not in London

out in Athens. The terra-cotta facsimile on the Acropolis is a greater affront to art than the marble original in the Museum can ever be a gain.

My ideas of Athens are not, as Mr. Harrison insinuates of Mr. Knowles, derived from remote or archaic days. I was there less than a year ago and have been there before. I can speak for the safe and scrupulous guardianship of the Athenian ruins. I remember the gendarmes, as polite as they are numerous, who hover amid the fallen architraves and shattered drums. I feel certain that under their watchful eye the Caryatid would be safe with her sisters. I do not think that even the craftiest of 'Arries could clamber unobserved with hammer or pointed walking-stick to the Victory's frieze.

I can say even more. At the time of my visit M. Tricoupi, the most accomplished man and the one statesman in Greece, was still at the head of affairs; and, in a conversation which I enjoyed with him, expressed the warmest sympathy with such a proposal as I have here advocated. He knew well enough that the larger and wilder schemes which have fired the co-operate brains of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Shaw Lefevre would stand no chance of realization, and would not be approved of by English authority, even though they might be hysterically recommended by English sentiment. I have no reason to believe that his successor, M. Delyanni, is behind M. Tricoupi either in Hellenic shrewdness or in patriotic concern, and the reception which was promised by the one minister might confidently be anticipated from the other.

There remains yet another possible aspect of the question which is deserving of notice. There will be some, perhaps many, who will object to even such a limited act of national generosity as I recommend, on the ground that a free gift is uncalled for and would be unwise. They will demand a recompense, their soul will hanker for a bargain. To such mercantile instincts it may be balm to know that a *quid pro quo* is within the range of practicability. The excavations which have been so skilfully and laboriously conducted upon the Athenian rock by the present generation of archæologists have resulted in the discovery of several fragments, some of them of considerable importance, belonging to the Elgin Marbles of the British Museum. I have not a catalogue of these fragments; but I remember seeing them at Athens, and my recollection is that they are neither insignificant nor few. I believe I am also justified in saying that such an act of international exchange would not then have been resented on the one side if it had been proposed on the other.

For my own part, as an Englishman, I would sooner, were the proposal of restoration to be made, that it were made spontaneously and without *arrière pensée*. A free gift is preferable in such a case to a bargain, a restitution to an exchange. Did the Caryatid and the panels find their way back to the Acropolis, did the true Marbles from London depose the beggarly terra-cotta of Athens, I entertain little doubt that the Greek Government would, unsolicited, make some such return as I have here indicated, and that, in a voluntary adjustment of the scales, the missing portions of the Panathenaic procession would be remitted to Great Russell Street, and so the original Athenian marble would fill some of the *lacune* now occupied and disfigured by plaster segments in London. After all, if the Marbles are ever to go back in their entirety to Athens—as Mr. Harrison, who knows all about “the inevitable progress of national morality,” assures us that they certainly will—the Hellenes would only be casting their bread on the waters, that it might return again, after many days, all the better for Mr. Harrison's butter on the top of it.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE N. CURZON.

DAVOS PLATZ, April 4, 1891.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN EXPIATION.

NATALY had fallen to be one of the solitary who have no companionship save with the wound they nurse, to chafe it rather than try at healing. So rational a mind as she had was not long in outliving mistaken impressions; she could distinguish her girl's feeling, and her aim; she could speak on the subject with Dartrey; and still her wound bled on. Louise de Seilles comforted her partly, through an exaltation of NESTA. Mademoiselle, however, by means of a change of tone and look when Dudley Sowerby and Dartrey Fenellan were the themes, showed a too pronounced preference of the more unstable one:—or rather, the man adventurous out of the world's highways, whose image, as husband of such a daughter as hers, smote the wounded mother with a chillness. Mademoiselle's occasional thrill of fervency in an allusion to Dartrey, might have tempted a suspicious woman to indulge suppositions, accounting for the young Frenchwoman's novel tenderness to England, of which NESTA proudly, very happily, boasted. The suspicion proposed itself, and was rejected: for not even the fever of an insane body could influence Nataly's generous character, to let her moods divert and command her thoughts of persons.

Her thoughts were at this time singularly lucid upon everything about her; with the one exception of the reason why she had come to favour Dudley, and how it was she had been smitten by that woman at Brighton to see herself in her position altogether with the world's relentless, unexamining hard eyes. Bitterness added, of Mrs. Marsett: She is made an honest woman!—And there was a strain of the lower in Nataly, to reproach the girl for causing the reflection to be cast on the unwedded. Otherwise her mind was open; she was of aid to Victor in his confusion over some lost Idea he had often touched on latterly. And she was the one who sent him ahead at a trot under a light, by saying: "You would found a new and more stable aristocracy of the contempt of luxury:" when he talked of combatting the Jews with a superior weapon. That being, in fact, as Colney Durance had pointed out to him, the weapon of self-conquest used by them "before they fell away to fleshpottery." Was it his idea? He fancied an aching at the back of his head when he speculated. But his Idea had been surpassingly luminous, alive, a creation; and this came before him with the yellow skin of a Theory, bred, born of books: though Nataly's mention of the aristocracy of self-denying discipline struck a Lucifer in his darkness.

NESTA likewise helped: but more in what she did than in what she said: she spoke intelligently enough to make him feel a certain increase of alarm, amounting to a cursory secret acknowledgement of it, both at her dealings with Dudley and with himself. She so quietly displaced the lady visiting

him at the City offices. His girl's disregard of hostile weather, and her company, her talk, delighted him: still he remonstrated, at her coming daily. She came: nor was there an instigation on the part of her mother, clearly none: her mother asked him once whether he thought she met the dreadful Brighton woman. His Fredi drove constantly to walk back beside him Westward, as he loved to do whenever it was practicable; and exceeding the flattery of his possession of the gallant daughter, her conversation charmed him to forget a disappointment caused by the defeat and entire exclusion of the lady visiting him so complimentarily for his advice on stocks, shares, mines, et cætera. The lady resisted; she was vanquished, as the shades are displaced by simple apparition of daylight. His Fredi was like the daylight to him; she was the very daylight to his mind, whatsoever their theme of converse: for by stimulating that ready but vagrant mind to quit the leash of the powerful senses and be ætherially excursive, she gave him a new enjoyment; which led to reflections—a sounding of Nature, almost a question to her, on the verge of a doubt. Are we, in fact, harmonious with the Great Mother when we yield to the pressure of our natures for indulgence? Is she, when translated into us, solely the imperious appetite? Here was Fredi, his little Fredi—stately girl that she had grown, and grave, too, for all her fun and her sail on wings—lifting him to pleasures not followed by clamorous, and perfectly satisfactory, yet discomposingly violent, appeals to Nature. They could be vindicated. Or could they, when they would not bear a statement of the case? He could not imagine himself stating it namelessly to his closest friend—not to Simeon Fenellan. As for speaking to Dartrey, the notion took him with shivers:—Young Dudley would have seemed a more possible confidant:—and he represented the Puritan world.—And young Dudley was getting over Fredi's infatuation for the woman she had rescued: he was beginning to fancy he saw a right enthusiasm in it;—in the abstract; if only the fair maid would drop an unseemly acquaintance. He had called at the office to say so. Victor stammered the plea for him.

"Never, dear father," came the smooth answer: a shocking answer in contrast with the tones. Her English was as lucid as her eyes when she continued up to the shock she dealt: "Do not encourage a good man to waste his thoughts upon me. I have chosen my mate, and I may never marry him. I do not know whether he would marry me. He has my soul. I have no shame in saying I love him. It is to love goodness, greatness of heart. He is a respecter of women—of all women; not only the fortunate. He is the friend of the weaker everywhere. He has been proved in fire. He does not sentimentalize over poor women, as we know who scorns people for doing:—and that is better than hardness, meaning kindly. He is not one of the unwise advocates. He measures the forces against them. He reads their breasts. He likes me. He is with me in my plans. He has not said, has not shown, he loves me. It is too high a thought for me until I hear it."

"Has your soul!" was all that Victor could reply, while the whole conception of Lakelands quaked under the crumbling structure.

Remonstrance, argument, a word for Dudley, swelled to his lips and sank

in dumbness. Her seeming intuition—if it was not a perception—of the point where submission to the moods of his nature had weakened his character, and required her defence of him, struck Victor with a serious fear of his girl: and it was the more illuminatingly damnatory for being recognized as the sentiment which no father should feel. He tried to think she ought not to be so wise of the things of the world. An effort to imagine a reproof, showed him her spirit through her eyes: in her deeds too: she had already done work on the road:—Colney Durance, Dartrey Fenellan, anything but sentimentalists either of them, strongly backing her, upholding her. Victor could no longer so naturally name her Fredi.

He spoke it hastily, under plea of some humorous tenderness, when he ventured. When Dudley, calling on him in the City to discuss the candidature for the South London borough, named her Fredi, that he might regain a vantage of familiarity by imitating her father, it struck Victor as audacious. It jarred in his recollection, though the heir of the earldom spoke in the tone of a lover, was really at high pitch. He appeared to be appreciating her, to have suffered stings of pain; he offered himself; he made but one stipulation. Victor regretfully assured him, he feared he could do nothing. The thought of his entry into Lakelands, with Nesta Victoria refusing the foundation stone of the place, grew dim.

But he was now canvassing for the Borough, hearty at the new business as the braced swimmer on seas, which instantly he became, with an end in view to be gained.

Late one April night, expecting Nataly to have gone to bed, and Nesta to be waiting for him, he reached home, and found Nataly in her sitting-room alone. "Nesta was tired," she said: "we have had a scene; she refuses Mr. Sowerby; I am sick of pressing it; he is very much in earnest, painfully; she blames him for disturbing me; she will not see the right course:—a mother reads her daughter! If my girl has not guidance!—she means rightly, she is rash."

Nataly could not utter all that her insaneness of feeling made her think with regard to Victor's daughter—daughter also of the woman whom her hard conscience accused of inflammability. "Here is a note from Dr. Themison, dear."

Victor seized it, perused, and drew the big breath.

"From Themison," he said; he coughed.

"Don't think to deceive me," said she. "I have not read the contents, I know them."

"The invitation at last, for to-morrow, Sunday, four p.m. Odd, that next day at eight of the evening I shall be addressing our meeting in the Theatre. Simeon speaks. Beaves Urmsing insists on coming, Tory though he is. Those Tories are jollier fellows than—well, no wonder! There will be no surgical . . . the poor woman is very low. A couple of days at the outside. Of course, I go."

"Hand me the note, dear."

It had to be given up, out of the pocket.

"But," said Victor, "the mention of you is merely formal."

She needed sleep: she bowed her head.

Nataly was the first at the breakfast-table in the morning, a fair Sunday morning. She was going to Mrs. John Cormyn's Church, and she asked Nesta to come with her.

She returned five minutes before the hour of lunch, having left Nesta with Mrs. John. Louise de Seilles undertook to bring Nesta home at the time she might choose. Fenellan, Mr. Pempton, Peridon and Catkin, lunched and chatted. Nataly chatted. At a quarter to three o'clock Victor's carriage was at the door. He rose; he had to keep an appointment. Nataly said to him publicly: "I come too." He stared and nodded. In the carriage, he said: "I'm driving to the Gardens, for a stroll, to have a look at the beasts. Sort of relief. Poor crazy woman!—However, it's a comfort to her: so! . . ."

"I like to see them," said Nataly. "I shall see her. I have to do it."

Up to the gate of the Gardens Victor was arguing to dissuade his dear soul from this very foolish, totally unnecessary, step. Alighting, he put the matter aside, for good angels to support his counsel at the final moment.

Bears, lions, tigers, eagles, monkeys: they suggested no more than he would have had from prints; they sprang no reflection except, that the coming hour was a matter of indifference to them. They were about him, and exercised so far a distraction. He took very kindly to an old mother monkey, relinquishing her society at sight of Nataly's heave of the bosom. Southward, across the park, the dread house rose. He began quoting Colney Durance with relish while sarcastically confuting the cynic, who found much pasture in these Gardens. Over Southward, too, he would be addressing a popular assembly to-morrow evening. Between now and then there was a ditch to jump. He put on the sympathetic face of grief. "After all, a caged wild beast hasn't so bad a life," he said.—To be well fed while they live, and welcome death as a release from the maladies they develop in idleness, is the condition of wealthy people:—creatures of prey? horrible thought! yet allied to his Idea, it seemed. Yes, but these good caged beasts here set them an example, in not troubling relatives and friends when they come to the gasp! Mrs. Burman's invitation loomed as monstrous—a final act of her cruelty. His skin pricked with dews. He thought of Nataly beside him, jumping the ditch with him, as a relief—if she insisted on doing it. He hoped she would not, for the sake of her composure.

It was a ditch void of bottom. But it was a mere matter of an hour, less. The state of health of the invalid could bear only a few minutes. In any case, we are sure that the hour will pass. Our own arrive? Certainly. "Capital place for children!" he exclaimed. And here startlingly before him in the clusters of boys and girls, was the difference between young ones and their elders feeling quite as young: the careless youngsters have not to go and sit in the room with a virulent old woman, and express penitence and what not, and hear words of pardon, after their holiday scamper and stare at the caged beasts.

Attention to the children precipitated him upon acquaintances, hitherto cleverly shunned. He nodded them off, after the brightest of greetings.

Such anodyne as he could squeeze from the incarcerated wild creatures, was exhausted. He fell to work at Nataly's 'aristocracy of the contempt

of luxury'; signifying, that we the wealthy will not exist to pamper flesh, but we live for the promotion of brotherhood:—ay, and that our England must make some great moral stand, if she is not to fall to the rear and down. Unuttered, it caught the skirts of the Idea: it evaporated when spoken. Still, this theme was almost an exorcism of Mrs. Burman. He consulted his watch. "Thirteen minutes to four. I must be punctual," he said. Nataly stepped faster.

Seated in the carriage, he told her he had never felt the horror of that place before. "Put me down at the corner of the terrace, dear: I won't drive to the door."

"I come with you, Victor," she replied.

After entreaties and reasons intermixed, to melt her resolve, he saw she was firm: and he asked himself, whether he might not be constitutionally better adapted to persuade than to dissuade. The question thumped. Having that house of drugs in view, he breathed more freely for the prospect of feeling his Nataly near him beneath the roof.

"You really insist, dear love?" he appealed to her, and her answer: "It must be," left no doubt: though he chose to say: "Not because of standing by me?" And she said: "For my peace, Victor." They stepped to the pavement. The carriage was dismissed.

Seventeen houses of the terrace fronting the park led to the funeral one: and the bell was tolled in the breast of each of the couple advancing with an air of calmness to the inevitable black door.

Jarniman opened it. "His mistress was prepared to see them."—Not like one near death.—They were met in the hall by the Rev. Groseman Buttermore. "You will find a welcome," was his reassurance to them, gently delivered, on the stoop of a large person. His whispered tones were more agreeably deadening than his words.

Mr. Buttermore ushered them upstairs.

"Can she bear it?" Victor said, and heard: "Her wish: ten minutes."

"Soon over," he murmured to Nataly, with a compassionate exclamation for the invalid.

They rounded the open door. They were in the drawing-room. It was furnished as in the old time, gold and white, looking new; all the same as of old, save for a division of silken hangings; and these were pale blue: the colours preferred by Victor for a bedroom. He glanced at the ceiling, to bathe in a blank space out of memory. Here she lived, here she slept, behind the hangings. There was refreshingly that little difference in the arrangement of the room. The corner Northward was occupied by the grand piano; and Victor had an inquiry in him:—tuned? He sighed, expecting a sight to come through the hangings. Sensible that Nataly trembled, he perceived the Rev. Groseman Buttermore half across a heap of shawl-swathe on the sofa.

Mrs. Burman was present; seated. People may die seated; she had always disliked the extended posture; except for the night's rest, she used to say; imagining herself to be not inviting the bolt of sudden death, in her attitude, when seated by day: and often at night the poor woman had to sit up for the qualms of her dyspepsia!—But I'm bound to think humanely,

be Christian, be kind, benignant, he thought, and he fetched the spirit required, to behold her face emerge from a pale blue silk veiling; as it were, the inanimate wasted led up from the mould by morning.

Mr. Buttermore signalled to them to draw near.

Wasted though it was, the face of the wide orbits for sunken eyes was distinguishable as the one once known. If the world could see it and hear, that it called itself a man's wife! She looked burnt out.

Two chairs had been set to front the sofa. Execution there! Victor thought, and garotted the unruly mind of a man really feeling devoutness in the presence of the shadow thrown by the dread Shade.

"Ten minutes," Mr. Buttermore said low, after obligingly placing them on the chairs.

He went. They were alone with Mrs. Burman.

No voice came. They were unsure of being seen by the floating grey of eyes patient to gaze from their vast distance. Big drops fell from Nataly's. Victor heard the French time-piece on the mantel-shelf, where a familiar gilt Cupid swung for the seconds: his own purchase. The time of day on the clock was wrong; the Cupid swung.

Nataly's mouth was taking breath of anguish at moments. More than a minute of the terrible length of the period of torture must have gone: two, if not three.

A quaver sounded. "You have come." The voice was articulate, thinner than the telephonic, trans-Atlantic by deep-sea cable.

Victor answered: "We have."

Another minute must have gone in the silence. And when we get to five minutes we are on the descent, rapidly counting our way out of the house, into the fresh air, where we were half an hour back, among those happy beasts in the pleasant Gardens!

Mrs. Burman's eyelids shut. "I said you would come."

Victor started to the fire-screen. "Your sight requires protection."

She dozed. "And Natalia Dreighton!" she next said.

They were certainly now on the five minutes. Now for the slide downward and outward! Nataly should never have been allowed to come.

"The white waistcoat!" struck his ears.

"Old customs with me, always," he responded. "The first of April, always. White is a favourite. Pale blue, too. But I fear—I hope you have not distressing nights? In my family we lay great stress on the nights we pass. My cousins, the Miss Duvidneys, go so far as to judge of the condition of health by the nightly record."

"Your daughter was in their house." She knew everything!

"Very fond of my daughter—the ladies," he remarked.

"I wish her well."

"You are very kind."

Mrs. Burman communed within or slept. "Victor, Natalia, we will pray," she said.

Her trembling hands crossed their fingers. Nataly slipped to her knees.

The two women mutely praying, pulled Victor into the devotional hush. It acted on him like the silent spell of service in a Church. He forgot his

estimate of the minutes, he formed a prayer, he refused to hear the Cupid swinging, he droned a sound of sentences to deaden his ears. Ideas of eternity rolled in semblance of enormous clouds. Death was a black bird among them. The piano rang to Nataly's young voice and his. The gold and white of the chairs welcomed a youth suddenly enrolled among the wealthy by an enamoured old lady on his arm. Cupid tick-ticked.—Poor soul! poor woman! How little we mean to do harm when we do an injury! An incomprehensible world indeed at the bottom and at the top. We get on fairly at the centre. Yet it is there that we do the mischief making such a riddle of the bottom and the top. What is to be said! Prayer quiets one. Victor peered at Nataly fervently on her knees and Mrs. Burman bowed over her knotted fingers. The earnestness of both enforced an effort at a phrased prayer in him. Plunging through a wave of the scent of Maréchale, that was a tremendous memory to haul him backward and forward, he beheld his prayer dancing across the furniture; a diminutive thin black figure, elvish, irreverent, appallingly unlike his proper emotion; and he brought his hands just to touch, and got to the edge of his chair, with spilt knees. At once the figure vanished. By merely looking at Nataly, he passed into her prayer. A look at Mrs. Burman made it personal, his own. He heard the cluck of a horrible sob coming from him. After a repetition of his short form of prayer deeply stressed, he thanked himself with the word "sincere," and a queer side-thought on our human susceptibility to the influence of posture. We are such creatures.

Nataly resumed her seat. Mrs. Burman had raised her head. She said: "We are at peace." She presently said, with effort: "It cannot last with me. I die in Nature's way. I would bear forgiveness with me, that I may have it above. I give it here, to you, to all. My soul is cleansed, I trust. Much was to say. My strength will not. Unto God, you both!"

The Rev. Groseman Buttermore was moving on slippered step to the back of the sofa. Nataly dropped before the unseeing, scarce breathing, lady for an instant. Victor murmured an adieu, grateful for being spared the ceremonial shake of hands. He turned away, then turned back, praying for power to speak, to say that he had found his heart, was grateful, would hold her in memory. He fell on a knee before her, and forgot he had done so when he had risen. They were conducted by the rev. gentleman to the hall-door: he was not speechless. Jarniman uttered something.

That black door closed behind them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT UNDELIVERED SPEECH.

To a man issuing from a mortuary where a skull had voice, London may be restorative as air of Summer Alps. It is by contrast blooming life. Observe the fellowship of the houses shoulder to shoulder; and that straight

ascending smoke of the preparation for dinner; and the good policeman yonder, blessedly idle on an orderly Sabbath evening; and the families of the minor people trotting homeward from the park to tea; here and again an amiable carriage of the superimposed people driving to pay visits; they are so social, friendly, inviting to him; they strip him of the shroud, sing of the sweet old world. He cannot but be moved to the extremity of charitableness neighbouring on tears.

A stupefaction at the shock of the positive reminder, echo of the fact still shouting in his breast, that he had seen Mrs. Burman, and that the interview was over—the leaf turned and the book shut—held Victor in a silence until his gratefulness to London City was borne down by the more human burst of gratitude to the dying woman, who had spared him, as much as she could, a scene of the convulsive pathetic, and had not called on him for any utterance of penitence. That worm-like thread of voice came up to him still from sexton-depths: it sounded a larger forgiveness without the word. He felt the sorrow of it all, as he told Nataly; at the same time bidding her smell “the marvellous oxygen of the park.” He declared it to be quite equal to Lakelands.

She slightly pressed his arm for answer. Perhaps she did not feel so deeply? She was free of the horrid associations with the scent of *Maré-chale*. At any rate, she had comported herself admirably!

Victor fancied he must have shuddered when he passed by Jarniman at the door, who was almost now seeing his mistress's ghost—would have the privilege to-morrow. He called a cab and drove to Mrs. John Cormyn's, at Nataly's request, for Nesta and Mademoiselle; enjoying the Londonized odour of the cab. Nataly did not respond to his warm and continued eulogies of Mrs. Burman; she rather disappointed him. He talked of the gold and white furniture, he just alluded to the Cupid; reserving his mental comment, that the time-piece was all astray, the Cupid regular on the swing:—strange, touching, terrible, if really the silly gilt figure symbolized! . . . And we are a silly figure to be sitting in a cab imagining such things!—When Nesta and Mademoiselle were opposite, he had the pleasure to see Nataly take Nesta's hand and hold it until they reached home. Those two talking together in the brief words of their deep feeling, had tones that were singularly alike: the mezzo-soprano filial to the divine maternal contralto. Those two dear ones mounted to Nataly's room.

The two dear ones showed themselves heart in heart together once more; each looked the happier for it. Dartrey was among their dinner-guests, and Nataly took him to her little blue-room before she went to bed. He did not speak of their conversation to Victor, but counselled him to keep her from excitement. “My dear fellow, if you had seen her with Mrs. Burman!” Victor said, and loudly praised her coolness. She was never below a situation, he affirmed.

He followed his own counsel to humour his Nataly. She began panting at a word about Mr. Barmby's ready services. When, however, she related the state of affairs between Dartrey and Nesta, by the avowal of each of them to her, he said, embracing her: “Your wisdom shall guide us, my love,” and almost extinguished a vexation by concealing it.

She sighed: "If one could think, that a girl with Nesta's revolutionary ideas of the duties of women, and their powers, would be safe—or at all rightly guided by a man who is both one of the noblest and the wildest in the ideas he entertains!"

Victor sighed too. He saw the earldom, which was to dazzle the gossips, crack on the sky in a futile rocket-bouquet.

She was distressed; she moaned: "My girl! my girl! I should wish to leave her with one who is more fixed—the old-fashioned husband. New ideas must come in politics, but in Society!—and for women! And the young having heads, are the most endangered. Nesta vows her life to it! Dartrey supports her!"

"See Colney," said Victor. "Odd, Colney does you good; some queer way he has. Though you don't care for his RIVAL TONGUES,—and the last number was funny, with Semhians on the Pacific, impressively addressing a farewell to his cricket-bat, before he whirls it away to Neptune—and the blue hand of his nation's protecting God observed to seize it!—Dead failure with the public, of course! However, he seems to seem wise with you. The poor old fellow gets his trouncing from the critics monthly. See Colney to-morrow, my love. Now go to sleep. We have got over the worst. I speak at my Meeting to-morrow, and am a champagne bottle of notes and points for them."

His lost Idea drew close to him in sleep: or he thought so, when awaking to the conception of a people solidified, rich and poor, by the common pride of simple manhood. But it was not coloured, not a luminous globe: and the people were in drab, not a shining army on the march to meet the Future. It looked like a paragraph in a newspaper, upon which a Leading article sits, dutifully arousing the fat worm of sarcastic humour under the ribs of cradled citizens, with an exposure of its excellent folly. He would not have it laughed at; still he could not admit it as more than a skirt of the robe of his Idea. For let none think him a mere City merchant, millionaire, boonfellow, or music-loving man of the world. He had ideas to shoot across future Ages;—provide against the shrinkage of our Coal-beds; against, and for, if you like, the thickening, jumbling, threatening excess of population in these Islands, in Europe, America, all over our habitable sphere. Now that Mrs. Burman, on her way to bliss, was no longer the dungeon-cell for the man he would show himself to be, this name for successes, corporate nucleus of the enjoyments, this Victor Montgomery Radnor, intended impressing himself upon the world as a factory of ideas. Colney's insolent charge, that the English have no imagination—a doomed race, if it be true!—would be confuted. For our English require but the lighted leadership to come into cohesion, and step ranked, and chant harmoniously the song of their benevolent aim. And that astral head giving, as a commencement, example of the right use of riches, the nation is one, part of the riddle of the future solved.

Surely he had here the Idea? He had it so warmly, that his bath-water heated. Only the vision was wanted. On London Bridge he had seen it— a great thing done to the flash of brilliant results. That was after a fall.

There had been a fall also of the scheme of Lakelands.

Come to us with no superstitious whispers of indications and significations in the fall!—But there had certainly been a moral fall, fully to the level of the physical, in the maintaining of that scheme of Lakelands, now ruined by his incomprehensible Nesta—who had saved him from falling further. His bath-water chilled. He jumped out and rubbed furiously with his towels and flesh-brushes, chasing the Idea for simple warmth, to have Something inside him, to feel just that sustainment; with the cry: But no one can say I do not love my Nataly! And he tested it to prove it, by his readiness to die for her: which is heroically easier than the devotedly living, and has a weight of evidence in our internal Courts for surpassing the latter tedious performance. His Nesta had knocked Lakelands to pieces. Except for the making of money, the whole year of an erected Lakelands, notwithstanding uninterrupted successes, was a blank. Or rather we have to wish it were a blank. The scheme departs: payment for the enlisted servants of it is in prospect. A black agent, not willingly enlisted, yet pointing to proofs of service, refuses payment in ordinary coin; and we tell him we owe him nothing, that he is not a man of the world, has no understanding of Nature: and still the fellow thumps and alarums at a midnight door we are astonished to find we have in our daylight house. How is it? Would other men be so sensitive to him? Victor was appeased by the assurance of his possession of an exceptionally scrupulous conscience; and he settled the debate by thinking: After all, for a man like me, battling incessantly, a kind of Vesuvius, I must have—can't be starved, must be fed—though, pah! But I'm not to be questioned like other men.—But how about an aristocracy of the contempt of distinctions?—But there is no escaping distinctions! my aristocracy despises indulgence.—And indulges?—Say, an exceptional nature!—Supposing a certain beloved woman to pronounce on the case?—She cannot: no woman can be a just judge of it.—He cried: My love of her is testified by my having Barmby handy to right her to-day, to-morrow, the very instant the clock strikes the hour of my release!

Mention of the clock swung that silly gilt figure. Victor entered into it, condemned to swing, and be a thrall. His intensity of sensation launched him on an eternity of the swinging in ridiculous nakedness to the measure of Time gone crazy. He had to correct a reproof of Mrs. Burman, as the cause of the nonsense. He ran down to breakfast, hoping he might hear of that clock stopped, and that sickening motion with it.

Another letter from the Sanfredini in Milan, warmly inviting to her villa over Como, acted on him at breakfast like the waving of a banner. "We go," Victor said to Nataly, and flattered-up a smile about her lips—too much a resurrection smile. There was talk of the Meeting at the Theatre: Simeon Fenellan had spoken there in the cause of the deceased Member, was known, and was likely to have a good reception. Fun and enthusiasm might be expected.

"And my darling will hear her husband speak to-night," he whispered as he was departing; and did a mischief, he had to fear, for a shadowy knot crossed Nataly's forehead, she seemed paler. He sent back Nesta and Mademoiselle, in consequence, at the end of the Green Park.

Their dinner hour was early; Simeon Fenellan, Colney Durance, and Mr. Peridon—pleasing to Nataly for his faithful siege of the French fortress—were the only guests. When they rose, Nataly drew Victor aside. He came dismayed to Nesta. She ran to her mother. “Not hear papa speak? Oh, mother, mother! Then I stay with her. But can’t she come? He is going to unfold *ideas* to us. There!”

“My naughty girl is not to poke her fun at orators,” Nataly said. “No, dearest; it would agitate me to go. I’m better here. I shall be at peace when the night is over.”

“But you will be all alone here, dear mother.”

Nataly’s eyes wandered to fall on Colney. He proposed to give her his company. She declined it. Nesta ventured another entreaty, either that she might be allowed to stay or have her mother with her at the Meeting.

“My love,” Nataly said, “the thought of the Meeting——” She clasped at her breast; and she murmured: “I shall be comforted by your being with him. There is no danger there. But I shall be happy, I shall be at peace when this night is over.”

Colney persuaded her to have him for companion. Mr. Peridon, who was to have driven with Nesta and Mademoiselle, won admiration by proposing to stay for an hour and play some of Mrs. Radnor’s favourite pieces. Nesta and Victor overbore Nataly’s objections to the lover’s generosity. So Mr. Peridon was left. Nesta came hurrying back from the step of the carriage to kiss her mother again, saying: “Just one last kiss, my own! And she’s not to look troubled. I shall remember everything to tell my own mother. It will soon be over.”

Her mother nodded; but the embrace was passionate.

Nesta called her father into the passage, bidding him prohibit any delivery to her mother of news at the door. “She is easily startled now by trifles—you have noticed?”

Victor summoned his recollections and assured her he had noticed, as he believed he had. “The dear heart of her is fretting for the night to be over! And think!—seven days, and she is in Lakelands. A fortnight, and we have our first concert. Durandarte! Oh, the dear heart’ll be at peace when I tell her of a triumphant meeting. Not a doubt of that, even though Colney turns the shadow of his back on us.”

“One critic the less for you!” said Nesta. Skepsey was to meet her carriage at the theatre.

Ten minutes later, Victor and Simeon Fenellan were proceeding thitherward on foot.

“I have my speech,” said Victor. “You prepare the way for me, following our influential friend Dubbleson; Colewort winds up; anyone else they shout for. We shall have a great evening. I suspect I shall find Themison or Jarniman when I get home. You don’t believe in intimations? I’ve had crapy processions all day before my eyes. No wonder, after yesterday!”

“Dubbleson mustn’t drawl fi out too long,” said Fenellan.

“We’ll drop a hint. Where’s Dartrey?”

“He’ll come. He’s in one of his black moods: not temper. He’s got a

notion he killed his wife by dragging her to Africa with him. She was not only ready to go, she was glad to go. She had a bit of the heroine in her and a certainty of tripping to the deuce if she was left to herself."

"Tell Nataly that," said Victor. "And tell her about Dartrey. Harp on it. Once she was all for him and our girl. But it's a woman—though the dearest! I defy anyone to hit on the cause of their changes. We must make the best of things, if we're for swimming. The task for me to-night will be, to keep from rolling out all I've got in my head. And I'm not revolutionary, I'm for stability. Only I do see, that the firm stepping-place asks for a long stride to be taken. One can't get the English to take a stride—unless it's to a foot behind them:—bother old Colney! Too timid, or too scrupulous, down we go into the mire. There!—But I want to say it! I want to save the existing order. I want Christianity, instead of the Mammonism we're threatened with. Great fortunes are now becoming the giants of old to stalk the land: or the mediæval Barons. Dispersion of wealth, is the secret. Nataly's of that mind with me. A decent poverty! She's rather wearying, wants a change. I've a steam-yacht in my eye, for next month on the Mediterranean. All our set. She likes quiet. I believe in my political recipe for it."

He thumped on a method he had for preserving aristocracy—*true* aristocracy, amid a positively democratic flood of riches.

"It appears to me, you're on the road of Priscilla Graves and Pempton," observed Simeon. "Strike off Priscilla's viands and friend Pempton's couple of glasses, and there's your aristocracy established; but with rather a dispersed recognition of itself."

"Upon my word, you talk like old Colney, except for a twang of your own," said Victor. "Colney sours at every fresh number of that Serial. The last, with Delphica detecting the plot of Falarique, is really not so bad. The four disguised members of the Comédie Française on board the vessel from San Francisco, to declaim and prove the superior merits of the Gallic tongue, jumped me to bravo the cleverness. And Bobinikine turning to the complexion of the remainder of cupboard dumpling discovered in an emigrant's house-to-let! And Sombians—I forget what: and Mytharete's forefinger over the bridge of his nose, like a pensive raven on the bones of a desert vulture! But, I complain, there's nothing to make the English love the author; and it's wasted, he's basted, and the book'll have no sale. I hate satire."

"Rough soap for a thin skin, Victor. Does it hurt our people much?"

"Not a bit; doesn't touch them. But I want my friends to succeed!"

Their coming upon Westminster Bridge changed the theme. Victor wished the Houses of Parliament to catch the beams of sunset. He deferred to the suggestion, that the Hospital's doing so seemed appropriate.

"I'm always pleased to find a decent reason for what is," he said. Then he queried: "But *what* is, if we look at it, and while we look, Simeon? She may be going—or she's gone already, poor woman! I shall have that scene of yesterday everlastingly before my eyes, like a drop-curtain. Only, you know, Simeon, they don't feel the end, as we in health imagine. Colney would say, we have the spasms and they the peace. I've a mind to send

up to Regent's Park with inquiries. It would look respectful. God forgive me!—the poor woman perverts me at every turn. Though I will say, a certain horror of death I had—she whisked me out of it yesterday. I don't feel it any longer. What are you jerking at?"

"Only to remark, that if the thing's done for us, we haven't it so much on our sensations."

"More, if we're sympathetic. But that compels us to be philosophic—or who could live! Poor woman!"

"Waft her gently, Victor!"

"Tush! Now for the South side of the Bridges; and I tell you, Simeon, what I can't mention to-night: I mean to enliven these poor dear people on their forsaken South of the City. I've my scheme. Elected or not, I shall hardly be accused of bribery when I put down my first instalment."

Fenellan went to work with that remark in his brain for the speech he was to deliver. He could not but reflect on the genial man's willingness and capacity to do deeds of benevolence, constantly thwarted by the position into which he had plunged himself.

They were received at the verge of the crowd outside the theatre-doors by Skepsey, who wriggled, tore and clove a way for them, where all were obedient, but the numbers lumped and clogged. When finally they reached the stage, they spied at Nesta's box, during the thunder of the rounds of applause, after shaking hands with Mr. Dubbleson, Sir Abraham Quatley, Dudley Sowerby, and others; and with Beaves Urmsing—a politician "never of the opposite party to a deuce of a funny fellow!—go anywhere to hear him," he vowed.

"Miss Radnor and Mademoiselle de Seilles arrived quite safely," said Dudley, feasting on the box which contained them and no Dartrey Fenellan in it.

Nesta was wondering at Dartrey's absence. Not before Mr. Dubbleson, the chairman, the 'gentleman of local influence,' had animated the drowsed wits and respiratory organs of a packed audience by yielding place to Simeon, did Dartrey appear. Simeon's name was shouted, in proof of the happy explosion of his first anecdote, as Dartrey took seat behind Nesta. "Half an hour with the dear mother," he said.

Nesta's eyes thanked him. She pressed the hand of a demure young woman sitting close behind Louise de Seilles. "You know Matilda Pridden."

Dartrey held his hand out. "Has she forgiven me?"

Matilda bowed gravely, enfolding her affirmative in an outline of the no need for it, with perfect good breeding. Dartrey was moved to think Skepsey's choice of a woman to worship did him honour. He glanced at Louise. Her manner toward Matilda Pridden showed her sisterly with Nesta. He said: "I left Mr. Peridon playing.—A little anxiety to hear that the great speech of the evening is done; it's nothing else. I'll run to her as soon as it's over."

"Oh, good of you! And kind of Mr. Peridon!" She turned to Louise, who smiled at the simple art of the exclamation, assenting.

Victor below, on the stage platform, indicated the waving of a hand to

and his delight at Simeon's ringing points: which were, to Dartrey's mind, vacuously clever and crafty. Dartrey despised effects of oratory, and when soldiers had to be hurled on a mark—or citizens nerved to stand for their country. Nesta dived into her father's brilliancy of appreciation, a little pained by Dartrey's aristocratic air when he surveyed the herd of heads agape and another cheer rang round. He smiled with her, to be with her, at a hit here and there; he would not pretend an approval of this manner of winning electors to consider the country's interests and their own. One fellow in the crowded pit, affecting a familiarity with Simeon, had permitted the taking of liberties with the orator's Christian name, and mildly amused him. He had no objection to hear "Simmy" shouted, as Louise de Seilles observed. She was of his mind, in regard to the rough machinery of Freedom.

Skepsey entered the box.

"We shall soon be serious, Miss Nesta," he said, after a look at Matilda Pridden.

There was prolonged roaring—on the cheerful side.

"And another word about security that your candidate will keep his promises," continued Simeon: "You have his word, my friends!" And he told the story of the old Governor of Goa, who wanted money and summoned the usurers, and they wanted security; whereupon he laid his Hidalgo hand on a cataract of Kronos-beard across his breast, and pulled forth three white hairs, and presented them: "And as honourably to the usurious Jews as to the noble gentleman himself, that security was accepted!"

Emerging from hearty clamours, the illustrative orator fell upon the question of political specifics:—Mr. Victor Radnor trusted to English good sense too profoundly to be offering them positive cures, as they would hear the enemy say he did. Yet a bit of a cure may be offered, if we're not for pushing it too far, in pursuit of the science of specifics, in the style of the foreign physician, probably Spanish, who had no practice, and wished for leisure to let him prosecute his anatomical and other investigations to discover his grand medical nostrum. So to get him fees meanwhile he advertised a cure for dyspepsia—the resource of starving doctors. And sure enough his patient came, showing the grand fat fellow we may be when we carry more of the decidedly mortal than of the scraggy vital upon our persons. Anyone at a glance would have prescribed water-cresses to him: water-cresses exclusively to eat for a fortnight. And that the good physician did. Away went his patient, returning at the end of the fortnight, lean, and with appetite of a Toledo blade for succulent slices. He vowed he was the man. Our estimable doctor eyed him, tapped at him, pinched his tender parts; and making him swear he was really the man, and had eaten nothing whatever but unadulterated water-cresses in the interval, seized on him in an ecstasy by the collar of his coat, pushed him into the surgery, knocked him over, killed him, cut him up, and enjoyed the felicity of exposing to view the very healthiest patient ever seen under dissecting hand, by favour of the fortunate discovery of the specific for him. All to further science!—to which, in spite of the petitions of all the scientific bodies of the civilized

world, he fell a martyr on the scaffold, poor gentleman! But we know politics to be no such empirical science.

Simeon ingeniously interwove his analogy. He brought it home to Beaves Urmsing, whose laugh drove any tone of apology out of it. Yet the orator was asked: "Do you take politics for a joke, Simmy?"

He countered his questioner: "Just to liberate you from your moribund state, my friend." And he told the story of the wrecked sailor, found lying on the sands, flung up from the foundered ship of a Salvation captain; and how, that nothing could waken him, and there he lay fit for interment; until presently a something of a voice grew down into his ears; and it was his old chum Polly, whom he had tied to a board to give her a last chance in the surges; and Polly shaking the wet from her feathers, and shouting: "*Polly tho dram dry!*"—which struck on the nob of Jack's memory, to revive all the liquorly tricks of the cabin under Salvationism, and he began heaving, and at last he shook in a lazy way, and then from sputter to sputter got his laugh loose; and he sat up, and cried: "That did it! Now to business!" for he was hungry. "And when I catch the ring of this world's laugh from you, my friend! . . ." Simeon's application of the story was drowned.

After the outburst, they heard his friend again interruptingly: "You keep that tongue of yours from wagging, as it did when you got round the old widow woman for her money, Simmy!"

Victor leaned forward. Simeon towered. He bellowed: "And you keep that tongue of yours from committing incest on a lie!"

It was like a lightning-flash in the theatre. The man went under. Simeon flowed. Conscience reproached him with the little he had done for Victor, and he had now his congenial opportunity.

Up in the box, the powers of the orator were not so cordially esteemed. To Matilda Pridden, his tales were barely decently the flesh and the devil smothering a holy occasion to penetrate and exhort. Dartrey sat rigid, as with the checked impatience for a leap. Nesta looked at Louise when some one was perceived on the stage bending to her father. It was Mr. Peridon; he never once raised his face. Apparently he was not intelligible or audible; but the next moment Victor sprang erect. Dartrey quitted the box. Nesta beheld her father uttering hurried words to right and left. He passed from sight, Mr. Peridon with him; and Dartrey did not return.

Nesta felt her father's absence as light gone: his eyes rayed light. Besides she had the anticipation of a speech from him, that would win Matilda Pridden. She fancied Simeon Fenellan to be rather under the spell of the hilarity he roused. A gentleman behind him spoke in his ear; and Simeon, instead of ceasing, resumed his flow. Matilda Pridden's gaze on him and the people was painful to behold: Nesta saw her mind. She set herself to study a popular assembly. It could be serious to the call of better leadership, she believed. Her father had been telling her of late of a faith he had in the English, that they (or so her intelligence translated his remarks) had power to rise to spiritual ascendancy, and be once more the Islanders heading the world of a new epoch abjuring materialism:—some such idea; very quickening to her, as it would be to this earnest young woman worshipped

by Skepsey. Her father's absence and the continued shouts of laughter, the insatiable thirst for fun, darkened her in her desire to have the soul of the good working sister refreshed. They had talked together; not much: enough for each to see at either's breast the wells from the founts of life.

The box-door opened, Dartrey came in. He took her hand. She stood up to his look. He said to Matilda Pridden: "Come with us; she will need you."

"Speak it," said Nesta.

He said to the other: "She has courage."

"I could trust to her," Matilda Pridden replied.

Nesta read his eyes. "Mother?"

His answer was in the pressure.

"Ill?"

"No longer."

"Oh! Dartrey."

Matilda Pridden caught her fast.

"I can walk, dear," Nesta said.

Dartrey mentioned her father.

She understood: "I am thinking of him."

The words of her mother: 'At peace when the the night is over,' rang. Along the gassy passages of the back of the theatre, the sound coming from an applausive audience was as much a thunder as rage would have been. It was as void of human meaning as a sea.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAST.

In the still dark hour of that April morning, the Rev. Septimus Barmby was roused by Mr. Peridon, with a scribbled message from Victor, which he deciphered by candlelight held close to the sheet of paper, between short inquiries and communications, losing more and more the sense of it as his intelligence became aware of what dread blow had befallen the stricken man. He was bidden come to fulfil his promise instantly. He remembered the bearing of the promise. Mr. Peridon's hurried explanatory narrative made the request terrific, out of tragically lamentable. A semblance of obedience had to be put on, and the act of dressing aided it. Mr. Barmby prayed at heart for guidance further.

The two gentlemen drove westward, speaking little; they had the dry sob in the throat.

"Miss Radnor?" Mr. Barmby asked.

"She is shattered; she holds up; she would not break down."

"I can conceive her to possess high courage."

"She has her friend Mademoiselle de Seilles."

Mr. Barmby remained humbly silent. Affectionate deep regrets moved him to say: "A loss irreparable. We have but one voice of sorrow. And how sudden! The dear lady had no suffering, I trust."

"She fell into the arms of Mr. Durance. She died in his arms. She was unconscious, he says. I left her straining for breath. She said 'Victor;' she tried to smile:—I understood I was not to alarm him."

"And he too late!"

"He was too late, by some minutes."

"At least I may comfort. Miss Radnor must be a blessing to him."

"They cannot meet. Her presence excites him."

That radiant home of all hospitality seemed opening on from darker chambers to the deadly dark. The immorality in the moral situation could not be forgotten by one who was professionally a moralist. But an incorruptible beauty in the woman's character claimed to plead for her memory. Even the rigorous in defence of righteous laws are softened by a sinner's death to hear excuses, and may own a relationship, haply perceive the faint nimbus of the saint. Death among us proves us to be still not so far from the Nature saying at every avenue to the mind: *Earth makes all sweet.*

Mr. Durance had prophesied a wailful end ever to the garol of Optimists! Yet it is not the black view which is the right view. There is one between: the path adopted by Septimus Barmby:—if he could but induce his brethren to enter on it! The dreadful teaching of circumstances might help to the persuading of a fair young woman, under his direction: . . . having her hand disengaged.—Mr. Barmby startled himself in the dream of his uninterred passion for the maiden: he chased it, seized it, hurled it hence, as a present sacrilege:—constantly, and at the pitch of our highest devotion to serve, are we assailed by the tempter! Is it, that the love of woman is our weakness? For if so, then would a celibate clergy have grant of immunity. But, alas, it is not so with them! We have to deplore the hearing of reports too credible. Again we are pushed to contemplate woman as the mysterious obstruction to the perfect purity of soul. Nor is there a refuge in asceticism. No more devilish nourisher of pride do we find than in pain voluntarily embraced. And strangely, at the time when our hearts are pledged to thoughts upon others, they are led by woman to glance revolving upon ourself, our vile self! Mr. Barmby clutched it by the neck.

Light now, as of a strong memory of day along the street, assisted him to forget himself at the sight of the inanimate houses of this London, all revealed in a quietness not less immobile than tombstones of an unending cemetery, with its last ghost laid. Did men but know it! The habitual necessity to amass matter for the weekly sermon, set him noting his meditative exclamations, the noble army of platitudes under haloes, of good use to men: justifiably turned over in his mind for their good. He had to think, that this act of the justifying of the act reproached him with a lack of due emotion, in sympathy with agonized friends truly dear. Drawing near the hospitable house, his official and a cordial emotion united, as we see sorrowful crape-wreathed countenances. His heart struck heavily when the house was visible.

Could it be the very house? The look of it belied the tale inside. But that threw a ghostliness on the look.

Some one was pacing up and down. They greeted Dudley Sowerby. His ability to speak was tasked. They gathered, that Mademoiselle and "a Miss Pridden" were sitting with Nesta, and that their service in a crisis had been precious. At such times, one of them reflected, woman has indeed her place: when life's battle waxes red. Her soul must be capable of mounting to the level of the man's, then! It is a lesson!

Dudley said he was waiting for Dr. Themison to come forth. He could not tear himself from sight of the house.

The door opened to Dr. Themison departing, Colney Durance and Simeon Fenellan bare-headed. Colney showed a face with stains of the lashing of tears.

Dr. Themison gave his final counsels. "Her father must not see her. For him, it *may* have to be a specialist. We will hope the best. Mr. Dartrey Fenellan stays beside him:—good. As to the ceremony he calls for, a form of it might soothe:—any soothing possible! No music. I will return in a few hours."

He went on foot.

Mr. Barmby begged advice from Colney and Simeon concerning the message he had received—the ceremony requiring his official presidency. Neither of them replied. They breathed the morning air, they gave out long-drawn sighs of relief, looking on the trees of the park.

A man came along the pavement, working slow legs hurriedly. Simeon ran down to him.

"Humour, as much as you can," Colney said to Mr. Barmby. "Let him imagine."

"Miss Radnor?"

"Not to speak of her!"

"The daughter he so loves?"

Mr. Barmby's tender inquisitiveness was unanswered. Were they inducing him to mollify a madman? But was it possible to associate the idea of madness with Mr. Radnor?

Simeon ran back. "Jarniman," he remarked. "It's over!"

"Now!" Colney's shoulders expressed the comment. "Well, now, Mr. Barmby, you can do the part desired. Come in. It's morning!" He stared at the sky.

All except Dudley passed in.

Mr. Barmby wanted more advice, his dilemma being acute. It was moderated, though not more than moderated, when he was informed of the death of Mrs. Burman Radnor; an event that occurred, according to Jarniman's report, forty-five minutes after Skepsey had a second time called for information of it at the house in Regent's Park: five hours and a half, as Colney made his calculation, after the death of Nataly. He was urged by some spur of senseless irony to verify the calculation and correct it in the minutes.

Dudley crossed the road. No sign of the awful interior was on any of the windows of the house either to deepen awe or relieve. They were blank as eyeballs of the mindless. He shivered. Death is our common cloak; but Calamity individualizes, to set the unwounded speculating whether

indeed a stricken man, who has become the cause of woeful trouble, may not be pointing a moral. Pacing on the Park side of the house, he saw Skepsey drive up and leap out with a gentleman, Mr. Radnor's lawyer. Could it be, that there was no Will written? Could a Will be executed now? The moral was more forcibly suggested. Dudley beheld this Mr. Victor Radnor successful up all the main steps, persuasive, popular, brightest of the elect of Fortune, felled to the ground within an hour, he and all his house! And if at once to pass beneath the ground, the blow would have seemed merciful for him. Or if, instead of chattering a mixture of the rational and the monstrous, he had been heard to rave like the utterly distraught. Recollection of some of the things he shouted, was an anguish:—A notion came into the poor man, that he was the dead one of the two, and he cried out: "Cremation? No, Colney's right, it robs us of our last laugh. I lie as a fall." He "had a confession for his Nataly, for her only, for no one else." He had "an Idea." His begging of Dudley to listen without any punctilio (putting a vulgar oath before it) was the sole piece of unreasonableness in the explanation of the idea: and that was not much wilder than the stuff Dudley had read from reports of Radical speeches. He told Dudley he thought him too young to be "best man to a widower about to be married," and that Barmby was "coming all haste to do the business, because of no time to spare."

Dudley knew but the half, and he did not envy Dartrey Fenellan his task of watching over the wreck of a splendid intelligence, humouring and restraining. According to the rumours, Mr. Radnor had not shown the symptoms before the appearance of his daughter. For a while he hung, and then fell, like an icicle. Nesta came with a cry for her father. He rose; Dartrey was by. Hugged fast in iron muscles, the unhappy creature raved of his being a caged lion. These things Dudley had heard in the house.

There are scenes of life proper to the grave-cloth.

Nataly's dead body was her advocate with her family, with friends, with the world. Victor had more need of a covering shroud to keep calamity respected. Earth makes all sweet: and we, when the privilege is granted us, do well to treat the terribly stricken as if they had entered to the bosom of earth.

That night's infinite sadness was concentrated upon Nesta. She had need of her strength of mind and body.

The night went past as a year. The year followed it as a refreshing night. Slowly lifting her from our abysses, it was a good angel to the girl. Permission could not be given for her to see her father. She had a home in the modest home of Louise de Seilles on the borders of Dauphiné; and with French hearts at their best in winningness around her; she learned again, as an art, the natural act of breathing calmly; she had by degrees a longing for the snow-heights. When her imagination could perch on them with love and pride, she began to recover the throb for a part in human action. It set her nature flowing to the mate she had chosen, who was her counsellor, her supporter, and her sword. She had awakened to new life, not to sink back upon a breast of love, though thoughts of the lover were as blows upon strung musical chords at her bosom. Her union with Dartrey was for

the having an ally and the being an ally, in resolute vision of strife ahead, through the veiled dreams that bear the blush. This was behind a maidenly demureness. Are not young women hypocrites? Who shall fathom their guile! A girl with a pretty smile, a gentle manner, a liking for wild flowers upon the rocks; and graceful with resemblances to the swelling proportions of garden-fruits approved in young women by the connoisseur's eye of man; distinctly designed to embrace the state of marriage, that she might (a girl of singularly lucid and receptive eyes) the better give battle to men touching matters which they howl at an eccentric matron for naming. So it was. And the yielding of her hand to Dartrey, would have appeared at that period of her revival, as among the baser compliances of the fleshly, if she had not seen in him, whom she owned for leader, her fellow soldier, warrior friend, hero, of her own heart's mould, but a greater.

She was on Como, at the villa of the Signora Giulia Sanfredini, when Dudley's letter reached her, with the supplicating offer of the share of his earldom. An English home meanwhile was proposed to her at the house of his mother the Countess. He knew that he did not write to a brilliant heiress. The generosity she had always felt that he possessed, he thus proved in figures. They are convincing and not melting. But she was moved to tears by his goodness in visiting her father, as well as by the hopeful news he sent. He wrote delicately, withholding the title of her father's place of abode. There were expectations of her father's perfect recovery; the signs were auspicious; he appeared to be restored to the 'likeness to himself' in the instances Dudley furnished:—his appointment with him for the flute-duet next day; and particularly his enthusiastic satisfaction with the largeness and easy excellent service of the residence "in which he so happily found himself established." He held it to be, "on the whole, superior to Lakelands." The smile and the tear rolled together in Nesta reading these words. And her father spoke repeatedly of longing to embrace his Fredi, of the joy her last letter had given him, of his intention to send an immediate answer: and he showed Dudley a pile of manuscript ready for the post. He talked of public affairs, was humorous over any extravagance or eccentricity in the views he took; notably when he alluded to his envy of little Skopsey. He said he really did envy; and his daughter believed it and saw fair prospects in it.

Her grateful reply to the young earl conveyed all that was perforce ungentele, in the signature of the name of Nesta Victoria Fenellan:—a name he was to hear cited among the cushioned conservatives, and plead for as he best could under a pressure of disapprobation, and compelled esteem, and regrets.

The day following the report of her father's wish to see her, she and her husband started for England. On that day, Victor breathed his last. Dudley had seen the not hopeful but an ominous illumination of the stricken man; for whom came the peace his Nataly had in earth. Often did Nesta conjure up to vision the palpitating form of the beloved mother with her hand at her mortal wound in secret through long years of the wearing of the mask to keep her mate inspirited. Her gathered knowledge of things and her ruthless penetrativeness made it sometimes hard for her to be

tolerant of a world, whose tolerance of the infinitely evil stamped blotches on its face and shrieked in stains across the skin beneath its gallant garb. That was only when she thought of it as the world condemning her mother. She had a husband able and ready, in return for corrections of his demon temper, to trim an ardent young woman's fanatical overflow of the sisterly sentiments; scholarly friends, too, for such restraints from excess as the mind obtains in a lamp of History exhibiting man's original sprouts to growth and fitful continuation of them. Her first experience of the grief that is in pleasure, for those who have passed a season, was when the old concert-set assembled round her. When she heard from the mouth of a living woman, that she had saved her from going under the world's waggon-wheels, and taught her to know what is actually meant by the good living of a shapely life, Nesta had the taste of a harvest happiness richer than her recollection of the bride's, though never was bride in fuller flower to her lord than she who brought the dower of an equal valiancy to Dartrey Fenellan. You are aware of the reasons, the many, why a courageous young woman requires of high heaven, far more than the commendably timid, a doughty husband. She had him; otherwise would that puzzled old world, which beheld her step out of the ranks to challenge it, and could not blast her personal reputation, have commissioned a paw to maul her character, perhaps instructing the gossips to murmur of her parentage. Nesta Victoria Fenellan had the husband who would have the world respectful to any brave woman. This one was his wife.

Daniel Skepsey rejoices in service to his new master, owing to the scientific opinion he can at any moment of the day apply for, as to the military defences of the country; instead of our attempting to arrest the enemy by vociferations of persistent prayer:—the sole point of difference between him and his Matilda; and it might have been fatal but that Nesta's intervention was persuasive. The two members of the Army first in the field to enrol and give rank according to the merits of either, to both sexes, were made one. Colney Durance (practically cynical when not fancifully, men said) stood by Skepsey at the altar. His published exercises in Satire produce a flush of the article in the Reviews of his books. Meat and wine in turn fence the Hymen beckoning Priscilla and Mr. Pempton. The forms of Religion more than the Channel's division of races keep Louise de Seilles and Mr. Peridon asunder: and in the uniting of them Colney is interested, because it would have so pleased the woman of the loyal heart no longer beating. He let Victor's end be his expiation and did not phrase blame of him. He considered the shallowness of the abstract Optimist exposed enough in Victor's history. He was reconciled to it when, looking on their child, he discerned, that for a cancelling of the errors chargeable to them, the father and mother had kept faith with Nature.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



* * * The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.

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THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1891.

EARLY in March the Council of the Royal United Service Institution invited me to deliver a lecture on Friday, 8th May, at 3 P.M., before the members and their friends on "Our Military Administration." I felt honoured by the request and I at once consented. A little later, I was written to as to the choice of chairman, and a day was named on which the paper was to be sent in. Later again I was asked to change the title to "The British Army in 1891," and consented. When, however, the Council read the paper they pronounced it "too political." To prevent any misconception, let me add that nothing could have been more perfect than the courtesy which I met with from the Chairman of the Council, General Sir F. Stephenson, on whom fell the duty of stating the objections to the paper which the Council entertained. I now print the paper with all its imperfections.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1891.

APOLOGY is needed from a civilian who ventures to lecture on any subject at the Royal United Service Institution. When he appears there to read a paper on such a topic as "The British Army in 1891," or "Our Military Administration," to use the title first suggested by the Council, apology is doubly due. When he is not only a civilian but a politician, of opinions unpopular among soldiers and naval men, he cannot but feel that possibly he has been invited in order that he may be devoured. At the same time there is ground for civilians, and even for Radical civilians, beginning to interest themselves in the question. I have no claim even to the experience of a volunteer. If I was once an inefficient lance-corporal in a badly-drilled battalion, and once a still more inefficient private in a better one; if I have seen as a spectator a great deal of modern war, it is not as a

volunteer or as an eye-witness of campaigns that I accepted the honour of the invitation of the Council to come here to-day; but as a representative of the taxpayer, concerned in knowing what the army costs and what return in efficiency is made. Moreover, the Secretary of State for War has lately said that the Government cannot be expected to undertake sweeping military reform because the country seems to feel no interest in the matter, which is a direct invitation to us to concern ourselves about it for the future. Then, too, British soldiers are hampered by the Regulations in discussing military administration, except indeed when they give evidence before committees or commissions, and the evidence given before the most recent—the Hartington Commission—has not been published. The choice as regards free criticism lies between the British civilian and the foreign soldier, and, on the whole, perhaps the British civilian may be not less incompetent to speak upon British military administration than the foreign military critic. No Radical civilian could possibly use harder language about our present military system than falls from foreign critics; the latest of whom has told us in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, that the “British army is not fit for war,” and that British mobilisation in the present day would be even more defective than that of the French army in 1870—the last word to express badness among Frenchmen. A previous foreign critic, Captain Fiessinger, had called our army “an army to which peace is necessary”; and another, Captain Claser, “an army which has neither peace footing nor war footing.” The present lecturer cannot speak with this sweeping certainty of condemnation. He can only throw out doubts raised in his own mind by the perusal of most of what has been written in this country and abroad upon the subject, and by the replies given to him by the British soldiers that he has been able to consult. As I have ventured even in this strictly non-political assembly to breathe the name of the section of a party, far from popular among soldiers and sailors, to which I myself belong, perhaps I may be allowed to very frankly admit that if to my mind both parties in the State are in some degree responsible for any present inefficiency in Imperial defence, on the whole the heavier share of any blame which may be allotted may properly fall upon that branch of the Liberal party to which I myself belong, inasmuch as in the past we may have given too much regard to the sole principle of economy in the public service, as contrasted with that of efficiency which should always be considered with it, and have shown too great an impatience of all discussion of military matters on the insufficient ground that they are hateful to us. No doubt there is the suspicion that an army asked for as a defensive force might be used for purposes which some think less respectable, and there is some dread of further extension of the Empire. But nothing can

excuse us for not giving our best attention to a matter which involves both the safety of the Empire and the largest branch of the national expenditure. Having said so much against myself, I may perhaps be allowed partially to balance what I have admitted, by suggesting that possibly others may sometimes be affected by undue regard for routine, and even by personal interests which might be damaged by revolutionary reform.

Some time ago I lectured before the Royal Statistical Society on the great cost of our little army as contrasted with the smaller cost of the vastly stronger foreign armies, and it was in consequence of that lecture that I was invited by your Council to come here to-day. In the first place, what of the cost? It is necessary to mention this branch of the inquiry because there is a risk which must be patent to every politician, if not equally so to soldiers, that, unless a clear case can be shown, the time will come when the confusion of military tongues as regards advice to the country on military matters, and the general admission of military men that all is not as it should be, combined with the increase of estimates and the avoidance of a sweeping change of system, will lead the House of Commons to cut down the number of men and merely ruin what there is of a present system without substituting any other. Already impartial organs of opinion, or organs by no means strongly committed against the powers that be, such as the *Times* in the London, and the *Manchester Guardian* in the provincial press, are telling the country that Lord Hartington's Commission has shown that without great change there is no hope of improvement, either as regards efficiency or cost; that there is no one in the country who, taking both army and navy into consideration, can tell us what is the nature of possible future attack upon us and what is a sufficient defensive force to meet it. These journals suggest that we are making little real progress in the most vital elements of preparedness for war. The army and navy expenditure now stands at from 36½ to 38½ millions at home, and from 16½ to 17½ millions in India; or, from 53 to 56 millions in all; besides a million to a million and a half in the self-governing colonies; or 54 to 57 millions for the defence of the British Empire. The naval expenditure at home was nearly 19½ millions in 1890-1, or, with India, 20 millions. The expenditure "at home" upon land forces was 18 millions not, and in India 17 millions; or an expenditure on land forces of 35 millions, and with the self-governing colonies 36 millions sterling. Our expenditure upon land forces is greater than that of France, greater than that of Germany, nearly double that of Russia—greater, in other words, than that of any power; and our expenditure upon defence as a whole vastly greater than that of France or any power in the world. The country would not grudge it if we were assured that we possess an effective defence

of the whole of the territories governed by the Queen. All that we can say for certain is that the cost is great and the efficiency doubtful.

After my lecture at the Statistical Society had been printed, the highest authorities wrote two letters with regard to it. In the one they stated that, while my figures were correct, I had included money being spent to bring the fleet quickly to a proper strength, and money raised for the improvement of barrack accommodation; as regarded India, I had included the military expenditure in Burma, and the special frontier preparations of which I myself approved. In the second letter they put forward the absence in this country of conscription as the explanation of the great cost of our defence. These answers will hardly bear scrutiny as replies to the statements that I made. Burma may not always cost us money, but past experience bids us believe that, as regards the Indian frontiers, when the expenditure in Burma is over some other expenditure will take its place. The special frontier preparations in India will not cease. A strategic railway has now to be made through the Zhob; the Attock crossing has to be strongly fortified; and works at Rawul Pindi to be forthwith thrown up. Neither is there any probability that the expenditure on the navy will tend to diminish. After barracks have been provided for there will be other demands made with equal justice for other matters which will prevent decrease in charge. The pay of the private is almost immediately to be increased. The number of horses kept up is to be raised. A stock of new arms must be manufactured. We have not yet got our smokeless powder which almost every other power now possesses. Neither have we yet our stores of the new shells, with bursting charges of the high explosives, with which France and Germany are provided. On the present system there is little probability of decrease in cost. Mr. Stanhope, indeed, has said that for the large portion of the expenditure which is made in the name of India "the Government of India is responsible"; a statement which is constitutionally accurate, but hardly true in practice, when we take note of the pressure brought to bear upon the Government of India to make them buy at £5 10s. a rifle which they do not think worth the money, and to retain Presidency commands which, if left to themselves, they would long years ago have abolished, partly on grounds of efficiency and partly on grounds of cost. It was in June, 1881, that the Viceroy in Council first sent home the scheme for the abolition of the Presidency commands, on which the highest Indian opinion was and has remained agreed, and which has been vetoed by successive Secretaries of State, against the wish of successive viceroys and successive Indian commanders-in-chief. As Mr. Stanhope ended his letter by speaking of one branch of the expenditure as expenditure of which I myself approved, I should like to point out that I do not disapprove of any branch,

provided that we obtain a due return for what we spend : but the whole point lies there. As for the other reply—the usual answer—contained in the word “conscription”—I had pointed out in advance in my lecture before the Statistical Society that pay does not constitute an overwhelming proportion of our expenditure, that pay includes officers’ pay, and that foreign countries pay their officers, taking all ranks through, to the extent of a very large figure, while the pay of officers cannot be said to be affected by conscription. The non-commissioned officers of foreign armies are also largely composed of re-enlisted men, and in this case conscription does not much come in, though the price of labour does. The item chiefly affected among ourselves by the non-existence of conscription is that of the pay of privates, something between a half and two-thirds of the total pay, or say, some eight millions sterling. That of men’s pensions is affected, that of food a little, and that of clothing, but in this last case with much doubt whether cheaper clothing, and clothing more suitable for war, could not be made sufficiently attractive to the eye. The items affected by the absence of conscription add up to about ten millions, out of the thirty-five millions expended upon land forces without counting the expenditure of the self-governing colonies, and this ten millions is, of course, only affected to the extent of a proportion of its amount. The non-existence of conscription affects, in short, those regular forces which can turn out without increased expenditure only one army corps at home and two in India, while less than one is scattered about the world ; less than four corps in all of regular troops, for an expenditure of thirty-five millions sterling upon land forces. It is worth noting, though the argument must not be pursued too far, that the non-existence of conscription also affects the navy, although not to the same extent, inasmuch as material plays a larger part, and men play a smaller part, in the case of a marine than in that of a land force. The British navy is not more costly, ton for ton, or gun for gun, than is the French navy ; although our army is, of course, man for man, infinitely more costly than that of France. It has been said that we ought to count not the direct cost of conscription only, but the indirect cost in the abstraction of men from productive labour. Is that so ? Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has shown that a soldier, British or foreign, is in no case a productive worker. He is no more a producer, if a volunteer regular, than if a conscript with small pay. The difference between a Continental army and our own in this respect is that in Russia there is a peace establishment of greatly over three-quarters of a million men, and in France and Germany one of some half a million in each case, while the numbers are smaller among ourselves. But what is inaccurately styled the “indirect cost of conscription” consists in the withdrawal from industry of a vast

number of young men either by a conscript system or one similar to our own. On the other hand, the same authority has shown that one cause of higher cost with us per man is that the short service and long reserve system is obviously economical, inasmuch as for the annual cost of keeping up one soldier, England has one man in the ranks and far less than one in the regular reserve, while France and Germany have one man in the ranks and several men in the reserve. Another argument adduced to account for the great cost of the British army was brought forward in the discussion at the Statistical Society which followed the reading of my paper, when it was alleged that the cost of transport involved by our maintenance of military posts in South Africa and China and other distant portions of the globe was the real ground of great military expenses. But as the total cost of the movement of our troops by sea is trifling by the estimates, it is obvious that this was a fallacious reason. "The enormous size of the British Empire" is another form of the same argument. But as we have not a single soldier in British North America except for the garrison of Halifax, a naval station, nor yet one man in Australia, it is difficult to see how it can be fair to count the size of these two Europes across the seas in connection with the cost of the British army so far as it is borne on British or Indian estimates, and so far as the thirty-five millions for land forces goes.

As we spend far more than other powers, so we produce far less return in numbers. On the seventh page of the Army Estimates there is a misleading table which adds up, for the benefit of the taxpayer, columns of troops and dummy troops, until they swell to a total which would be large if it were true. When we analyse it we find 136,000 or 137,000 "home" regulars; some non-existent according to Lord Wolseley, many raw recruits—a small army, weak in guns as compared with Continental armies, guns being costly things. Behind these regulars come some 60,000 men of a reserve, which is not a true reserve, inasmuch as the men are not regularly trained, and which is padded, according to Lord Wolseley, not only with some dead men, but with many permanently disabled from service. A nominal force of some 109,000 militia, reduced in practice to 99,000 at the time of training, stands next. Then come some Channel Island militia, but the Channel Islands are not in a condition of defence, and the War Office hesitate to place there modern guns for fear they should fall to our enemies in the event of war. Then follow some Malta and St. Helena militia; then the yeomanry; and then the volunteers, who are decreasing in the number on the rolls and in the number of efficient. To these forces have to be added 74,000 excellent regular troops in India and an equal number of good native troops, the remainder of the native troops in India being worthless against our only probable foreign foe. This is

indeed a heterogeneous army, and it would be ludicrous to compare it as a whole with a foreign army such as that of Germany, or even of Prussia at any period since the great peace, or with that of France since 1871.

Our regulars alone would be put forward by soldiers as standing the comparison, and they indeed are few. Besides which, the nominal 136,000 or 137,000 borne on home estimates, with the exception of some 20,000 of them who are abroad, are in some measure but a depôt for the 74,000 in India, and for the 20,000 more or less of which I speak. The regular infantry are being armed with a costly rifle (much dearer than the new foreign rifles) of which Mr. Stanhope has said, "It is untrue that the rifle is not thought 'fit for use' in India"; but which the Indian Government has certainly hesitated to buy on the ground that we have not yet discovered the ammunition which this costly rifle needs. The cost of the regular infantry must also be speedily increased, unless we change our system, by the additional 6d. a day which Lord Wolseley has told us will be needed for the pay of men. Few as are our regulars, and certain as it is that, as Russia is allowed to draw near India and to prepare her base, the number of white regulars in India must be increased, yet on the present system the small numbers of the regulars at home themselves are threatened. When more money is asked—as it will be asked unless we make a sweeping change—for arms, powder, new shells, pay and so forth, the Government will be exposed to a reduction of the number of men under House of Commons pressure; and, as no one would be mad enough to further reduce artillery, and as our half-horseless cavalry are not numerous, there would then occur a reduction in the small numbers of our regular infantry, already too few to form an effective school for generals even at a single point, Aldershot.

After the infantry come the cavalry, with whom the critics of the late manœuvres are not pleased, comparing them with foreign regiments, and who, anyway, have few horses, being able to produce only 7,831 horses to 13,414 men, excluding India, although we include, I am told, in our 7,831, four-year olds, utterly unfit for war. The French cavalry on a peace footing has 68,000 horses to 76,000 men. I shall begin to believe that we possess a cavalry when I count something over the 220 or the 250 men that I observe in a British cavalry regiment as against the 600 or 700 men that I count in a foreign cavalry regiment, when I see them turn out. France added in the last financial year the same number of horses to her cavalry which we possess in all, excluding India. No French horses are counted as "fit for war" till five years old even for depôt service, and no French horses go out to manœuvres or to war till they are six. In our recent manœuvres we could only find a little over

200 horses for a regiment, and never 300, by using four-year olds to march in mimic war, carrying eighteen stone upon their backs; and the result was that the *Times* told us that our cavalry were not efficient, not up to the mark of foreign cavalry, not "fit to take the field as a fighting force"; not "fit and ready for use." It is difficult indeed to expect a regiment of cavalry kept in a Lancashire manufacturing town far removed from open ground for exercising, and with only the small number of horses that I describe, still more difficult to expect cavalry broken up in detachments and with no chance of even regimental drill, to be equal to cavalry kept in a good Continental cavalry garrison. Yet the British taxpayer is constantly assured in after-dinner speeches that if the British army is weak in numbers it is at all events a model force.

Next come the guns—the guns which Mr. Stanhope reduced, although it seems to me, as a civilian, that looking to the fact that we count our volunteers and our militia as infantry against invasion, and that they have no field artillery, our regular artillery ought to be vastly more numerous in proportion to our regular infantry than is the case at present here or, indeed, abroad. Switzerland, which has a population far less than that of Scotland or of London, can turn out more guns than the United Kingdom without India. Of horse artillery we have two batteries in Ireland and six in England, and it is very doubtful whether our six in England could furnish four batteries for the field for all the armies with which we could resist invasion, or parts of which we could send elsewhere to deliver a counter-blow. Counting field-guns of every kind, horse artillery, field artillery proper, and mountain batteries, we have six to eight batteries in Ireland, and 41 to 43 batteries in England, Scotland, and the colonies; and it is very doubtful whether we could suddenly horse and put in the field for war half our English batteries, or say 20 batteries of six guns; 120 guns in all. A single artillery station at the centre of an army corps in France or Germany can put in the field almost an equal number. We have, in other words, guns for an army corps, of which France and Germany have twenty each ready, and more behind to follow. All England can put suddenly in the field only about as many guns as a single French artillery garrison, such as that of Clermont, can turn out. At the highest calculation, Great Britain (without India) has 288 guns, of which the horses of some 64 are to be taken for ammunition columns on the outbreak of war; and different calculations show from 218 to 224 as being the number that would remain, and it is assumed that less than half of these could be placed in the field, properly horsed, upon the outbreak of war. One hundred and nine guns, or 112 guns at the outside, while Switzerland and Roumania each possess about 300 guns that they can horse and put in the field!

THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1891.

I am told that our difficulties about guns do not stop here. Lord Wolseley has lately written that on mobilisation we should take the field with four different guns at home; and even in India we have still two patterns. In the recent cavalry manœuvres, moreover, our new guns were found too heavy for their work. The new 12-pounder exceeds the maximum weight permissible behind the team. But here I get into ground too technical. What I repeat is that we have an absurdly small proportion of field artillery; smaller, even with regard to the regular forces of the Crown, than that of any other power, and that the proportion of field artillery to all home forces, including volunteers, is ludicrously small; yet that on the ground of cost the numbers of guns have been reduced, and that, also on the ground of cost, it is in contemplation on the outbreak of war to destroy batteries that have been kept up and scientifically trained in order that we should avoid in time of peace that expenditure upon an adequate waggon train which the poorer countries, spending less money, have found it necessary to keep on foot.

When our force of horse artillery was reduced by five batteries, the specious argument was put forward that, on the whole, matters would be on a more satisfactory footing in the future because what remained would be more efficient. I should like to ask whether as a matter of fact the batteries in existence are in a state of readiness to take the field? I have been told that two years ago an attempt was made at Aldershot to send four guns of a battery of the first army corps to a flying column, and to send them equipped up to war strength. This necessitated taking all the draft horses from the six guns of the battery, all the draft horses of a second battery, and some of a third. That is to say, that to equip four guns for service, three batteries were disintegrated. Yet all the three batteries were in the first army corps which the country is told is ready to take the field.

Neither can I learn that our garrison artillery is in a satisfactory condition. The constant change of officers from one branch to another of the service seems to me to seriously affect the efficiency of both divisions. As regards the efficiency of our garrison artillery, the Germans are already using gun-cotton shells for their big guns with effects which none of our fortresses are now designed to resist; and, although the French melinite is probably less successful, there can be no doubt that foreign countries are as much ahead of us as regards powders and explosives as is the case on other points.

While there is much danger that unless the system can be changed and the cost per man decreased, the House of Commons will adopt the rough and ready plan of reducing men; on the other hand, our coaling stations are without sufficient garrisons for war. To every one of them troops would have suddenly to be despatched on the

outbreak of war, if indeed panic did not detain the navy in the Channel and prevent the possibility of convoy. Stations such as Sierra Leone, which the navy insists on holding, but which are unhealthy and lightly garrisoned, would be taken by a French force from a neighbouring colony. St. Helena and some other coaling stations are entirely undefended, and the same is the case with important points where pass our telegraphs, on the maintenance and protection of which in time of war we count. For example, upon the coast near Penang, the whole eastern telegraph system is concentrated, and it is easily open to a dash. Our two telegraph routes to the Cape are both undefended at points where they are horribly exposed; and the routes of which I speak are the more important because I presume that no one seriously thinks that the route across Canada could be made safe, by any possible precautions, in time of war, so that the Pacific coast of the Dominion would be out of reach of safe communication from home except by means of communication through the East.

In speaking of the numbers of our regulars, and of the demands on them, I have taken into account only reasonable requirements. Sir George Baden-Powell has lately told us that Canada can trust for defensive purposes to the support of the United Kingdom. She certainly possesses, even according to the Australian scale, no adequate defences of her own; spending only a quarter of a million in the year and keeping on foot only 36,000 men, while the Australian colonies, less exposed, spend over a million sterling in the year and keep on foot a larger force. But I confess that I have not taken Canada into account, and if I did I should have to say that our regular army, already small for what it has to do, would find the demands upon it altogether and obviously overwhelming.

My time is short for so large a subject, and of the militia I will say nothing, except that by general admission the militia is not adequately prepared for war, inasmuch as it seems probable that all the best men would volunteer, and be carried off to fill up gaps in the regular army, and that the remainder would be for some time disorganized.

While our regulars form a dear army, although a highly efficient one as regards the portion kept in India and elsewhere across the seas, our militia, yeomanry, and volunteers form a cheap army, giving us a nominal force of considerably over 300,000 men for an expenditure apparently of under two millions a year (and really of two and a-half millions, for the militia really cost nearly one and a-half millions). On the other hand they are deficient in trained officers, in preparedness for war, and in guns (possessing as they do no field artillery), and know nothing of the general officers who would have to handle them in masses in time of war; a startling

example of the want of consideration given to the Imperial Defence problem as a whole.

As regards the volunteers, what I have seen and read would lead me to suppose that without much additional expense they might be so organized as to form an excellent defensive force, if supported by a strong body of field artillery, which, however, it would seem to me must be either regular or at least partially paid on the Australian system. During the war of 1870 I saw a good deal of the French Army of the Loire and of the French Army of the North, after I had quitted the German camps for those of France. French infantry with only from fifteen days' to three months' training stood well against German forces flushed with victory, where the former were commanded by skilled officers and backed by a powerful artillery. This seemed to me the lesson of Villepion, of Villers Bretonneux, of Coulmiers-Baccon, of Pont Noyelles (and even of Villersexel); but I was taught at that time by what I saw, and the opinion is confirmed by the many books, French and German, which I have since read about that war, that young troops, ill-trained, but well-officered and commanded, and supported by a powerful artillery, who can stand against good troops, must nevertheless bear in mind that superiority in artillery is a decisive element of success, and that the worse-trained the troops the more in number should be their mobile field guns.

In the event of our fleet being for a short time paralysed by the result of a first engagement which might have left our ships, even if victorious, in a half-sinking condition, or in the event of the fleet being taken away temporarily by its duties, a dash at London by a force drawn from the peace army of one of our neighbours would be very sudden, and clearly our volunteer force, now relied upon to form the larger portion of our field army against invasion, must be capable of rapid mobilisation. The mobilisation scheme contemplates the concentration on the North Downs of some 60,000 volunteers with 150 guns of position; but it is at present a mere paper scheme, and there is no real power of rapidly deciding what men are actually available for this purpose, and still less of training them in time of peace with a view to their certain presence in time of war. As matters stand we have not greatly progressed beyond the state of things contemplated by General Chesney in his *Battle of Dorking*.

I am absolutely convinced that the batteries of position are insufficient for the purpose for which they have been devised, and if the field-artillery is not greatly increased, so as to supply an adequate artillery for home defence, then I should suggest that we fall back upon the Birley scheme for a volunteer field artillery supported by trained regular drivers. Rumour says that this is to be carried

out, but there is, so far as I can discover, no certainty that this is so.

As regards all our forces, we still find, after the years which professedly have been given to the study of the problem of British mobilisation, an absolute want of general consideration of the defence question, a want of preparation in time of peace for the massing of troops in time of war with adequate provision for command, and a total absence of manœuvres on a sufficient scale to train generals and even regimental officers for the duties which in time of war they would be expected to perform. None of our generals have had the opportunity of handling in time of peace forces such as those which in the case of every Continental army generals learn to handle. No one can study the history of the French Army in the month of August, 1870, without seeing that the French failed to find a general who was competent to handle a mass of more than 50,000 men, simply, as I take it, from the fact that no French general had previously had since 1859 the opportunity of handling over 30,000 men. In France generals are now trained in time of peace to handle masses of this size. In Russia at the manœuvres of 1890 one general was moving 180,000 men, and another 150,000 men; 330,000 in all taking part in the manœuvres.

The latest Continental books assure us that, while before 1866 we were behind even on the old theories, and from 1866 to 1870 still more behind, since 1870 we have been wholly out of the race; that we still have depôts distant from the regiments; "dispersed reserves" (if any) instead of local reserves near their regiment; "a slow and irregular mobilisation"; and above all, "a grouping of forces in peace which does not correspond to their grouping in war." No one seems willing to assert that our Imperial Defence is cheaply and adequately provided for by the fifty-four to fifty-seven millions which the Empire spends for the purpose, or fifty-three to fifty-six millions without self-governing colonies; and no one alleges that it would be impossible or even difficult to provide more adequately for our defence for the enormous sum we spend. Even of those whose names are made use of by Secretaries of State for War as advising them, Lord Wolseley tells us that the "country pays for an inferior article a price that would be ample to give it a most efficient military machine." Lieut.-General Henry Brackenbury has stated his views upon the subject in the most formal shape in his evidence before Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee. He described the special difficulties of mobilisation in this country when the peculiarity of our reserves, of our militia, and of our volunteers was taken into account; the absence of all real localisation, the possibility of effecting "considerable economies" by a better system, the creation of what he called "the brain of an army" to devise a better system; adding that

"the War Office as now constituted will never devise such a system." He stated that as regarded our home expenditure we should for it scarcely be able to put a single army corps into the field at once. He explained how all other armies in Europe were now composed of the different units of the various arms and the administrative services in a fixed proportion, with a sufficient number of horses, and with all equipment, transport vehicles, and stores necessary to enable an army to take the field. "Our army is not constituted in that way. Our army has not been built up with a view to the relative proportions of the various arms of the service; it has not got the horses or the means of obtaining those horses with great rapidity in the case of war, and no mobilisation can be made without horses; and to the best of my belief it has not got the equipment and stores sufficient to enable it to take the field immediately." "There is no fixed military policy." "There is no plan, no systematic military policy."

"If there were a . . . Department whose duty it was to see how the . . . could be best expended next year for the interest of the army, and for following years in the same way . . . you would have an enormous increase of economy and efficiency." Asked if we could cheapen and make more efficient our military administration without having recourse to conscription, he replied, "For the sum of money which you are now spending you might have a much better organized and a much more efficient army than the army you have now got."

Lord Wolseley has not only used the words which I just now quoted, but he has also stated that our army is unable to move sufficiently with the times, that it is clumsily and badly organized, and that its tactical instruction is far below what it should be. These are criticisms which coming as they do from our best-known soldiers and military writers (and I may add parenthetically that Sir Frederick Roberts also must be counted among those who are far from satisfied that we obtain our money's worth in effective defence) cannot but impress the civilian public. They have been followed by the very grave Report made by Lord Hartington's Commission and based upon evidence which has not been published.

On Army Estimates Mr. Stanhope was lately tackled by Lord Hartington upon the Report of the Commission, and by other members upon the subject generally. The Secretary of State for War had to admit that the regular army at home were short of numbers 5,000 men, that the standard of height had been steadily reduced, while reduction was now ceasing to produce an effect upon recruiting; from which it follows, I may add, that not only is the Empire spending fifty-four to fifty-seven millions a year on defence (of which from fifty-three to fifty-six in a manner for which we are responsible), but must look forward to a considerable increase for a

rise in pay, if the present system is to be continued. Mr. Stanhope announced the appointment of a committee to consider the terms and length of service, but the country is sick of committees and commissions upon military questions, and desires action, and the discovery of some one willing to take responsibility for that action. Mr. Stanhope discussed (but in such a way as not to clear it up) the question of field-guns at home. He said, "We must organize our defensive forces upon the supposition that our fleet has been defeated and that an invasion is possible." (It is not necessary to assume defeat; crippling even by a victory, or temporary absence might be sufficient.) "If an invasion is not thought possible then there is no use in keeping up volunteers, but there is a reason for largely diminishing in other respects our military expenditure. This is not my view." In another passage, however, he said that he had assumed that it was not necessary to associate batteries of regular artillery with the volunteers. This means that, in the event of invasion the guns for our defence are to be provided by the new volunteer artillery of position. If invasion is possible, as the Secretary of State for War assumed, we are acting foolishly in relying upon these batteries of position, and, certainly, however low may be the opinion formed of the smartness of the Continental artillery of the day, no competent person can believe that volunteer artillery of position are capable of competing with French regular field artillery.

Turning from the regulars, Mr. Stanhope told the country that the militia establishment being 127,000, the number enrolled was only 101,000, and even these reduced to 99,000, when called out for training. The yeomanry were 3,500 short; and the volunteers, with an establishment of 260,000, with 221,000 on the rolls and 212,000 efficient, were falling off all round. As a pendant to these somewhat black figures, Mr. Stanhope suggested in the same debate that he and his advisers had dealt adequately with the coaling-station problem. He announced the complete provision of the armament for many of them, including, for example, Sierra Leone, though he admitted that the important station of Esquimalt could not yet be armed on account of difficulties between the Canadians and ourselves. Turning to garrisons, he said that he and his advisers had carefully gone over the needs of every garrison and exactly estimated the number of men required. But have they provided them? Apparently these garrisons are still intended to be sent out after war has become certain, and by the time, for example, that the garrison of Sierra Leone reaches its post, the new guns sent out by Mr. Stanhope will be safely in the hands of the French peace-garrison of Senegal. This is a typical case. Sierra Leone is, as I said just now, an unhealthy station,—regarded, however, as essential by the navy,

and so reported by Lord Carnarvon's commission. A weak battalion of black troops kept there in time of peace cannot hold it in time of war against the between 4,000 and 5,000 men kept by the French next door, in addition to the landing force of their squadron which may be set against the landing force of ours. Yet the present view is first to fortify and then to arm it, and lastly, to trust for its defence to the ability of the fleet to convoy in time (at the moment when its other duties will be heaviest and panic and pressure the most great) a garrison from England to defend it.

The reply next to that contained in the word "conscription" which I have already met, most often made by civilians to observations of the kind of those I have addressed to you, is similar to the reply of the ultra-naval school. It is that the true defence of England is by its navy, and that all else must be in the nature of a sham. Supposing that this were so it would be no complete answer to facts such as those which I have adduced. * We spend 35 millions upon land forces, to 20 millions upon marine forces, for Imperial defence, without counting the self-governing colonies. The argument which I have quoted seems to assume that we are rich enough to afford to throw away 35 millions a year, for, otherwise, it must be right that we should demand for the money an efficient defence. But, even putting aside the fact that in any case it is worth discussing what becomes of the largest item of our imperial expenditure, is it the case that we can rely solely upon a navy however strong? Supposing that the navy be made strong enough, which seems unlikely, to seal up all the ports of possible enemies and prevent invasion and destruction of trade, as well as to guard coaling stations, and making the very large assumption, which I myself am not willing to make, that such exclusively marine defence would be the cheapest and most effective, as contrasted with mixed defence, which is contrary to the teaching of every great work upon the art of war, and contrary to the opinion even of very high authorities among naval men, yet, in any case, the navy cannot defend India on its north-west frontier; and no one can say that under our present military system the 17 millions spent by India upon land defence can be reduced. British Radical opinion sometimes assumes that we might come to terms with Russia, and Lord Randolph Churchill has given some Conservative protection to that view, which I have discussed elsewhere, but only to reject the possibility of relying with safety upon any promises, accompanied even by a disarmament, which would be real to India, but which to Russia would be but little hindrance. Neither is it possible for me to make a sufficient demand upon your time to discuss the opinion of the ultra-naval school, which resists fortification and preparation on land against invasion, on the ground that unless we have an overwhelming naval preponderance or supremacy our

food supply will be cut off, and we starved by investment, so that invasion will not be necessary in order to crush us. These views also I have discussed elsewhere, partly in my book *The British Army*, and partly in the chapter, in *Problems of Greater Britain*, on "Imperial Defence," and I hope to return to them in a popular work on Imperial defence in the course of next autumn. Moreover, I have already given grounds for thinking that, in the present state of naval science, navies may lie at the mercy of inventors, and that it is far from safe for us, however strong we may make ourselves at sea, to "put all our eggs into one basket."

What, then, is to be done? First, and above all, as is suggested to us both by those who signed the report of the Hartington Commission and by those who drew the minority report, to obtain a joint consideration of the military and of the naval side of the defence problem; one plan for doing which would be for a Prime Minister for a short time (providing himself, of course, with an efficient Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, so as to give himself full control of his time) to take into his own hands the War Office and the Admiralty, it being understood that the Parliamentary and detail work should be discharged by the men standing next to him in each office. The result would, I am convinced, be the creation of the second great necessary—a permanent defence brain in the shape of a general staff.

I may be charged with having said to-day a great deal about the defects of our present system without having described a new one to take its place, at least so far as army administration proper goes. On the other hand, it is impossible for a civilian who has not had great personal experience of the War Office and of the Admiralty (such, for example, as that of Mr. Childers, who has been Secretary of State for War and First Lord of the Admiralty), to pronounce with the slightest confidence between the two schemes which chiefly came before Lord Hartington's Commission. What should be the nature of the command-in-chief; whether in its present form it should be abolished; whether there should be a Commander-in-Chief for India independent of the Commander-in-Chief at home, and, on the other hand, of course, supreme in India (without interference by the Governments of Madras and Bombay), and a Commander-in-Chief at home without any Indian functions: these are questions of detail by the side of the one great point, the joint examination of the whole problem of defence and provision for a permanent consideration of it by the best brains that can be secured and with adequate power and responsibility. Every other military nation has a strong General Staff organized by a Moltke or by an Archduke Albert or by a Miribel. The problem of defence is more difficult as regards the British Empire than for any other State, as

onel Maurice has well shown; yet we are the only country spending vast sums upon defence which has no General Staff. A General Staff needs a Chief of the Staff at the head of it, who in our country would be, as General Miribel is in France, the right-hand man of the Minister of War, or Minister of Defence, if we follow the example set us by our colonies, of placing a supreme War Minister at both branches of defence. I ventured, in the Imperial Defence chapter of *Problems of Greater Britain*, to remark that—

"The working out in advance of the problems of war, perfectly performed in many, involves not half the complication that presents itself in the case of the British Empire. . . . The British Empire has enormous frontiers, world-wide interests, and numerous possible enemies—small or great—as well. Of the nations, ours should be that trusting the most to well-ordered knowledge and well-elaborated plans. Yet from time to time we are shocked by relations of our unprepared condition, and a strong popular feeling having been thus created, Government follows the impulse, and appoints a committee or a commission to obtain information and make recommendations to it. Reports overlap and sometimes contradict each other, and frequently . . . no action at all is taken."

The existence of a General Staff would in itself constitute a form of Imperial Federation for military purposes. The staff would know the resources of each colony and at what point each colony was efficient, and the Government on its advice would propose to the colonies definite schemes forming parts of a well-thought-out whole. The present Intelligence Department has not sufficient authority to secure the adoption of its views, as appears plainly from a consideration of the evidence given before Lord Randolph Churchill's Committee by its then head, Lieutenant-General Brackenbury. No one could hold that department responsible for the mistakes which would be revealed by the outbreak of war as matters stand. But after the creation of a proper General Staff the responsibility for the future would be settled, and the public would know where to allot the blame if things went wrong, and praise whenever we might succeed.

The third great need of our army is the instruction of the corps of officers from the humblest to the highest ranks, and especially by peace concentrations and peace manœuvres on the largest possible scale.

These suggestions are suggestions which may involve, it may be said, not decrease, but augmentation of charge, and therefore it is that I am forced to touch upon suggestions more revolutionary, more doubtful, and less likely to be acceptable as a whole to the audience which I address. The immediate consideration of the whole defence problem, military and naval; the creation of a General Staff to form the permanent body charged under the Prime Minister with such consideration; the reinstitution of manœuvres, and upon the largest scale; provision for the efficiency of the navy; the garrisoning of the coaling-stations: all these are likely to be popular in this room.

The separation of the Indian (or Indian and coaling-stations) army from the home army is a change to my mind of equal moment, and certain, as I think, to result from the others which I advocate, but is more contested. At the same time we cannot go on as we are. We are told that unless popular clamour is aroused we must and are to go on as we are, and the answer is, that popular clamour will not be aroused till all have realised how enormous is the cost of the present system, and how more than doubtful its efficiency. This arousing of popular clamour carries, however, the consequence either of revolutionary change of system, or else a blind cutting down of the land forces by the House of Commons. Therefore it is that soldiers in their own interest, as well as in that of the country (which British soldiers always have in view), must be prepared to initiate, or, at least, to accept proposals which may seem to them revolutionary.

When I advocate the separate army for India I begin by admitting that the present Indian army defends the country well enough as matters stand. Were the Indian Government allowed to have its way, and were the presidencies abolished, either for military purposes only, or, as I should wish, for all purposes whatever, and were the number of inferior native troops incapable of standing against Russians in the field, and less efficient than the best of the military police, more rapidly diminished, and the armies of the native states put down, or confined to royal guards and military police, there would be little fault to find as regards the fitness, for any immediate call, of the army paid by India. On the other hand, it is a costly army, and if Russia is to be allowed in the course of time to establish herself in a secure base within striking distance, and, as seems highly probable, to complete her railways and other preparations for a possible expedition, our Indian army will have to be increased, and that increase upon the present system means a drain upon the Indian budget which our popularity is too weak to stand. It is admitted by all competent persons in India that a separate system would be cheaper. Colonel King-Harman has shown that the relative cost of the two systems was investigated some years ago, and that a case for a separate army was established on this ground. Under a separate system there would, of course, be far less moving about of men. We have devised a term of service, as a compromise between Indian and English needs, too long to give us a large reserve at home and too short for India. When I say a separate army I do not care about the name. You may call it, if you like, a branch. You may allow the fullest powers of exchange. As regards the home army, supposing the garrisons across the seas to be provided by an Indian army, by marines, by coloured troops of various races, or by an increase of the fleet, I think we might distinguish between those terms of service which must be long and those which may be short.

After the war of 1870 I ventured, with all humility, to ask foreign soldiers how they could defend uniformity of treatment of the terms of service for cavalry, artillery, engineers on the one hand, and infantry on the other. I asked them whether it was not the case that even a three-years' service was short for making cavalry soldiers or artillery drivers, and especially for making them good enough to be useful afterwards when brought back from the reserve. On the other hand, I asked whether three years was needed for making an infantry private, if taken at the best age, twenty, supposing the non-commissioned officers and officers of all ranks above him to be well trained. To my astonishment I found that foreign officers were rapidly coming to the same view which I myself had formed, namely, that their reserve, or armed-nation system, was applicable to the infantry, and not applicable to cavalry and artillery, which ought to be kept ready for war. We now find that the Continental Powers are year by year increasing their number of horses, and learning to rely less and less upon the armed-nation system as regards artillery and cavalry, and that they are beginning to pay very highly their re-engaged non-commissioned officers of infantry, although they shorten from time to time the period of service of the ordinary foot-soldier. These facts seem to me to point towards ultimately relying for the masses of our infantry at home (for such is the martial spirit of our race that vast numbers might be counted on to volunteer, if necessary, for foreign service in the event of a great war) on an infantry which should be neither such as our present volunteers, nor such as our militia, nor such as our regular force, but should be a partially-paid force, corresponding rather to the Australian infantry. This, however, except possibly for artillery, is probably a long way off. It would be necessary to have large schools for officers and non-commissioned officers; and the Guards, or the Marines, or the Indian depôts, or all these forces, increased perhaps, could be relied upon for this purpose if kept in large numbers in convenient centres—say Aldershot and Cannock Chase, or the new Yorkshire station. I should then contemplate for India an ultimate increase in numbers (without increase in charge), and for home service a great increase in guns; and as regards infantry, a complete change of system, giving us a smaller permanent infantry force in time of peace, and a vastly larger, but cheap one, in time of war. If the bulk of our defence forces, as far as infantry goes, were of the partially-paid type, we might well do here that which is done in Australia, namely, retain true volunteers, bearing their own charges, side by side with the partially-paid militia, capable of a more rapid mobilisation, making of the volunteers a reserve for war risks and for home garrisons, but not relying on them for a first field army against invasion. In this case there would doubtless come about in time a gradual assimilation between the present militia and a portion

of the present volunteers, as a defence army, organized into brigades, divisions, and corps provided with their peace commanders and their war commanders, of whom the former might be the pick of the generals of the present regular army, having those destined to be the war commanders of the defence army attached to them as chiefs of the defence army corps staffs. I suggest this, however, rather as a counsel of perfection than as a plan for immediate adoption, so far as infantry are concerned. If the volunteers and the War Office can learn to work together, judicious treatment of the volunteers may suffice without so great a change of system.

It is not absolutely necessary, though I think that it would be wise, to introduce the partially-paid system, as regards infantry, because judicious treatment of the volunteers might possibly suffice to make them good enough to serve as a defence army against foreign regulars so far as infantry goes. The artillery question, however, needs drastic treatment, and it is to my mind certain that we must either introduce the partially-paid system for the purpose of creating a field-artillery force to serve with the volunteer and militia infantry in the field against invasion, or else resort to the system of attaching paid drivers to volunteer artillery as recommended by Colonel Birley and some others.

The first thing to be done, I am convinced, is for a Prime Minister to obtain the opportunity of creating as a General Staff or military brain, in whatever form he pleases, a chosen body of the ablest soldiers and sailors to be found, and to get from them a private explanation as to the forces which might be brought against us in attack under all possible eventualities, and of the means which would be needed to repel such attack. Then would follow an organization of command embracing the whole of our resources: the adequate protection of the coaling stations and the command of our military forces in all ranks by men highly trained for war. When unity of organization has been achieved and the duty of someone or somebody to consider the whole problem laid down, the smaller questions, such as those of the hybrid term of service, too short for India and too long for our home reserves, and of the future constitution of our defensive artillery and infantry, will soon be settled. In stating the case in these terms I am closely following some recommendations contained in a most able article upon the subject in the *Manchester Guardian*, which has evidently been penned by one who has given deep attention to the matter, and whose conclusions agree entirely with my own formed independently.

Such are the views of a mere civilian who does not pretend to competency in detail, or to military skill, but who has some experience as to the demands likely to be made on the military and naval authorities by Governments and by the House of Commons.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

INFLUENZA.

WHEN influenza once more appeared among us towards the close of 1889 it was at first looked upon by most people rather as a convenient means of escape from troublesome engagements or a decent pretext for a few days' rest—tempered perhaps by French novels—than as a serious disease. Amid the number of new maladies which medical science has in recent years added to the catalogue of human ills, influenza had been almost forgotten, and the present generation knew little about it, except by tradition. Now that its power for mischief has been unpleasantly brought home to most of us, there is some risk of the danger being unduly magnified. Influenza at its worst hardly reaches the dignity of a pestilence, and I confess it does not seem to me to be worthy of the spiritual steel of the Bishop of Lincoln. Like Mistress Quickly, I hope there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such thoughts yet. It would, however, be a grievous error to despise influenza too much, for, if the disorder is comparatively trifling in itself, it is serious, and even formidable, in its possible consequences. All past experience shows that epidemics of influenza have been accompanied by a great increase of the ordinary death-rate; the disease, though killing few with its own hand, seems to sharpen the dart of other ailments. In persons weakened by chronic disease or unsound in constitution—especially when the flaw is in the lungs or the heart—an attack of influenza often quickens the smouldering embers of their complaint into a flame in which the feeble remnants of life are speedily consumed. In those previously healthy it not infrequently sows the seeds of other diseases more deadly than itself, and even when no definite organic damage appears to remain, it sometimes leaves its mark in lasting impairment of vitality. In these various ways the effects of influenza on the public health may be more far-reaching than those of cholera and other scourges, which work greater immediate havoc, and on this ground it deserves the earnest attention of all governments which consider it to be the first duty of a civilised power to provide for the safety of its own citizens, rather than for the scientific extermination of its neighbours.

Influenza is not like some other diseases a product of advanced civilisation; it is referred to by Hippocrates and other ancient medical writers, and a formidable list of epidemics in various parts of the world between the years 1173 and 1875 is given by Hirsch.¹ It is obvious, however, that no list of this kind can be exhaustive either as to the actual number of epidemics, or the area of prevalence of the

* (1) *Handbook of Geographical and Historical Pathology*, vol. i. chap. i.

several outbreaks. It is not till the sixteenth century that we meet with anything like detailed records on the subject, and it is tolerably safe to assume that till long after that time, only the more serious outbreaks were chronicled. Even at the present day, when the machinery for the collection of statistics is so much nearer perfection than it has ever been, it is difficult and indeed impossible to obtain trustworthy information as to the prevalence and diffusion of diseases over a very large part of the earth's surface. Even as to China, which lies under some suspicion of being the natural home of influenza, as India is of cholera, we have nothing but rumours of the vaguest kind.

With regard to our own country, we have a fairly complete history of epidemics of influenza which occurred in 1510, 1557, 1580, 1658, 1675, 1710, 1729, 1732-3, 1737-8, 1743, 1758, 1762, 1767, 1775, 1782, 1803, 1831, 1833, and 1837.¹ Further visitations took place in 1843 and 1847-8, besides limited outbreaks in 1841, 1842, 1844, 1846-7, and 1866. That there were other intermediate epidemics which found no medical pen to chronicle them is shown by such accidental references as the following which occurs in Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary Stuart*. In a letter, dated November, 1562, Randolph, the English Resident at the Scottish Court, says: "Immediately upon the Queen's arrival here (Holyrood) she fell acquainted with a new disease that is common in this town, called here the 'New Acquaintance,' which also passed through her whole household, sparing neither lord, lady, nor damoiselle—not so much as either French or English. It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomach, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with other shorter time as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days; there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease except some old folk." The "New Acquaintance" is a very old acquaintance now, and much has been written on it by learned doctors, but I do not know that the prominent features of the disease have ever been more accurately hit off than in these few lines of Elizabeth's clear-sighted envoy.

In the records of all these epidemics, through the mist of obsolete pathological theory, the characteristics of the disease as we know it from present experience can be distinctly recognised. Thus Willis in his *Description of a Catarrhal Fever Epidemical in the Middle of the Spring in the Year 1658*, mentions the "troublesome cough, with great spitting, also a Catarrh falling down on the palat, throat, and nostrils," and the "feaverish distemper, Joyned with heat and thirst,

(1) The original records of these various outbreaks were collected and edited by the late Dr. Theophilus Thompson, and published by the Sydenham Society in 1852. A new edition of this valuable work was brought out not long ago by his son, Dr. Symes Thompson.

want of appetite, a spontaneous weariness and a grievous pain in the back and limbs," and he also speaks of the "want of strength and languishing." Our English Hippocrates, Sydenham, in his *Epidemic Coughs of the Year 1675*, says the disease, which he clearly discriminates from ordinary catarrh, "attacked with pains in the head, back and limbs," afterwards "falling upon the lungs." Later we find Huxham of Plymouth—a medical worthy in whom I take a particular interest, as to him we owe one of the best descriptions of diphtheria—giving a really excellent account of the epidemic of 1729: "The disorder began at first with a slight shivering; this was presently followed by a transient *erratic* heat, an headache, and a violent and troublesome sneezing; then the back and lungs were seized with flying pains, which sometimes attacked the breast likewise, and though they did not long remain there, yet were very troublesome, being greatly irritated by the violent cough which accompanied the disorder. . . . These complaints were like those arising from what is called *catching cold*, but presently a slight fever came on, which afterwards grew more violent. . . . Several likewise were seized with a most racking pain in the head, often accompanied with a slight delirium. Many were troubled with a singing in the ears, and numbers suffered from violent ear aches, which in some turned to an abscess; exulcerations and swellings of the fauces were likewise very common. . . . It generally went off about the fourth day, leaving behind a troublesome cough, which was very often of long duration; and such a dejection of strength as one would hardly have suspected from the shortness of the time. . . . On the whole this disorder was rarely mortal, unless by some very great error arising in the treatment of it; however, this very circumstance proved fatal to some, who making too slight of it, either on account of its being so common, or not thinking it very dangerous, often found asthmas, hectics, or even consumptions themselves the forfeitures of their inconsiderate rashness." The last words contain pretty well the substance of the matter. John Arbuthnot (Pope's "Friend to my Life"), speaking of the epidemic of 1732, mentions that "the fever left a debility and defection of appetite and spirits much more than in proportion to its strength or duration." Again, with regard to 1737, we learn from Huxham that the epidemic in that year was "not unlike in its attack to the epidemic catarrhal fever of the year 1733, but much more violent." He adds, "Numbers were now miserably tortured with the toothache who had never had a bad tooth in their head . . . in some, one half of the head was affected as if by an exquisite hemicrania." Further on, speaking of 1743, Huxham speaks of the disease as a "feveret," and he says, "This fever seemed to have been exactly the same with that which, in the spring, was rife all over Europe, termed the 'Influenza.'" ¹ He adds that "in

(1) John Huxham: *Observations on the Air and Epidemical Diseases*. London, 1758, vol. ii.

London it increased very greatly the number of burials, rising them in one week only to at least a thousand." In the epidemic of 1762 we are told by Sir George Baker that "those persons suffered most severely who could not obtain a respite from labour; more especially those who worked daily in the open air. Among this class the pestilence was so violent that it destroyed many of them within four days in spite of remedies."

It is needless to multiply quotations from eye-witnesses of the various epidemics; it is sufficient to state that there is a chain of medical evidence which conclusively proves the essential identity of the disease throughout. In all, mention is made of the rapidity of its spread, the universality of its prevalence, whole cities being struck down as at a blow, the suddenness of onset, the shivering, the agonising headache, the pain in the muscles, the catarrhal symptoms accompanied or replaced by intestinal troubles, the speedy subsidence of the primary disease with the pronounced liability to inflammation of the lungs and air-passages, the excessive prostration caused by an affection apparently so insignificant, and the not infrequent legacy of organic mischief or damaged constitution. Just as no two sufferers from influenza present exactly the same symptoms, so no epidemics are precisely alike in all their details; there are variations in type due no doubt to differences in the severity of the outbreak and to changes in the habits and constitution of the people. Thus in 1510, in addition to the ordinary symptoms of catarrh, particular mention is made of violent pain over the eye, pain in the abdomen, delirium, and, from the seventh to the eleventh day, syncope and "starting" of the tendons; in 1580, of bleeding at the nose, insomnia, giddiness, swelling of the glands beside the ear and bilious vomiting; in 1658, spitting of blood and great pain in the head; in 1675, bilious derangement; in 1729, rheumatic pains; in 1732-3, discharge of blood from the nose, lungs, and bowels; in 1737, sickness, salivation, toothache and rheumatic pains; in 1743, skin eruptions, inflamed eyes and dysentery; in 1758, a feeling of rawness in the throat and windpipe; in 1782, loss of smell and taste, a sensation of contusion of the limbs and soreness of the cheek-bones; in 1831, loss of taste and soreness behind the breast-bone, and in 1837, a feeling of weight and pain in the forehead, sometimes also at the top and back of the head, soreness over the breast-bone, severe pain in the back, acrid discharge from the eyes and nostrils, and diarrhœa.

In all these epidemics, in spite of minor variations, the catarrhal phenomena seem to have overshadowed every other element in the disease to such an extent as to mask its real nature. Inflammation of the respiratory mucous membrane, with consequent flux from the nose, windpipe, and lungs, was thought to be the essential feature of the malady, and the error has become crystallised in the expres-

sion "influenza cold," often used not only by the public but by medical men to denote a cold of more than ordinary severity. I am inclined to think that this misconception is, at least in some measure, responsible for the very high rate of mortality which has been attributed to the present epidemic in Sheffield and other places in Yorkshire and also in London. After a winter of extraordinary duration and severity and a spring of exceptional malignity, it is not wonderful that the old and the weakly should go down with bronchitis and pneumonia like grass before the mower's scythe. Even without the influenza these two diseases would, under the circumstances, have claimed hecatombs of victims; and to a man already sore smitten by the east wind a very small dose of influenza "will serve" as Mercutio says. It is hardly fair, however, to set down all these deaths to the account of the influenza; that may be the immediate cause, but the "efficient cause" as the scholastics would say, is the previous sapping of the foundation which makes it easy for the most insignificant enemy to batter down the citadel of life.

There is another point which I can only touch on lightly here. Influenza is the very Proteus of diseases, a malady which assumes so many different forms that it seems to be not one, but all diseases' epitome, and its symptomatology includes almost everything, from running at the nose to inflammation of the brain. In times of epidemic such as the present, illness of every kind is likely to be laid at the door of influenza; every cold, every headache, every bilious attack is ascribed to the same ubiquitous—or, as we say, "pandemic"—morbic agency, as in the Middle Ages all the motley brood of skin diseases were impartially classified and treated as leprosy. Statistics both of the prevalence and of the mortality of influenza are therefore apt to be vitiated by more than the usual fallacies which beset all such censuses of disease, and a corresponding liberal allowance for error should be made when dealing with it.

The first step towards a right understanding of the nature of influenza is to get rid of the notion that catarrh is an inseparable adjunct of the disease. It is really an acute specific fever running a definite course like measles or scarlatina. It would be tedious and unprofitable to describe in detail the symptoms and complications of a disorder which is no doubt painfully familiar to many of my readers. It may, however, be stated that numerous and diverse as are its manifestations, they may all be grouped under three heads, viz., catarrhal, abdominal, and nervous. We have thus three well-marked types, each of which includes several varieties; all three may be intermingled or may succeed each other in the same case. It is this series of pathological combinations and permutations which gives the disease that superficial complexity of aspect which made Mrs. Carlyle playfully suggest that the doctors had agreed to

call half-a-dozen different diseases by one name in order to simplify treatment. I have used the words "superficial complexity," because under all its disguises I believe the disease to be at bottom perfectly simple.

The bewildering diversity of symptoms becomes intelligible if we regard them as the results of disordered nervous actions. The extraordinary disturbance in our telegraphic systems sometimes caused by a thunderstorm is as nothing compared with the freaks played by the living conductors in the human body if anything throws the governing centres out of gear. In my opinion then the answer to the riddle of influenza is poisoned nerves. The cause of the disease I take to be a specific poison of some kind which gains access to the body, and having an elective affinity for the nervous system wreaks its spite principally or entirely thereon. In some cases it seizes on that part of it which governs the machinery of respiration, in others on that which presides over the digestive functions; in others again it seems, as it were, to run up and down the nervous keyboard, jarring the delicate mechanism and stirring up disorder and pain in different parts of the body with what almost seems malicious caprice. It is this that explains the almost infinite variety of neuralgic pains—head ache, ear ache, face ache, lumbago, cramp in the stomach, &c.—which form so distressing a feature of the malady. It also explains the absolute loss of smell and taste which makes the taking of food the most wearisome of tasks; and it give us the key to disorders of the sight and hearing, and the severe, though happily transient, affections of the eye and ear, which so frequently accompany influenza, and the lethargic stupor which occasionally follows it. It is the profound impression made on the nervous system by the poison, that explains nearly all the after effects of the malady and especially that prolonged and sometimes even permanent loss of vital energy which is perhaps its worst legacy. The same deterioration of nerve force is seen in the slow and unsatisfactory healing of wounds which nearly all surgeons have observed in patients who have suffered from influenza. Even spontaneous gangrene of the extremities has taken place in several cases as if the disease induced premature old age. As the nourishment of every tissue and organ in the body is under the direct control of the nervous system, it follows that anything which affects the latter has a prejudicial effect on the former; hence it is not surprising that influenza in many cases leaves its mark in damaged structure. Not only the lungs, but the kidneys, the heart, and other internal organs and the nervous matter itself may suffer in this way. No wonder that so many persons never "feel the same" after an attack; that some develop consumption; that a few become paralysed, and that there are even instances in which insanity has followed the malady.

What then is the nature of this insidious poison that has so baleful an effect on the nerves? On that point the doctors of the end of the nineteenth century are as much in the dark as their predecessors at the beginning of the sixteenth. We have not got beyond the "something subtle and occult" of Molineux. It is needless to say that microbes have been sought for, and several have been found, but not, so far, the one that is "wanted." Those that have been arrested on suspicion by Cornil and Babes of Paris, Jolles of Vienna, Klebs of Zurich, and others have all failed to satisfy the crucial test of inoculation; "colonies" of them have been carefully bred to a proper degree of virulence and have then been injected into rabbits and other martyrs of scientific research. The unfortunate animals have died with symptoms indicative of blood-poisoning; but not of influenza. That the cause of the disease, however, is a living germ of some kind can hardly be doubted; this is the only hypothesis which explains all the facts. The sky, the sea, the earth, and the waters under the earth have been searched in vain for something that would furnish a solution of the riddle. The weather has been tried and found wanting; one has only to glance through the list of epidemics to see that influenza has been rife in every possible variety of weather and at every season of the year. It has prevailed in different places at the same time under exactly opposite meteorological conditions. We may therefore say with Sydenham, "Concerning the nature and quality of that disposition of the air on which the disease depends as well as of many other things on which the dotting and arrogant crowd of philosophers trifle, we are totally ignorant." Plagues of insects such as the *Bostrichus typographus* which abounded in 1665, 1757, 1763 and 1783; the *Arctia phæorrhæa*, which committed great ravages in 1731 and 1732; the brown-tail moth which had a price put upon its head in 1782; and the aphis, vast flights of which darkened the air in the northern counties of England in 1836, have been thought to be in some way connected with the influenza which prevailed in these years; but though the possibility of insects conveying infection cannot be gainsaid, it has not been shown that there is any relation between them and the epidemic.

Ozone in the atmosphere, "seleniureted hydrogen," and other telluric emanations have been conjectured to have something to do with its causation, but it occurs with equal intensity in places differing as widely as possible in climate and soil. At present the living germ holds the field, but as to the exact nature of the organism we must wait for enlightenment at the hands of some of the patient workers who seek for the sources of disease in the realm of the infinitely little.

As to the mode of diffusion of influenza all the evidence seems to me to point to its being air-borne. "Horsed upon the sightless couriers

of the air," it is conveyed from its secret birthplace and drops from beneath the clouds—not exactly like mercy—upon the place beneath. If this should happen to be a thickly populated district the germ no doubt multiplies itself as it passes from house to house and from town to town; whether it becomes more virulent in the process I am not aware that there is any evidence to show. Influenza thus spreads both by aerial transportation and by contagion; the latter alone is inadequate to explain the sudden outbreak of the disease in widely distant countries at the same time, and the curious way in which it has been known to attack the crews of ships at sea, where communication with infected places or persons was out of the question. Thus Admiral Kempenfeldt (the hero of Cowper's poem "*The Royal George*") sailed on May 2nd, 1782, with the intention of cruising between Brest and the Lizard. On the 27th, although there had been no communication with the shore, the crew of one of the ships were attacked with influenza, and soon the whole squadron was so severely affected that it had to return to port in the second week in June. Again to quote Sir Thomas Watson, on April 3rd, 1833, the *Stag* frigate was coming up the Channel and arrived at two o'clock off Berry Head on the Devonshire coast, all on board being at that time well. In half-an-hour afterwards, the breeze being easterly and blowing off the land, forty men were down with the influenza, by six o'clock the number was increased to sixty, and by two o'clock the next day to one hundred and sixty.¹ On the same day Sir Thomas Watson saw the first two cases in London, the whole town being smitten with it on that and the following day. On the same day also a regiment at Portsmouth was seized so that next morning so many men were ill that garrison duty could not be performed by it. Many similar occurrences have been recorded in other epidemics. It is impossible to explain such cases by contagion; the victims can only have succumbed to a cause acting on them all at the same instant of time, as they would all have got wet if exposed to a shower of rain. In the case of these sudden visitations of influenza we must suppose that there is something like a shower of germs.

On the other hand the evidence as to contagion is not less conclusive. Cullen relates that on a little island, fifteen or twenty leagues off the west coast of Scotland, there lived in his day twenty or thirty poverty-stricken families who had no other communication with the mainland than through the rent collector, who visited them once a year. On the occasion of one of these visits the collector's men, who were ill with influenza, introduced it into the island, and on the following day the whole population was coughing. In many instances during the last epidemic there was tolerably

(1) *Principles and Practice of Physic*, 4th ed., London, 1857, vol. ii., p. 44. •

clear proof that the disease had been introduced into towns or villages previously free by persons coming from infected places. The fact that it was, during the present epidemic, brought to the House of Commons by witnesses from Sheffield is, I believe, generally accepted by those in a position to judge; it appears certain that the members of the committee before whom the witnesses appeared were attacked first, and they subsequently spread it through the House. That the disease can be conveyed by dead bodies—as is known to be the case in other contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, &c.—seems to be shown by the following narrative, which I take from a paper by Dr. Guiteras in the *Philadelphia Medical Times* of April 10th, 1880:—An American gentleman in bad health contracted influenza in London, and died of a relapse in Paris in December, 1879. His body was embalmed and sent to Philadelphia, where it was exposed to the view of his family. This was immediately followed by an outbreak of influenza, which first affected the members of the family, next friends in close intercourse with them, next the medical attendant of some of them, next the housekeeper and one or two of the doctor's patients, the whole number affected being eighteen.

Regarding the treatment of influenza there is not much to be said. As in all fevers which run a definite course, the doctor's duty is practically confined to keeping up the patient's strength, and warding off complications. The best way to do this is to insist on his going to bed as soon as the enemy is upon him, and remaining there as long as it is necessary. If this were done as a matter of routine in every case of influenza, however trivial it may seem to be, there would be fewer deaths from relapses and complications. In very mild cases it may be sufficient to confine the patient to his room, but if allowed to be up he will be almost sure to take liberties with himself and catch cold by some trifling exposure. It is the mild attacks that often lead to the worst consequences, simply because they are neglected. The great prostration, which is usually one of the most marked features of the disease, should be combated by the judicious use of stimulants and by a diet as generous as the patient can be induced to take. Elimination of poisonous products should be promoted in the usual way, but anything like "lowering" treatment should be religiously avoided. It is a fatal mistake to treat influenza as an acute inflammatory disease; support, not depletion, is the secret of success. This truth was sometimes even borne in on the minds of the older physicians by witnessing the disastrous effects of bleeding in influenza; and I need not say that the evidence must indeed have been overwhelmingly strong to make these champions of the lancet believe that their favourite panacea was worse than useless. How convincing the evidence

was we may learn from an example. In the epidemic of 1557, in a small town near Madrid, some 2,000 persons contracted the disease; they were all bled, and—all died. Mr. Rider Haggard's blood-thirsty imagination could not conceive a more wholesale butchery! Most modern authors attribute the enormous mortality in the older epidemics not so much to the influenza itself as to the treatment: "*Seignare, seignare, ensuite purgare,*" was the general rule, with the result that the patient was deprived of his life as well as cured of his disease.

There is one point to which I think it well to call special attention. There are, of course, fashions in medicine as in other things, and at present what are called "antipyretics," that is to say, remedies which reduce the temperature, are much in vogue. The clinical thermometer is a most valuable instrument, but it should not be made a fetish. In certain fevers, as, for instance, in rheumatism, where the mere excess of heat-production may kill the patient, reduction of the temperature is a matter of vital importance, and almost any means may justifiably be used to that end. In a "feveret" like influenza, however, a temperature of 103 degrees or even 104 degrees, has no serious significance; it will speedily subside of itself and requires no aid from medical art. It should never be forgotten that some drugs which reduce temperature also reduce the patient, and experienced physicians could tell of many deaths due solely to the unwise use of these agents by practitioners who take the thermometer as a guide to be followed with unreasoning obedience.

After recovery the really dangerous time may be said to have come. The busy man will not be restrained, but will rush back to his work, and in a week or two he is in the deadly grip of pneumonia. For some little time after the most trivial attack of influenza the greatest care is necessary to prevent relapse, and it will be well if extra precautions are taken against catching cold for a considerable period afterwards. Of the consequences of influenza it may be said with the most literal truth that he that loveth the danger shall perish in it.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

AN ELECTION AT THE ENGLISH ACADEMY.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, R.E.A., Samoa.

DEAR MR. STEVENSON,—Last night I think that even you must have regretted being a beach-comber. Even the society of your friend Ori-a-Ori and the delights of kava and bread-fruit can hardly make up to you for what you lost in Piccadilly. It was the first occasion, as you are aware, upon which we have been called upon to fill up a vacancy in the Forty. You know, long before this letter reaches you, that we have already lost one of our original members. Poor Kinglake! I thought at the time that it was a barren honour, but it was one which his fame imperatively demanded. I can't say I knew him: a single introduction, a few gracious words in a low voice, a grave and sad presence—that is all I retain of him personally. I shall know more when our new Academician has to deliver the eulogium on his predecessor. What an intellectual treat it will be!

We had a splendid gathering. Do you recollect that when the papers discussed us, before our foundation, one thing they said was that there would never be a decent attendance? I must confess our business meetings have been rather sparsely filled up. Besant is invariably there, Lecky generally, a few others. There has always been a quorum—not much more. But between you and me and those other palms—the feathery palms of your cabin—there has not been much business to transact; not much more than might have been left to assiduous Mr. Robinson, our paid secretary. But last night the clan was all but complete. There were thirty-seven of us, nobody missing but Mr. Ruskin and yourself. Ruskin, by-the-way, wrote a letter to be read at the meeting, and then sent on to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—so diverting! I must cut it out and enclose it. But his style, if this is to be taken as an example, is not quite what it was.¹

(1) MY DEAR SIR,—What in the Devil's name should I do at your assemblage of notorieties? I neither care nor wish to care whom you elect. The only *Gardiner* I ever heard of was Henry's Bloody Bishop. If "Kiss me *Hardy*" came before us, it would be worth while for the only true Tory left in England to vote for him; but he has been with God this good half century. My £100 a year as Academician—recoverable, they tell me, in case of lapsed payment, from Her Majesty herself—I spend in perfecting my collection of the palates of molluscs, who keep their inward economy as clean as the deck of a ship of the line with stratagems beautiful and manifold exceedingly. Few of your Academicians show an apparatus half so handsome when they open their mouths. How unlike am I, by the way, in my retirement, from Bismarck across the waters, who squeaks like a puppy-dog on his road to the final parliamentary sausage-making machine of these poor times. Would it not be well for your English Academy, instead

Well, I am still so excited that I hardly know where to begin. To me, a real country bumpkin, the whole thing was such an occasion! Such a *social* occasion! I must begin from the beginning. I came all the way up from Luxilian, my green uniform, with the golden palm-shoots embroidered on it, safely packed in my portmanteau under my dress-clothes. To my great annoyance the children had been wearing it in Christmas charades. My dear wife, ay me, has so little firmness of character. By the bye, I hope you wear yours on official occasions in Samoa? The whole costume, I should fancy, must be quite in a Polynesian taste. I was more "up" in the candidates and their characteristics than you would expect. Ah! I know you think me rather a Philistine—but can an Academician be a Philistine? That is a question that might be started when next the big gooseberry season begins. I was "up" in the candidates because, as good luck would have it, Sala had been spending a week with me in the country. A delightful companion, but scarcely fitted for rural pleasures. He mentioned such a great number of eminent literary persons whom I had never heard of—mostly rather occasional writers, I gathered. He has an extraordinarily wide circle, I find: it makes me feel quite the Country Mouse. He did not seem to know much about Gardiner, it is true, but then he could tell me all that Hardy had written—or pretty nearly all; and, of course, as you know, Gardiner is my own hobby.

The moment I got to Paddington, I foolishly began looking hither and thither for fellow-"immortals." Rather absurd, but not so absurd as you might suppose, for there, daintily stepping out of a first-class carriage, whom should I see but Max Müller. I scarcely know him, and should not have ventured to address him, but he called out: "Ah! my dear friend, we come, I suspect, on the same interesting, the same patriotic errand!" I had felt a few qualms about my own excitement in the election; we are so quiet at Luxilian that we can scarcely measure the relative importance of events. But Max Müller completely reassured me. It was delightful to me to see how seriously he regarded the event. "Europe," he said, "is not inattentive to such a voice as the unanimity of the English Academy may—may wield." I could not help smiling at the last word, and reflecting how carelessly the most careful of us professional writers expresses himself in conversation. But his enthusiasm was very beautiful, and I found myself more elevated than ever. "It is permitted to us," he went on, "to whisper among ourselves, what the world must not hear—the unthinking world—

of these election follies, to bestir itself with a copy of *The Crown of Wild Olive* for his heart's betterment? But keep your Lydian modes; I hold my Dorian.—Ever faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

that the social status of English Academician adds not a little dignity to literature. One hopes that, whoever may be added to our number to-night, the social——eh?" I had formulated just the same feeling myself. "Only in so far," he went on, "as is strictly consistent with the interests of literature and scholarship——of course? Goodbye!" and he left me with an impression that he wanted to vote for both candidates.

There was a little shopping I had to do in Regent Street, after I had left my costume at the Academy, and I called in at Mudie's for a moment, on my way to the British Museum. To give you an idea of the mental disturbance I was suffering from, I asked the very polite young man at the counter for my own *Mayors of Woodshire*——you know, my seventeenth-century book——instead of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, which my wife wanted to read. I did not realise my mistake till I saw the imprint of the Clarendon Press. At last I got to the manuscript room, made my references, and found that our early dinner hour was approaching. I walking westward down Oxford Street, enjoying the animation and colour of the lovely evening, and then, suddenly, realising what the hour was, turned and took a hansom to the Athenæum.

Who should meet me in the vestibule but Seeley. Less and less often do I find my way to Cambridge, and I hesitated about addressing him, although I used to know him so well. He was buried in a reverie, and slowly moving to the steps. I suppose I involuntarily slackened my speed also, and he looked up. He was most cordial, and almost immediately began to talk to me about those notes on the commercial relations of the Woodshire ports with Poland which I printed in the *English Historical* two (or perhaps three) years ago. I daresay you never heard of them. I promised to send him some transcripts I have since made of the harbour laws of Luxilian itself——most important. I longed to ask Seeley whether we might be sure of his support for Gardiner, but I hardly liked to do so, he seemed so much more absorbed in the past. I took for granted it was all right, and when we parted, as he left the Club, he said, "We meet later on this evening, I suppose?" and that was his only reference to the election.

I am hardly at home yet at the Athenæum, and I was therefore delighted to put myself under Lecky's wing. I soon saw that quite a muster of Academicians was preparing to dine, for when we entered the Coffee Room we found Mr. Walter Besant already seated, and before we could join him Mr. Black and Mr. Herbert Spencer came in together and approached us. We had two small tables joined, and just as we were sitting down, Lord Lytton, who was so extremely kind to me in Paris last autumn when I left my umbrella in the Eiffel Tower, made his appearance. We all seemed studiously

to make no reference, at first, to the great event of the day, while Mr. Spencer diverted us with several anecdotes, not at all, of course, of a puerile description, but throwing a singular light upon the development of infant mind, which he had just brought from a family in the country. After this the conversation flagged a little. I suppose we were all thinking of the same thing. I was quite relieved when a remark of Lecky's introduced the general topic.

Our discussion began by Lord Lytton's giving us some very interesting particulars of the election of Pierre Loti (M. Viaud) into the French Academy last week, and of the social impression produced by these contests. I had no idea of the pushing, the intriguing, the unworthy anxiety which are shown by some people in Paris who wish to be of the Forty. Lord Lytton says that there is a story by M. Daudet which, although it is petulant and exaggerated, gives a very graphic picture of the seamy side of the French Academy. I must read this novel, for I feel that we, as a new body destined to wield a vast influence in this country, ought to be forewarned. I ventured to say that I did not think that English people, with our honest and wholesome traditions, and the blessings of a Protestant religion, would be in any danger of falling into these excesses. Nobody responded to this; I am afraid the London writers are dreadfully cynical, and Black remarked that we six, at all events, were poachers turned inside out. They laughed at this, and I was glad when the subject was changed.

Lord Lytton asked Mr. Besant whether he was still as eager as ever about his Club of Authors, or whether he considered that the English Academy covered the ground. He replied that he had quite relinquished that project for the present. His only wish had been to advocate union among authors, on a basis of mutual esteem and encouragement, and he thought that the Academy would be quite enough to do that, if it secured for itself the building which is now being talked about, as a central point for consultation on all matters connected with the literary life and profession. But this notion did not seem to command itself to Mr. Spencer, who said that it seemed to him that the Forty were precisely those whose success or the indulgence of the public had raised above the need or the desire of consultation. "I am very glad to have the pleasure of playing a game of billiards with you, Mr. Besant, but why should I consult you about my writings? I conceive that the duty of our Academy is solely to insist on a public recognition of the dignity of literature, and that if we go a step beyond that aim, we prepare nothing but snares for our feet." "Whom, then, do you propose," continued Lecky to Besant, "to summon to your consultations?" "Surely," was the reply, "any respectable authors." "Outsiders, then," said Mr. Spencer, "a few possible and a multitude of impossible candidates?"

"Female writers as well as male?" asked Black; "are we to have the literary Daphne at our conversaziones—"

" 'With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits'?"

How do you like that prospect, Lecky?"

"But poorly, I must confess. We have tiresome institutions enough in London without adding to them a sort of Ptolemaic Mouseion, for us to strut about on the steps of, in our palm-costume, attended by dialectical ladies and troops of intriguing pupils. Though that, I am sure," he added courteously, "is the last thing our friend Besant desires, yet I conceive it would tend to be the result of such consultation."

"What then," said the novelist, "is to be the practical service of the English Academy to life and literature?"

. At this we all put on a grave and yet animated expression, for certainly, to each of us, this was a very important consideration. "Putting on one side," began Mr. Spencer, "the social advantage, the unquestionable dignity and importance given to individual literary accomplishment at a time when the purer parts of writing—I mean no disrespect to you novelists—are greatly neglected in the general hurly-burly; putting on one side this function of the English Academy, there remains, of course——"

But, at this precise moment, when I was literally hanging on the lips of our eminent philosopher, the door opened with a considerable noise of gaiety, and Mr. Arthur Balfour entered, in company with a gentleman who was introduced to me presently as Mr. Andrew Lang.

"Two more Academicians, and this time neither novelists nor philosophers," said Black.

They sat down close to us, so that the conversation was still general.

"We were discussing the Academy," said Lord Lytton. "And we," replied Mr. Balfour, "were comparing notes about rackets. Lang tells me he has found a complete description of the game in one of the Icelandic sagas." "Played with a shuttlecock," said Mr. Lang, throwing himself back with a gesture of intense fatigue. "By the way, when we get to B in our Academy dictionary, I will write the article *battledore*. It is Provençal, I believe; but one must look up Skeat."

"We shall be very old, I am afraid, before we reach letter B," I remarked, "shall we not?"

"Oh! no," said Mr. Lang, "we shall fire away like fun. All we have to do is to crib our definitions out of Murray."

"I hardly think that," said Mr. Besant; "we seem to have precious little to occupy ourselves with, but our Dictionary at least

you must leave us." We talked this over a little, and the general opinion seemed to be that it would turn out to be more an alphabetical series of monographs on the history of our language than a dictionary in the ordinary sense. And who was to have the courage to start it, no one seemed able to guess.

A general conversation then began, which was of not a little interest to me. The merits of our two candidates were warmly, but temperately discussed. Everybody seemed to feel that we ought to have them both among us, that our company would still be incomplete if one was elected. Black suggested that some public-spirited Academician should perform the Happy Despatch, so as to supply the convenience of two vacancies. Lord Lytton reminded us that we were doing, on a small scale, what the French Academy itself did for a few years, from the election of Guizot to that of Labiche, namely, meeting in private to wrangle over the merits of the candidates. We laughed, and set to with greater zeal, I painting Gardiner in rosier colours as Besant advanced the genius of Hardy. While this was going on Sir Frederick Leighton joined us, listening and leaning in one of his Olympian attitudes. "I find," he said at last, "that I am able to surprise you. You are not aware that there is a third candidate." "A third candidate?" we all exclaimed. "Yes," he said; "before the hour was too far advanced yesterday, our secretary received the due notice from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Ah! you mean for your own Academy," someone said; "as chaplain in the room of the poor Archbishop of York?" "No," Sir Frederick answered, smiling, "as a candidate for *our* Academy, the English Academy." (And, indeed, I recollected that Leighton was one of our original members. I cannot quite recall upon what literary grounds, but he is a charming person, and a great social acquisition.)

There was a pause at this unexpected announcement. "I am sorry," said Mr. Balfour at last, "that the Archbishop, whom I greatly esteem and admire, should have laid himself open to this rebuff. We cannot admit him, and yet how extremely painful to reject him. He has scarcely more claim to belong to this Academy than I have, and——" At this we all, very sincerely, murmured our expostulation, and Lord Lytton, leaning across, said "My dear Arthur, you are our Haussonville!" "I am afraid I am more likely," he replied, "to be your Audriffet-Pasquier. But here I am, and it was none of my seeking. I am, at least, determined not to use what-fortieth-power I have for the election of any but the best purely literary candidates." There was no direct reply to this, and presently we all got up and separated to prepare for the election, each of us manifestly disturbed by this unexpected news.

As I was going out of the Club, I met Jebb, whom I was very

lad to greet. I used to know him well, but I go so seldom to Cambridge in these days that I can scarcely have seen him since he took his doctor's degree in letters, which must be seven or eight years ago, when I came up to see my own boy get his B.A. He was quite unchanged, and as cordial as ever. The night was so clear that we decided to walk, and, as we passed into Pall Mall, the moonlight suddenly flooded the street. "How the nightingales must be singing at Luxilian," I cried. "And that nest of singing-birds with whom I saw you dining," said Jebb, "how did they entertain you?" "The best company in the world," I replied; "and yet—! Perhaps Academicians talk better in twos and ones than *en masse*. I thought the dinner might have been more brilliant, and it certainly might have been more instructive." "They were afraid of one another, no doubt," said the Professor; "they were afraid of you. But how could it have been more instructive?" "I was in hopes that I should hear from all these accomplished men something definite about the aims of the Academy, its functions in practical life, what the use of it is to be, in fact." "Had they no ideas to exchange on that subject? Did they not dwell on the social advantages it gives to literature? Why, my dear friend, between ourselves, the election of a new member to an Academy constituted as ours is, so restricted in numbers, so carefully weeded of all questionable elements, is in itself the highest distinction ever yet placed within the reach of English literature. In fact, it is the Garter." "But," I pursued, "are we not in danger of thinking too much of the social matter? Are we not framing a tradition which, if it had existed for three hundred years, would have excluded Defoe, Bunyan, Keats, and perhaps Shakespeare himself?" "Doubtless," Jebb answered; "but we are protected against such folly by the high standard of our candidates. Hardy, Gardiner—who could be more unexceptionable? who could more eminently combine the qualities we seek?" "You are not aware, then," I said, "that a third candidate is before us?" "No! Who?" "The Archbishop of Canterbury." "Ah!" he exclaimed, and we walked on together in silence.

At the door of the Academy Jebb left me, "for a moment or two," he said, and proceeded up Piccadilly. I ascended the steps of our new building, and passed into the robing-room. Whom should I meet there, putting on his green palm-shoots, but Mr. Leslie Sturges. I was particularly glad to have a moment's interview with him, for I wanted to tell him of my great discovery, a fifth Nicodemus, Abbot of Luxilian, in the twelfth century. "Extraordinary thing! Of course I imagined that he would be delighted about it, although he has not quite reached N yet, but I can't say that he seemed exhilarated. "Five successive Nicodemuses," I said, "what do you think of that?" He murmured something

about "all standing naked in the open air." I fancy he is losing his interest in the mediæval biographies. However, before I could impress upon him what a "find" it is, Mr. Gladstone came in with the Bishop of Oxford, and just then Sala called me out to repeat a story to me which he had just heard at some club. I thought it good at the time—something about "Manipur" and "many poor"—but I have forgotten how it went.

Upstairs, in the great reception room, the company was now rapidly gathering. You may imagine how interesting I found it. Everywhere knots of men were forming, less, I felt, to discuss the relative claims of Hardy and Gardiner than to deplore the descent of the Archbishop into the lists. The Duke of Argyll, who courteously recognised me, deigned to refer to this topic of universal interest. "I would have done much," he said, "to protect him from the annoyance of this defeat. A prince of the Anglican Church, whom we all respect and admire! I fear he will not have more than—than—perhaps *one* vote. Alas! alas!" Various little incidents caught my eye. Poor Professor Freeman, bursting very hastily into the room, bounced violently against Mr. Froude, who happened to be standing near the door. I don't think Mr. Freeman can have realised how roughly he struck him, for he did not turn or stop, but rushed across the room to the Bishop of Oxford, with whom he was soon in deep consultation about Gardiner, no doubt; I did not disturb them. Lord Salisbury, with pendant arms, gently majestic, stood on the hearth-rug talking to an elderly gentleman of pleasing aspect, in spectacles. I heard some one say something about "the other uncrowned king of Brentford," but I did not understand the allusion. I suppose the gentleman was some supporter of the Ministry, but I did not catch his name.

Lecky was so kind as to present me to Professors Huxley and Tyndall, neither of whom, I believe, ought to have been out on so fresh a spring night; neither, I hope to hear this evening, is the worse for such imprudence. A curious incident now occurred, for as we were chatting, Huxley suddenly said, in a low voice:—"Gladstone has his eye upon you, Tyndall." The professor flounced about at this in a great agitation and replied, so loudly that I feared it would be generally heard—"He had better not attempt to address me. I should utter six withering syllables, and then turn my back upon him. Gladstone, indeed, the old ——." But at this moment, to my horror, Mr. Gladstone glided across the floor with his most courtly and dignified air, and held out his hand. "Ah! Professor Tyndall, how long it seems since those beautiful days on the Bel Alp." There was a little bridling and hesitating, and then Tyndall took the proffered hand. "I was wandering," said the Grand Old Man, "without a guide, and now I have found one, the best possible.

I am——” “Oh!” broke in the professor, “I thought it would be so. I am more delighted than——” “Pardon me,” interrupted Mr. Gladstone with an exquisite deprecation, “I am mainly interested at the moment in the Sirens. I am lost, as I said, without a guide, and I have found one. Your experiments with the sirens on the North Foreland—

ἰεῖσαι ὅπα κάλλιστον,—”

and then, arm in arm, the amicable and animated pair retired to a corner of the room.

Impossible to describe to you all the incidents of this delightful gathering. In one corner the venerable Dr. Martineau was seated, conversing with Mr. Henry Irving. I was about to join them when I was attracted by a sharp and elastic step on the stairs, and saw that Lord Wolseley, entering the room and glancing quickly round, walked straight to a group at my left hand, which was formed around Mr. George Meredith. “For whom must I vote, Mr. Meredith?” he said. “I place myself in your hands. Is it to be the Archbishop of Canterbury?” “Nay,” replied Mr. Meredith, smiling, “for the prelate I shake you out a positive negative. The customary guests at our academic feast—well; poet, historian, essayist, say novelist or journalist, all welcome on grounds of merit royally acknowledged and distinguished. But this portent of a crozier, nodding familiarly to us with its floriated tin summit, a gilt commodity, definitely hostile to literature,—never in the world. How Europe will boom with cachinnation when it learns that we have invented the Academy of English Letters for the more excellent glorification of more material episcopacy, a radiant excess of iridescence thrown by poetry upon prelacy, heart’s blood of books shed merely to stain more rosily the *infulæ* and *vittæ* of a mitre. I shall be tempted into some colloquial extravagance, if I dwell on this theme, however; I must chisel on Blackmore yonder for floral wit, and so will, with permission, float out of your orbit by a bowshot.”

Dr. Jowett now made his appearance, in company with Mr. Swinburne; and they were followed by a gentleman in a rough coat and picturesque blue shirt, who attracted my attention by this odd costume, and by his very fine head, with flowing beard and hair. I was told it was the poet Morris; not at all how I had pictured the author of *The Epic of Hades*. And finally, to our infinite delight, Lord Tennyson himself came in, leaning on Jebb’s arm, and we felt that our company was complete.

We clustered at last into our inner council-room, at the door of which the usher makes us sign our names. What a page last night’s will be for the enjoyment of posterity! We gradually settled into our places; Lord Tennyson in his presidential chair, Lecky in his

post of permanent secretary; our excellent paid secretary hurrying about with papers and explaining to us the routine. It seemed more like a club than ever at that moment, our charming Academy, with the best of all possible society. As I sat waiting for business to begin, my thoughts ran more and more upon the unfortunate candidature of the Archbishop. I reflected on what the Duke of Argyll had said, the wretchedness of the *one* vote. He should, at least, have two, I determined; and I asked my neighbour, Mr. Frederic Harrison, if he knew what Dr. Benson had published. "I have an idea," he replied, "that he is the author of a work entitled, *The Cathedral: its Necessary Place in the Life and Work of an Academy.*"

Our proceedings were interrupted for a moment by the entrance of Cardinal Manning, who desired to be permitted, before the election began, to add to the names of the candidates that of Mr. W. T. Stead. At this there was a general murmur, and Mr. Lang muttered: "If it comes to that, I propose Bridge" (or "Brydges"—I could not catch the name). The Cardinal continued: "I know I have a seconder for him in my eminent friend opposite." We all looked across at Archdeacon Farrar, who objected, with considerable embarrassment: "No, no; when I said that, I did not understand what the final list of candidates was to be. I must really decline." The Cardinal then turned to Mr. John Morley, who shook his head. "The Academy will have more need of Mr. Stead ten years hence, perhaps, than it has now." And with that the incident closed.

The moment had at last arrived, and we expected a prolonged session. By a system of successive ballotings, we have to work on until one candidate has a positive majority; this may take a long time, and may even fail to be accomplished. The President rang his bell, and the names were pronounced by the secretary:—

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, Archbishop of Canterbury,
SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, and
THOMAS HARDY.

As soon as he had recorded his vote, the President left us; the remainder of the company awaited the result with eager curiosity. The general opinion seemed to be that the votes for Gardiner and Hardy would prove pretty equal, and I began to feel a little qualm at having thrown mine away. But when Mr. Gladstone, taking the President's chair, rang his bell and announced the result of the voting, it is not too much to say that we were stupefied. The votes were thus divided:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury	19
Gardiner	8 •
Hardy	7
Blank votes	3

There was, accordingly, no need for a second ballot, since the Archbishop had secured a positive majority of the votes. I felt a little uncomfortable when I reflected that my vote, if loyally given to Gardiner, would have necessitated a re-opening of the matter. Never mind. Better as it is. The election is a very good one, from a social point of view particularly.

The company dispersed rather hurriedly. On the stairs, where Mr. Arthur Balfour was offering his arm to Lord Selborne, I heard the latter say: "We may congratulate ourselves on a most excellent evening's work, may we not?" Mr. Balfour shook his head, but I did not catch his reply; he seemed to have lost something of his previous good spirits.

This morning the daily papers are in raptures, the Gladstonians as much as the Unionists. A great honour, they all say, done to the profession of literature. "Quite a social triumph," the *Morning Post* remarks; "a bloodless victory in the campaign of letters"—rather happy, is it not? But one of those young men of the *National Observer*, who was waiting for me outside the Academy last night, and kindly volunteered to see me home to the hotel—where he was even good enough to partake of refreshment—was rather severe. "Not a single *writer* in the d——d gang of you," he said. A little coarse, I thought; and not positively final, as criticism.

I am,

Yours very faithfully,

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

By universal agreement the Church of England is mourning the most brilliant of her prelates. When his appointment to the Northern Primacy was announced some four short months ago, the fairness of the selection was at once recognised, whether the test were zeal, industry, practical ability, eloquence. Bishop Magee had all these gifts. The one doubtful element in the problem was the fact that he had entered upon the seventieth year of his age. Moreover, his constitution had been severely tried by a serious illness eight years ago.

Though Dr. Magee sprang into general fame almost suddenly, those who had an intimate knowledge of what was going on in the religious world knew his great ability. Many church-going men, thirty years ago, who were in the habit of looking at announcements of preachers, and who found the name of the Dean of Cork on the placards, settled the next Sunday's movements for themselves by arranging to go and hear him. He preached one night at one of the special services at St. Paul's from the text—"They say of me, Ah Lord God, doth he not speak parables?" The congregation was one of the largest that had ever been seen there—such an one is not an uncommon sight now—and many who came away declared that they had never heard so magnificent a sermon. It was a characteristic one; quite extempore; and an uncompromising assertion of received Christian doctrine, the central idea of the sermon being that it was the preaching of mystery and of the supernatural power of God which angered unbelieving Israel. If the prophet, so the preacher contended, had watered down his teaching into the general philanthropy and unsectarian generalities which many were crying out for now, no objection would have been taken to him. I mention this sermon at the outset, not merely because it was a very brilliant piece of declamation, but because it was a characteristic example of his preaching. You might agree or disagree with Dr. Magee's theology, but certainly he knew what he meant, and was never nebulous. An oration of similar substance, but not, in my judgment, so happy, was delivered by him on a memorable occasion fifteen years later, after he had become Bishop of Peterborough. When his name appeared at the beginning of the month of July, 1881, as the preacher selected for the Westminster Abbey evening sermon on the 24th, any one might have foretold a large congregation. As it was, every available foot of the Abbey was filled an hour and a half before the service began. There had been crowds at the two preceding services when Farrar and Dean Vaughan preached.

For Dean Stanley was to be buried on the morrow, and thousands who admired and loved him came to hear the funeral sermons, but all expected that Bishop Magee would carry off the palm. There were present that evening not only well-known Churchmen, but a multitude of men outside the Church, whom Stanley had gathered round him and reckoned among his friends, among them leading Positivists and Agnostics. Two of the best known sat immediately under the pulpit. Stanley himself might have said smooth things to them; at least, he would have endeavoured to find some common ground; but Bishop Magee had no tenderness in this direction. His sermon was as uncompromising a manifesto of mingled invective and sarcasm as ever had been heard within the walls of the Abbey. The impugners of the Pentateuch were smitten hip and thigh; but it may be doubted whether the effect went beyond intense irritation in those who felt themselves attacked. The Bishop had, no doubt, anticipated the opportunity, and he used it with a vengeance. His sermon lasted just an hour, but the *Guardian*, while printing the other two sermons verbatim, gave the Bishop some twenty lines only, called it "eloquent," and merely quoted the eulogium on Stanley.

As uniformly consistent was another conservative line on which the Bishop steadily moved. During his tenure of the Rectory of Enniskillen,¹ he published a pamphlet, which in later editions grew into a little volume, in favour of Church Establishment. Like everything which he wrote, it is racy reading. For example, after urging that the "voluntary system" so called is viewed by its advocates in an ideal state which never has been or can be realised, while the same controversialists magnify and distort the evils in the Establishment, he applies his tests to a pamphlet of Mr. Miall's, says that this is so conspicuously unfair that Mr. Miall is obliged to shift his ground half way through, and to change his standpoint altogether, and then compares him to Balak. "Some men love to choose their standing point for the survey of any system to which they are opposed, as Balak advised Balaam to choose his long ago: 'Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place, from whence thou mayest see them: thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shalt not see them all; and curse me them from thence.' " A few pages further on, another passage in the same pamphlet is thus described: "We have a long string of concordance-gathered texts commanding Christians to 'give freely,' to be 'ready to give and glad to distribute,' and so on; which, with many references to the great success of our voluntary societies are urged as overwhelm-

(1) The following are the chief dates in his life:—Born December 17, 1821; Ordained, 1844; C. of St. Thomas's, Dublin, 1844-1846; St. Saviour's, Bath, 1847-1850; Min. of Octagon Chapel, Bath, 1851-1856; Inc. of Quebec Chapel, 1856-1864; R. of Enniskillen, 1860-1864; Dean of Cork, 1864-1868; Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin, 1866-1869; Bishop of Peterborough, 1868-1891; Archbishop of York, 1891; died May 5, 1891.

ing proof of the scriptural inconsistency of those who, with such texts in their Bibles, venture to defend an Establishment. As if, forsooth, any one denied that voluntary effort was a Christian duty, as if we did not quote and enforce these texts in every charity sermon that we preach." Again, the term voluntary system is applied, he says, to chapels with pew rents. "The minister on this system first buys or hires a chapel, duly provided with comfortable accommodation, pewed, cushioned, lighted, heated, and beaded; and he proceeds to let out this accommodation, and his own ministry, and the ordinances of the Gospel with it, to those who can afford to pay for them. Terms cash. If this be voluntaryism, it certainly is not the voluntaryism of the New Testament, to which our opponents are so fond of appealing. The primitive Church, we are told, had no tithes and no church rates. Had it any pew rents? Do we read that Paul was appointed by the elders to a fashionable church at Ephesus, or that James possessed an eligible proprietary chapel at Jerusalem? Does the pew-rent system provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor?" He taunts his opponents with having their minister at their mercy and keeping him so. "They treat him like a wild beast who is kept humble by being kept poor. They pray for a blessing upon his basket and his store, while they take care that his basket shall be empty and his store nothingness itself." It had been argued that you secure more spirituality by means of the poverty of your ministers. "You do not; you only obtain your supply of ministers from a lower class of men. . . Your only difference will be that you will have ignorant and ill-bred worldliness. . . Some men would fain treat their ministers as the Brazilian ladies treat the fireflies, which they impale upon pins and fasten to their dresses, that the struggles and flutterings of the dying insect may give out sparks of light for their adornment. . . I once heard of an ill-paid minister who went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon, 'I thought you worked for souls?' 'So I do,' replied the poor man, 'but I cannot eat souls; and if I could, it would take a good many souls of your size to make a dish!'"

I cannot give more of these quotations, but have taken so many because they make up a good specimen of Magee's early utterances on this subject. His great effort came in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill on the 15th of June, 1869, a speech still talked of with enthusiasm by those who heard it, and of which the late Lord Derby, then within a year of his end, said that it surpassed in eloquence any that he had heard in that House. He had been selected for the see of Peterborough by Disraeli, who was delighted with his sermon on the meeting of the Church Congress at Dublin, when Mr. Gladstone had declared for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The elections had not yet come off, Disraeli was still Premier, and he took

the opportunity of making Magee an English bishop. The choice was abundantly approved when he stood up next year in the House of Lords on behalf of the doomed Church. It is curious in reading that great speech to note that much of it, both as to arguments and incisive illustrations, is taken from the early work from which I have quoted, but the style is more finished, and each argument is driven home. There are two passages only which space will allow me to quote. The first has reference to Mr. Gladstone's peroration, in which he spoke of the Bill as an act of justice and reparation to Ireland.

"What a magnanimous sight! The first thing that this magnanimous British nation does in the performance of this act of justice and penitence is to put into her pocket the annual sum she has been in the habit of paying to Maynooth, and to compensate Maynooth out of the funds of the Irish Church. The Presbyterian members for Scotland, while joining in this exercise of magnanimity, forget that horror of Popery which was so largely relied on and so loudly expressed at the last elections in Scotland. They have changed their mind, on a theory that a bribe to Popery is nothing if preceded by plunder of the Protestant Episcopacy. Putting two sins together, they make one good action. Throughout its provisions this Bill is characterised by a hard and niggardly spirit. I am surprised by the injustice and impolicy of the measure, but I am still more astonished at its intense shabbiness. It is a small and pitiful Bill. It is not worthy of a great nation. This great nation, in its act of magnanimity and penitence, has done the talking, but has put the sackcloth and ashes on the Irish Church, and made the fasting be performed by the poor vergers and organists."

The other passage is from his peroration. Menaces had been uttered against the House of Lords should the Bill be thrown out by them. The Bishop's reply is the following:—"My lords, as far as menaces go, I do not think that it is necessary that I should say one word by way of inducing your lordships—even if I could hope to induce you to do anything by words of mine—to resist these menaces. I believe that not merely the spirit of your lordships, but your lordships' high sense of the duty you owe to the country, would lead you to resist any such intolerant and overbearing menaces as those which have been uttered towards you. I believe that if any one of your lordships were capable of yielding to those menaces, you would be possessed of sufficient intelligence to know how utterly useless any such humiliation would be in the way of prolonging your lordships' existence, as an institution, because it would be exactly the case of those who for the sake of preserving life lose all that makes life worth living for—it would be an abnegation of all your lordships' duties for the purpose of preserving those powers which a few years hence would be taken from you. Your lordships would then be

standing in this position in the face of the roused and angry democracy of the country, with which you have been so loudly menaced out of doors, and so gently and tenderly warned within these doors. You would then be standing in the face of that fierce and angry democracy with these words on your lips—'Spare us, we entreat and beseech you! spare us to live a little longer, as an order is all that we ask, so that we may play at being statesmen, that we may sit upon red benches in a gilded house, and affect and pretend to guide the destinies of the nation and play at legislation. Spare us for this reason—that we are utterly contemptible, and that we are entirely contented with our ignoble position! Spare us for this reason—that we have never failed in any case of danger to spare ourselves! Spare us because we have lost the power to hurt any one! Spare us because we have now become the mere subservient tools in the hands of the Minister of the day—the mere armorial bearings on the seal that he may take in his hands to stamp any deed however foolish and however mischievous! And this is all we have to say by way of plea for the continuance of our order.' My lords, I do not believe that there is a peer in your lordships' house, or any one who is worthy of finding a place in it, who could use such language or think such thoughts, and therefore I will put aside all the menaces to which I have referred. For myself, and as regards my own vote, if I were to allow myself to give a thought to consequences, much might be said as to the consequences of your lordships' vote to your lordships' house and to the Church which I so dearly love; and I, a young member of your lordships' house, fully understand the gravity of the course I am about to adopt, and the serious consequences that may attach to that vote; but, on the other hand, I feel that I have no choice in the matter—that I dare not allow myself a choice as to the vote that I must give upon this measure. My lords, I hear a great deal about the verdict of the nation on this question, but, without presuming to judge the conscience or the wisdom of others, and speaking wholly and entirely for myself, I desire to remember, and I cannot help remembering, this, that there are other and more distant verdicts than the verdict even of this nation—and of this moment—which we must, every one of us, face at one time or another, and which I myself am thinking of while I am speaking and in determining upon the vote I am about to give. There is the verdict of the English nation in its calmer hours, when it may have recovered from its fear and its panic, and when it may be disposed to judge those who too hastily yielded to its passions; there is the verdict of after history, which we are making even as we speak and act in this place, and which is hereafter to judge us for our speeches and for our deeds; and, my lords, there is that other more solemn and more awful verdict which we shall have to face; and I feel that I shall be then judged not for the consequences of my having made a mistake, but for the spirit in

which I have acted, and for the purposes with which I have acted." In the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* it is implied, on the part of the Bishop or his biographer, that Bishop Magee was insincere in this speech, the ground of the charge being that he had already expressed his opinion that it was of no use fighting a losing battle (iii. 283). Among Bishop Wilberforce's great qualities, freedom from jealousy was never conspicuous. I have two remarks only to make on the condemnation of Magee. (1) Reports of Bishops' confidential meetings had always been held absolutely sacred until that biography published some of them, and this, too, in a manner of which the accuracy in several cases has been strongly denied. (2) There was no inconsistency in Bishop Magee's conduct. He said in substance, "I feel that I am bound to support the Irish bishops. My personal opinion is that this is a bad Bill which we may as well pass and then amend it; but if the Irish bishops think otherwise, it is our duty to accept their view" (p. 287). That the Bishop's speech did not convince the House of Lords need not be added, but it is worth while for any one, reading his speech at length, to see how many of his prognostications have proved true.

In turning to a different subject we see the same principle at the bottom of Bishop Magee's action. In doctrine and practice he was all his life through a strong Conservative, yet one who keenly watched the signs of the times and the methods open to him to preserve all that he could. He had been an "Evangelical," as the phrase goes, at Bath and as Dean of Cork, and his convictions remained steadfast to the end. But he was too wise and too earnest a man not to recognise the good that was being done by the High Churchmen, and these always gave him their confidence and grateful love. Two of his charges administered sharp rebukes to the Ritualists, and warned of the mischief which they were in danger of causing, but he was like a faithful husband who admonishes his wife when she deserves it, but allows nobody else to speak harshly to her. Perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever made in Parliament was his motion for the rejection of Lord Shaftesbury's Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, in which that peer made the memorable proposal that three persons in any diocese might institute proceedings against a clergyman for alleged violation of rubrics. In a speech full of Irish humour, and delivered (so Archbishop Tait averred in conversation) in a rich Cork brogue, the Bishop so pelted the Bill with satire and indignant denunciation, that it was thrown out by nearly two to one the same night, in spite of the Primate's support.

"To any three persons in the diocese," he said, "who may be the greatest fools in it, is to be given the power of deciding whether the parish, or the diocese, or the Church at large is to be set in a blaze because they choose to club together their little money and their large spite to set a prosecution going. I cannot thank the noble

earl for the compliment that he pays the Bench of Bishops when he thus proposes to hand over their discretion to this self-elected triumvirate of fools. Three persons! Why, my lords, three old women in the Channel Islands would have the right to prosecute for any minute violation of the rubric—say, for turning east at the Creed—any clergyman in a district within sight of your lordships' House [the Surrey side was then in the Winchester Diocese, as were the Channel Islands]. . . . About two years ago one of these disputes came before me for settlement, the clergyman and the parishioners having agreed to refer to my decision a question as to the service of the church. I believe I settled it to the satisfaction of everybody, with the exception of a Wesleyan preacher, who objected *in limine* to the reference, because he doubted whether the Bishop's principles were sufficiently Evangelical; that is, he was not quite sure that the Bishop would decide in his favour. Well, if he could only have found in the large diocese of Peterborough two other persons who were as great fools as himself, and that, by the way, would have been a most serious preliminary difficulty, he might, under this Bill, have burdened the Church with a wretched lawsuit which the Bishop amicably settled."

This was the speech in which he ticketed the Church Association with the nickname of "The Joint-Stock Persecution Company, with Limited Liability," a *sobriquet* which the Ritualists have not forgotten nor suffered to die. One after another his sallies so convulsed the House with laughter that Lord Granville is said to have nearly rolled off his seat, and Archbishop Tait was very little better. Lord Shaftesbury alone sat grim, and never once smiled.

Nine years later he administered a yet more unsparing castigation to Lord Oranmore on the same lines. Archbishop Tait, in consequence of the strenuous objections of the High Churchmen to the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Constitution of the Privy Council, moved for a Royal Commission on these Courts. Lord Oranmore opposed on behalf of the Church Association, and was made an example of by the eloquent denunciation of Bishop Magee (see *Guardian*, February, 1881).

The Bishop evidently had a rooted antipathy to the Church Association, and during the days of the Ritual debates in Convocation and Parliament, he lost no opportunity of showing it. Thus, in July, 1873, he published a damaging correspondence convicting them of inaccuracy, and in the following December he sent them a cruelly polite letter, inviting them to draw up a canon "which, while respecting the sacred right of every sin-burdened, penitent to open his grief to his pastor, would nevertheless enable a bishop to prevent that penitent from making and his pastor from receiving—in the necessarily impenetrable secrecy of such an interview,—that

kind of confession which should go beyond either the letter or the spirit of the teaching of our Church."

He supported Archbishop Tait's Public Worship Act, making a great stand, as did the Primate himself, on behalf of the power of the Episcopal veto for the stopping of prosecutions. When some violent opponents of the Act declared that they would not obey it, that if their Bishop sent them a monition they would send it on to their lawyers, and that all that was needed was fatherly conduct on the Bishop's part, his comment was, "I honestly desire, as far as I can, to be fatherly towards these men, but when I hear this sort of advice given to us, I am reminded of the solitary instance in which a ruler attempted to govern in this fatherly fashion, and that his name was Eli, while his sons were Hophni and Phineas."

On the Burials Bill he was true to his Conservative ideas, and opposed the concession to Dissenters. In the course of one of the discussions in Parliament he came into angry conflict with Archbishop Tait. The affectionate reconciliation of the two prelates is related in Archbishop Tait's life (vol. ii. p. 403), but Bishop Magee stuck to his opinions, though it is fair to add that after the Act passed he loyally accepted it, and gave his clergy wise advice upon it.

Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that the Bishop, besides being a shrewd politician, was a wise and fatherly prelate, a man of broad views, of great and generous heart; for many of his speeches have had the best of results; namely, sound practical improvements in our moral and social condition. His efforts on behalf of personal purity are well known; so, too, are his endeavours to strengthen the efficiency of his clergy, to abolish abuses in Church patronage, to spread education, to promote thrift. His life was, in fact, sacrificed to his zeal on behalf of the work for prevention of cruelty to children. One famous epigram of his gave immense offence to the teetotallers, viz., that he "would rather see England free than sober"; but no man strove more sincerely, or more successfully, than he, to encourage temperance. All who knew him recognised in him the spirit of transparent truthfulness; in fact, the hatred of all humbug was such a passion with him as sometimes to drag him into scrapes. But then the same manifest sincerity dragged him out again. Take the following witty bit from his address at the Working Men's Meeting at the Church Congress at Leicester in 1880:

"When I hear men producing their little scraps of compliments to the working men in the same way as a cunning trader produces little bits of cloth and glass beads when he goes among a set of savages, I don't quite believe in it. When I hear persons trying to get and coax working men, they remind me of the very timid groom who goes into the stall of a very spirited horse that he is afraid is

rather vicious; he goes up to him timidly and tries to pat him here and stroke him there, and all the while he has his eyes between the horse's ears to see if he turns them back; to see if he is going to be, as the Irishman said of his horse, very handy with his hoofs. I will tell you why he does so. It is, first, because the man is a coward; secondly, because he don't know his business as a groom; and thirdly, because he don't know the nature of the animal he has to do with. Then there is another class of men who proceed in another way. I have seen them go to the working man as if he were a horse in a field. I dare say you have seen a groom go up to the horse with a sieve full of oats in his left hand while behind him he has a bit and a bridle in the other. Now there are men who come to the working classes with great promises of the oats they are going to feed them with, which, by the way, are not their own oats but their neighbour's, and if the noble quadruped had a few of the grains of sense that are scattered about, he would sniff the bridle and the bit, and say—I would rather not have the oats. Then, occasionally, you see a stout man approach the horse with a heavy whip but he never gets near him—hasn't a chance. Those who are about to address the working man to-night are not going to approach him as if he were a horse at all: they are going to speak to him as a man."

As I have said, his outspokenness sometimes got for him hard words. Thus, he angered the Leicestershire Nonconformists not very long after the Congress by saying that the Liberation Society would evidently prefer a gin-shop to a Church. And the Mayor who had welcomed him to Leicester at the Congress signified his displeasure by sending £50 to the Liberation Society. But in the long run nobody ever got on better with the Nonconformists than the Bishop. Witness their affectionate farewell to him.

A whole volume could be filled with witty sayings of his which came in pat to the purpose when wisdom was wanted to shut up some mischievous speaker or correspondent. The Bishop was generally happy when such persons tried to "draw" him. Thus a foolish man in Torquay, who was angry with the Burials Bill, got up a memorial and sent it to the Bishops requesting to know what they were going to do and proposing to publish their replies. Bishop Magee, after objecting to being publicly catechised by a man that he had nothing to do with, went on gravely to say, "In this as in every other matter concerning the interests of the Church and of religion in this country in which it may be my duty to act, I propose to take such steps as after careful consideration may appear right and wise to take." The gentleman would hardly have kept his word as to publication, but the Bishop published it himself. Another foolish fellow was good enough to tell him that he highly approved some views the Bishop had expressed in his sermons at Bath about the Ordination Service, and wished him to explain how they could be reconciled with the views of Dr. Pusey. The Bishop in reply

referred him to the sermon, and begged him to try to understand it for himself. "Whether you find my statements satisfactory or the reverse—or whether they can be reconciled with certain statements made by Dr. Pusey or by any other person, are questions on which you are, I presume, capable of forming your own judgment."

Presiding on the 17th of May, 1879, at the festival of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, he made two of his happiest after-dinner speeches. Here is a delicious paragraph from one of them: "It is some years since I carried off from the walls of your Academy, in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a domestic rebuke—what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream, and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his Bishop—or, perhaps, by a question of the colour of some vestment worn by one who has an artistic eye—I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully towards its evening. There is something in it that rests and soothes me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with safety."

Not less felicitous was a speech which he made on the day of the consecration of St. Mary's, Edinburgh (October 30th, 1879). He had preached one of his finest sermons in the morning, and at the dinner which followed, gave equal delight to his audience. Scotchmen, as everybody knows, are specially proud of a brother Scot who has distinguished himself outside their native land, and they can also enjoy a gentle joke against themselves for a small weakness of which they are not unconscious—namely, the inclination to discover some trace of Scotch blood in celebrated people. The Bishop found his opportunity of humouring them, when Lord Mar gave as a toast "The Churches of England, Ireland, America, and the Colonies." The Bishop in responding said, that in selecting him to reply to the toast, there was certainly one point in favour of the selection. They had chosen to speak to this composite toast of theirs one who occupied an English see but was an Irishman, and who had the honour and happiness of having some Scotch blood in his veins. He remembered some years ago when the eminent Scotchman who now occupies so worthily the chair of Canterbury—(loud cheers)—heard from him a sermon which his Grace was kind enough to think of in a favourable manner, the Archbishop expressed his approval with his usual graceful humour. He asked him when he came out of the Cathedral "Bishop, was not your mother a Scotchwoman?" He answered, "No, your Grace, she wasn't; but I believe her grandmother was." (Great laughter.)

Archbishop Magee's *bon mots* were almost as many as Sydney Smith's. It is to be hoped they will be collected, and 'enshrined in a biography the staple of which will be, after all, the record of the work not of a mere brilliant humourist, but of a great and good man. I can only jot down a few which I have heard from friends; one or two from his own lips. It is well known that he disliked being solicited for preferment. He prided himself on doing his best to find the right men for himself. One applicant not only badgered him unmercifully but came up to London, and caught him at the Athenæum. "Mr. —," said the Bishop, "if it rained livings, I would offer you—an umbrella." Another patronage story which perhaps straitlaced people will think requires a little kindly allowance—and surely it needs only a *very* little—is the following. A layman solicited the Bishop on behalf of the curate of his parish, and after pleading his cause, got the Bishop's promise to give the curate the vacant living. The delighted squire exclaimed, "Many thanks, your lordship, I can tell you that you will find him a regular trump card." The Bishop was rather surprised, and perhaps nettled at the unseemly metaphor, but said nothing. But a little later, after the new incumbent had taken possession, he met the squire again, who repeated his small jest, "Well, my lord, I told you that Mr. — would turn up a good trump." This was too much for the Bishop's forbearance, who replied, "Well, sir; in the short time that he has been there he has managed to show his hand a great deal too much, and he has played the deuce." Walking with Bishop Atlay at Hereford, whereas every one who has been there knows the beautiful river Wye washes the episcopal grounds, the latter said, "Well, we think our Cathedral very interesting, but it is not nearly so grand as yours." "I think," was the reply, "that you may consider your flowing river (pointing to it) better than my Dead Sea." This name had got affixed to the Diocese of Peterborough during Bishop Davys's tenancy.

Here is a story which I heard him tell. Some members of his congregation—I think at Enniskillen, but am not sure about that—came to him when he was leaving his incumbency, to bid him farewell. "And we can assure you, sir," they said, "that we have profited so much by your ministry, and feel that it has done us so much good, that we have resolved that after ye've gone and left us, we'll none of us ever go to church any more."

The Bishop was well up in his Dickens, and very frequently went to him for illustrations. Thus he came into Lambeth Library one day, where he was engaged to speak at some meeting, and said, with comical weariness of manner, "I feel like Mantalini, whose life was one horrid grind; my life nowadays is one horrid speech." When he was denouncing Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, he quoted Squeers, who expressed the great pleasure he had found in thrashing Smike in a hackney coach—"there was such a relish in it." This, said the

Bishop, is exactly what the aggrieved parishioners will do. There will be no real good to be got by their bullying poor, hardworking clergy, but it will be a novelty, and therefore they will find a relish in it. And to him has been attributed another humorous application out of the same volume, which found its way into a Church newspaper. Bishop Claughton, Archdeacon of London, held a Visitation to which nobody came. The good Bishop was naturally annoyed, and expressed his opinion that some means ought to be used to compel them to obey the archidiaconal summons. Thereupon Mr. Squeers was quoted for an illustration. "Bishop Claughton is of Mr. Squeers's opinion that the world is chockfull of visitations, and if a boy repines at a visitation, he must have his head punched."

Preaching at the Chapel Royal, Dublin, on the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, at the time when the disestablishment of the Irish Church was imminent, the Bishop applied the parable thus: "The spirit of pharisaism wears different garbs, and speaks in different tones in different ages. The original Pharisee said, 'I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all I possess.' The modern pharisee says: 'I don't fast; don't see the use of it, and don't pay my tithes.' No, to do you justice, you don't."

But I must repeat emphatically what I have already said: it would be a false picture of Magee to represent him as pre-eminently a joker. He could not, indeed, help answering a fool according to his folly. But some of his best speeches breathe a fervent piety which cannot be mistaken. I might quote at large from his published sermons, but content myself with referring to three speeches, one delivered at the Church Congress at Bath on the subject of Sunday Schools (*Guardian* for 1873, p. 1364), one on the Central African Mission (Feb. 1875) and one at Wellingborough in May, 1874. The first two are full of the eloquence of deep and tender pathos. The last was called forth by ribald posters which were stuck all over the town on the occasion of his coming to consecrate a cemetery, and which resulted in a mob which hooted and hustled him at the service. He boldly invited the people to a special service at the parish church. It was crowded, and he addressed them in a manner, marvellous even to read of. The hearing carried all before it, and no man from that day was more popular there.

But I must close these reminiscences. I met the Bishop often, but many who read these pages will have known him far better than I did. Yet on their behalf, and as one that read his speeches with delight, and was privileged to hear many of his utterances, both witty and wise, I lay this humble wreath on the grave of one whom the Church of England in years to come will reckon among her true and faithful sons, a delightful, unselfish, generous man, and withal a great Prelate and Father in God.

W. BENHAM.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I.

THAT the literary epoch now drawing to a close has been pre-eminently rich in the production of English poetry—far richer indeed than any previous epoch, save that which is illumed by the sunlight of Shakespeare's name—is an article of faith with all who nowadays love poetry, and especially with all those who write it themselves. But although the critics have not attempted to disturb that faith, yet the sourest of them try to make bitter the poet's cup of pleasure by putting forth certain uncomfortable queries—"Will the twentieth century," they ask, "sustain and carry on the poetic glories of the nineteenth? Will not the ever-increasing and ever-widening channels through which the intellectual energies of the country are now being hurried lead off into other and alien directions those forces which have hitherto expressed themselves through poetic forms? A literature of power as distinguished from a literature of knowledge there will always be (say they), but will it in the epoch before you continue to take a metrical form?"

The critics know very well how uncomfortable are such questions as these to all those to whom the enjoyment of metre, and especially of rhyme, is deeper than any other delight—men who, if they dared to confess it, could "travel from Dan to Beersheba," and, unless the journey were enlivened by a few songs, would say "it is all barren."

If the time is really approaching when the best music to be heard along the highways of life will be the hum of the manufacturer's mill, varied occasionally by the whistle of the steam-engine, those highways will be to some of us as arid as the sands of Sahara.

It is, however, fortunate for the poet vexed by these queries that, as far as the poetry of England is concerned, they can only be answered by guesses. To guess with Dr. Hake that a great new school of poetry, based on that new cosmogony which has revolutionised the world, lies in the womb of time, waiting to give voice to the twentieth century, is as easy as to guess with Carlyle, that the Englishman of the future will be compelled to "say" in prose everything that the Englishman of the past would in verse have "sung."

But concerning this unknown epoch whose brow is just about to appear above the horizon, there is a second question which, to the English poet and lover of poetry, is of an interest only less intense than that I have alluded to. Supposing that English poetry will be able to resist and survive the colossal attacks of science and the literature of knowledge, what will be the relation of England to her colonies as a producer of the literature of power, and especially of

poetry, at a time when perhaps the material leadership of the English-speaking race will be challenged, if not seized, by the foremost of her daughters? Is it likely that the twentieth century will succeed, where the nineteenth century has failed, in giving the United States of America a body of poetry that can properly be called American?

Those transatlantic poets who have visited England in my time have as individuals exercised so great a charm over their brother and sister singers that what they, the American poets, wish in this matter we also might wish. At the very moment when the American politicians have passed what they call (and not without humour) the International Copyright Act two prominent American writers come forward—Mr. Moncure Conway and Mr. Walt Whitman—the one asking whether the long-expected “English Variant in America” has at last been evolved, and the other putting forth what he calls “the terrible query—Is there, or can there ever be, distinctively any such thing as an American national literature?”

According to the author of *Leaves of Grass*, the “Variant,” though at present expressing his individuality through the medium of “petroleum and pork,” is in the future to express that individuality in poetic art, and to express it so fully as to put to shame all the poetry of the past; which poetry of the past—whether chanted by Homer, or written by Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, or any other—is, it seems, characterised by an “almost total lack of first-class power and simple natural health.” It will be seen from the following extract that he does not tell us in so many words that the new poetry is to be built on the metrical system of *Leaves of Grass*, but allows us to enjoy our own happy inferences on this head.

“*Ensemble* is the tap-root of national literature. America is becoming already a huge world of peoples, rounded and orbic climates, idiocrasies and geographies—forty-four nations curiously and irresistibly blent and aggregated in ONE NATION, with one imperial language, and one unitary set of social and legal standards over all, and (I predict) a yet-to-be National Literature. (In my mind this last, if it ever comes, is to prove grander and more important for the commonwealth than its politics and material wealth and trade, vast and indispensable as these are.)

“The great current points are perhaps simple, after all: first, that the highest developments of the New World and Democracy, and probably the best society of the civilised world all over, are to be only reached and spinally nourished (in my notion) by a new evolutionary sense and treatment; and, secondly, that the evolution principle, which is the greatest law through nature, and of course in these States, has now reached us markedly for and in our literature. Modern verse generally lacks quite altogether the modern, and is

oftener possessed in spirit with the past and feudal, dressed may be in late fashions.

"Certainly, anyhow, the United States do not so far utter poetry, first-rate literature, or any of the so-called arts, to any lofty admiration or advantage—are not dominated or penetrated from actual inherence or plain bent to the said poetry and arts. Other work, other needs, current inventions, productions, have occupied and to-day mainly occupy them. They are very 'cute and imitative and proud—can't bear being left too glaringly away far behind the other high-class nations—and so we set up some home 'poets,' 'artists,' painters, musicians, *literati*, and so forth, all our own (thus claimed). The whole matter has gone on, and exists to-day, probably as it should have been, and should be; as for the present it must be. To all which we conclude and repeat the terrible query: American national literature—is there distinctively any such thing, or can there ever be?"

It is a useless and a presumptuous thing for a mere Englishman to attempt to extract a meaning from the utterances of any one of those Bunsby-Apollos in whom the transatlantic Delphi has always been so rich. It is only the native-born Captain Cuttle that is expected to expound them. This is fortunate for me. The word "nation," for instance, as used here, may very likely have a Delphic meaning which is as much above mere human etymology as the verbiage surrounding it is above mere human grammar. Still I will not deny that the growing complexities of society may render it almost imperative that some words should grow into a significance both wider and looser than their etymologies warrant. But is it convenient to allow the word nation to slip away from its etymological anchorage? Of course the word is connected, not with *populus* but with *natus*, and in the old world of Europe it is, or used to be, held that no people can properly be called a nation in whose descent there is not something at least of homogeneity. This is why, as even the school books of the Old World affirm, or used to affirm, the Romans are not called the Roman nation but the Roman people. Compared with a population built up of representatives of "forty-four nations," as the above extracts declare the Americans to be, the Romans themselves were about as homogeneous as the Greeks.

Hence to use the word "nation" as descriptive of such a community is to give it a meaning which is new and as unscholarly as new. Etymologically the people of Australasia and especially the people of New Zealand are, if Mr. Walt Whitman's data as to American heterogeneity are to be accepted, far more like a nation than the Americans can ever be. Even in South Australia such blood as is not Anglo-Saxon is, after all, mainly Teutonic, though of course

here as throughout the entire Australian continent there is the inevitable leaven of Celtism. In a word, the "facts" embodied in the above extract, if they are to be accepted, would form an admirable refutation of the argument in favour of the possibility of the American people ever developing into a nation. But writers whose quest is not the truth but the striking must never be taken too seriously. To talk about "a nation composed of forty-four nations" seemed both striking and fine, and the poet here had neither the knowledge nor the sagacity to see how these striking and fine generalisations of his told against his argument. It is interesting to observe with what very different eyes another writer—the writer of some thoughtful sentences upon the Italian Mafaiates in New Orleans—reads the meaning of American heterogeneity. The "query" he puts is not, "Will there ever be an American nation?" but "Will the United States even continue to form an integral portion of the English-speaking world at all?" Arriving at the conclusion that even so much homogeneity as the preservation of a common language would imply is becoming not less but more problematical, he actually suggests, as the only means of saving the people of the United States from degenerating into a mere polyglot-amalgam of all the races of Europe, the passing of a law prohibiting the permanent settlement of Europeans in America save under the condition of their undergoing a successful examination in the English language during their first two years of residence on American soil. In support of his theory that the very existence of the American people as a branch of the English-speaking race is in peril—in growing peril—he quotes some words from a Texan journalist, who, after affirming that Galveston in Texas with a population of fifty thousand "cannot muster a corporal's squad of merchants of English-speaking origin," declares exultingly that "the day of the English-speaking people in the great Southern cities is gone and will never return." If this is really so, I wonder what becomes of Mr. Walt Whitman's "*Ensemble*," and "the tap-root of National Literature," and what will become of Mr. Moncure Conway's "English Variant"?

As a matter of fact, however, notwithstanding the vast immigration from European countries, it is easy to exaggerate, if not the heterogeneity of the American people, the potentiality for mischief involved in that heterogeneity. Making every allowance for even the Irish element, the non-Teutonic and non-Scandinavian blood in America will not in the long run be able to disturb the racial symmetry unless the Anglo-Saxon race should, from some climatic influence as yet undisclosed, lose that "prepotency of transmission" which has been its chief characteristic, not only from the time of the Norman Conquest, but from the semi-mythical days of Hengist and Horsa.

The motive power of modern life is commerce, and commerce between Europeans in the same country will bring miscegenation, and then the indomitable prepotency of transmission which characterises our race will, as in the past, trample down every obstacle, unless, indeed, Humboldt should be right as to the deteriorating effect of the climate of the United States upon the Anglo-Saxon type. The failure of commerce to produce miscegenation in British America is the result not of natural laws of race, but of the artificial disturbance of natural laws of race. In order to balance one Canada against the other (for entirely mistaken political ends) William Pitt did everything possible to prevent miscegenation. Had that miscegenation taken place, no one can doubt what would have been the effect of Anglo-Saxon prepotency of transmission, for the climate of North America above the St. Lawrence on the east, and above the 49th parallel on the west, does not exhibit those attenuating qualities which attracted Humboldt's attention. In the United States, however, government influence, so far from working against natural laws in this respect, is certain to work for them.

This is why I think that the American claim to a distinct nationality may fairly rest upon the same basis as that of the other colonies of England. "Colonies of England," I say, and say it advisedly. In the Greek sense, indeed, America is the only pure colony of England. And although other achievements of our race—such, for instance, as that of building up a colossal empire in Asia on the basis of a handful of adventurous shop-keepers who had quarrelled with their brother shop-keepers of Holland about the price of pepper; and such, again, as the building up a congeries of wealthy states upon the basis of a few shiploads of forlorn convicts—are exploits of a more dazzling kind than anything we have done in America; yet beyond doubt the chief glory of England's colonising genius is exhibited by the United States. But he who would for one moment deny that English colonies these States are, would proclaim himself to be no scholar and no student of history. Can they ever become anything other than English colonies? Can they ever become a nation? That is the question which seems to be exercising the American mind at the very moment when they ought to be asking themselves the much deeper question, Can they, in face of the enormous disturbing influences from Continental Europe which I have glanced at—to say nothing of those deteriorating climatic influences which seem to have impressed Emerson as deeply as they impressed Humboldt—hope to remain, what it should be their chief pride to remain, colonies of the great mother of the English-speaking world? But if it should be found, on discussing this matter fully, that no colony inaugurated in stages of the world's history so late as ours can develop into a nation, how can America

ever possess that "national literature" which the International Copyright Act has just been passed to foster?

In order really and truly to transmute a literature whose seeds have been imported, to transmute it, I mean, into a growth possessing indigenous qualities, is there not something more required than what individual writers, however strong, can supply? Does there not need for such an end a long period of isolation from the mother land, a period so long as to give time for the birth of a new temper, a temper born of new customs, and, if not of a new folk-lore, of a new modification of the old folk-lore? What was the case in Europe? What was the case in Asia? The waters of civilisation slowly trickling through ages upon ages on the face of the earth, gathered and settled, if such an image may be allowed, in isolated lakes and pools; from which, after ages upon ages, other streams went trickling slowly out, to gather again and settle into still other lakes and pools. But has not the time long since gone by when civilisations can thus be inaugurated? It is in the merest superficial sense that history, which often seems to try to repeat itself, ever really does so. In the deep sense it is as true of the march of Clio as of the march of Nature through all the changes of time, that there are "no returning footsteps."

The truth is that the solidarity of the modern civilisations in which we move makes the old disparate civilisations of Asia and Europe scarcely conceivable to any but systematic students of history. The story of the growth of the modern world is simply the record of the melting into each other of those lakes and pools of civilisation to which I have just alluded. For instance, the small feudal centres around which European society crystallised after the death of Charlemagne were necessarily provisional merely. The seeds of dissolution were in them from the first, and, after the suzerainties merged into each other the growth of new nationalities was not long in coming to an end. This was so even before Science came, with her steam and her electricity, knitting together, if not consolidating, races that were once so wide apart that each had its own literature, more or less indigenous. If at the time when Goethe talked to Eckermann about his dream of a "world-literature" the distinctions between the literatures of Europe had already become less accentuated than theretofore, what shall be said of those distinctions now? And if those varieties of national flavour which in old days demarcated one literature from another, are, in spite of the diversities of language, becoming modified year by year, what shall be said about national distinctions among people having a common history, a common blood, and a common speech?

No American literary historian would affirm that any number of books written in the English language would, merely because they

were produced on Australasian or South African soil, suffice to make an Australasian or a South African literature. Where, then, is the difference between the United States and the other English colonies?

Perhaps it may be urged that, in order to discuss this subject fairly and fully, I must do so in the light of those famous climatic and gastronomic theories of M. Taine, upon which the high philosophical criticism of France is based. But this, I confess, is beyond me; though to deny that the food a poet eats may have something to do with the songs he sings, in the same way that from the blackbird's note may be inferred what have of late been the blackbird's dinners—cherries or worms—might be rash in face of Mr. Moncure Conway's theories about what he calls "Gastronomic Civilisation."

While Mr. Walt Whitman seems to think that, although there is for the "Variant" a great future (when he *does* come), his originality up to the present moment is inclined to express itself in "pork" rather than in poetry, Mr. Moncure Conway, though he affirms that the "Variant's" actual existence has at last been discovered, admits that he, the discoverer, has been guided by the fact that in the gastronomic paradise of America there are many dishes.

It is not for the well-bred Englishman to endorse too readily theories so unpoetical as those of the two American writers I have quoted, because, by doing so, the Englishman—bewildered by *Leaves of Grass*, and stifled by American anthologies—would be tacitly saying to the one writer "maximise your pork, minimise your poetry," and to the other writer, "let the motto of your 'gastronomic civilisation' be Advance the national stomach."

Yet when Mr. Conway tells us triumphantly that "this superior gastronomic civilisation, which will not be disputed, is symbolical," we may, at least, be pardoned for asking him to what the symbol applies. No doubt in the Frisian language one and the same word (as Carlyle loved to think) does duty to express both soul and stomach; but then we English have even a greater leaven of Frisian blood than the Americans themselves, and hence the "superior gastronomic civilisation" of America can hardly be taken as a symbol of independent nationality in regard to America's stomach or America's soul.

With regard to Mr. Conway's allegation that "on Colonial tables English dishes are maintained at whatever cost, while the additions offered by nature remain comparatively uncultivated"—this is an impeachment which our Canadian poets—a very vigorous fraternity—must answer for themselves. Enough for the old country to defend as she may her own imperfect gastronomic civilisation—as to which Mr. Conway gives an anecdote that is certainly disquieting and might have modified materially M. Taine's views of Shakespeare's art had it been brought before his notice. "It is an old story," he goes on to say, "that a delicate English lady, at her first dinner in an Ameri-

can hotel, asked for the vegetables in season and was presently appalled by finding twenty-seven dishes around her. Her experience would hardly have been less remarkable had she called for the meats or fruits in season. A large proportion of these are of American creation; and, apart from them a number of things which abroad are luxuries of the rich, are democratic, so to say, in America."

I take it, however, that Mr. Moncure Conway is far too well equipped a writer to maintain that, whatever may be the "gastro-nomic superiority" of America, a new race can be inaugurated on American soil by the mere processes of digestion, however fine. All he claims is that, from the assimilation of courses so many, so various, and so excellent, a "Variant" is or will be digested into birth, even as, according to that old Norse mythology of which he is so fond, "in the maw of the Fenris wolf" the European world is, one day, to be digested, through chaos, into a world that is new. If he is right the new-comer should of course express himself through a literary voice that is new. Are there at present any signs that he is doing so? Are there any signs that he is likely to do so? My concern here is mainly with poetry. And let me begin by reminding our friends across the Atlantic that, as a producer of poetry, the position of the mother-land of England in relation to America is very greatly like that held by the "Mother city" of old in relation to one of the Greek colonies.

A poem written in the English language, whether produced in England or in some other part of the vast English-speaking world, is an English poem, no more and no less, and it has to be judged upon its own absolute merits, its own absolute defects.

The poetry beginning with Piers Plowman and ending, up to now, with certain English, American, Canadian, Australian and South African bards whose name is legion, is the birthright of every English-speaking man wheresoever he may have been born—in London or in New York, in Levuka or in the Falkland Islands—exactly as a poem in the Greek language was the birthright of every Greek whether born in Athens, in Thebes, or in Sparta. Nor is there any reason why in the United States or in Canada or in Australasia or in Capeland or in Mashonaland English poetic genius should not in the twentieth century blossom as vigorously as it blossomed in the England of Shakespeare. But English poetry it will be—English poetry to be judged by the canons of criticism of the mother-land. In any one of these colonies the Shakespeare of the twentieth century may be born. But splendid as is the present glory of the United States—splendid as is the promise of Canada, Australasia and South Africa—these colonies can never produce a Shakespeare who is not an English poet. Even if England were to-morrow to be sunk under the sea the land of Shakespeare and Milton and Words-

worth must remain the mother-land of every English-speaking poet. As this article deals mainly with poetry, the prose fiction of America cannot be fully discussed here. Perhaps, if it could, I might be ready to admit that, although colonial poetry cannot depart from the classic note of the mother-land without becoming second-rate, this need not be so emphatically affirmed with regard to colonial prose fiction; for it is of the very nature of novels to represent through literary expression the husks of life as well as the kernels.

While Colonial poetry, as belonging to essential art, can only depart from the classic note of the mother-land by becoming deteriorated, Colonial prose literature, whose first business is mainly that of reflecting the external life of nature or the external life of man, may be so steeped in the Colonial atmosphere as to present some of the qualities of an indigenous growth.

But taking Fischer's definition of art, "life in form," as being better than any other, we must remember that, while in poetry form is the very life itself, in prose fiction (as we see in *Don Quixote*,* in *Gil Blas*, in *Wuthering Heights*, &c.) form may be secondary to life. Indeed it is no disparagement to prose fiction to say that its form is almost necessarily so lawless and so loose, its literary texture is almost necessarily so homely, when compared with the opalescent texture of poetry, that it only occasionally passes into the region of essential art. And doubtless it is this fact which causes every writer who has once tasted the delight of working in a form where every word has to be the best he can find, and set in the best place, to turn away from his own prose writing, however carefully knit together, with an undefined sense of dissatisfaction and of failure.

Colonial prose fiction, therefore, may be tried by Colonial standards, and, being found excellent, according to those standards, may be absolved from trial before the classic tribunal of the mother-land. And of course there is a kind of verse which, partaking largely of the quality of prose, may, in like manner, be excellent, though departing from the classic note. I allude to the familiar or worldly or comic verse in which America is so rich. It is of the very essence of the *Biglow Papers*, and of Mr. Bret Harte's comic verses, that they should be Colonial in accent. These are, indeed, typically American, but only because, relying as they do upon external accidents, they lie outside the world of essential art.

When the author of the *Biglow Papers* writes a *Harvard Ode*, he gives us a poem which only in its intellectual substance is American, as distinguished from English. In all artistic qualities, in everything that goes to distinguish it from a prose oration, and to make it a poem, it has to be tried by the same standard, even to the smallest nuance of expression, as though it had been

written on the shores of the Cumberland lakes. In short, the moment that Colonial verse begins to pass into essential art and become poetry, it loses all the accidents of its Colonial origin, and must stand or fall as a classic. In other words, to be artistic in Fischer's sense, it has to be as purely English as the work of Milton or Wordsworth. American poets believe that there is no delicate refinement of the most artistic of the poets of England which is not as perceptible to them as to us. If they are right, as I am sure they are, how can there be a national note distinguishing an American from an English poem? In George H. Boker's sonnet, *England*, there is in intellectual substance an American quality, and a very noble one, but from the artistic point of view, where is its American accent?

"Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
 Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
 Sole refuge to the overwearied brave
 Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
 Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to thee,
 Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,
 To rise again, and animate the slave,
 When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye
 Who guard the sacred outposts, not in vain
 Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
 Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
 Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main
 Sink under them; and if your courage wane,
 Through force or fraud, look westward to your child."

You can turn this poem into a Scotch sonnet by carefully changing the "man" into "mon" and chopping off a few of the consonants, after the fashion so dear to the Scotchman's soul. You can say,

"Stan', thou great bulwark o' mon's liberty!
 Thou rock o' shelter, risin' frae the wave,"

Or you can turn it into a Dorsetshire sonnet by carefully studying William Barnes's vocabulary and changing every s into a z, or you can turn it into a Lincolnshire sonnet by carefully studying the *Northern Farmer*. But not all your study of the elaborate cacography which forms so important a part of American local colour will enable you to turn it into a serious American sonnet as distinguished from an English one.

II.

The fine work of the poets of America shows, not that there is any probability that a national poetry will ever be developed in America, but that English poetry can be enriched by English writers born on American soil: thus will stand the case, I think, on the 1st of July, 1891, when the new Copyright Act, called International, is to

come into operation. But could the case ever have stood otherwise? Was there ever a time in the history of America when she could have produced an independent literature of essential art? Was there ever a time when Americans could, with some show of reason, have said to each other, "Let us evolve a Variant—the difficulty of doing so under the conditions of modern civilisation will be immense—but let us start a literature of our own; let us grow sprouts from our own minds upon which our future offspring may browse?" And if there ever was a time when Americans might have thus communed with themselves with a fair hope of a profitable result, when was it? Without affirming that a time ever did exist when a national American poetry might have been born, I may remind the reader that every community has a plastic period—a period when it is extremely sensitive, not only to the impact of external impressions, but to those mysterious and spontaneous inner movements of the organism which we call the forces of growth. Without such plastic periods no civilisation could ever have existed; for even the now stationary civilisation of China must have moved from primeval barbarism. When was the plastic period of the American people? Clearly it was when the colony broke away from English rule. In material things the energy that creates and the energy that seizes and holds showed then an activity which to the old world was astonishing. If ever a national literature was to be born this was the time. Under the conditions of imperfect communication which then existed, when steam-vessels and telegraph cables were not, the isolation of colony from motherland might almost be compared with the isolation of country from country in ancient Europe. And after a few years there came another war with England, which aided the isolating effect of distance. From the very first the Americans had dreamed of their future greatness; from the very first they had an eye upon the prospective Variant. And what were the means they adopted in order to produce him?

No doubt after securing their independence the desire of the Colonists to become a separate nation was natural enough, especially after having suffered as they had suffered from the blundering of King George and his ministers. But what were the means they adopted for securing this end? Well, these means, though they may no doubt be paralleled in history for unfairness, are in the matter of humour without any kind of parallel. No doubt, it may be said in a general way that if there is laughter in heaven the spectacle of national selfishness defeating its own ends at every turn must form the most exasperating scenes of the human comedy. No student of history will deny, that communities are, except in rare cases, without conscience. It is not in man the individual, it is in man as massed in

communities that the intense selfishness of his nature is most notably exhibited. The rascal of the animated kingdom (whose business it is to enslave every animal he does not find it profitable to kill), though he allows his instinct for wronging his fellow-man to be very much toned down in the intercourse of social life, toned down by another and better instinct, that of sympathy, is pitiless when the ameliorating effect of personal impact cannot have full play, as occurs when communities are dealing with communities. No doubt all this may be said in a general way of *all* communities. And yet there was a unique quality in the selfishness of the young American community after the War of Independence—a quality which makes the story of "Freedom's Promised Land," from Washington right down to McKinley, the greatest and finest joke of Olio, whose irony, when she *does* joke, puts that of Lucian and Swift to shame. It was a double-headed selfishness. America desired to fill her limitless acres with immigrant hands to till them; but, also, she desired to encompass herself with a protective wall something like that "wall of brass" with which, according to Greene's play, two famous necromancers once tried to surround England.

Always the picture of the embryonic Variant seems to have been before her eyes. From the beginning of the Republic down to the passing of the new Copyright Act, America's interest in the gestation of this problematical babe has been as pathetic a spectacle as that of Tennyson's Queen Mary in hers. For more than a century her *accouchement* with this mythical being has been repeatedly announced, though, like that of the Catholic Queen, it always disappointed its mother and remained behind. The critics of America have sometimes asked, "What shall be the subject of the great American epic when the national poet shall come to sing it?" I think it should be the *Genesis of the Variant*. As the "heart-thought" of the Mahābārata is the crafty devices of the Kauravas in order to keep safe their winnings, so the "heart-thought" of the epic I suggest should be America's devices, through more than a century, to hasten her *accouchement* with the Variant and keep him safe. For instance, she fraternised with France—politeness forbids me to say that she fawned upon France—because France was supposed to be the natural enemy of England, mimicking French ways (even to talking through her nose in a vain attempt to make her Anglo-Saxon organs catch the French nasal), and protesting that Paris and not London was the heaven that alone could reward her for leading a virtuous life. She sent out a certain Noah Webster of Connecticut, to find a new language for the expected Variant, which Noah, however, only returned with the old words of the motherland wrongly spelt. With these queer-looking words she filled her school-books, and worse, she filled these same

books with carefully prepared misrepresentations of the old country, in order that unwitting American children should be brought up in a permanent temper of antagonism towards the people of the motherland. These school-books she filled with misrepresentations so impudent and so persistent that a foreigner looking into them must needs suppose that they were inspired, not by a fervid desire to prepare for a future Variant and train him up in the way he should go, but by a deep racial hatred. While every English writer eagerly did her justice—more than justice—in the matter of that old struggle, she fixed it in the brains of her little children that England was the home of all that is cruel, ruffianly, mean, and cowardly, instead of telling them that across the Atlantic was a great people whose blood flowed in American no less than in English veins, a people who through no fault of their own, but through the blundering of a stupid king and his stupid advisers, were long ago supposed to be at quarrel with the people of America, but at quarrel with them never were. These and a thousand other foolish things she did in order to surround by a brazen wall an English Variant that, as yet, was as “aerial” in his essence as Queen Mary’s own imaginary babe.

But, as I have said, there is nothing in the world so short-sighted as selfishness ungoverned by conscience—nothing in the world so sure to defeat itself in the end. If it is humorous to think that the selfish stealing of Corsica, which (poisoning the blood of France with Napoleon) led on to the corruptions of the Napoleonic courts, and thence to a sterility that is withdrawing her from her place in the forefront of the world—if it is humorous to think that it was the selfishness of a dominant party in England that lost her the American colonies—what shall we say of the selfish desire of America to build around her imaginary offspring a wall of brass by cheating the devil while the devil was cheating her? The same smartness which compelled her to go on squeezing between the lips of her own children the sour and poisonous whey conveyed in her school-books impelled her also to go on despoiling her slandered mother of all the rich milk she could supply. While the school-books told the children that England was a poor effete little old island, filled by rogues whom even Providence could only prevent being mischievous by providing that they should also be fools, she carefully stole her own mother’s Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, Trollope, Besant, Hardy, Black, and the rest, whose every rich and noble word gave the lie to every slanderous word that the school-books contained. She took it for granted, as Margaret Fuller well put it, that, “because the United States printed and read more books, magazines, and newspapers than all the rest of the world, they had really, therefore, a literature.” She took it for granted that the

literary genius of Great Britain "darting its rays," as De Toqueville says, "into the forests of the New World," could foster a literature that was other than British, and went on, like Tennyson's Mary, with her maternal peans about a babe that had not as yet even a sooterkin's existence:—

"He hath awaked! he hath awaked!
He stirs within the darkness! . . .
The second Prince of Peace,
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes and my star rises."

And now, what was the measure of success won by this method of slandering the mother country, and robbing her at the same time? It set working a mischief in America itself, which is as yet only in the bud. It is one of the causes which are hopelessly dividing the cultivated class of America from the most prejudiced and narrow-minded class in the civilised world—America's illiterate mob. For, while the whole of the masses, and the larger portion of the *bourgeois* class, lacking the opportunity of enlightenment which their superiors possess, continue to accept the fantastic falsehoods they imbibed at school, the better classes soon begin to study our contemporary literature with intelligent eyes, and become filled with an irresistible longing to visit the country which produced it. This fact is, of course, fatal to the architecture of the brazen wall the mob demands. The hearty, smiling personage standing on this side of the "Atlantic ferry" with open arms to receive the American visitor, is none other than the hateful John Bull depicted in the school-books. No sooner does an American reach London than he finds that his mere nationality acts as a charm—acts as a letter of introduction into the best society where he is fitted to move. There are certain American writers, I believe, who enlarge upon what they call "Anglo-mania" in America, but, clearly, the mania of loving-kindness between the two countries is all on one side of the Atlantic. In London it is better to be an American than an Englishman. Nothing is more common than to find as a postscript appended to an invitation to a dinner or a garden-party the persuasive words, "Some interesting Americans are expected."

Fascinating as is the personality of Mr. Lowell, he did not exaggerate in the smallest degree when he affirmed that the cordiality of his reception here was due to the fact of his being an American almost more than to the fact of his being Mr. Lowell.

But what about the poor homespun vulgarian left on the other side of the water? What about him who has never had an opportunity of unlearning the sour hatred of the Britisher, which is considered to be a necessary part of American patriotism? He does

not understand all this. How should he? He looks with suspicion upon every prominent personage whose movements in England are recorded in the American newspapers, much as a Chinaman looks upon any rumours that reach his village concerning any plenipotentiary foregathering with the outer barbarian in Europe.

From this he proceeds to look with suspicion upon the cultivated class to which the prominent personage belongs. And when we remember that it is this very homespun vulgarian of America under whose feet the neck of American culture lies, we may well fear that mischief looms this way.

One of the fruits of America's ill-advised attitude towards England is to be seen in the nature of the Copyright Act itself. That the leading men in American letters, headed by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Winter, Mr. Moncure Conway, and others, were guided by the motives of scholars and gentlemen in all they said and did with regard to this Act, no one can doubt who has the privilege of a personal acquaintance with them. But alas! our friend the "American patriot" could not be made to unlearn his lesson that to despoil England as well as to hate her, is America's sacred duty.

To suppose that a Copyright Bill such as these eminent and high-minded writers wanted had a chance of passing, was to display a noble Quixotism into which but very few English authors ever passed.

To proclaim that the Bill was intended to do justice to the British author, who for generations has been despoiled, was—alas for these gentlemen!—a very poor way of recommending it to a people reared on American traditions. In order to insure its passing in any form, it was necessary that the class that is playing ducks and drakes not only with the honour of America, but with her very existence as a civilised community, should be told that the Bill was a protective measure; first for the working printers, paper-makers, and binders of America; secondly for the master printers, paper-makers, and binders of America; thirdly for the poor defrauded authors of America, whose genius has been swamped by cruel English invaders ever since the days of Washington; and lastly for the poor defrauded Variant who, being now fully born, demanded to be fed and fostered upon sprouts from his native soil. For although the raw, untutored and untravelled American may be guided by mercenary motives in most things, he has still one sentiment or rather passion—that hatred of England which he imbibed at school.

Whatever was generous or even approached generosity in the Bill had to be carefully neutralized before it had the remotest chance of passing, and now it is a monument of the meanness and the greed of a people who ought to be great—a monument only less

colossal and only less grotesque than the astounding McKinley Act itself.

There was once a certain Irishman—a patriot, I believe—named Patrick Hogan, who, on being warned that his sow would certainly devour her litter as soon as they were born, said, “Faix, an’ if she does eat ’em, I’ll jis lock her up in a sty by herself.” George Borrow told me this story during a delightful ramble, sniffing the while, as was his wont, the summer wind as it drew the honey-scents from the gorse-flowers of Wimbledon Common. “And,” said he, in his quaint Norfolk accent, “although Pat, the moment she had et up the pegs, locked away the sow in another sty, he did not succeed in saving one.”

Are the Americans a little late—a century too late, say—in passing an Act to protect their literature? Would not the July after the birth of the Republic have been a better date for such an Act to begin its work than the July of 1891. In treating of America as the great modern architect of brazen walls, will history have to draw the same lesson from the Copyright Act as she draws from the famous plot of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay to build their brazen wall around England by cheating the devil? While the two magicians lay dozing and dreaming of success, the Brazen Head, by whose means alone the wall could be built, exclaimed “*Time is* ;” then after a while, “*Time was* ;” then, “*Time is past* ;” and finally, hurling itself on the floor of the cell in a noise of thunder and a smell of sulphur, ruined the necromancers’ plot altogether. By making men forget that in all human matters there are the same three periods, the devil generally contrives to win the game.

If, in the beginning of their Republic, the Americans had been less smart—if they had dealt like honourable gentlemen with English writers, thereby protecting their own literary growths as they are at last by this Act trying to protect them, what effect would this have had upon the planting and fostering of the national literature they crave? Suppose that the young American had been developed, not only by means of numberless “vegetables in season,” but also by the sprouts and flowers of America’s own literary growth; suppose that, at the founding of the Republic, a rigid Copyright Act had been passed, not only in order to do justice to England, but also in order to save their own markets from being destroyed by that same injustice, would this act of honesty have so protected the literary growths of America that they would have furnished Europe not only with indigenous “pork” mentioned by Mr. Walt Whitman, but also with the indigenous poetry that a century of effort has not enabled them to produce?

If it is the fact that the protective power of such an Act operating upon the intellectual forces of the community during its most plastic stages of growth would have given America a literature which could properly have been called American, if it would really have turned a colonial poetry into a national one—then the story of America is but another illustration of the great truth that nothing is strong but justice and fair dealing. But whether or not this would have been the case, I for one—I, who among Americans number some of my dearest friends—do not and cannot regret it; do not and cannot regret that English poetry is henceforth for ever to be strengthened and enriched by American genius, and that no American can write poetry without being, for the time that he is occupied with his art, as truly an Englishman as I am.

So full is America of every kind of Anglo-Saxon force, so full of literary as well as mechanical genius, that I believe the great English writers of the twentieth century may well be born on American soil; for I dissent entirely from the American lexicographer, Mr. J. R. Bartlett, when he says that “there is in the best authors and speakers of Great Britain a variety in the choice of expression, a correctness in the use of the particles, and an idiomatic vigour and raciness of style to which few American writers or none can attain,” though he tells us that “the ripest scholars in America” share his views upon the point. And this I know, that should it actually occur that the leading English writers of the twentieth century *are* born upon American soil, the greeting they will receive in the old home is foreshadowed as truly as pleasantly in the cordial reception that has already been given to writers like Washington Irving, Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Poe, Longfellow, Prescott, J. R. Lowell, Motley, Stedman, Wendell Holmes, Moncure Conway, and the rest.

THEODORE WATTS.

THE PARIS SALONS OF 1891.

YEARS ago, in the halcyon days of the Grosvenor, when Mr. Burne-Jones and M. Tissot, Mr. Watts and Mr. Whistler exhibited side by side, we seemed to breathe a new air when we entered its galleries, and to live in a world wherein every one who painted knew why he painted, and devoted himself to the interpretation of nature just because he saw in her something that it was not given to everybody to see, and had therefore a message—more or less acceptable—to deliver to the world. Those old days live again in the exhibition of the Société Nationale in the Champ de Mars. We may dislike M. Roll and we may not care for M. Chabas, but we shall find here many things that we do like, and among those that delight us less we recognise the good gifts of individuality, and novelty, and truth. For the artists here are mainly occupied in painting the world as they see it, or interpreting the effects which are beautiful to their senses, not in reproducing admired effects which have been reproduced already a thousand times, nor in conforming to the received standard of Academic correctness.

If we want Academic art we can have it at the Salon, or even, for that matter, at our own Academy, though we find it better represented in the Paris galleries, for even the most commonplace French artists are too thoroughly masters of their craft to be content with the *à-peu-près* so painfully frequent in English painting, and so fatal to a style of art whose chief merit is correctness. Imagination and sense of beauty may not be met with more often here than in London, but, at all events, there is greater enthusiasm, and difficulties are sought that they may be triumphantly surmounted—an attitude of mind more respectable, if not more artistic, than that which substitutes the easier for the best. In an exhibition of more than three thousand works of art there must, of course, be numerous exceptions to any generalization; there may be a hundred productions of untaught genius in the Champs Elysées, but as a whole the exhibition is Academic, respectable, and uninspired—typified by the vast “Fall of Babylon” of M. Rochegrosse, with its multiplicity of clever, unlovely details. M. Rochegrosse draws well; his perspective appears perfect; his decorative details are not always destitute of beauty, his human forms are correct; he has a fine courage in the matter of colour, and is indeed in all ways brave to audacity, for he is only twenty-six years old, and has the energy and joy in effort proper to his age. He has also patience and enthusiasm, for this enormous painting is said to beat the record of size, and to be the

biggest oil painting in the world. I doubt whether it could make good this claim—there are Tintoretto, Veronese, and (pardon the association) Gustave Doré to be reckoned with; but, at all events, it is enormous, and represents the honest work of three industrious years of youth; nothing is shirked or scamped in it, though it is as true that nothing is really finely painted. The canvas is of square shape, and the foreground is occupied by many sleeping figures much over life-size, and by the remains of a feast consisting of game pie, lobster, and other delicacies, which we had not supposed a part of the Babylonian bill of fare. Possibly M. Rochegrosse has verified his menu; in any case, no one would complain of his dishes were not their execution too coarse and hard to be artistic, though judged by a standard of delicacy and feeling far less rigorous than one applies to a still-life by M. Fantin-Latour or Mlle. Lemaire. The detail is typical of the whole; the picture is surprisingly deficient in style, dignity, sentiment, and sense of beauty in either composition, form, colour, tone, or illumination, considering that it is the work of an able man. Neither is its tragedy impressive; the Persians are in the gateway of the palace: in a few moments the sleeping revellers will be put to death; already one or two have awoke from their heavy slumber to the horror in store for them, and are expressing their consternation in attitudes which have long been approved by farce or melodrama.

But the breath of life is wanting: we have no belief that either the warriors with woollen wigs and beards, or the ladies who make such liberal display of their ample charms, have a greater interest in the part they play than supernumeraries at a circus. M. Rochegrosse has not yet the art of concealing art, and he has been so occupied with conquering the difficulties of his tremendous task that he has forgotten that his models ought not to look like models, and the note of sincerity has escaped him, with the result that we are no more moved to pity or horror by the doom of Babylon than by the nightly destruction of Rome at the Hippodrome. The painting convinces us no more than the *tableau vivant*. There is nothing simple in it, nothing characteristic, nothing personal or unexpected in any one of the sprawling figures; nothing of the truth and charm that distinguishes what has been felt from what has been carefully thought out. The warriors have saved their decency from the wreck of their morals and are clothed in heavy fabrics from head to foot, while their female companions seem perfectly warm and comfortable in a few bracelets and anklets or at most a transparent petticoat. Each and all of these costumes are remarkable, but the most surprising are a petticoat of blue *chenille* netting, and a pair of leggings made of lilac ribbon with trunk hose of *mousseline de chiffon*; indeed, we learn from both this picture and the "Death of

Sardanapalus" of M. Chalon that the divided skirt found much favour among the courtesans of antiquity—the bodice being utterly dispensed with. The dress is ugly, and the attitudes of the wearers remarkably ungraceful; still the "Fall of Babylon" is obviously the favourite picture of the Salon and has utterly eclipsed the "Death of Sardanapalus," which is big and naked and vulgar enough to have had a popular success had it not encountered such a formidable rival. Another of the leading pictures leaves us as cold, though it has qualities of style, reserve and dignity unknown to MM. Rochegrosse and Chalon, for the "Voûte d'Acier" of M. Laurens, though masterly and correct, cannot rank among the most successful conceptions of the artist. Yet the subject is a good one, and the contrast between the resolute members of the National Assembly whose drawn swords form the roof of steel, and the feeble well-meaning Louis XVI., are given with strength and moderation, and the cold tones always affected by this painter produce an impression that accords well with the subject. But this also is a scene from the theatre, not from life, though from a theatre of distinction and refinement, differing from M. Rochegrosse as widely as the Français from the Hippodrome, but equally an affair of the model and costumier.

The liveliest picture of the show is less conspicuously placed; it is the "Saintes Maries" of M. Gervais, a young and comparatively unknown painter, who has sprung suddenly into fame by this exquisite rendering of the pretty Méridionale legend whereby we learn that the three Maries were thrown naked and without food into an open boat after the events of the life of Christ and left to perish. But they were miraculously sustained, and after many dangers the good boat landed them on a desert spot whereon the city of Marseilles now stands.

M. Gervais has chosen the moment when at the sunset hour the little ship drifts into the low and sedgy shore, and a great flock of herons, startled from their resting-place, fly like a cloud across the sunlit sky which, with a broad expanse of rippling blue sea, forms a bright harmonious background for the ruddy browns of the weather-beaten boat and the admirable flesh tones, sunburned yet delicate, of the women. Nothing could be more pure than their nude forms, although neither in face nor figure are they impossibly beautiful; they are admirably drawn, the modelling is of exceptional research and delicacy, and the only possible reproach is that the charm of two of the figures is too voluntary—a lack of simplicity the more to be deplored because it is the only fault of a picture of rare beauty. Both exhibitions contain excellent studies of the nude, but none will compare with these figures of M. Gervais for modesty and charm, and no other exhibition can rival him in steering between the oppos-

ing difficulties of coarseness and waxy conventionality. His work is the more remarkable because beauty either of form, sentiment, or colour is little represented in the Salon, and (always excepting landscape) the pictures which charm by their loveliness may be counted on one hand. This beautiful work of M. Gervais, the "Printemps Fleuré" of M. Lamy—a garden scene with nymphs, fountains, peacocks, flowering trees on the approved pattern but of great elegance and charm of colour—and the delightful little "Printemps" of M. Kowalsky nearly exhaust the list. Seldom, however, do we see a picture so pleasing and so true as this sunny hay meadow, with three graceful little girls despoiling it of flowers. The warmth and sunlight, the brightness and the hot reflections on the children's frocks and faces are admirably expressed.

The vast size of the Salon is doubtless in part the cause of the impression it makes of wearisomeness and dulness, for if there is little to impress, there is, as in the Academy, a high average of merit, and many of the portraits have a vivacity and charm that might be studied with advantage by our English portrait painters; the pearls of the collection being two small panels by M. Chartran, representing Mdlle. Brandés of the Vaudeville Theatre, and an elderly lady, Madame K—. As works of art these gems are of equal value, but the lively young face of Mdlle. Brandés, deliciously youthful and fresh amid quiet surroundings, renders her portrait the more attractive. In the monumental style, the portrait of Madame Cahn, in white satin and pearls, by M. Bonnat, is masterly, and will be much admired by those who affect the heavy impasto and chill tones of this artist, who also exhibits a powerful nude study of the young Samson overcoming a lion, which compels our admiration rather than excites it.

The Salon is not the home of genre painting, and few of the examples exhibited rise above the commonplace; though two, at least, are admirable—M. Geoffroy's powerful rendering of the miseries of "L'Asile de Nuit," and the "Last Communion" of Mr. A. Chevalier-Taylor, which looks even better here than in the Academy last year.

Most of the striking pictures in the Salon are by young men, and the schism of the *Société Nationale* was led by the veteran Meissonier. Nevertheless youth with its ardour, its earnestness and strong conviction, characterises the new society, so that the Exhibition of the Champ de Mars is before all things interesting. Measured either by the size or number of exhibits, it is very much the smaller show, and yet is the more comprehensive, for the painters and sculptors have opened the door to their humbler brothers, and the "salles" that divide the four long "galleries" devoted to oil paintings are opened to art-products in metal, glass, and ceramics, as well as to designs.

The innovation is healthy, for if art be more than an exotic growth in a nation, it cannot be restricted to sculpture and picture-making: and when we reflect on the vast number of pictures already in existence, we feel that the sacrifice of painting to the humbler arts would be a less calamity than the persistence of the present tendency of all persons of moderate artistic gifts and education to devote themselves to painting. But time will not allow us to linger among the domestic arts: the few and severely-chosen exhibits will repay attention; but painting, not pottery, is the question of the moment. Moreover, the attraction of the picture-galleries is greater, for among nine hundred and fifty paintings there are barely two hundred that are commonplace. The first impression on entering is of the surprising difference of the two shows. The pictures here are comparatively small; there is no restriction as to the number of works an artist may contribute; and although in a few instances it has been found necessary to divide the exhibit, the rule is that the works of each artist shall be grouped together. The galleries are well lighted, and the hanging has been carried out with much care. Nothing is skied, nothing badly placed, and a sufficient space is left between the pictures to secure each artist against injury from the scale or coloration of his neighbours' work. The artist gains much, the visitor even more, for the pictures are seen as easily and fairly as in the studio, and a much clearer recollection is retained than where the paintings are packed together, with no arrangement save that of dimension or the alphabetic order of the artists' names. The feeling of bewilderment and dismay with which we take our first glance round the confusion of the Academy or the Salon is obviated at the Champ de Mars. Picture-seeing is here an enjoyment, as it should be, instead of the effort it becomes in an overcrowded gallery. Then, too, most of the pictures are marked by strong individuality, so that we are interested even where we are critical.

Mythology is to the French artist what prose-fiction is to the English, and he turns to that and to ancient history when motives fail him, as naturally as our painters turn to Dr. Primrose and my Uncle Toby. There was a time when even M. Dagnan-Bouveret, now a leader of the naturalists, was a pupil of M. Bouguereau, and, like his master, devoted to nymphs and goddesses. It is said that, having painted some classic scene, he showed the result to Corot, who approved it, saying, "It is very beautiful, Dryads and nymphs are beautiful, only they are not the only beautiful things in the world, and a little lamb that frisks in the meadows is also beautiful." M. Dagnan-Bouveret, one of the foremost and chief ornaments of the New Society, has long been of Corot's mind, and, indeed, the Champ de Mars is the home of that branch of art which illustrates the peasant-spirit—that serious, simple, home-loving, idyllic side of French character,

which found its most poetic expression in the art of Millet, and its most powerful in that of Bastien-Lepage. There is no second Millet in the Champ de Mars, and the younger Bastien-Lepage does not share the genius of his great brother; but the idealism of everyday things and the beauty of truth inspire a great proportion of the exhibitors. Foremost among the idealists is M. Puvis-de-Chavannes, so well known to all visitors to Paris by his beautiful series of "The Legend of St. Geneviève" in the Pantheon, and his still finer paintings in the College of the Sorbonne. This year, also, M. Puvis-de-Chavannes is busy with decorative panels, and his works have in consequence a pale, pure tone, better fitted for the stony environment that they will have in the Town Halls of Rouen and Paris, than the rich red of the walls of Gallery II. in the Champ de Mars. The colours are a little bleached by their surroundings, but, though seen to disadvantage, the grace and dignity of these panels of "Pottery" and "Ceramics" (for Rouen), and still more the beautiful "Summer" (for Paris), make them some of the noblest works of the year's art. Another founder of the Society, whose powers increase year by year, is M. Cazin, who exhibits eleven landscapes, combining a realism and simplicity that is almost Dutch with the highest poetic qualities, and an extreme sense of beauty. The jewel of these jewels is the cloudless "Midnight," a summer night as full of peace and sweet solemnity as such nights are in nature. The scene is charming but ordinary: only a canal hemmed in by the houses and walled gardens of some old French town; but M. Cazin, like nature, can put supreme beauty, even majesty, into such simple scenes, and all the stillness of the summer night envelops us as we stand before the picture. Less majestic, but scarcely less beautiful, are the other landscapes, "A Road in Flanders," simple as the famous "Road" by Hobbema, and not unworthy to compare with it; the "Stone Bridge," the "Country Town," "November Evening," and "A Northern Cottage"—a poor homestead amid the sand dunes of Boulogne, with a grey donkey meditatively chewing the coarse hard grass. With even less than the lamb in the meadow M. Cazin can make beauty; but his work is so widely known, and so generally appreciated, that we must turn to other things.

Unlike the Salon, this exhibition owes little to outsiders: Meissonier's water-colour is a great attraction, and many of the most prominent exhibitors, like MM. Puvis-de-Chavannes and Cazin, are founders, among them MM. Bésnard, Beraud, Carolus-Duran, Dagnan-Bouveret, Diez, Gervex, Montenard, and Roll, while MM. Boldini, Blanche, Carrière, Carrier-Belleuse, Friant, Skredsvig, Stevens and Mesdames Breslau and Lemaire are members or associates, who may exhibit an indefinite number of works, while outsiders also may

submit as many as they choose for exhibition; thus M. Aublet, though unconnected with the society, sends eleven pictures, and M. Weets exhibits nine. The restriction of the Salon to two works irrespective of size is at once an advantage and a disadvantage; it raises the chances of all painters, but it also encourages them to work on a terribly large scale; for two of the small portraits of M. Weets would bring little notice in the Salon, whereas the nine placed together hold their own very bravely against larger canvases. But, of course, only painters of fame or great gifts stand a chance of acceptance in a society which numbers 126 members among 306 exhibitors, who contribute 950 paintings between them, while the Salon, with less than double the number of canvases, gives hospitality to more than four times as many artists as are received in the Champ de Mar.

The chances of the young are therefore greater in the Salon, but Art is a hard mistress, and unless a man have such a degree of talent as will ensure the reception of his work in any gallery he will do wisely to turn to a less ungrateful trade. Good pictures are no doubt refused from time to time; popular pictures never, and the good work that is turned away is always so out of keeping with the public taste that the painter would be little better off if it were accepted. Accepted or refused, he must wait for a change of fashion unless he be cynical enough to make fun of the world by adding oddity to his talents. It is said that M. Carrière, who appears to be totally colour-blind, has really the normal vision, and that he adopted the abuse of raw umber to force the public to recognise his art; if so he has succeeded: the public gapes and stares in front of his deathly monochromes, attracted as much by the portrait of M. Daunet as by the ghastly lifelessness of colour, and critics lament that an artist of so much talent should spoil work that has so many admirable qualities by an unworthy trick. M. Boldini is eccentric in another way: he sees the world in its normal colour, but places his sitters in poses so ungainly and ill-bred that our admiration for the vivacity of the faces is lost in amazement at the disposal of the legs. We have but to turn to the exhibit of M. Bésnard to see that vivacity and grace, spontaneity and good-breeding are compatible, for never have the bright eyes and lively humour of a happy girl been more happily depicted than in the younger of "Les Mdles. D——." The background is too "impressionist" to convey any idea to the eye of the unregenerate, but from the green reflections on the bare necks and arms of the girls we suppose them to be in a conservatory, and wish that the principles of the artist had allowed him to place them somewhere where cross lights would have been less unjust to their fresh fair skins, but as he has done justice to the delicacy of their forms and the charm of their youth and pretty movements, we must

not quarrel with him on account of the extreme susceptibility to reflected light and colour that is characteristic of his work. His other portrait, "M. and Mme. Ch—— at the Piano," is much less successful, but of his three small sketches, one, "The Annunciation," is of rare beauty. The half-length figure of the Virgin is full of purity and charm, and slightly though it is sketched, well expresses the dreamy ecstasy of her mood. She is on the flat house-roof among her pigeons and, leaning on the stone coping, she looks over the distant landscape where the retreating angel skims up the river with outstretched wings. Rough and small though it is, this little sketch of M. Bésnard's is the one religious picture of the year, for he alone has entered into the spirit of the subject, and suggested an angel who is an angel, not a fairy or a cupid, and a Virgin who is purer and holier than her visitant. Moreover, the colour, glowing and warm and pure, in tones of golden green, warm, white, and brown, is in harmony with the theme. M. Hacker has an interesting conception of the subject, but it fails in beauty, and though the treatment of M. Agache is remarkably pretty, the Virgin looks as though she was giving only half her attention to the recital of a lesson that the pretty little angel does not quite know. Artificiality is not the defect of the Magdalen of M. Edelfet, for the face of the penitent is red and sodden with tears; but the artist fails, as so many greater have failed, in the figure of the Redeemer, and the insignificance of the Christ is also the weak point of a more interesting picture—M. Skredsvig's remarkable "The Son of Man." Following in the footsteps of M. Uhde, M. Skredsvig has brought Palestine to the north, and the Son of Man wears the brown dress of the modern working man. M. Skredsvig has placed Him in the middle-distance, where He forms the centre of a group of peasants—the blind, the halt, and the lame, while the doctor, the priest, and the pastor discuss this invasion of their prerogative. The middle-distance is rendered commonplace by the types selected, and is reduced to insignificance by the superiority of a foreground touching and original; on the right hand a poor fellow wheels his sick wife on a barrow to the place where the miracle-worker stands, and on the left peasants spread a carpet before their door with pots of fuchsia and balsam and rose, to honour the expected guest who is on His way to heal their sick.

Sacred subjects are of all the most difficult to treat, and either because of the modern dress or because the figure is too far in the distance the Christ of M. Skredsvig lacks impressiveness; yet artists are compelled to choose between spiritual truth and historic truth, and the object of a sacred picture is not to give a correct representation of the manners and customs of the Jews in the first century. The Italian masters knew little and cared less for archæological cor-

rectness, and many of their most impressive pictures are as inaccurate from this point of view as that of M. Skredsvig. Religious truth is not for the Jew only, and the Son of Man is the spiritual brother of the devout Swede of this century as actually as of the Hebrew of the first. So far M. Skredsvig is within his rights, only he has fallen into the pitfall that lies in wait for the realist, and, in trying to make his Christ human, has made Him commonplace. Nevertheless, the intention is good, and the picture has many beauties, only before attempting another sacred subject he should study four modern masterpieces: the "Christ Blessing Little Children" of M. Whore; the "Tobias and the Angel" of M. Cazin; the "Virgin and Child" of M. Dagnan-Bouveret; and D. G. Rossetti's "Annunciation"—to learn from them to what point the artist may be ordinary in matters of dress, detail, and type, and yet remain inspired.

But if M. Skredsvig is uninspired, what shall we say of M. Béraud's rendering of "The Magdalen in the House of the Pharisee"?—the small picture that excites more notice than all the large ones put together. M. Béraud has introduced a Christ with the nimbus and flowing robes of tradition into a company of Parisians in frockcoats. All who visited the Salon, 1889, must remember his wonderfully clever portrait-group of the staff of the *Débats* newspaper, with M. Renan in the centre, a composition which is recalled in many ways by this supper at the Pharisee's. Like it, this new work is small and astonishingly clever; moreover, more than one sitter for the earlier picture has acted unconsciously as model for the later. Despite the addition of a thin grey beard, every one identifies the host with M. Renan, and among the guests are men who resemble M. Léon Say, M. Jules Simon, M. Joseph Reinach, and M. Quatre-fague, all dressed in the latest fashion, and grouped round the table for coffee and cigarettes. In the foreground a lady in evening dress has thrown herself at the feet of Christ, whose garb and halo are not only out of place in such a scene but turn into grotesque; the worldliness, shallowness, and cynicism are ably expressed in the faces round the table—each is a masterpiece of scorn, contempt, and disbelief in goodness, but the obvious Divinity of the Christ destroys the dramatic effect of the work though not its moral. The face of the Redeemer is ordinary, the pose conventional, and possibly M. Béraud has had recourse to the halo and Eastern garb from a sense of the limitation of his cleverness; but, had he been able to infuse divinity into a figure dressed in a blouse or the brown dress of a Franciscan friar his picture would have been immeasurably more telling. As it is it shocks either our feeling or our conventionality, and strikes us as an insult to religion; our instinct is possibly just, and the picture may have been planned merely to create a success of scandal; but the motive of the artist does not concern us, and the

figure of Christ is irreproachable, from the point of view of reverence; for the insult is not aimed at religion, nor the sneer at Him who pardons the sinful woman, but at the modern Pharisees, against whom the indictment is only too well founded. But we come to the Champ de Mars to study pictures, not social problems, so let us fight our way out of the dense crowd that surrounds this favourite work, and see at what the crowd opposite is looking: alas, here we find no escape from indictments against society: for the love of our neighbour is more grimly and sternly commented on in Meissonier's tragic drawing of the victims of the barricade. The poor wretches, killed by their fellow-citizens, lie dead and dying in the grotesque and awful postures of anguish; sinister stains, brown rather than red, blot the miserable figures, and the men and stones of the street are begrimed with smoke and blood. All is torn and broken, dirtied and spoiled: it is impossible to imagine a more tensely tragic picture of the horrors of civil war.

The successes of the Champ de Mars all fall to the small pictures: Cazin's landscapes, the "Magdalen" and the "Barricade" are all of small dimensions, and the crowd collects in scarcely a less degree round the exhibit of M. Friant comprising two admirable portraits of the MM. Coquelin, and a very delicate portrait of a lady, and a most interesting subject piece, which takes its title, "Ombres portées," from the shadows flung by the figures on to a whitewashed wall. Nothing could be more simple: two young people with tear-stained faces take hands at parting, and the merit of the picture lies in the extraordinary power with which their grief is depicted. They are lovers who have fallen upon evil days, and the girl, though she has wept her eyes red, has had enough of hunger: she is a little seamstress, dressed in the neat black of her class, and her sad face is seen through the meshes of a veil of Russian net—a triumph over technical difficulties so perfect that we forget their existence. The lad, also in black, is a roughish specimen of the workman; he holds her hand between his, and his ugly face quivers with the dumb intensity of expression so often seen on the faces of those who have not learned to express themselves in words. But long ere this we ought to have been before M. Dagnan-Bouveret's fine picture of "The Conscripts," where five or six young peasants of ordinary type march through the street of their village after the drum and the flag. Duty to the Fatherland is the motive of this noble and admirably-painted canvas, duty none the less fine because it is embraced with the dull simplicity and stolid acquiescence which mingle so largely with the unconscious heroism of the poor. Within the limits of one article it is impossible to note all the interesting pictures; an annotated catalogue would occupy more space than can be given to the subject, and it is impossible to linger over even such brilliant work as the por-

traits of M. Carolus-Duran, or a picture so pretty as the "Catachisme" of M. Muenier.

Both exhibitions are strong in landscape, though perhaps not stronger than our own Academy, and in the Champs Elysées the flowery "Aftermath" of M. Quignan, the "Garden" of M. Guery, and the "Brooklyn Bridge" of M. Renouf, rise conspicuously above a very high average, and in the Champ de Mars such masters of northern land and sea as M. Cazin and M. Henry Moore, are seconded by such brilliant painters of the south as MM. Montenard and Dauphin, while M. Errazuriz is happily inspired by the green pastures of England. In simple studies from the nude, too, the honours are divided, so that though in all departments of art there is a vastly greater proportion of the commonplace in the Salon than in the rooms of the Society, the chasm exists chiefly in those branches of art in which imagination is needed in choice of subject as well as in method of treatment.

The Salon is Academic, the place of schools, and there we find the well-trained average characteristic of the art of schools, and the lack of individuality that is its Nemesis. Those of us (surely in these days the majority?) who have worked in schools and studios must have noted the stress laid on study from the model, the slight encouragement given to such originality as we might possess. "Look at Mr. So-and-so's drawing!"—how often have we received the instruction, how often been encouraged not to see with our own eyes, but to copy the interpretation of one of those demi-gods, the leading students. And what has become of the demi-gods?—young men of talent, capable of making a faultless drawing from the model. Are they the men whose work we flock to see? Has any one of them followed up his school successes with brilliant achievements in the world, or shall we not rather find the young leaders among men whose circumstances or originality of character prevented them from devoting five or six years of their youth to the approved methods of the schools? Of course, the study of the nude is as essential to the painter as bones to the human figure, but the artist has need of so many powers besides that of draughtsmanship, that if he have not sufficient natural gift to acquire this without seven years' apprenticeship, he had better turn his energies to another craft. Too often draughtsmanship is the only quality taught in the school; too often the model is even posed by the master, though it would be far better to make the students each take their turn at this, the master confining his function to criticism and instruction. Too often, also, the composition class is terribly neglected, whereas a weekly composition—not always of subject, but in the utmost possible variety of effects, illumination, colour, and line—should be insisted on. As things are, the tendency of the school is to foster

the heresy that the best artist is the greatest artist, a theory which places M. Rochegrosse far before Fra Angelico, whereas M. Rochegrosse is not an artist at all, but the man of ideas who paints. Ideas are, of course, as essential to the artist as technical power, but they must be artistic ideas; and though such a subject as (let us say) "The Triumph of Labour over Capital" may make a very fine, or a very bad, picture, the ideas which contribute to its excellence or the reverse will be the ideas of the painter upon beauty, form, style, composition, character, colour, harmony, and illumination, not his views on the relation of employer and employed. These, indeed, may be of use to him indirectly, as being the result of his study of human nature—that great model for painters as for all other artists. The sketch-book should be the constant companion of the student, who should also exercise his imagination, and train that as earnestly as he trains his hand and eye. Otherwise it may happen that he who in schoolboy days covered his copybooks with ill-drawn but imaginative sketches may leave the schools an adept at drawing naked organ-grinders, but with the sense of style and beauty undeveloped and the imaginative faculty dead.

In art, as in literature, there are two essentials: to have something to say, and to know how to say it. Most of the artists of the Champ de Mars justify their existence. We may find M. Bésnard too prismatic, and hold that M. Carrière has reduced the good gifts of tone and illumination to a nightmare by his colour, but at least they are able exponents of beauty and truth, though it may not be the whole beauty nor the whole truth; and as perfection is rare even in great art, we are gratified for what they give us: whereas two-thirds of the pictures in the Salon and Academy fail to explain themselves, and as we stand before their well-executed commonplace, we wonder what idea the artist had, what were his ideals and ambitions—or whether indeed he had any beyond that of getting something ready for the exhibition.

MABEL ROBINSON.

CHILD-LIFE INSURANCE.

A REPLY TO THE REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

THE Editor has complied with my request for permission to reply briefly to Mr. Waugh's latest utterance on the above subject, which has appeared in the form of a pamphlet published under the direction of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, being so long, as the introduction states, for insertion in this Review. Mr. Waugh's *brochure* professes to be an answer to a paper by me which appeared in *The Fortnightly* of December last.

On one point Mr. Waugh and I agree—the desirability in controversy of clearly stating the point at issue. This I did at the outset. I now repeat the process. My contention is that Mr. Waugh's assertion, that "his estimate, that a thousand children a year were murdered for insurance money, had received official confirmation,"¹ is untrue. Mr. Waugh objects to my using the expression "child-murder being rife amongst the working-classes" as synonymous with his assertion—unreasonably, I contend, for the following reasons:—In his late *brochure* he says there are a million and a half parents of insured children. This means that one in every 1,500 of these parents murders a child. It is admitted that, practically, child-insurance is confined to the working-classes. If this does not justify my using the expression as his opinion his idea and mine as to the meaning of language differ. The number of homicides (including all kinds) in England and Wales in 1888 was one in a million. To arrive at Mr. Waugh's estimate of child-murder alone this number must be multiplied by 666.

Mr. Waugh refers to my statistics as absurd and talks of disentangling my figures. To perform a reciprocal office for him is a more difficult task, because mine are taken from the Reports of the Registrar-General and the Company doing the chief part of such insurance; Mr. Waugh's are not. His tables and statistics are evolved from his own, or someone else's, inner consciousness, and are simply a chaotic labyrinth of figures and fiction. I shall leave the reader to judge on which side truth and absurdity respectively lie—on mine or that of the Coryphæus of the insurance-scare party.

So far Mr. Waugh has not produced one *fact* to support his allegation—one single isolated case of demonstration that a child has been murdered for insurance money. Instead of this we have only a

(1) In contrast to this astounding assertion it is curious to remark that in the *Annual Report* of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, just published, it appears that amongst children said to be ill-treated only ten per cent. were insured!

wearisome reiteration of opinions. His mode of argument has the merit of simplicity. It appears to be this:—"I said there were a thousand children murdered annually for insurance money. A certain number of coroners think there are some (not one of them hints at a thousand); that is confirmation. Coroners are officials; therefore that is official confirmation. Q.E.D." Some may agree with him, but I doubt their being readers of *The Fortnightly Review*.

Having, however, invited us to believe in official confirmation, he obligingly proceeds to show there cannot possibly be confirmation of any kind. He assumes that we possess what the Newnham girl irreverently gave as a definition of faith—the quality which enables us to believe that which we know cannot possibly be true. Mr. Waugh's *ipsissima verba* are as follows:—

"The criminal statistics of the land are an utterly barren field of enquiry. By the permission of the Home Office I have searched the criminal calendars for the last ten years to find not a single instance recorded. Two judges have been good enough to search their own private notes of assize, and not a single case is even there recorded. All attempts to see the relation of insurance with even charges of crime are hopeless."

He then confesses that, though the prospect may not seem so blank in his own daily experience in the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, yet no fact in support of his monstrous assertion can be produced. After this I hope my readers, like a certain learned judge in delivering judgment, will agree with one (my) side for the reasons assigned by the other.

I must now give a specimen of Mr. Waugh's quotations. He refers to Mr. Dewey as saying before the House of Commons' (presumably meaning Lords') Committee, "The agent (of an Insurance Company) would not be allowed to give information at all; we consider the insurance a private matter," most persons will consider quite properly, I may add. The inference intended to be conveyed is obvious. Its candour must be judged by the question and answer immediately preceding the sentence quoted.

Q. 3575 by the Chairman: "You say, and no doubt quite truly, that you never refuse information to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?" Mr. Dewey: "We do not." Mr. Waugh's quotation can only be placed on a par with that of the Antinomian who claimed Scriptural authority for his creed in the words, "hang all the law and the prophets," the preceding words, "on these two commandments" being left out. The opinion of Mr. Justice Wills is next quoted as fortifying Mr. Waugh's. Let me also quote the same learned judge. "Of course, in a life like mine I am perfectly well aware that I see, as it were, only one side, and I know there may be another side, and I am sure I do not desire to dogmatize at all. I have tried a great many more cases in which

the element of insurance did not enter than cases into which it did." (Q. 1926. *House of Lords' Committee*.)

It is difficult to attribute to unintentional inaccuracy the following words, which Mr. Waugh uses. They amount to an accusation of manipulating figures for the purpose of deception, than which there never was a charge more absolutely void of any trace of foundation. He says:—

"On an insurance register lapses occur. The lapsed children may die—a proportion of them must die—but their deaths are not known to the Society. These policies, however, remain, and will stand on one side of the comparison by which the Company's death-rate is obtained."

And *The Child's Guardian*, Mr. Waugh's organ, says:—

"To make the Society's insurance columns on which the percentage is taken, the compiler has left out all 'lapses,' which are admittedly one-third of the whole business done. He has left out, too, all deaths of children which take place under three months old, the age of benefit being three months."

The paragraph refers to returns put in by Mr. Dewey, when testifying before the Lords' Committee. Now the statistics in question were compiled by a fully qualified actuary, and, as Mr. Dewey stated in evidence, the method adopted would bear the most stringent investigation at the hands of any actuary. *No lapsed policy was considered at risk* after payment had ceased, and great care was taken to obtain a record of all deaths occurring out of benefit. Mr. Waugh ought to have acquainted himself with these published facts before attempting to instruct the public. To assume that he had read the evidence before doing so would be to believe him capable of asserting what he knew to be untrue.

I next notice what Mr. Waugh calls my impossible table showing the number of deaths from debility, atrophy, and inanition from 1870 to 1881. He says:—

"Now seeing this heading did not exist till 1881, that prior to 1881 inanition was combined with want of breast-milk, and not till after 1881, when a new classification was introduced in the returns, was it combined with debility and atrophy, this huge table is simply an impossible table."

Unfortunately for Mr. Waugh, there is not a word of truth in the statement. The facts are these: In 1870 (not 1881) want of breast-milk was separated from inanition, though not added to atrophy and debility till 1881. To produce my table all that was needed was the simple arithmetical process—simple enough, I should have thought, even for Mr. Waugh—of adding the two latter columns together. In other words, from 1870 to 1880 the addition must be done by the reader; from 1881 the Registrar-General has done it for him. I wonder if that official had my critic in his mind's eye when he took to doing the addition himself. My table is taken from the Registrar-General's report, and exhibits every year from 1870 to 1880. Mr. Waugh's nosological table is a concocted one, absolutely incorrect and

misleading, and based on fallacy. One item will prove this. Mr. Waugh heads his numerical columns thus: "Of 1,000 deaths from each cause the proportion under five years of age." Under these words he shows deaths from violence, 1868, 222; 1888, 240; increase, 81. One is positively staggered at the ignorance or audacity (or both) which makes an increase of 18 into one of 81. It might be supposed there was an accidental transposition of the figures. Nothing of the sort. After much puzzling, the following astounding method of manipulation is seen to apply to all:— $\frac{1000}{222} = 4.505$, and $18 \times 4.5045 = 81$. Instead of heading his columns with "Of 1,000 deaths" as applied to "violence," he should have put 4504. In other words, his facts must be relegated to the interesting category of "Events that never occurred."

The Registrar-General shows that infantile mortality was exceptionally high in 1868, and exceptionally low in 1888, and uses these words: "Children, then, were the chief sufferers from the insalubrity which prevailed in 1868." And again, "The year 1888 was thus especially favourable to infants." The returns show that in 1868, 76,173 children under five years of age died from zymotic diseases; and that in 1888, 41,717 died from diseases of the same class. According to Mr. Waugh, the latter number is greater than the former. Mr. Waugh thinks to fortify his contention by the fact that the classification of diseases was altered between the years quoted by him. Unfortunately for his argument, the effect is precisely the reverse. In 1868 zymotic diseases included quinsy, carbuncle, and rheumatism; in 1888 quinsy was classed as "digestive," carbuncle as "integumentary," and rheumatism as "constitutional." Now, as the ages at death from these three causes are almost all over five years, it follows that to include them must reduce the proportion of deaths under five years of age, and to exclude them must increase it. In 1868 they were included; in 1888 excluded. In 1868 the heading in Mr. Waugh's table "Debility and Atrophy" did not include inanition; in 1888 it did. Mr. Waugh has carefully omitted putting in comparison deaths which would most tell against him. Taking deaths from phthisis for example, and following Mr. Waugh's method we obtain—phthisis, 1868, 55; 1888, 39. Decrease in 1888, 291.

The next table Mr. Waugh falls foul of is that showing the proportion of children insured. His statement is incorrect, and I must flatly contradict his assertion that I admitted children of the better class *could* not be insured. He says—

"The figures of the second of his tables are entirely unreliable. The number of children insured in England and Wales by the Prudential, he says, is 2,100,000. He means that so many policies are issued. That each policy represents a child is absolutely false. I have a case before me now in which three policies are on one child all in the same office."

Now is it not the plain implication that he still refers to the Prudential? Otherwise where would be the falsity of my stating there were 2,100,000 children insured in that office? Mr. Waugh is as far from the truth as usual. I am able to state that there were, in January, 1891, 2,400,000 children actually insured there. There were no two policies on one child. I shall be happy to put Mr. Waugh or anyone else in a position to verify this statement if they doubt its accuracy. To gratuitously make such an assertion as Mr. Waugh's, so utterly at variance from facts, in order to gain a point in controversy, could only be characterised in language unsuited for this Review. I have received from the five principal societies doing the class of business under consideration, permission to contradict on their behalf Mr. Waugh's assertion that they issue more than one policy on one life.

Mr. Waugh defies any sane man to see a connection between two facts—that of children on whom inquests are held fifty per cent. only are insured, and that we might expect eighty per cent. If, as Mr. Waugh asserts, one thousand children a year were murdered for insurance money, we might reasonably expect the percentage of insured amongst violent or suspicious deaths to be higher instead of, as they are, thirty per cent. lower than the average. "We are bound to furnish people with arguments," said Dr. Johnson, "but we are not bound to furnish them with"—let me for the sake of politeness say—"perceptive faculties."

The next instance of Mr. Waugh's deficiency in this respect is in putting, not for the first time, into my mouth a grotesque mode of reasoning which is due solely to himself. In a former paper Mr. Waugh inveighed against Companies making what he termed "Cræsus fortunes" by insurance. In answer to this, and this only, I replied that two per cent. on the turnover was a moderate rate of interest in a commercial enterprise; but he credits me with connecting that fact with matters wholly irrelevant to it. But as he must launch out in his turgid style about "rippling waves" and ship insurance, a pertinent question suggests itself. Because isolated cases of ship-scuttling occur, is marine underwriting to be made illegal?

One more instance of Mr. Waugh's baseless charges of inaccurate tables. He quotes my table showing 99.46 deaths per thousand for the first year of life (which he rightly assumes by a clerical error was printed as age 0—5 instead of 0—1). It is only necessary to point out his disingenuous omission of the following note appended thereto, as important as the table itself, and which explains away the whole of Mr. Waugh's contention,

"NOTE. For the first year after birth the Prudential figures present too favourable a comparison from the fact of the Company having no experience of

the first two weeks of life. There are no means of making an absolutely accurate comparison, but eliminating the FIRST MONTH'S deaths from Dr. Farr's 'English Life Tables' (a severe comparison) the ratio is reduced from 165 per 1,000 to 108, being still 9 per 1,000 in excess of Prudential experience."

It is needless to notice a lot of stuff about tables of antiquity. If I take the tables most extensively used by the Insurance Companies of the world, they are, according to Mr. Waugh, antique. If I quote the most recent, they are cooked. He misquoted statistics to show that child-insurance increases the death-rate. I proved his figures to be false, so he says they are valueless to prove anything.

Having, I think, sufficiently illustrated how unreliable are "Mr. Waugh's statistics and concocted tables, the absence of truth in his assertions, and his astounding absence of reasoning powers, I may briefly notice two other points. I must make one exception, amongst his extraordinary jumble of objections, to that where he takes exception to my postulate that there *might be* 8,000,000 parents to half the number of children. Though less absurd than most of Mr. Waugh's suppositions, it certainly will not bear the test of the doctrine of probabilities. It is best to frankly state the simple fact. The mistake was seen before it was published, but too late for correction. It does not affect the argument, however, at all, inasmuch as there is, in any case, quite a sufficiently large number of working-class parents to have a distinct voice in legislation specially affecting them; and the total number of those interested in industrial insurance considerably exceeds 8,000,000.

As to class legislation Mr. Waugh says my assertion is simply untrue, and inquires if I have read the Statute of George III., whose shade I so touchingly yet unluckily invoke. I answer, I have; and will show on which side truth and luck lie. He proceeds:—

"The insurance of children by societies insuring better class people is already by statute prohibited. The prohibition is contained in an Act intituled 'An Act for regulating insurance upon lives, and for prohibiting all such insurances, except in cases where the persons insuring shall have an interest in the life or death of the person insured.' It sets forth that the object is to prevent a mischievous kind of gaming. There is no allusion to any class; no one, be he peer or commoner, can by this statute insure the life of another, adult or child, except he has an interest in it."

"And were it not," adds Mr. Waugh, "that that statutory prohibition is especially and by statute suspended on behalf of the industrial classes, not a child in England could be insured, save one who while it lived brought in income." Passing over the loose and incorrect statement contained in the last sentence, as it only partakes of the usual slipshod character of Mr. Waugh's utterances, he here gets more deeply into the fog that seems to cloud all his ideas.

That the industrial classes chiefly take advantage of the Friendly Societies Act no one doubts, but to assert that the Act designates

and that its operations are limited to them is not true. Let me hasten to assure Mr. Waugh that there is not one word in the Act to prevent or prohibit the reigning sovereign, or any or all of the various branches of royalty, Highnesses, Serene Highnesses, and their numerous progeny, nor peers, nor commoners of every degree, from availing themselves of its provisions—

“ The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
The Lord High Coachman on the box,
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks,”

Mr. Waugh himself, *all* can take advantage of the Friendly Societies (1875) Act, and insure their children up to the legal maximum.

I must refer those who are credulous enough to accept Mr. Waugh's assertions as facts to two significant circumstances. First, to his cross-examination by the late Mr. Bradlaugh when Mr. Waugh gave evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, to which I referred in a former paper (*Fortnightly Review*, December, 1890). Secondly, to the evidence of a Mr. E. Ninness, who, after the country had been scoured in search of witnesses to give evidence before the present Lords' Committee in support of Mr. Waugh's opinions, refused to reiterate on oath some remarkable statements he had made to the committee, though he was offered an indemnity against all legal proceedings except for perjury. On his refusal to testify on oath, his evidence was struck out. Mr. Ninness proved to be a discharged agent of an Assurance Company. Three other persons, who had volunteered to give evidence similar to that of Ninness, immediately wrote to the committee declining to give on oath the evidence which they had tendered. Two of them proved to be discharged agents of another Life Office.

Mr. Waugh has accused me of trying to set class against class. Such was certainly not my desire nor intention. I merely asserted an incontrovertible fact, that the working or any other class has a perfect right to a voice in legislation specially designed to affect them. It is absolutely pitiable to read Mr. Waugh's imploring utterances to the working-classes to believe that “Codlin's your friend, not Short.”

Mr. Waugh's first, and it is to be hoped last, attempt at legislation may however now be said to be *in extremis* from “inanition.” His Bill will doubtless he heard of no more. It is practically as dead as the ridiculous undertaker's clause which it contained. Mr. Waugh's parturient mountain will not bring forth even a muscicular abortion. A Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons backed by Sir Herbert Maxwell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which in its main provisions coincides with the suggestions previously made by

Mr. Dewey. In fact the companies doing industrial insurance business have for a long time been favourable towards the legislation which their experience suggested as desirable. It is only necessary to quote Mr. Waugh's proposed Bill to show its absurdities. It proposed that persons might insure the lives of children not related to them—a self-evident danger in cases of baby-farming; that more than one policy should be permitted, provided the money was paid to an undertaker—an open door for collusion to defeat the object of the clause.

Mr. Dewey recommended one policy only on a life. Parents only to insure. The table of benefits to increase annually, and only reach the legal maximum when paid in for five years and two years respectively. That unregistered societies should not be allowed to insure children.

If Mr. Waugh, instead of filling the rôle of a philanthropic Don Quixote amongst insurance windmills, would devote his attention to forwarding the objects of his society in a field ample enough to occupy all his attention, I, in common with all others, would wish him abundant success and God-speed.

PEMBROKE MARSHALL.

LETTERS IN PHILISTIA.

A FRENCH author addresses, or may address, directly in their own tongue some seventy million human souls at most. Indeed, this is a very inclusive estimate, for I throw in all Belgium, whether Flemish or French-speaking, with a liberal allowance for Gallic Switzerland, Canada, Haiti; and I deduct nothing at all from the total sum (since I hate subtraction) for the mass of Southern Frenchmen who can speak or read no language save Provençal, nor yet for the remnant of German Alsace, for La Bretagne Bretonnante, for the Basques of the Pyrenees, for the Italians of Corsica, for the Arabs and Kabyles and Berbers of Algeria. In reality, were I disposed to be strict, a modest estimate of forty-five million people who have used French from childhood as their mother-tongue would be far nearer the mark than the generous figures I here assign them. But let that pass. We will allow for argument's sake, just to prevent unpleasantness, that a French novelist, poet, rhetorician, or thinker addresses directly an audience of some seventy millions. Well, and an English author addresses directly, in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, America, a roughly estimated audience of at least one hundred and ten million souls. He speaks to the greatest theatre the world has ever known. His breast swells with manly pride as he thinks of his Mission. From his stage in London he scatters his words broadcast to all the four winds of heaven, to be wafted on the breeze (or, more practically, in the mail-bags) to the uttermost parts of the earth, from the Shetlands to New Zealand, from Labrador to California, from Jamaica to Mauritius, from the Cape of Good Hope to Honolulu and Fiji and British Columbia.

But with what effect? Ah, there comes the difference! We may blush to admit it. France is an almost restrictedly European republic, with a dwindling native population of forty million souls; England is the centre of a world-wide empire, which has colonised enormous tracts of all the outlying continents, and absorbed in its colonies, revolted or faithful, the entire overflow of other tongues and races. Yet a French author addresses at once a vast ready-made auditory over the civilized earth; while an English author addresses at best but his own fellow-speakers in Europe, America, and Australia. Not only are Renan and Daudet known and read wherever printed books can penetrate, but even very young men (as we count youth nowadays), like Paul Bourget and Guy de Maupassant, can achieve at one blow a European reputation. Whereas English men of letters—as distinguished from English

men of science—rarely attain any celebrity at all, at least during their own lifetime, outside the narrow limits of their essentially provincial English-speaking world.

"That," the suburban critic interposes glibly, with the easy confidence begotten of plentiful want of thought, "that is, of course, because everybody everywhere learns at least to read French, while comparatively few foreigners ever learn to read English." You think so? Well, so be it. I fancied, my friend, you would raise offhand that cheap and ineffective solution of a hard problem. But, then, how about Russian? Tolstoi, Dostoieffski, Tourgénéieff, and the rest are so much appreciated and admired in Western Europe, I suppose, because all of us know how to read and speak Russian so fluently! A familiar acquaintance with the Scandinavian dialects forms an integral part of a polite education, of course; which is why all the world goes wild about Ibsen. A gentleman can hardly confess to a complete ignorance of *Pr-vençal*; and that explains the vogue accorded to *Mireio*. What nonsense! The plain truth is this—it matters little nowadays in what language a man delivers himself, provided only he has something to say that interests the nations. Given that prime factor, and the greedy translator pounces upon his work from afar off, like the hawk upon the laverock. You may read Herbert Spencer nowadays in Japanese or Gujerati; and my friend Edward Clodd has seen his graceful and beautiful *Childhood of the World* rendered not only into the Finnish tongue but also into the guttural clicks of the Bechuana Kaffirs.

Yet the fact remains that, while the English author addresses at first hand the largest audience in the world, fewer English authors are known outside the English-speaking people than Scandinavians or Russians. It is quite true, the names alone of a few icy peaks in our contemporary literature, now hoary with age and clogged with gathering glaciers, may be freely heard in Continental *salons*. Even Frenchmen are probably aware that we possess a Tennyson—perhaps (though there I am more doubtful) a Morris, a Meredith, a Froude, a Swinburne. But nobody on the Continent really *reads* English books (except in science and philosophy); nobody certainly ever opens an English novel. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Thompson, are names as familiar throughout Europe as in Burlington House itself. Not so our contemporary poets, romance-writers, essayists. They address at best England, America, Australia. With that magnificent audience ready-made for their effusions, not an echo of their voice ever transcends for a moment the provincial bounds of Greater Britain.

It's always a pleasure to me to agree with Mr. Stead, with whom one can so often and so amicably differ; and I agree with him cordially in his profound belief in the glorious future reserved for

the Anglo-Celtic race. The world is to the young, says the Servian proverb; and England shows its perennial youth to the present day, by being fruitful and multiplying and replenishing the earth, which no effete organism, be it man or nation, ever yet through all time has succeeded in doing. The English-speaking writer ought, therefore, to have the whole world at his feet. Instead of that, he is ousted on his own ground, often enough, by the Zolas and the Gaboriaus, the Tolstois and the Ibsens. It's easier to boom a Basque poet or a Queen of Roumania than to gain attention abroad for an English writer. And why? Not surely because English writers have nothing to say: ideas spring as thick and as spontaneous on English soil, I verily believe, as on Muscovite steppes or Norwegian fiords—Britain pullulates with genius: but because that Philistine English spirit which Mr. Stead adores effectually nips those ideas in the bud, before they have ever the chance of bursting into flower and bringing forth kindly fruits in due season.

In England, indeed, literature has a strange environment. No rare plant ever thrives on stonier soil. It is Bohemia in Philistia, a little archipelago of island specks that fleck a vast wide sea of stagnant indifference. The man of letters in Britain lives and moves and has his being in an alien world, that distrusts and dislikes him. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. For we English, owing in part to ethnical causes, in part to that singular isolation of our component classes which Matthew Arnold deplored—itself, as I believe, a result of imperfect ethnical intermixture—we English consist of more sharply demarcated intellectual and æsthetic grades than any other people on earth one has seen or read of. Nobody could ever have asked about Englishmen, as the French wit asked about Germans, *si un anglais peut avoir de l'esprit*. Genius, intelligence, humour, brilliancy, cleverness, exist among us in rank abundance. But they exist for all that as comparative exceptions. No nation produces more; but no nation produces them in such strange isolation. The mass of our middle class is as dull as ditch-water or the dullest German. The exceptions are almost as sparkling as champagne or the most sparkling Frenchman. And between the two extremes there are but few gradations. What we lack, in a word, is not men of genius; but a large appreciative and critical body of the general public.

Now, English literature is all, in the main, and roughly speaking, produced in England. The thirty millions do the thinking and writing for the hundred and ten. McKinley has failed to protect occidental culture. There is an American literature, it is true; but it is relatively insignificant in amount for a population of over fifty millions, and most of it is modelled on native English forms. With few exceptions, indeed—Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman

—the best of it rings but a faint echo of Britannic murmurs, thrives feebly as a Bostonian exotic, nursed with studious care in the artificial hothouses of the Back Bay and the halls of Harvard. There is even beginning to be in a certain vague and formless way, as of the evolving jelly-fish, some rudimentary foreshadowing of Australian and Canadian literature. But these formative efforts on the part of the outlying members of the hundred and ten affect but little as yet either the outer shape or the informing spirit of English letters. Our literature is still of London, Londony. From "the great heart of the empire," to quote for once our apostle of the English-speaking race, most English thinking, most English art as expressed in words, still proceeds, as point of origin. New York, Chicago, Montreal, Melbourne, are at best receptive; from London springs the thought that moves the English-speaking world, as far as the English-speaking world is moved at all by thought or by language.

And there comes the rub. *C'est là le diable!* This purely English milieu, in which and for which our literature is produced, is a milieu utterly alien and inimical to the whole literary or artistic spirit. When the English writer says so, the gentleman in the street thinks the English writer means merely that he isn't allowed to use ugly words and describe risky situations of a peculiar character. What a grotesque misunderstanding! As well might he suppose that Puritanism militated against literature and art only in so far as it insisted on cutting out the name of the deity and all profane oaths from dramatic pieces, and on eschewing the nude in mythological painting. The effect of the Philistinism of the English public upon the English artist, in words or in colours, is something infinitely deeper, more cramping, more pervasive, more soul-destroying in every way, than that. It is an effect due to a resolutely inartistic attitude of mind, an utter absence of sympathy with or interest in whatever most moves the true artist or the true literary worker. Art in France and in many other countries can count upon intelligent reception from an immense public. Art in England can expect little but chilly neglect, or even open hostility, from the vast mass of the unreceptive or actively hostile crowd that passes it by in contempt or throws mud from the gutter at it.

The British public is, in one word, stodgy. Stodginess is the salient characteristic of the bourgeois class that gives tone to the whole, including society; and whatever is produced for its palate must be stodgy also. But it doesn't follow that who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. Nay, more, for the most part, I believe, the producers of stodgy literature and stodgy art turn out their solidly insipid wares, *contre cœur*, to suit the taste of the British public, and would far rather try their hand at something airy, light, true, sympathetic, artistic. Only they can't. Supply and Demand govern

the market in literature as they govern the market in Manchester piece goods. The many-headed beast, says publisher or editor to his "hands," the authors, requires for the moment such and such mental pabulum. Very well, responds the obedient hack, with the cheerful alacrity born of long disregard of one's own tastes and feelings; then the many-headed beast shall be humoured to the top of his bent. We will tickle his thick ribs. We will suit him to his fancy.

Hence it has come about that English producers of popular literature are mostly hack-workers. The Sons of the Prophets inhabit a new and better-paid Grub Street. In so far as a larger and more clamorous public demands their wares, to be sure, they are immensely better off than the wretched immortals who toiled at starvation wages for Tonson and Lintott. Current quotations of literary labour rule now almost a quarter as high as the earnings of doctors, lawyers, dentists, clergymen; they frequently reach to perhaps as much as a twentieth part of the average stock-broker's. On the purely material side, therefore, divine genius cannot reasonably complain: it is recompensed in some cases quite as highly as many commercial travellers. But the material side doesn't altogether close the question. Genius has tastes—likes and dislikes of its own. Authors, in the lump, are men above the average in intellect and ability. They tend, as a rule, to have opinions and ideas. They would usually prefer to consult those opinions and ideas in writing their books or journalistic utterances. Most often, indeed, in their callow apprenticeship, they begin by doing so. But, schooled by experience, they soon learn better. Editors return their immortal blank verse, unread: publishers decline (with thanks) their psychological novel. Then gradually they grow wise. They acquiesce in the inevitable. They bow down their heads meekly before Demand and Supply, those economic Demogorgons of a commercial age, and obediently produce what their public requires of them. It is Samson and the Philistines. Divine genius must needs make sport for the daughters of the enemy.

See here, then, this paradox. The public are stodgy and crave for stodginess. But no stodgy person is fitted by nature to supply what they want to them. For why? the public likes its stodgy material served up to it piping hot, with delicate sauce which may titillate its dull nerves, and make the old food seem new to its jaded palate. It says, in effect, to the would-be author—"You're a clever fellow. Come now, then, dress me up a nice tale to my fancy. Let it be stodgy, of course; let it be flat as I am; let it tell of my own commonplace uninteresting loves and hates; let it flatter my base prejudices; let it carefully avoid treading on my favourite corns: but let it also be amusing, cunningly wrought, deftly worded. Make it bloody, if you like; make it sensational, exciting; but don't for a

moment intrude upon me your own singular tastes and ideas. They're not the same as mine, and therefore I don't like them. I don't understand them. They either shock me, or hurt me, or annoy me, or bore me; or else they strike me (who am confessedly less clever than you) as simply ridiculous. So absurd that any fellow should think otherwise than as I do! He can have no common-sense; he must be a wild sort of harum-scarum idiot! At the same time, I must get *you* and your likes to write for me, perforce—not others like myself, because you only, you other phrasemongers, know how to dress up these meagre and commonplace and threadbare ideas of mine in such a way as tickles my mirth and excites my sluggish liver. Go to, therefore; you have brains; exercise them to please me. Trim you my tale as the tailor trims my coat, to satisfy the customer."

And most men of letters have to submit to this hateful drudgery. They have to write things which perpetually offend their own philosophic creed, their own artistic sensibilities. They have to please the hundred-handed bourgeois Briareus, on pain of starvation. Some few of them, to be sure—some very, very few, are men of means, and can afford to write as they will, regardless of their public. Ruskin did that, from the first, very much to his advantage. So, in another way, more heroic, did Herbert Spencer. So too did George Meredith; so also did Swinburne. And they each in the end, by dint of studious interpretation at the hands of admiring disciples, succeeded at last in bringing the public round to them. But such exceptions are rare. For the most part, our men of letters have to bend themselves from the first to the public will. Bohemians by birth, unsuited to crook the supple knee before vile conventions, and endowed with wide and comprehensive views of men and nature, they have to narrow their scope and confine their ideas, for hire, till they suit the limited purview of their Philistine paymasters.

"Come out and be a leader!" says the seer to the man who thinks. But what is the good of being a leader where no man follows? "Obey the finest intuitions of your own genius," says the critic to the neophyte. But what is the good of the intuitions of genius if the publisher returns genius its manuscript by parcel post, with a polite intimation that Mr. Mudie would refuse to circulate such stuff, and that the Right Honourable Goliath of the railway bookstalls would exercise his moral censorship to suppress it sternly?

It is on the modern novel, above all things, that this Philistine supervision weighs hardest and worst. We have no Maupassants over here, no Tolstois, no Lotis. And why? Do you really suppose all the intelligent and experienced men who dish up serial stories, hot and hot, for our periodical press—able statesmen,

some of them; brilliant poets; deep thinkers—do you really suppose those tried hands of the craft *like* to write the conventional little variations upon familiar themes, the criss-cross love of two worthy young men and two amiable young women, on which they ring the changes, *sans cesse*, in magazine and newspaper? Do you really suppose none of them is capable of originating anything profounder or wiser, of revealing the abysmal depths of complex personality, of dissecting into its prime elements some genuine tragedy of the human heart? I for one will never believe it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. There are as many great souls in England as ever. It's only the latter-day dominance of the stodgy bourgeois spirit which warps them from their true bent, and sends them off on the bias to produce, against their will, insipid cakes and mild ale for the British Philistine.

Mr. W. E. Henley, that acute and clever critic, once did a minor writer (in point of fact, the present humble scribe) the honour to describe him, in blushing print, as "the man who isn't allowed." With sharp prods of his keen pen, Mr. Henley made much fun of his temporary victim, for complaining of these artificial limits imposed on modern English literature by the respectable classes. But he missed that insignificant unit's point. It isn't that *I* am not allowed: it is that *we* are not allowed. Letters as a whole in Britain have a great injustice done them by their inartistic environment. Men can't write as they would (unless they are rich and can afford to publish, like "Orion" Horne, at a farthing a copy), because the public and its distributing agents dictate to them so absolutely how and what they are to produce that they can't escape from it. The definiteness of the demand, indeed, has become almost ludicrous. Rigid contracts are nowadays signed beforehand for the production of such and such a piece of work, consisting, let us say, of three volumes, divided into twenty-six weekly parts; each part comprising two chapters, to average two thousand five hundred words apiece. Often enough, a clause is even inserted in the agreement that the work shall contain nothing that may not be read aloud in any family circle. Consider what, in the existing condition of English bourgeois opinion, that restriction means! It means that you are to follow in every particular the dissenting grocer's view of life: that you are carefully to avoid introducing anything which might, remotely or indirectly, lead man or woman to reflect about any problem whatsoever of earth or heaven, of morals, religion, cosmology, politics, philosophy, human life, or social relations. "You are an agile man," says in effect the middleman who conducts the bargain; "come, dance for us in fetters! You have wings that can fly over sea or land; come, bind them round with this stout hemp rope, and proceed to frisk like a sucking lamb on some convenient

hillock. You are a man ; come, write like a bread-and-butter miss. Our people object very much to flight ; but it amuses my clients to see you dance in clogs like a mountebank."

English literature started fair on its path with a noble chance. The cosmopolitanization of the world, which is going on apace before our very eyes, has increased its possible field of action a thousand fold in every direction. Regions Shakespeare never dreamt of, our posterity may sway with pen and pencil. But at the present moment, English literature, the Cinderella of Europe, is the least cosmopolitan, the most provincial literature on the face of the earth. It stops at home, and cowers over the fire of the family circle. And why ? Because it appeals to an exclusive and narrow-minded English Philistine audience. That is not the fault of the authors, but the fault of the Philistines. These narrow creatures, whether they sit under Benson or Spurgeon, will hear no gospel preached but the precise stodgy gospel that meets their own views and mirrors their own vacuity. They have been the dispensers of patronage so long, that all works of literature in Britain have been written to suit them. Of course, the exact opposite ought to be the case. The more a man's ideas and beliefs and feelings and sentiments differ from other people's—the more unusual, and singular, and personal, and revolutionary they are—the more unique and disturbing—the more ought he to be encouraged to proclaim them openly, and to work them out in full to their legitimate conclusions. Original ideas, novel ideas, startling ideas, odd ideas—these are the good seed the intelligent fraction is always looking out for. But the Philistine cares for none of these things. In the simply touching words of Mr. Peter Magnus, he hates originality. What he wants is just the same old hash as ever, dished up in fresh sauce under a new-found name ; nothing to shock his stodgy middle-class morals ; nothing to stimulate thought in his torpid mercantile brain. Ten thousand Mr. Bultitudes, with wives and daughters to match, have given laws up till now to the distracted producer of British fiction.

A paradox is always a precious leaven in the world. Every good cause that ever flourished on earth always began as somebody's fad and somebody's paradox. No new and true thing you could possibly say can fail, at first hearing, to sound paradoxical to nine-tenths of your audience. Therefore the wise man is very tender to fads, to eccentricities, to novel ideas, even when he is least disposed himself at the outset to accept them. They have germinal energy. He knows how dangerous it is to crush new thoughts ; he knows how, by befriending them in their evil days, many have entertained angels unawares. But the Philistine goes upon the exact opposite tack. He says, "Here's a stranger in the world of ideas. Heave half a brick at it."

And why should Mr. Bultitude so overawe our pens? Do we want obscenity? Do we want adultery? Do we want Zolaism in its ugliest developments? Not at all; but we want liberty to paint the picture we know we can paint best—to depict human life as it really is, not as the giggling schoolgirl of seventeen conceives it ought to be. We want to see English literature so written in our midst that it may spread over the earth, as smaller and newer Continental literatures are spreading at this moment. Can anybody pretend that any English work of imagination of the last thirty years has ever produced anything like the immediate sensation produced over Europe by the *Kreuzer Sonata*, by *Thermidor*, by *Les Rois en Exil*, by *Hedda Gabler*? More people on the Continent are reading Frédéric Mistral's *Mireio* in Provençal at the present moment than are reading any book in the English language, spoken by a larger number of human beings than any other civilized tongue. What a national disgrace! What a painful confession!

And English literature doesn't so spread, just because the people who produce it are compelled against their own will, and in spite of their own taste, artistic impulse, and judgment, to grovel before the dictation of the cheesemonger's wife—sometimes the glorified cheesemonger in Belgrave Square, but a cheesemonger still in heart beneath his ducal coronet. Respectability is a peculiarly British vice. It means an utter lack of moral and intellectual courage. Nowhere else in the world, save in this Britain of ours, has that odious form of low ethical sense and pig-headed stupidity succeeded in imposing itself as pure law upon the terrorized community. In Britain it has. "A gentleman who wrote hymns was long the arbiter of the circulating libraries; and the First Lord of the Treasury, that decorous embodiment of the bourgeois soul, still exercises through puny subordinates a disciplinary supervision over the ethics of the bookstall.

Is there any hope that in the near future this odious tyranny of the stupid over the clever, of the dense over the enlightened, of the thick-headed over the wise, will ever be broken down? Are authors in England to go on to all time suppressing what they really think and feel and believe, in order to accommodate the jejune social and political views of collective Podsnapdom? Or is there some loophole of escape, some chance of release in the days to come? I believe there is; and things will work it out in this way.

Podsnap, and Bultitude, and Mrs. Grundy, and the rest, are moribund relics of the state of things which came in some half-century since, with the reign of capital. In the Elizabethan age they didn't exist; plays and poems were flung straight at the big heart of the people. Nobody could accuse Shakespeare and Spenser of mawkishness. In the eighteenth century they still didn't exist; novels and

essays were directed point-blank at the ears of a cultivated and appreciative aristocracy. That aristocracy had many faults—heaven knows, nobody wishes to condone them less than myself; but at any rate it wasn't narrow-minded, stolid, hypocritical, squint-eyed. The gay world one gets glimpses of in Walpole's letters was neither puritanical nor stupid, neither prejudiced nor dull. Indeed, a certain reckless, devil-may-care daring, as of Tom Jones in one direction or Dick Turpin in another, rather took that pre-revolutionary world by storm than otherwise. So long as it was amused, pricked, titillated, distracted, it asked little of the opinions or ethics of its entertainer. It concerned itself no more with Roderick Random's morals than with Polly Peacham's private life or Lucy Locket's lovers. As Fox said truly, the French Revolution spoiled conversation, for it checked this free spirit; it made men afraid to push their most pregnant ideas to legitimate conclusions.

With the rise of the British mercantile middle class, the Philistine in our midst began to assert his personality blatantly. John Bull thought himself identical with England. For I take it, the Philistine is the most purely Teutonic element in our mixed nationality; and he gets his stodginess in the main from his Saxon ancestry. Our aristocracy is largely Norman, even to the present day; and mixing freely as it has done with the noble Irish, Welsh, Cornish, and Highland Scotch families, it has infused at last a considerable mixture of good Celtic blood into its own blue veins—much to its spiritual advantage. Our labouring classes, I believe, have everywhere a notable proportion of the ancient British strain, and are still in many places much the same in race as in the days of Cæsar. But the Respectable Middle Classes, from the farmer to the financier, from the Methodist grocer to the manufacturing M.P., are mainly Saxon or Anglian, perverse narrow brains, thick skulls inflated with the conceit of their own stability, pig-headed in their devotion to a false standard of morals, and a studiously limited intellectual outlook. It is people like these who form the tribunal of public opinion in Britain at present, for the little knot of cultivated and wide-minded men who have to cut blocks with a razor through life at their bidding.

Still, the reign of the bourgeoisie, thank God! is nearly over. Their epoch was short-lived; and Macaulay was their prophet. They came in about 1820; they obtained supreme political power in 1832; they reached their apotheosis in 1851, in a suitable Walhalla of glass and iron. Then the decline began. Reform bills despoiled the trading classes bit by bit of their oligarchical importance; the Education Act sapped or is sapping by degrees their social position. New Pharaohs are rising from below who know not that Joseph. New social strata are surging up in yeasty waves into unexpected

importance. And here again I am wholly with Mr. Stead, the apostle of the English-speaking race, the apostle, though he know it not, of Celticism in England. Till very lately, the only thing that counted, were it in politics, in social affairs, in art, in literature, was the bourgeois or his betters, the thick-headed, pot-bellied, self-satisfied, smirking, respectable Teuton. Nowadays all that is changing fast. The School Board has educated our masses apace; and the masses are everywhere beginning to think for themselves, and are craving visibly for knowledge, for culture, for letters and art, of a very high order. London and England no longer compose our whole British world. Connemara and Donegal, Caithness and the Lewis, Glamorgan and Merioneth, have taken heart of grace to assert their right to a hearing in the counsels of our complex nation. The bourgeoisie is falling, and falling fast. I don't say it isn't still very powerful, very formidable. It can kick a fellow even now, when he's down, most effectively. It gave sinister evidence of its power the other day, when it managed almost to overthrow the strongest man in Ireland for a breach of etiquette—if I remember aright, he'd broken an egg at the little end, or got out of a house without the aid of a footman. But it's falling for all that. Its power to harm will be great, far too great, for many years to come; but it begins even now to mumble toothless at the mouth of its cave, like Bunyan's Giant Pope, and it will soon be able to grasp at few victims save those who allow themselves too readily and imprudently to fall into its clutches.

The masses, I said just now, are craving for knowledge, for culture, for letters and art of a very high order. They have none of the shallowness or the narrowness of the bourgeoisie. They love bold treatment; audacity, one of the most valuable and essential components of genius, always delights and takes them. That is the secret of their liking for men like Mr. Labouchere and Lord Randolph Churchill; that is why they swear by John Burns, by Stewart Headlam, by Bernard Shaw, by Cuninghame Graham. And in literature the same tastes are making themselves slowly felt. Periodicals like the *New Review*, *Short Cuts*, *Great Thoughts*, *Treasure Trove*, all suggest how the people are beginning to wake up to a desire for real thinking and plain speaking in science, politics, social life, religion. In some of these new penny journals, bold fresh thought is allowed to air itself far more freely than in any old-established sixpenny weekly, and readers are not disgusted; on the contrary, they admire the larger and more open utterance. Few people who read *The Fortnightly*, no doubt, ever take up these cheap sheets that lie broadcast on the bookstalls; but if they did, they would probably be astonished to find how high a level of thinking and of artistic workmanship is often attained in them. It is a real

sign of the times that *Tit Bits* should have carried Mr. Newnes into Parliament; that *Short Cuts* should be now in a fair way to waft Mr. Archibald Grove into the same august assembly; that the *Strand Magazine* should be sold for sixpence; that even Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in his hopeless crusade against the rising ocean of socialism with a Partington broom, should choose a twopenny *Anti-Jacobin* as the best implement for his purpose.

The fact is, even in England itself, it was only, at the best of times, a fraction,—the inert, impenetrable, pachydermatous Saxon bourgeois fraction,—that ever imposed its Podsnappery upon art and literature. The People in England are fairly quick—receptive, unprejudiced, accessible to ideas, when once you can get at them. In London itself, the congested and snob-encumbered heart of Teutonic Britain, a popular audience will seize a point, will laugh, will melt, will thrill responsive, where a bourgeois audience would only gape open-mouthed, would draw down the shocked corners of its scandalized lips, would sit stolidly, vacantly, and woodenly unresponsive. And nowadays London and the South-east are ceasing to be All England. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Celtic West Country, begin before our eyes to count for something. And the Celt had always a keen appetite for ideas. He was never narrow-minded. Pure at heart, and sometimes even Methodistical, he has a twinkle in his eye none the less, which allows him to appreciate at its full worth even Rabelaisian humour: he sees the wit where the stupid staring Saxon sees only the immorality, the rough edge, the coarseness. So that in proportion as the People throughout the United Kingdom assert themselves against the bourgeoisie, will literature tend to free itself by leaps and throes from its existing trammels.

All this is still more true of America, of Australia, of the Colonies. Over there, while social thought tends to be even narrower than with ourselves, there is yet a ready receptivity for fresh ideas little known in England. The initiative, to be sure, is small, but the judgment is not narrowed. Especially in the new States of the Far West thought is extremely free. "There is no God," says the American proverb, "beyond the Mississippi." In those virgin lands where the coyote roams at large and the cowboy shoots free, nobody is shocked or surprised or scandalized at anything. You may say what you think; and though you may get a bullet in your chest for your opinions from some genial dissident, you will at least escape the dead-weight of social condemnation you might receive at the stolid hands of respectable England. Bret Harte and "Jim Bludso" mark very well the reckless easy-going type of literature that the Far West affects—a type as different as possible from the puritan respectability of half-Anglicized New Englanders like Holmes and Lowell.

Now, up to the present, viewed merely as audience, America and

the Colonies have counted for nothing. Literature in England has been fired point-blank at the head of the English Philistine, and especially of Miss Podsnap. We have thought of little else save that young lady's sensibilities. In the future, it is possible that America and the Colonies may soon count for something. That will depend in part, of course, upon the settlement of the copyright question. As long as America paid the English author nothing, the English author naturally addressed himself to England only. He must consult his pocket. But it is not inconceivable that in process of time America may generously cease to rob and starve us; and if so, a new and largely unknown element will be imported into the problem. In any case, I believe the new social strata in Britain itself, with the public of Greater Britain potentially at their back, will prove too strong before long for collective Philistia. Books will be produced for them (tell it not in Gath) irrespective of the cult of the divine Mrs. Grundy: books in which the artistic temperament will have its own fling, in which bold and free thought will find untrammelled expression.

• For the masses, with Ireland, Wales, Scotland, the Colonies, to boot, are not profoundly Philistine, like the bourgeois Englishman. Whenever we can tap that great reservoir of readers, whenever we can fall back upon that reserve-force of English-speaking people, we will get a new literature unrestrained by the conventionalities dear to Mr. Mudie; the artist in those days will say what he likes, and say it in his own way: and his public will applaud instead of hooting and howling.

But this good time coming will hardly affect the existing crop of men of letters at all. They have lost their elasticity. The writers over thirty in England have been trained by this time into an ingrained timidity, or second nature of self-restraint—an artificial incapacity for saying out their plain thought, unmoved by fear or favour. We are a generation sacrificed. We are the scape-goats of our own century. A contemptuous respect for Philistia has warped and distorted our artistic faculties. With a few rare exceptions, like George Meredith, who never cared for any public at all, and Robert Louis Stevenson, who, divining the future, threw himself frankly from the very first on this wider public, the English *littérateurs* of our generation have sold themselves for Saxon gold to Satan. They have gained, not the whole world, but a modest competence; and they have lost their souls blithely, in exchange for the pittance. Everyone of us in his turn has had to bow the knee in the temple of Rimmon—some of us submissively, some of us rebelliously and after a hard struggle—but almost all have bowed till the knees have become too supple and the back too much bent ever again to assume the upright attitude. Purveyors by appointment to Messrs. Peck-

sniff and Podsnap, we must go on purveying milk-and-water now to the end of the chapter. But we don't like it; oh no! we don't like it. It goes against our conscience to truckle to Miss Podsnap. Everyone of us in his heart is ashamed of it and disgusted at it.

The world, however, as I said just now, is indeed to the young. The new crop of budding English writers, who will burgeon and bloom under these new conditions, need no longer roar as gently as any sucking dove to our insular Askelon, but may speak with an audible voice to the cosmopolitan assemblage. Then modern English literature will achieve a destiny worthy of the English tongue, which puts a girdle round the world in either hemisphere. As the Elizabethan expansion produced the Elizabethan outburst of song and drama, so the expansion of our own day I take it (the greatest ever known) must inevitably produce in time a corresponding outburst of fresh and vigorous thought in literature and philosophy. We shall have a new heaven and a new earth; our Parnassus will break forth into beautiful flowers that all the world will come to cull as from an open garden.

I'm aware that this humble essay of mine will provoke in certain quarters indignant criticism. It's unfortunate indeed, that if by accident one ever blurts out anything one really means, it invariably puts up the back of innumerable good souls who feel themselves aggrieved by it. That's why it's so much more comfortable in the end to stick to the beaten path, and revel contentedly in well-worn platitudes. On the present occasion, for example, many honest and worthy critics, good citizens to a man, will no doubt object that English literature in the past produced no small store of very noble works, in spite of Philistia.—Ah me, how hard it is to get one's point seized! That objection, dear friends, is wholly beside the question. My contention is, not that English literature isn't a fine article in its way—our own preparation—but that it isn't cosmopolitan. Instead of addressing the world, it addresses nobody but the English churchwarden. It gives up to Methodism what was meant for mankind. And by narrowing itself to meet the views of a peculiarly vulgar and provincial public, it fails to produce the effect it ought upon the four quarters of the planet, from China to Peru. Shakespeare and Milton were very great men: oh, yes, we admit it. But in Shakspeare's and Milton's time such a thing as a cosmopolitan literature had never yet been dreamt of. It became possible only at the beginning of the present century, with the Goethes, the Schillers, the De Staels, the Byrons, the Scotts, the Châteaubriands. But as ill luck would have it, just about the time when it became really possible, the unclean bourgeois spirit took possession of England, body and soul, so that for fifty years Englishmen of genius were compelled to write, with their hands tied and cramped, not what they felt and believed and

knew themselves, but what they thought would prove as incense in the nostrils of Dagon. They were dragged in triumph through the streets of Gath, at the chariot-wheels of the ingenuous young person from the coasts of the Philistines.

"But Dickens? But Thackeray?" Well, and do you think Dickens and Thackeray loved their Philistia? Do you think they were well pleased with the censorship and the edicts of Mrs. Grundy? We know Thackeray wasn't: he kicked against the pricks very unaffectedly in many a long digression. And as for Dickens, is it conceivable that the creator of Stiggins and Chadband, of Podsnap and Pecksniff, was really enamoured of the collective Podsnappery and Chadbanddom that smiled complacent all round him? No, no; incredible! English literary men have never ceased to chafe in secret under the galling strait waistcoat imposed upon them by their Philistine audience. And their works have never achieved cosmopolitan fame because they never dared to throw off the encumbrance—to write for any but a limited section of their insular public.

Let me explain by an analogy. The Salvation Army is a peculiarly British and provincial product. It is Methodism gone mad. It represents in its crudest and rudest form the universal English philosophy of the divine economy. It takes for granted in its catechumens implicit acceptance of a whole complex system of theology and morals. This system is endemic in England and nowhere else; it has always existed there and reigned supreme in the public mind; it will continue to exist as long as any relic of Christianity survives in Britain. It is wholly independent of formularies or creeds. When England was Catholic, it existed all the same. You get it, full-fledged, in Wulfstan's Anglo-Saxon sermons, in Piers Plowman's mediæval verse, in Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, in Wesley's hymns, in Mr. Spurgeon, in Father Ignatius, in the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes, in General Booth and his roving commissioners. Briefly, it is the enchorial Britannic form of the Christian faith; and these, reduced to very simple terms, are its chief tenets—You are a lost sinner and you need salvation. You can get it by conversion, which is a sudden and definite internal act, almost as physically recognisable as baptism or vaccination. Either you are converted or you are not; if you are not, then of course you ought to be. The Salvation Army, therefore, believing—and on the whole rightly believing—that almost every Briton implicitly accepts this strange insular theology, just boards its man with the simple question, "Are you saved?" It doesn't trouble about asking him, "Do you swallow wholesale all this monstrous farrago of assumptions or not?" It goes straight to its point—"Are you saved? If you aren't, you're in a very parlous way; come to our barracks at once and get salvation!"

In Britain, I say, this procedure is perfectly effective. Nine people out of ten whom the Hallelujah Lassies assail on the public street admit, in principle, every item of their main contention. But the General and his staff are not content to confine their operations to England, where there are millions of souls to save, and where most souls will cheerfully accept such unofficial salvation. They carry the war on to the Continent, among the Latin races, where the feelings and beliefs on which the Army bases itself are wholly unknown and seem simply ridiculous. It's no use asking the average Frenchman or Italian or Spaniard whether he's saved or not,—no use inviting him to accept weak tea and the ministrations of a volunteer priesthood at the head-quarters of the Army. He has no such organized body of beliefs for the captains to work upon. "Saved?" he will answer if he has any religion at all, "why that's all been done long ago. The *modus operandi* is perfectly simple. The way to get to heaven is arranged for us by authority. You communicate three times a year; you drop in to matins or vespers occasionally; you behave in most things like a good sound Catholic; and when you're dying, the priest of God gives you extreme unction. If you feel yourself a miserable sinner, the authoritative Church has an official remedy, ready provided for you—confession, penance, absolution, the priestly blessing." In short, while the Briton takes for granted the need for hysterical conversion and personal conviction of sin, the Latin races regard the plan of salvation as a matter of etiquette, duly regulated beforehand to the minutest detail by the recognised ordinances of a divine Lord Chamberlain.

Here, then, is our analogy. The Salvation Army is a means of grace for Englishmen, in Britain or over sea, which appeals in vain to the deaf ears of Continental nations, because it puts forward an essentially insular and provincial scheme of theology. Well, English literature as it exists at the present moment is, just in the same way, literature for Englishmen, and for Englishmen only, because it is produced in deference to the narrow and stupid ideas of a wooden fraction of the English people. It grovels in London fog. It can only become cosmopolitan when it consents to trust its own wings and spread its vans for wider flight in a purer æther. If ever a generation of men of letters arises in England strong enough to snap their fingers from the first at the dissenting grocer, and defy from the outset the sentimental girl of seventeen, then English literature will be as widely read as Norwegian or Russian, and will be worthy of the hundred and odd million souls of English-speaking people. Is Rudyard Kipling a first omen of the coming time? Such things have been. Who knows? Perhaps so.

GRANT ALLEN.

BULGARS AND SERBS.¹

My first residence in Sofia was the Hotel Imperial in the Rakovska Ulitza, historically the principal street of the capital. At the top right-hand corner stands the Russian Legation, a solid, square-looking pile in grey stone looking out over the Balkans to the north, and Mount Vitosh to the south. Since the withdrawal of the Imperial Commissioner and military instructors, it has remained untenanted except by the cavasses and Russian setters. Its shuttered windows and closed iron gates mark the continued protest of the White Czar against the powers that now be in Sofia. Walking past one afternoon with M. Stamboloff, he glanced at the building and, struck with a sudden recollection, remarked—

"It was on just such a day that the battle of Slivnitsa was fought—a glorious sun, not a breath of wind, and the roar of the cannon sounding as close as if they were not a kilometre distant. I had driven in from the field in the morning with Major H——, and we both thought the Serbs must have made some flank movement, and be approaching from the opposite direction to that by which we expected them. It was, I suppose, some peculiar echo from the Vitosh. After seeing M. Tsanoff (Minister for Foreign Affairs), I sent him to the Russian Agency for advice, and then returned myself to the battle. Tsanoff was badly received, and all he got was a shrug of the shoulders, and a curt rejoinder—'Even if the Serbs were already at the gates, as they will be soon, I will undertake to send them back if your Ministry will depose Prince Alexander.' This was not to be thought of, and he left at once in a rage. At five o'clock he received my telegram announcing our complete victory. He jumped into a carriage, and, with my message in his hand, went straight to the Legation. There he found M. Koyander, with all his staff, and several ladies, taking their afternoon tea in the drawing-room. 'Congratulate us,' he cried, as he entered, 'we have won the day.' 'Impossible! What a shame!' was Koyander's reply. That was all the sympathy we had from our Russian protectors."

The next house to the Russian Legation is that of Madame Teneff, once Madame Panitza. It was the scene of the theatrical arrest of the Major by the Prime Minister himself in the dead of night. The

(1) It would perhaps be more correct to style the following pages extracts from a casual note-book, since I have not trusted to memory for the details of conversations, all of which were jotted down at the time, and may be taken as almost verbatim reports. Rather than change the speakers' words, I have preferred simply to reproduce them, which will explain and excuse their frequent bluntness of style.

danger of the partially revealed plot was imminent and of unknown proportions, and Panitza's violent character made the question of his seizure a difficult one. There was no time to lose, and rather than trust to subordinate officials who might be either in league with the culprit or cowed by his bluster, M. Stamboloff decided to act himself. Unarmed and alone he entered the bedroom, and bade Panitza follow him as his prisoner. A loaded revolver was lying on a table beside the bed, but the desperado never thought of resisting the cool command of a courage superior to his own. It would be hard to find a better instance of the power of moral prestige. A friend of Panitza's afterwards asked his wife why she at least had not seized the opportunity and "shot down the ruffian," adding that it would have been quite legitimate, since Stamboloff's presence was burglarious. But the same supreme disregard of personal danger which had paralysed the man had also subdued the woman. Then comes the Hotel Vitosh, once kept by Arnaoudoff, who, convicted of participation in the conspiracy, was expelled. It was a well-known rendezvous for revolutionaries, and is now closed awaiting better times. When the Russian Legation takes down its shutters, the Hotel Vitosh may follow suit. Going on, we have the Octroi Station on the left, and the house of M. Grékoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the right. Lower down, the new club house of the "Slavianska Beséda," where a Bohemian opera troupe performs on such nights as the great hall is not engaged for public balls, and on the right the Union Club, of more modest appearance, the daily resort of most of the diplomatic corps and resident foreigners, with an equal contingent of leading Bulgarians. Next door lives M. Guesshoff, ex-Minister of Finance and a brilliant scholar, and we pass the Italian Legation with its familiar tame eagle in the courtyard, to come to the Central Post and Telegraph Station. Nearly opposite is the Utchastuk, or guard-house, where Panitza was confined after his attempt to bribe the gaolers of the Black Mosque. It was here that by special favour I had an interview with him before the trial commenced, in order to obtain denial or confirmation of the stories that were being circulated of his maltreatment. These he denied totally, and seemed in good health, with that confidence in his own salvation which prisoners in his case so often display. Lastly, at the right-hand bottom corner of the street proper, before it winds away to lose itself in the fields, lies the house of the Prime Minister himself.

It is a small unpretentious whitewashed villa with green venetiana and nothing to mark it from a hundred similar ones except the presence of the sentries who patrol the two sides open to the road. The visitor hands his card to one of these, who rings and passes it through the door opened just half-an-inch wide. In a minute comes

the answer, either "cannot receive" or "walk in." The short halt on the doorstep represents the usual half hour or more cut to waste in a *Salle des Pas perdus*, and the guest enters forthwith. If somebody is already engaged with the master of the house, he is shown into a side room with a table and a couple of chairs, looking out into the back garden, where a peasant girl is hanging out the clothes on the bushes to dry. There is never long to wait, though, before the communicating door opens and a cheery voice invites him to pass. After the usual handshake M. Stamboloff subsides into a rocking chair, and if in a happy mood, talks and rocks indefinitely till disturbed by a fresh call. The study where he receives is the cosy room of a worker. One angle is crossed by the writing table under which a magnificent bearskin carpets the floor, and a repeating rifle leans against the wall ready to hand. The plain deal boards on tressles which take up another side of the room are littered with maps and plans for the ports of Varna and Bourgas, and various municipal schemes, together with a heterogeneous pile of the day's letters and telegrams, which arrive every few moments. A huge cupboard full of State papers and surmounted by a stuffed owl completes the furniture. In personal appearance M. Stamboloff is short and thick-set, with a rapidly growing tendency to stoutness. He was once very thin: "before he married," as he remarks with a twinkle in his eyes; but marriage and the quiet of home, in exchange for the somewhat riotous living of his youth, have marvellously agreed with him. His hair is thinning over his capacious forehead and is clipped close on his cheeks, leaving a small imperial, and moustache not thick enough to hide the mouth. His eyes are small and set deep under heavy brows, whilst he has a habit of half closing them, which makes them look smaller still. It is only when angered that they open fully and blaze like flame. His voice is low but clear, and his usual delivery rapid. In ordinary talk, he seldom raises his monotone, but in public speaking, or when animated, his organ is flexible, and, aided by look and gesture, very expressive.

Such is a rough sketch of the outer man on whose energy and self-control the fate of the Balkan Peninsula has really depended for several years past. Any swerving from the policy he has upheld would quickly embroil Bulgaria with her neighbours; any false step towards the Powers might bring about a general war. It requires inexhaustible patience to deal with provocations from Bulgaria's equals amongst the nations, and no common firmness to resist alike threats and promises from her superiors. These qualities M. Stamboloff possesses to an extraordinary degree, all the more extraordinary when we consider that the earlier years of his life were passed as an artisan and an exile, and that they were called into requisition and put to the supremest tests before he had reached the

age when most of our European statesmen had only begun their training. Even now he is only five-and-thirty, having already been in possession of almost dictatorial powers for three years.

For M. Stamboloff's policy, and manner of carrying it out, I cannot do better than quote his own words from my note-book, where I find him saying on March 1st, 1890:—

"The story of our trying to dissemble Russian participation in the Panitza plot is most ridiculous. Indeed I do not know what we could do that we have not done, and that we are not doing, to show our contempt for Russia, and our resolve not to be bullied by her. We are a little State, but we form an impenetrable barrier, so long as we subsist, to Russian advance. My own idea was, long before I came to power, and will be to the end, though I may never see its realisation, a Confederation of the Balkan States. Singly, it seems to me, they must inevitably fall, and when they are out of the way Russia can do what she likes with Constantinople. And just as we are necessary to Constantinople, so are the Turks necessary to us. Another power at Stamboul, Russia, England, Germany—any other,—would mean the end of Balkan nationalities. We are anxious to keep up the bond with Turkey if she will only for once shake off her lethargy and indecision and help us. We want no material help, but merely the moral support of her recognition of our *status*. It has cost us enough to arrive at what we are, and it has cost Turkey nothing. I am urged to declare the independence at once, but I may tell you that we have appealed to the Porte lately, within the last fortnight, to recognise the Prince. We have no answer; I do not suppose we shall get one. It is the eternal shilly-shally of Stamboul which ruins them and us. If, however, the Porte refuses, I do not say that we shall not be forced to declare ourselves free. How would it be done? Not openly at first, but merely by omitting to pay the tribute. This would open the door to official explanations, and we could, and should, say that if the parent threw off the child, the child would decline any longer to recognise the parent. I do not know what the result would be at first, but I am sure that all Bulgaria would be with us. The present situation is so intolerable that it cannot last. Leaving the Government out of the question, the strain on the Prince is prodigious. It is not fair to him to have to run all the risks and bear all the burdens of Prince of Bulgaria without being recognised as such. There are very few men who would do it. I may frankly say that I doubt if I would myself, but he has determined never to leave, and you may be quite sure that he will die at Sofia, whether as recognised Prince or uncrowned ruler. And why, in Heaven's name, should not the Powers agree to his recognition? It is merely the timidity of Turkey and the rage of Russia, both hypocritically backing themselves up

by the Berlin Treaty. It has been infringed often enough for us not to have any very delicate scruples about the letter of it. The spirit of the infraction—as far at least as Bulgaria is concerned—was recognised years ago. The fact is, that Russia has been mistaken all through about Bulgaria. Her first idea was to get hold of Servia, but failing there, she hoped to get a tool in a new State, which she created for no other purpose, quite forgetting that when once endowed with political shape and form and material strength, Bulgaria had brains to see that salvation lay, not with Russia, but rather with Turkey. Russia has never yet been able to swallow this pill, but with idiotic obstinacy continues to attempt to blindfold and gag us, and to persuade all Europe that we ought to be nothing else than an advanced guard for her."

At this time things were wearing rather a dispiriting aspect, and from the preceding conversation it will be seen that the mind of the Premier was already more than half made up concerning the despatch of the final note some months later demanding the appointment of the Macedonian bishops and the recognition of the Prince, of which more anon. He has often been blamed for precipitancy in the election of Prince Ferdinand against Russia's expressed disapproval, and on this head I find him saying: "We had immense difficulties in the past under the Regency, before electing a prince. All the foreign diplomatic agents tried to dissuade me from the step. But my argument was that a regency represented essentially, by its very nature, a temporary and provisional rule, and it was not under a regency that Bulgaria could ever hope to be free. We must have a prince, with a prospect of a dynasty, and it was not easy to find one. At first we wanted King Charles of Roumania. We offered him the throne, but he refused. At one time we would even have taken King Milan, not knowing his character, but after the Servian war it was impossible to put the king of the vanquished over us the victors, and we were lucky to have been saved from him." And again, on another occasion—"As far as Bulgaria internally is concerned everybody recognises the Prince, who was duly elected by ourselves in National Assembly. The only reason, in fact, I want him recognised by the Porte, is to be able to shake the people's belief in the prestige of Russia. They have been accustomed to look on the power of Russia as next, and nearly equal, to that of God. Russia has said that Prince Ferdinand shall not be recognised, and I wish to show that Russia's word is not infallible nor her will omnipotent."

* A few days after the despatch of the first spring note M. Stamboloff said, "When M. Vulkovitch handed my letter to the Grand Vizier he was probably somewhat disturbed, and communicated his feelings to the ambassadors. It was thus that it reached Berlin."

Up till now no notice has been taken of our request. I remain entirely of the same opinions which I have already expressed. Some Ministers merely retain their portfolios for the glory of sitting in the seat of office, but one who undertakes the duties with the will and determination of doing his best for the country, does not shrink from responsibility. I have never shrunk from mine, and never will, and I repeat that unless the Porte makes concessions, we will declare our independence. It promised three years ago to recognise the prince we should elect, and it has never done so. I do not fear the consequences of declaring independence so much as those of inaction. If his Majesty the Sultan were to write to me three hundred times that he would declare war, I should not believe it. Because what could he gain? Merely, at the very uttermost, the re-establishment of the *status quo*—of the Treaty of Berlin—viz., a discontented Eastern Roumelia, which would inevitably wait and watch for the day when it could once more unite with us in a Bulgaria which would never again be content to remain as it began first. In other words, the Porte would re-enter into the enjoyment of its tribute of three millions (which would be paid much more regularly if it recognised the Prince), and which, in any case, are of no personal value to the Sultan, since they go direct to the pockets of foreign bondholders. Putting aside, for argument's sake, the easy alternative of recognition, and supposing the case of our throwing off the suzerainty, would it be worth while for the Porte to make war for its miserable three millions, which are all that it would lose, and to really advance Russia to a hundred kilometres of Constantinople? And would the other Powers permit her to declare war for such an object? I will even allow, if you like, that the Powers will be furious with us, and leave us to fight it out with Turkey. There are precedents which show that tens of thousands have beaten hundreds of thousands. Take Shahin Pasha, with his ten thousand men at Adrianople, who utterly routed the hundred thousand opposed to him, and pursued them to Philippopolis. Still I do not say that we should beat the Turks, but our army would give them a great deal of trouble, and we should fight it out to the bitter end if it came to an invasion. And if we were conquered we should not be worse off than before—that is, we should immediately find ourselves in the predicament we are now struggling to avoid: a Russian occupation, for that is what would ensue very quickly if the Turks attacked us. I need not go on with this side of the question. The *pros* and *cons* are as plain to you as to me. In imagining the possibility of a war with Turkey, I am stretching my fancy a long way, for I do not believe it could ever happen. We are destined to be friends, and I am confident that we shall become so." And later, on the same subject. "*Ceteris paribus*, Bulgaria will prefer the risk of

to the risk of a Russian occupation, the more so as the latter is approaching within measurable distance, and I am not at all sure that the proclamation of independence would bring about war. At least not with Turkey. With Serbia! Yes. I am tolerably sure that as soon as we proclaimed we should be attacked by Serbia, urged on by Russia, *unless*, and it is a big *unless*, Austria threatened Belgrade. You can understand that Austria could hardly look on with indifference at a Russian Serbia conquering Bulgaria. I believe Passitch is now arranging for some such eventuality at St. Petersburg. We shall at any rate not make any decisive move without being well prepared. As for Passitch I have a great contempt for him. I expelled him once from Bulgaria as a vagabond, and last summer he came here without any official character, not then being even President of the Skuptshina, as he is now. He called on me, and proposed to me to act with Serbia in seizing Macedonia, and dividing it between us. I replied that before dividing other countries, it behoved us to look to our own, that at present neither did Serbia belong to the Serbs, nor Bulgaria to the Bulgars. At this he stared open-mouthed. I added that it might be pleasant enough to make an excursion into Macedonia, but simultaneously Russia might make her appearance at Varna, and Austria at Belgrade, and therefore for the present, instead of tearing each other's crests like fighting cocks, for the amusement of the Great Powers, or making bootless filibustering expeditions, we had better take more care at home. For the rest I bade him note that whereas I was a minister he was nobody, and I declined to discuss the field of general politics with him. He then asked what message he was to take back to General Griutch, and I replied to give him my best wishes and advice above all things to restrain his ardour. That sort of unaccredited, irresponsible agent is a very dangerous instrument to meddle with. I remember when Kaulbars was here that he sent me a message that I was to receive a certain Bogdanoff, and make future arrangements with him. At that time I was lodged at the telegraph office from morning till night, and I answered that not only would I not treat with him, but I refused to have any intercourse with such a scoundrel, and I gave strict orders he should not be allowed inside the office."

Again during the progress of the Panitza trial, which was a most anxious time for the Government, M. Stamboloff, referring to the machinations of Russia and the masterly inaction of the Powers, who seemed to take it all as a matter of course, put forth his reasons for decisive action as follows:—

"I have been waiting for the great European war for five years now, knowing that it will settle once and for all the Eastern Question. Ever since 1876 we have been told that it is imminent,

and I have been holding on, but I do not really see that it is much nearer now than then. There are no tangible signs given by the Great Powers of anything but an immense desire for peace at any price—the price to be paid by the small fry! They can afford to wait and sacrifice us whilst they are getting ready; but our point of view is different. It is for this reason that I foresee that if nobody will help us we shall be forced to make a bid for our independence, for we cannot continue the game of patience much longer, with our hands tied, whilst Russia is actively undermining the roots of our national liberty. . . . I shall not tell anybody exactly when I shall take the step. It will not be this year, except under unbearable pressure. We can resist for three years longer, perhaps even for five, without recognition of the Prince or independence, but it would be a perpetual struggle and watch. You must understand that it is not for the Prince, nor the Government, nor the people that I must declare. It is for the army. Prince Alexander fell through shutting his eyes to the possibility of treason. Two months before his abdication I was with him at Tirnovo, and he expressed his fears of a revolt amongst the population of Eastern Roumelia. ‘Sire,’ I answered, ‘there neither is, nor ever will be, danger from the people. It is from the army that you may look for it.’ He turned his back upon me in anger, declaring ‘his children’ would never be false to him. He was always repeating his faith in his ‘children.’ Afterwards, when we two were seated in the victoria which was conveying him on his last journey out of Bulgaria, I reminded him of our talk. He hid his face in his hands, and muttered: ‘Ah! yes, you were right, and knew them better than I did; but I could never have believed it.’”

Continuing from my notes I find him saying, in discussing the evidence brought to light at the Panitza trial: “The first thing I heard on my return from Philippopolis was that a letter from Zankoff had been found among the papers of the old man Kissimoff, Chancellor of the Red Cross Society. It is curious how he could keep such a compromising document, after the arrest of his son only four or five days previously. It reminds me of the time when I was an exile in Roumania, and I knew a notorious bandit who had committed numberless murders. He always carried about him, in a back pocket, a dagger with which he had killed fourteen people. I once asked him what was the good of doing so, as it might serve as evidence against him some day. He answered that truly it was no good to him, but it brought him good luck. Just so, also, the other day we found a heap of Russian correspondence, neatly tied up and docketed, at Ozunoff’s. When interrogated how he could be such a fool, he explained that he had thought perhaps the Russians might come some day, and they would prove how he had served

them. Talking of Roumania brings back to me a comical scene which I once had in the Café Salis, at Bucharest. I was, with many other Bulgarians at that time, a political refugee, and one of the local papers published an article saying that all of us were either fugitives from motives of cowardice, or else traitors working against our country. This was exactly the opposite of the truth, as we had come there in order to work the better, as the result proved. At any rate, I demanded from the editor the name of the writer of the article in question, and he said he would give it me that evening at seven o'clock in the café. When he came though he refused to tell me, so I said: 'Then you are responsible, and as I know if I challenged you to a duel you would not accept, I will force you to challenge me,' and struck him several times, ending up by spitting in his face. The orchestra stopped playing, and there was a great hubbub in the café, but I never heard any more from my editor. There are some affairs which need quicker reparation than any tribunals can give. I myself have four times challenged men to a duel, and each time publicly chastised them on their refusal."

• With two more characteristic little speeches I will leave M. Stamboloff. The first was at the close of the Court Martial:—

"I am vexed at the result of the Court Martial. I myself went over all the papers, and know the *dossier* by heart, better than any of the lawyers or members of the court. If the men had done nothing I should not have sent them for trial. And then the Procureur coolly gets up and withdraws the charges against half of the prisoners. It is not his business to withdraw charges, forsooth! He has an indictment given to him by the War Minister, and he has to support it. He has no authority to withdraw accusations his Minister has made. And then the court, having before them a crew who openly avow that they intended to betray their oath and dethrone their Prince, condemn only one to death, and recommend a commutation of his sentence. They allow themselves to be moved to pity by the thought of Panitza's wife and children, and past services. But I, too, have services, and a wife and children! Am I for that reason to attempt to assassinate my superiors, to violate my oath, to risk throwing my country into a state of civil war, or into the arms of a foreign Power, and then, when I am found out just in time to stop me, to get up in public and say that 'I think I was right, but that if you want to punish me you must remember my family'?"

• And the second was the day after Sir W. White passed through Sofia on leave of absence, and it was not deemed judicious for

• M. Stamboloff to meet him and travel in the same train:—
 "So your Ambassador is not allowed to speak to me. It is only another mark of the pariah brand Europe has set upon us. But it

is about time to finish the play. I, for one, have had enough, and have just sent off our last Note to Turkey. She can do what she likes, but if she refuses to fulfil her duties towards us she will never see a penny of the next instalment of tribute. It is ridiculous that Russia's veto should be able to frighten all the Powers out of their senses, and prevent the recognition of our rights. At any rate I am not afraid—I never have been yet in my life—to do what I thought I had a right to do. I am certain the Porte will never move actively against us. It would be very foolish if she did. She might suppress our first attempt at independence, but she could only do so at the alternative cost of throwing the country either more under the influence of the Prince, or of Russia, probably the latter, and what would she gain by that?"

It was this Note, despatched in the middle of June, against the strong remonstrances of most of the foreign diplomatic agents, and under a temporary impulse of anger, which has brought about the vastly improved relations which now exist with the Ottoman Porte. M. Stamboloff had always insisted on the expediency of some such quasi-ultimatum, but he had been held back by the counsels of the Powers, who feared the consequences of forcing Turkey's hand. It was only when he decided to act upon his own initiative that he proved how rightly he had judged the situation. As all the world knows, the Note was followed by the granting of Berats to the Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia, and an immense increase, not easily calculated, of Bulgarian prestige, not only in that province but throughout the Balkans. Since that triumph all opposition to M. Stamboloff and his policy has practically ceased, and with the exception of occasional fretful Notes from Russia the political affairs of the Principality have progressed with excellent smoothness. As long as Bulgaria retains her remarkable Premier there is little fear for her future, but a larger measure of support from friendly Powers in the just, and truly Homeric, combat he sustains would render his task lighter, and go far towards postponing the prophesied Armageddon.

Two other well-known figures in Sofia are those of M. Isanoff and Dr. Strausky, both ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs. I have already mentioned the former's visit to the Russian Legation on the day of the battle of Slivnitza. He has himself confirmed to me the story, and added that the perturbation which reigned that day was indescribable. There was some interruption in the telegraph service and no news had come in since noon. The Minister climbed the tower which stood by the office, and anxiously watched the cannon smoke rolling thickly over the plain. "At last," he said, "I could stand it no longer, and called the chief clerk, telling him that if he failed to get me news in a quarter of an hour he would be dismissed and

punished. The fault was really not his, but he saw I was in no humour to be answered. Ten minutes later, however, came the message of victory from M. Stamboloff, and my clerk got a present instead of punishment." Talking on another occasion of Prince Alexander's devotion to his army, M. Isanoff remarked, "It was always the Prince's weak point to trust too wholly those whom he believed to be his friends. Just before the Servian War I used to hold long conversations with him through the telegraph, and I was continually warning him of Servian preparations. His invariable reply was that it was all a '*blague*' and that '*son cher ami*' Milan could never be thinking of attacking him." M. Isanoff lives a quiet retired life, as in fact do all the ex-Ministers in Bulgaria, in this respect differing considerably from their fellows of other countries, who as soon as they are out of office generally devote their energies to attempting to regain it. Dr. Strausky, who resigned last year, was for some time Agent at Belgrade, and for three years all but a day or two held the Foreign Affairs portfolio, thus being, at the time of his retirement, the Minister who had longest kept his seat in this country of changes and revolutions. He is a man of taciturn disposition, but a close acquaintance with him always dispelled the unfavourable impression he was wont to create at first, and I believe everybody was sorry when he exchanged the cares of State for his favourite pursuit of horticulture, and his ministerial chair for the corner in the Café Panachoff where he is to be regularly seen at noon. One of his *bon-mots* will long be remembered at Sofia. It was when a Foreign Agent complained to him of the want of politeness of the Bulgarian Palace officials who had not returned his visit. Dr. Strausky pondered for an instant, stroking his long whiskers before replying, "*Que voulez-vous, monsieur! ce sont des Français!*" In this connection I may remark, *en passant*, that the progress of years has brought no improvement, and that the household of Prince Ferdinand, who presumably exist for no other purpose than to be courteous and to teach the refinements of civilised society to the new Court, and through it to the people, are the most flagrant transgressors against the elementary usages of society. I refer principally to their almost invariable rule of neglecting to return visits, which is a small thing in itself, but which has gone very far to raise ill-feeling and damage the reputation of the Palace. Probably the Prince is unaware of their shortcomings, which contrast so unfavourably with the punctiliousness of Bucharest, and should these lines lead to a reformation, they will have rendered a signal service to His Royal Highness.

Turning now from Sofia to Belgrade, I may also begin my recollections with the street in which I lived. It leads from the Prince Michael street down to the Save, and is designated by position for

one of the principal thoroughfares. It is, however, so abominably paved and so feebly lighted that few who are not forced to take that route ever enter upon its perils. As an instance of what its inhabitants were exposed to, I may relate the following anecdote. I had been passing the evening with some friends, amongst others being the Belgian Attaché. About midnight we were returning when we heard shots fired in the distance, but thought little of the fact. Ten minutes after I had entered, M. B. rushed into my room crying that murder was being committed outside, and related that as he had turned the corner he had heard a hue and cry, and had commenced to run in the darkness. A bullet soon whistled past him, but he managed to gain our door, which luckily happened to be open. We both went into the front room overlooking the street, and saw a small knot of men standing round the opposite doorway. One of the doors was open inwards. After a short consultation, they knocked at the window, and an old woman handed them out a candle. One of the men then held the candle behind the door whilst a second coolly thrust the muzzle of his rifle in and fired. The shot was followed by a groan, and then a body was dragged out, heels first, and deposited with ribald jests in the road. It proved to be that of an Austrian subject, a harmless, inoffensive individual who was drunk, and had lain down to sleep in the first shelter he had found. There is very little doubt that had M. B. found our door shut and hidden himself as he first intended behind the opposite door, he would have met the same fate. No satisfaction was ever given, and in spite of our combined testimony and that of other eyewitnesses, the local papers appeared with an account of the capture of a desperate brigand who had been killed whilst defending himself against the police, whose courage and vigilance were highly extolled. Such were the delights of residence in the Balkanska Ulitza, a predestined lair for cut-throats and excuse for murder. The principal personages in Servia, apart from the royal family, are of necessity the Regents and Ministers. The first Regent, M. Lovan Ristitch, has a great reputation for statesmanship and is commonly known as the Little Bismarck. At least he possesses what most of his colleagues and subordinates lack, namely, a certain amount of experience. He had already directed the destinies of Servia for thirteen years as Regent during King Milan's minority, and as his Prime Minister, before being again called to the Regency. On the whole he directed them well, and the lesson he seems to have learnt best is that of keeping himself as much as possible in the background, except on great emergencies. Being in receipt of what for Servia is an enormous salary, and endowed with a thrifty not to say avaricious temperament, he is scarcely likely to endanger a comfortable position by any too vigorous initiative.

General Belimarkovitch has held ministerial portfolios before with varying degrees of credit and otherwise, having once been impeached before the Skupshtina for malversation as Minister of War. He is a *bon vivant*, and fond of such inferior public amusements as Belgrade affords, so that anybody who can face the stifling atmosphere of a café where a strolling company may happen to be performing, is tolerably sure of finding the Regent, with a pot of beer before him, enjoying the play and ogling the players. His amorous propensities have occasionally given rise to public scandals, but the populace of Belgrade are indulgent to vice in high places, and such incidents create only fleeting impressions which are quickly forgotten.

The third Regent, General Protitch, is best known through his wife, to whose fascinations, and his own easy and accommodating temper, rumour ascribes his rapid advancement in rank and his present position. Of the Ministers I might write much, having been in frequent contact with most of the Cabinet, but refrain from saying more than that they are on the whole well-meaning and honest, but with a general want of experience and tact which reacts unfavourably on their relations with the outside world, and which leaves them too open to move on sudden impulses, either self-born or implanted by interested third parties. They have little dignity or sense of responsibility, and allow themselves to be swayed by the mob in a way which was neatly put to me once by a diplomatist who knows them well. I was searching for an article in the Constitution when he came up and laughingly cried, "My dear fellow, do not trouble your head about it: it is very simple. There are only three articles. Article I. The Regents do what the Ministers please; Article II. The Ministers do what the Skupshtina pleases; and Article III. The Skupshtina does what it pleases. There you have the whole Law and the Prophets." And since the abdication of King Milan the above represents the fashion in which Serbia is governed accurately enough.

In common with the Bulgars, the Serbs have a rooted mistrust, generally amounting to dislike, of foreigners. But whilst in the case of the former it arises rather from a shyness of displaying inferiority, with the latter it springs from a defiant spirit of at least equality. I have heard a learned and cultured Bulgar modestly say, "We are not so intelligent and quick-witted as the Serbs, but we reflect more, and we are always ready to listen and learn." I have never heard even the most ignorant Serb confess his inferiority to any man living. It will naturally be understood that I am speaking of the masses of middle class society. In the higher classes, both at Sofia and Belgrade, foreigners are made welcome, and will often find their hosts better informed than themselves. It is in the houses of

these leaders of progress that a stranger will experience the freest and pleasantest hospitality, a mixture of the desert welcome of the Bedouin with the comfort and refinement of Europe. The pity is that there are so few of them. The majority of the population of Belgrade appear to pass their lives in the innumerable cafés which line the streets, going from one to the other at stated times, and with such regularity that it is much surer to seek an individual at his favourite haunt than at his office or his home. As a logical consequence it may be imagined that the vice of drunkenness is very rife. In Bulgaria no one is allowed to intoxicate himself till entering upon old age, and any young man who should transgress this tradition would be seriously disgraced. As a matter of fact it is only once a week, after market, that one may find a few old peasants incapable on the high roads, whereas the streets of Belgrade resound with shouts and brawling every evening up till midnight; and as long as the offenders are Serbs, and not foreigners, the police are extremely indulgent. For the latter, however, no pity is shown if he is in the wrong, and scant sympathy if he has cause of complaint. Indeed, it is scarcely advisable for him to go abroad alone at night, or to resort to any place of public amusement except in company of friends. Should he attempt it, the exuberant patriotism of the Serbs would be tolerably sure to find vent in insulting epithets, if not in more active aggression.

Time, however, and a little more friction with the rest of the world will smooth down many of the angularities of these young nations which are apt to strike a visitor with unpleasant and, perhaps, undue force. On the whole, if the reader never carries away more disagreeable recollections from the places of his sojourn than does the writer from the Balkans, he may be congratulated on his good fortune.

A. HULME-BEAMAN.

BAUDELAIRE; THE MAN.

" . . . Nous traînions tristement nos ennuis, accroupis
Et voutés sous le ciel carré des solitudes
Où l'enfant boit, dix ans, l'âpre lait des études. . . . "

Thus sang Baudelaire in his earliest piece. His college days, evidently, were no "happy seed-time" for the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*.

Next came those six months which Baudelaire spent in the East, and which coloured so profoundly and for all the rest of his life his thought, feeling, and consequently verse. None of Baudelaire's later associates could ever learn the exact truth concerning this mysterious voyage; for Baudelaire was essentially one of those who "embroider." Other people, of the kind who couldn't embroider if they would, are eager to denounce such embroiderers as liars. Liars they are not—but, it may be, persons who dislike the bare simplicity of the letter.

• • "Instabilité profonde," is, according to one critic, the chief moral characteristic of Charles Baudelaire—as of quicksands. It should, however, be remembered that none found Baudelaire more "unstable," more untrustworthy, than did Baudelaire himself, who suffered considerably in consequence. A certain charlatan fondness for singularity in dress, speech and manner has also been made a subject of reproach to this poet. No doubt a dash of charlatanism was a necessary ingredient of Baudelaire's temperament, without which, perhaps, we should not now have Baudelaire's art.

"Untrustworthy" Baudelaire may have been, but charming, seductive, interesting he certainly was in an extraordinary degree. And never more so than on his first coming to Paris, as a returned Oriental traveller, a critic, a poet, a dandy, and a capitalist, just turned twenty-one. Baudelaire was of a good height and had a lithe feline figure. His high white brow, searching luminous brown eyes, nose of noticeable size and shape (*nez de priseur*, he called it, with the open palpitating nostril, sure mark of pride and of power), lip sensual at once and sensitive, chin short, somewhat rounded, and stamped with the central cleft denoting amiability akin to weakness, and jaw—a feline jaw—strong, square, and large: all these were features composing a countenance more than handsome, singular.

Brummel's principles of attire were Baudelaire's, for just so long as Baudelaire could afford fine raiment. In garments of sober hue and anxious rectitude of cut, with snow-white linen and glittering lacquered boots, he was often to be seen in the old brooding torpid streets within sound of the bells of Notre-Dame half-a-century ago. In his hotel-rooms in the Latin Quarter at first he

caused the lower panes of his windows to be ground, so that he might be relieved from the view of adjacent roofs and upper storeys. Soon, however, no aspect of the life of towns was unwelcome to the spirit of the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*. Coming in an age when all is artificial, amid a state of society which from top to bottom is artifice, recalling nothing so much as those agglomerations of tables and chairs maintained in equilibrium by Japanese jugglers upon the extreme tip of their nose ("le monde ne marche que par le malentendu. . . . C'est par le malentendu universel que tout le monde s'accorde," wrote Baudelaire), it was but natural that Baudelaire should be artificial. Through the force of exterior circumstances, a sentence was passed on him of artificiality for life. He could not have helped being artificial, had he ever so much desired it. And thus it is that we find him falling under the apparently puerile spell of "dandyism;" thus, that we see him experimenting upon some of the most recondite varieties of sensation; thus, that we perceive him seeking and finding the deep poetic interest which underlies existence in great cities, as distinguished from the idyllic charm of fields and hills; and thus, finally, that we find him elaborating some of the most bizarrely beautiful and most singularly, strangely significant verse and "poetic prose."

Baudelaire, personally, had all the peculiar charm of the artificial. The account in Gautier's famous sketch of Baudelaire's careful, measured diction, in conversation scarcely less chastened than in writing, with the secret suggestive emphasis laid upon particular syllables and words, is interesting as characteristic of the man. The subtle magic enclosed in words, viewed merely as collocations of letters, must early have been disclosed to a sense of such acuity and a taste of such exceeding delicacy as were Baudelaire's. Then the peculiar mode of enunciation, whereby each piece becomes in a manner assimilated to a musical composition: that would have been invented by Baudelaire, had he not found it in the atmosphere of his time, and on the lips of men like Gautier and Hugo. Baudelaire's own verse is not melodious,—it is harmonic; as much finer and rarer than mere verbal music, as harmony is more powerful and profound than melody. In excerpts such as these, chosen haphazard from among five score, how intense is the harmony:—

"O douleur ! ô douleur ! le Temps mange la vie,
Et l'obscure Ennemi qui nous ronge le cœur
Du sang que nous perdons croît et se fortifie !"

And again:—

"Pouvons-nous étouffer le vieux, le long Remords
Qui vit, s'agite et se tortille,
Et se nourrit de nous comme le ver des morts,
Comme du chêne la chenille ?
Pouvons-nous étouffer l'implacable Remords ?"

Again:—

“Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici
Loin d'eux; vois se pencher les défunes Années
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret soupirant;
Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et comme un long linceul trainant à l'orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.”

And, to my taste, finer still:—

“J'ai vu parfois au fond d'un théâtre banal
Qu'enflammait l'orchestre sonore,
Une fée allumer dans un ciel infernal
Une miraculeuse aurore;

J'ai vu parfois au fond d'un théâtre banal
Un être, qui n'était que lumière, or et gaze,
Terrasser l'énorme Satan;
Mais mon cœur que jamais ne visito l'extase,

Est un théâtre où l'on attend
Toujours, toujours en vain l'Etre aux ailes de gaze.”

Is there not, herein, a resonance as of bronze smitten and vibrating, together with the density of substance, definiteness of contour, smoothness of surface, brilliancy of polish, and sombre richness of hue which distinguish some admirable antique? Rigid perfection of form, thrilling significance of tone, are the twin qualities of all Charles Baudelaire's best art.

One can see him and hear him intoning a piece like his “Mendiant Rousse” for the benefit of a circle of youthful poets like his friends Prarond, Levavasseur and others in a room at that celebrated Hôtel Pimodan, where Gautier afterwards dwelt. They eyed Baudelaire a little askance, did these worthy young *littérateurs*, whose names now never occur save perchance in connection with his. They deemed him “singular”—as probably he was, seeing what the proportion is of men of undoubted genius amongst the mass of human-kind.

So much has been said and written concerning Baudelaire's bad traits—supposed or real—that something ought in fairness to be said concerning his undoubtedly good qualities. He was an ardent admirer and a most devoted friend. From the first he was a worshipper of Hugo, Gautier, Balzac, Banville, Flaubert, Stendhal and Leconte de Lisle. To Delacroix:—

“Delacroix, lac de sang hanté des mauvais anges . . .”

he was loyal with discrimination throughout the painter's life, and always after his death. Wagner he fairly discovered; speaking with regard to Paris, where at that time the German Titan was being simply laughed and whistled off the stage. Baudelaire placed

Sainte-Beuve upon a pedestal, whereas Sainte-Beuve, the smaller man of the two, viewed Baudelaire always rather doubtfully, according to his constant tendency in all things and regarding all people. Gautier could truly write of Baudelaire: "Ce poète avait l'amour et l'admiration au plus haut degré."

In behalf of how many writers, poets, painters, draughtsmen of his day, did Baudelaire willingly and warmly manifest the vivacity of his sympathies and the acuteness of his appreciation? Pétrus Borel, Paul Dupont, Barbier, Münger, Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, Daumier, Corot, Manet, and a score of others (to say nothing of Edgar Poe, whom Baudelaire, according to his early promise, succeeded in rendering "un grand homme pour la France"): all these he brought into light and notice through the medium of perhaps the most admirable literary criticism that has ever yet been known.

It should be noted, moreover, that Baudelaire was not attracted only towards what is fine, grand and distinguished. That which is too delicate, too rare, too tender and slight to stand much chance of winning the material prizes of success, appealed no less forcibly to his spirit: "le poète se sent irrésistiblement entraîné vers tout ce qui est faible, ruiné, contristé, orphelin." Only the contentedly mediocre, the complacently vulgar, did Baudelaire violently detest and vehemently denounce. In this doubtless he was wrong. Even mediocrity, even vulgarity, even Philistinism, we should school ourselves to endure: for are not these, too, human?

That, possessing such unrivalled critical powers, Baudelaire should not have secured for himself the post, the profits and prestige of a professed and professional critic—that he should not, for example, have rivalled and surpassed herein his lukewarm friend Sainte-Beuve—appears at first sight unaccountable. Baudelaire's *Art Romantique*, that collection of the most searching and suggestive, most brilliant and profound studies in the very best literature of his day; his *Salons* and other articles on painting (as far superior to Diderot's *Salons* as diamonds to cut glass) these writings, which form hardly the matter of a volume, place beyond doubt the fact that Baudelaire was the keenest *esthéticien* of the century in France. But the explanation of Baudelaire's comparative inefficacy in the more ordinary spheres of criticism must be sought for in his devotion to the pure poetic principle. Baudelaire's verse was exacting, in proportion to its perfection. He early felt and believed that the highest, nay the sole condition of all lasting art is intensity; whence all other necessary conditions must naturally and of themselves proceed. But how difficult, how trying, how exhaustive and all-absorbing, the effort to clothe the intensity of one's feeling with corresponding intensity of expression! Disregarding all considerations of expediency, popularity, profit and personal ease, and in the midst of pecuniary circumstances growing yearly more

distressing, Baudelaire still adhered to the single-minded, steadfast artistic purpose, which alone could render possible such artistic effects as his. His art to him, as to every great and true artist, was more than all the rest of the world. The result, all who run may read. The *Fleurs du Mal*, one small volume, comprises the sum total of Baudelaire's verse. But those few hundreds of lines represent perhaps a greater poetic output than all Byron and Lamartine rolled into one. Consequently the few hundreds of lines shall live, when many scores of thousands of others shall have passed for ever from the memory of men. Where other poets were content, with so much less trouble and toil, to present a mere dilution, Baudelaire by dint of ceaseless effort and endeavour produced a powerful quintessence, one drop of which will still pervade the mind, whilst a river of the other species of verse may refresh, indeed, and flatter the sense as it flows, but *will* flow and leave no trace behind. What other latter-day poet, English or French, has such a number of lines that haunt the memory? Nothing more curious to observe, than the power of expansion in all work of the type of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. . . With the years, it grows, it quickens instead of fading—" *Les Fleurs du Mal*, livre oublié! Ceci est trop bête. . . On les demande toujours. On commencera peut-être à les comprendre dans quelques années." So wrote Baudelaire, most justly, in response to the remark of some "friend" who (doubtless by way of encouraging the admirable poet in his struggle against the unappreciative stupidity of mankind) had informed him that *Les Fleurs du Mal* were beginning to be forgotten.

To all who themselves possess a fondness for art, Asselineau's account of the covert pride and joy with which Baudelaire, shortly after 1848, showed his future biographer the entire MS. of the *Fleurs* beautifully copied out and stitched into a neat binding, is not without its pathos. So much, these verses were to the poet, and so little—then—in the estimation of any one else! . . . They might, indeed, those hapless "flowers," have never appeared in book form at all had it not been for the happy and unusual chance of a man of literary taste, the memorable Poulet-Malassis, setting up as a publisher and at once bringing out works by Gautier, Banville, Baudelaire and Leconte de Lisle. Needless to say that eventually the greatly daring Malassis became a bankrupt. Proper punishment for a man who had actually tried to foist on the public productions of the highest literary art, instead of novels by Alexandre Dumas père, Octave Feuillet, or Eugène Suë!

In connection with 1848, it may be remarked in passing that persons who delight in discreditable reports concerning men of letters—whether false or true makes little matter—have read with pleasure in the biography of Baudelaire by M. E. Crépet, published not long since in Paris, how the poet played a not

very admirable part amidst the general agitation of the revolutionary period. Was it rationally to be expected, that a man, a writer, a poet, who for years previously, through the strain of his art no less than the circumstances of his life, had taxed to the utmost a nervous system naturally delicate and irritable, would upon an occasion of sudden, unforeseen excitement display all the soldier-like calm of a Wellington on the field of battle? Had Wellington been placed abruptly in the position of having to write half a dozen pieces of the *Fleurs du Mal* or a series of *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, it is probable that he, too, would have cut a somewhat sorry figure. But of course, to exact grapes from thorns and figs from oak-trees will, one supposes, remain a favourite amusement of humanity in the future, as it always has been in the past.

Eighteen-forty-eight and the years immediately following saw a somewhat different Baudelaire, physically, from the slender Brummel-like youth with full black locks and slight half-grown black beard of 1840. Stouter, with hair cropped close, shaven cheeks, and small, somewhat snaky black moustache, the poet, sporting a white blouse and living somewhere in the outskirts of the capital, presented an appearance less poetic though perhaps more revolutionary. Baudelaire's republicanism, however, did not long endure. The Second Empire, to which he was the sooner reconciled by reason of his clear perception of, and extreme contempt for, the democratic fallacy that men in general are units equal and identical in value, aroused in him but little of Hugo's Jovian wrath. He had not, by-the-bye, any of the great poet-politician's personal motives for rage and hatred; no special reason for detesting a *régime*, whose initial crime in M. Hugo's eyes was doubtless its not having set a high enough price upon the suggested if not exactly proffered services of M. Hugo. Only in resentment of the judicial sentence passed in 1856 upon his *Fleurs du Mal*, might Baudelaire have been stimulated to launch a *Châtiments* of his own. That the six pieces of verse condemned by the Paris Courts were of a nature actually and truly immoral, none knew better than their author. . . This appears from a passage in his posthumously published diary, where he speaks of "ce livre atroce," etc. The great subject for regret must be that these six pieces were not "condemned" by Baudelaire himself ere they appeared in print. Artistically as well as morally, they are a blot upon the *ensemble* of the *Fleurs du Mal*. Conceived in a totally different spirit, they—always excepting one, that one containing the famous "fulgurous" Beethoven-like finale—are expressed in a totally different tone. Bad morality, in the last resort, and in a very different sense from that of the Philistine "moralists," who with characteristic thickness of thought are always con-

ounding the merely unpleasant with the obscene, must be necessarily bad art. In other words, any sentiment base and turbid in itself cannot possibly take on a pure and beautiful artistic expression. All which art touches, art ennobles and refines; that which is not susceptible of being touched by art, is of itself ignoble, and remains so.

Every man of genius, on the seamy side of him, is a criminal—as every man of genius knows. The great thing is never to turn the seamy side to the world. It must regretfully be confessed, judging from both the internal evidence of his works and the not ill-meant testimony of friends, that Baudelaire's seamy side was turned out all too often. Too often he played the part of Hyde to his Dr. Jekyll. And a very lamentable Hyde it is, worn and wasted at little more than forty, the shaven haggard face wrinkled, the dark eyes feverishly shining, the neglected locks thin and long and grey, the general attire loose and shabby (shabby, the "dandy" of early days!) that we behold—dejected, sinister figure—haunting balls such as that erstwhile odious Casino in the Rue Cadet, and there conversing in cynical callous strain with professional *habitués* of the place; wishing still to produce *effets de surprise* as the man of genius unrecognized, and flying into a "neurasthenic" fit of rage when a "lady" of somewhat more literary turn than the bulk of them confesses acquaintance with but one poet, and that poet—not Baudelaire, but Baudelaire's pet abomination the elegiac Alfred de Musset. Poor Musset! Poor Baudelaire! Poor "lady!" Amazing world. . . .

Baudelaire shortly after 1860 begins to decline. Sainte-Beuve writes to him:—"You have a naturally strong constitution, but your nervous system has been overstrained." Leaving Paris, where his money difficulties threaten to swamp him, he goes to Brussels, expecting there to make large sums by delivering literary lectures. In this attempt he fails, yet does not return to France, but lingers aimlessly on in Belgium, as the stranded vessel settles deep and deeper into the ooze. Without stimulants of some sort, alcohol if opium or haschich be unobtainable, he finds he cannot possibly keep up; solemnly registering meanwhile the most stupendous vows with regard to strict temperance and unflagging labour—in the future. Gradually he becomes incapable of the slightest literary exertion, save that of scribbling rubbish in his last hysterical diary, *Mon Cœur mis à nu*, where, amongst other deplorable features, he sinks almost to the level of a Mr. Robert Buchanan by attacking in terms of the grossest abuse everybody whose methods and views happen to be at all different from his own. For Baudelaire however, there was some excuse: it is evident his brain was affected. Finally, one afternoon, the doomed man falls helpless on the flags of a Brussels church. Conveyed, a hopeless paralytic, to a hospital near Paris, he there drags out a speechless tragic twelvemonth, so altered

that he tries to bow to himself when he catches sight of himself in a mirror, and expires at forty-seven with the mother who adored him literally drinking his last breath as he passes away.

A sad, a dreadful scene to contemplate. . . A shocking "curtain" to the last act of one of the most painful of life-dramas. Nor can we doubt that Baudelaire ("*j'ai cultivé mon hystérie avec jouissance et terreur*") did much to provoke his fate. But who shall affect to preach sermons over this erring poet's corpse? Who shall come and cast stones of rhetoric upon his grave? Enough, that he lies there: a man of such gifts, such powers, such aspirations, who came to such an end.

For Charles Baudelaire's epitaph, might not one propose his delicious

"HARMONIE DU SOIR."

"Voici venir les temps où, vibrant sur sa tige,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige.

Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir,
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Valse mélancolique et douloureux vertige,
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir.

Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Un cœur tendre qui hait le néant vaste et noir,
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir,
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige . . .

Un cœur tendre qui hait le néant vaste et noir
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige;
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige . . .
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un ostésoir!"

Truly, a lily among the poison-blossoms, a *fleur du bien* among the *Fleurs du Mal*.

EDWARD DELILLE.

A MODERN IDYLL.

"I CALL it real good of you, Mr. Letgood, to come and see me. Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you. It's pretty warm to-day. And as I didn't feel like reading or writing, I thought I'd come round."

"You're just too kind for anything! To come and pay me a visit when you must be tired out with yesterday's preaching! And what a sermon you gave us in the morning! I had to wink my eyes pretty hard, and pull the tears down the back way, or I should have cried right out—and Mrs. Jones watching me all the time from under that dreadful bonnet."

Mrs. Hooper said this rapidly, with a shade of nervousness in the hurried speech, while she took up a comfortable pose in the corner of the small sofa.

• • The Rev. John Letgood having seated himself in an armchair close to her looked at his companion intently. She was well worth looking at—this Mrs. Hooper—as she leaned back on the cushions in her cool white dress, which was so thin and soft and well-fitting that her form could be seen through it almost as clearly as through water. She seemed about eighteen years of age, and in truth was not yet twenty. At first sight one would have said of her merely "a good-looking girl"; but a practised eye on the second glance would have noticed those contradictions in her face and in her form which always bear witness to subtle complexity of nature. The features of her face were regular and well cut; the oval of it slightly round; the long, brown eyes looked out at one frankly under straight, well-defined brows; but the forehead was low, and the sinuous lips of almost too vivid a red. So, too, there was a girlish liteness in her figure, while the throat seemed to pout in its soft, white fulness.

"I'm glad you liked the sermon," said the Rev. John Letgood, with clear decision in his voice, "for it is not likely that you will hear many more from me." There was just a shade of sadness in the lower tone with which he ended the phrase. He let the sad note drift in unconsciously—by dint of long practice he had become an artist in tones.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Hooper, sitting up straight in her excitement. "You ain't goin' to leave us, I hope?"

"Why do you pretend, Belle, to misunderstand me? You know I said three months ago that if you didn't care for me I should have to leave this place. And yesterday I told you that you must make up your mind at once, as I was daily expecting the call to Chicago."

Now I have come for your answer, and you treat me as if I were a stranger, and as if you knew nothing of what I feel for you."

"Oh!" she sighed, languorously nestling back into the corner. "Is that all? I thought for a moment the 'call' had come."

"No, it has not yet; but I am resolved to get an answer from you to-day, or I shall act, call or no call."

"What would Nettie Williams say if she heard you?" laughed Mrs. Hooper, with mischievous delight in her dancing eyes.

"Now, Belle," said Mr. Letgood, leaning forward and taking the slim cool hand in his; "what is my answer to be? Do you love me? Or am I to leave Kansas City, and try somewhere else to get again into the spirit of my work? God forgive me, but I want you to tell me to stay. Will you?"

"Why, of course I will," said Mrs. Hooper lightly, withdrawing her hand slowly as she spoke. "There ain't anyone wants you to leave, and why should you?"

"Why? Because here my passion for you prevents me from doing my work. You tease and torture me, and when I should be thinking of prayer I am wondering whether or not you care for me. Do you love me? I must have a plain answer."

"Love you?" she repeated pensively. "I hardly know, but——"

"But what?" asked Mr. Letgood impatiently.

"But——I must just see after the pies; this 'help' of ours is Irish, and doesn't know enough to turn them in the oven. And George don't like burnt pies."

While she was speaking Mrs. Hooper rose as if to leave the room, but Mr. Letgood rose at the same moment, and as she passed him, as if seized by a sudden, uncontrollable impulse he threw both his arms around her waist and drawing her to him tried to kiss her. As quickly as thought turns, she turned her head, bowing it against his chest, and the next moment had slipped out of the disappointed arms. A step or two she took, and quickly turning, said, "If you'll wait a moment, I'll be back;" then, as if a new thought had come to her, she added, "Besides, George told me he was coming home early to-day, and he'll be real sorry not to have seen you."

As the door closed behind her, Mr. Letgood got up half-mechanically, took his hat, and left the house.

It was about four o'clock on a day in mid-September. The sun was pouring down rays of liquid flame; the badly macadamized road was covered inches deep in white dust; the wooden sidewalks seemed to glow with the heat, but up one hill and down the other went the Rev. John Letgood as if in a dream, unconscious of the heat or the dust or the physical discomfort, absorbed in thought.

. . . What does she mean? . . . Does she care for me? The

antalising creature! . . . Did she give me the hint to go because she was afraid her husband would come in? . . . or did she want to get rid of me because she did not wish to answer? . . . She wasn't angry with me for putting my arms round her, and yet she wouldn't let me kiss her. Why not? . . . She doesn't love him. She married him because she was poor, and he was rich and a deacon. . . . She can't love him. He must be fifty-five if he's a day. . . . But perhaps she doesn't love me either! The little flirt! . . . But how lovely she is, and what a body, so round and soft and supple! I have the feel of it on my hands still. I can't stand this. . . .

And so, shaking himself, Mr. Letgood abandoned his meditation which, like many similar ones provoked by Mrs. Hooper, had begun in vexation and ended in passionate desire. Conscious suddenly of the heat, he stood still, took off his hat, and wiped his forehead.

The Rev. John Letgood was thought handsome by most women. He was a large, heavy man, but not ungainly in figure, although the coarseness of his hands might be taken to indicate his peasant ancestry. The head was somewhat round, but strongly set on broad shoulders; the nose was straight and well formed; the dark eyes, however, were rather small; and the lower part of the face seemed too massive for the upper, although both chin and jaw were clearly defined. Unluckily a heavy moustache somewhat concealed the mouth, and hindered one from studying character in that tell-tale feature. The lower lip, however, could just be seen, rather heavy, and not well cut; the upper one must surely be suasive and sensual. A good-looking man of thirty, one would have said, who must have been handsome when he was twenty, but also a man too much given to the pleasures of the senses, and too little devoted to the delights of the intellect ever to have been really fine-looking.

As he entered his comfortable house, Mr. Letgood was met by his negro "help," who handed him his "mail," consisting of three or four letters. "I done brot these, Massa; they's all."

"Thanks, Pete," said Mr. Letgood, and went into his cool study. There he flung himself into a chair before the table, and began to open the letters. Two he read and laid aside carelessly, but on opening the third he sat up in his chair with a quick exclamation. Here at last was the "call" which he had been expecting, a "call" from the deacons of the Second Baptist Church in Chicago asking him to come and minister to their spiritual wants, and offering him ten thousand dollars a year for his services.

For a moment exultation overcame every other feeling in the man. A light flashed in his eyes as he exclaimed aloud, "It was that sermon did it! What a good thing it was that I knew their senior

deacon was in church that day on purpose to hear me and judge! . . . And how well I brought in that apostrophe on the cultivation of character which won me the prize at college! Ah, I have never done anything finer than that! Never! and perhaps never shall now! . . . I remember I had been reading Channing then, was steeped in him, but Channing has nothing as good as that in all his works. It has more weight and dignity—dignity is the word—than anything he wrote. And to think of its bringing me this . . . Ten thousand dollars a year and the second church in Chicago, while here they think me well paid with five! . . . And then Chicago. . . I must take it! . . . Who knows, perhaps I shall get to New York yet . . . and move as many thousands as here I move hundreds. No! not I! I don't move them. It is the Lord and the power of His grace. Oh, Lord, I am thankful to Thee Who hast been good to me unworthy!" . . . Then the thought came, "Perhaps He sends this to win me away from Belle!" And as he spoke his fancy called her up before him as she had lain on the sofa. Again he saw the bright mischievous glances and the red lips, the fulness of the throat, and the slim roundness of her figure. And he bowed his head upon his hands and groaned. "O Lord, help me! I know not what to do! Help me, O Lord!" Then, as if moved by a sudden spring of inspiration, he started to his feet, his eyes seeking his hat.

"Now she must answer! Now what will she say? Here is the call. Ten thousand dollars a year! What will she say to that?"

He spoke aloud in his excitement, all that was masculine in him glowing with the sense of hard-won mastery over the tantalizing evasiveness of the woman. As he left the house Mr. Letgood folded the letter, thrust it into the breast pocket of his frockcoat, and strode rapidly up the hill towards Mrs. Hooper's house. At first he did not even think of her last words, but when he had gone up and down the first hill and was beginning to climb the second they suddenly came back to him. He did not want to meet her husband—least of all now, he must not know of the call. His steps grew slower. What should he do? Should he wait till to-morrow? No, that was out of the question. He could not wait. . . . If Deacon Hooper was at home he would talk to him about the door of the vestry, which would not shut properly. If the Deacon was not there, then he would see her and force a confession from her.

While the shuttle of his thought flew thus forth and back, Mr. Letgood never seemed to realise that he was now taking for granted what half an hour before he had refused to believe. For now he felt certain that Deacon Hooper would not be in, and that Mrs. Hooper had got rid of him on purpose to avoid his importu-

nate love-making. When he reached the house and rang the bell his first question to the negro who opened it was,

"Is the Deacon at home?"

"No, Sah."

"Is Mrs. Hooper in?"

"Yes, Sah!"

"Please tell her I should like to see her for a moment. I shall not keep her long. Say it's important."

"Yes, Massa," said the negro with a good-natured grin, opening the door of the drawing-room for the visitor, and then vanishing.

In a few moments Mrs. Hooper came into the room looking as cool and fresh as if "pies" were baked in ice.

"Good-day, again, Mr. Letgood," she said quietly; but "again" was emphasized. "Won't you take a chair?"

He seemed to feel the implied reproach, for he came to the point at once by plunging his hand into his pocket, and then, without noticing her, permission to sit down, handed her the letter from Chicago.

She took it with the quick interest of curiosity, but as she read, the rose-colour deepened in her cheeks, and before she had finished reading it she broke out, "*Ten thousand dollars a year!*"

As she handed the letter back to Mr. Letgood she did not raise her eyes, but said musingly, "That is a 'call' indeed. Of course you will accept it." A momentary pause ensued, and then she asked quickly,

"Does she know? Have you told Miss Williams yet? But there, of course you have!" . . . And after another pause, she added, quickly and with heightened colour, but somewhat irrelevantly as it seemed to her listener,

"What a shame to take you away just when we had all got to know and like you! . . . I suppose we shall have some old fogey now who will preach against dancing and spelling-bees and surprise parties. And, of course, he won't like me and come and call here as often as you do—making all the other girls jealous! How I shall hate the change!" . . . And in her innocent excitement she slowly lifted her brown eyes to his.

"Belle," said Mr. Letgood quietly, "you know you're talking nonsense. You know I've come for *your* answer. You know that if you wish me to stay, if you really care for me, I shall refuse this offer."

"You don't tell!" she broke in excitedly, "refuse ten thousand dollars a year and a church in Chicago to stay here in Kansas City! . . . I know I shouldn't! . . . Why," lifting her eyes again and speaking slowly, "you must be real good even to think of such a

thing. . . . But then you won't refuse (poutingly). . . . No one would" (with profound conviction).

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Letgood, moving to her and quietly putting both hands on her waist and drawing her to him, while his voice seemed to envelop and enfold her with its profound and melodious tenderness.

"Oh, yes, I shall refuse it, Belle, if *you* wish me to; refuse it as I should ten times as great a prize, as I think I should refuse . . . God forgive me!—Heaven itself . . . if you were not there to make it beautiful."

Slowly, while he spoke, he drew her to him, and her form yielded to his touch, while her gaze, as if fascinated, seemed drawn into his. But as the flow of speech ceased, and as he bent to kiss her, she seemed to awake suddenly, and, as it were, break loose from the charm. Quickly she wound herself out of his arms, and putting her fingers to her lips with startled eyes aslant said:

"Hush! he's coming! Don't you hear his step?" And as Mr. Letgood moved to her with a tenderly reproachful and incredulous, "Now, Belle," she stamped impatiently on the ground and said sharply, "Do take care! That's the Deacon's step!"

At that moment Mr. Letgood heard it too. The steps were distinct on the wooden sidewalk, and as they paused at the little gate four or five yards only from the house he knew that she was right. Quickly Mr. Letgood pulled himself together, and with a man's untimely persistence spoke hurriedly.

"I shall wait for your answer till Sunday morning next. Before then you must have assured me of your love, or I shall go to Chicago."

Mrs. Hooper's only answer was an impatient, contemptuous flashing look that reduced the importunate clergyman to silence—just in time—for as the word "Chicago" passed his lips the handle of the drawing-room door turned, and Deacon Hooper entered the room.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Letgood?" said the Deacon cordially; "I'm glad to see you, Sir, as you are too, I'm sartain," he added, turning to his wife and putting his arm round her waist and his lips to her cheek in a conjugal but affectionate caress. . . . "Take a seat, won't you? It's too hot to stand." . . . And as Mrs. Hooper took a seat beside him on the sofa and Mr. Letgood sank into a chair, he went on taking up again the broken thread of his thought.

"No one thinks higher of you than Isabelle. She said only last Sunday there warn't such a preacher as you west of the Mississippi River. How's that for high, eh?"—And then, still seeking back like a dog on a lost scent, he added, looking from his wife to

the clergyman, as if recalled to a sense of the actualities of the situation by a certain constraint in their manner, "but what's that I heard of Chicago? There ain't nothin' fresh from there, is there?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Hooper with a look of remonstrance thrown sideways at Mr. Letgood, while with a woman's quick decision she, at once, cut the knot. "I guess there is something fresh (hurriedly). Mr. Letgood, just think of it, has had a 'call' from the Second Baptist Church in *Chicago*, and it's ten thousand dollars a year (triumphantly, and as if thrown in). Now who's right about his preaching? And he ain't goin' to accept it. He's goin' to stay right here. At least," she added coyly, "he said that he should refuse it, didn't you?"

The Deacon stared from one to the other as Mr. Letgood said, with a forced half-laugh, which no doubt came from a dry throat, "Well, that's going perhaps a little too far! I said," he went on, catching a coldness in the glance of the brown eyes, "I said I wished to refuse it . . . But of course I shall have to consider the matter thoroughly . . . and seek guidance . . . where it is to be found."

"Well," said the Deacon in amazement, "ef that don't beat everything. I guess nobody would refuse an offer like that. *Ten thousand dollars a year!* Ten thousand! Why, that's twice what you're gettin' here! I guess no one would refuse that. I know you wouldn't if you war a son of mine . . . as you could be. Ten thousand! No, sir! . . . And then the Second Baptist Church in Chicago is the first; it's the best, the richest, the largest. There ain't no sort of comparison between it and the First. No, sir! There ain't none! Why John P. Willis, him as came here and heard you, . . . that's how it come about, that's how . . . he's the senior Deacon of it, and I guess he can count dollars with any man this side of New York. Yes, sir, with any man west of the Alleghany Mountains!" The breathless excitement of the good Deacon changed gradually as he realised that his hearers were not in sympathy with him, and his speech became almost solemn in its impressiveness as he went on after a pause. "See here! This ain't a thing to waste. Ten thousand dollars a year and the best church in Chicago, you can't expect to do better nor that! And though you're young still . . . when the chance comes, it should be gripped!"

"Oh, pshaw!" broke in Mrs. Hooper impatiently, twining her fingers and tapping the ground with her foot, "Mr. Letgood doesn't want to leave Kansas City. Don't you understand? Perhaps he likes the folks here just as well as any in Chicago." No words could describe the glance which accompanied this. It was impatient, and girlish, and appealing, and the whole battery was turned full on Mr. Letgood, who had by this time recovered his self-possession.

"Of course," he said, turning to the Deacon and manifestly overlooking Mrs. Hooper's appeal. "I know all that, and I don't deny that the 'call' at first seemed to draw me." Meditatively he went on, almost as if speaking to himself. "It offers too a wider and a higher sphere of work . . . but, but there's work, too, to be done here, and I don't know that the extra salary ought to tempt me. . . . *Take neither scrip nor money in your purse,*" he added with a quiet smile, "you know!"

"Yes," said the Deacon, his eyes narrowing as if amazement were giving place to a new emotion; "yes, but that ain't meant quite literally, I reckon. Still, it's fer you to say. . . . But ef you refuse ten thousand dollars a year, why there are mighty few who would, and that's all I've got to say, mighty few!" he added with emphasis, and rose as if to shake off the burden of a new and, therefore, unwelcome thought.

As he rose Mr. Letgood rose too, and so the contrast between the two men physically became apparent. Mr. Letgood, with his heavy frame due either to premature self-indulgence or perhaps only to laziness, might have been taken as a characteristic product of the rich, western prairies, while Deacon Hooper was of the pure Yankee type. His face was clean-cut, long and hard, but narrow, and the figure, although not quite as tall as Mr. Letgood's, usually seemed taller, for it, too, was lank and narrow. The clear, honest, grey eyes were the finest feature in the face, as the narrowness of the head was the worst. The mouth was drawn down into two lines at the corners by constant compression, and the lips hardened to a line. No trace of sensuality in the face! Why then had this man, already grey with age, married the blooming girl-woman standing by his side? The eyes and prominent temples supplied the answer to the enigma. Honest idealism was written on both features. Deacon Hooper was a Yankee man of business, trained in the bitterest competition for wealth, and yet the Yankee in him merely masked a fund of simple, kindly idealism, which showed itself chiefly in his tender affection for his wife. He had not thought of his age when he married, but of her and her poverty. Perhaps he was justified. The snow-blanket of winter protects the tender spring wheat!

"Well," said Mr. Letgood slowly, "I may as well go home now. I thought you might like to hear the news," he added, "as you are my senior Deacon. . . . As you advise, I shall weigh the 'call' carefully, but (with a glance at Mrs. Hooper) I am disposed to refuse it." As no answering look came from her, he added firmly and with emphasis, "*I wish to refuse it. . . . Good-day, Mrs. Hooper, till next Sunday. Good-day, Deacon.*"

"Good-day, Mr. Letgood."

"Good-day, sir," said the Deacon warmly as he pressed the

proffered hand, and, opening the door, accompanied his pastor to the street.

The sun was sinking as Mr. Letgood took his homeward way. Some of the glory of the sunset colouring seemed to glow on Deacon Hooper's face, as on his return to the drawing-room he said to his wife:

"Isabelle, I guess that man's jest about as good as they make them. He's what I call a real Christian. One as thinks of duty first and himself last, and if that ain't a Christian, I'd like to know what is."

"Yes," she returned meditatively, as she busied herself with arranging the chairs and tidying the sofa into its usual stiff primness; "yes, I guess he's a good man." And her cheek flushed softly.

"Wall," the Deacon went on, "I guess we ought to do something in this. There ain't no question but he fills the church, and so we could get more for the pew-rents, and I guess we could offer him an increase of salary to stay—I guess that could be done!"

"Oh!" exclaimed his wife suddenly, as if awaking to the sense of her husband's speech, "don't do anything—anyway not until he has decided. . . . It would look kind of mean, don't you think, to offer him something more to stay?"

"I don't know but you're right, Isabelle; I don't know but you're right," said the Deacon thoughtfully. "It'll look better if he decides right off without hearin' from us; but there. . . . There ain't no harm either in thinkin' the thing over and speakin' to the other Deacons about it. I shall kinder find out what they feel."

"Yes," she replied, mechanically, almost as if she had not heard. "Yes, that's all right." And she slowly straightened the cloth on the centre-table, given over again to her thoughts.

* * * * *

Mr. Letgood reached his house, ate his supper, sat for some time in his study, and went to bed and slept that night as only a man acts and sleeps whose nervous system has been worn out by various and intense emotions. As an automaton he moved, and ate, and undressed, and prayed without conscious thought. And as a child sleeps he slept with his fists fast shut, for in him, as in the child, the body's claims were predominant.

When he awoke next morning at six o'clock, the sun was shining in at his bedroom window, and at once his thoughts went back to the scenes and emotions of the day before. With an extraordinary activity of memory and sharpness of mental impression, every incident and word came up before him.

The physical torpor which had come upon him the previous

evening formed a complete contrast to the blithesome vigour which he now felt. He seemed to himself to be a different creature, re-created, as it were, and endowed with fresh springs of life. And as he lay in the delightful relaxation and warmth of the bed, and looked at the stream of sunshine which flowed across the room, he felt assurance stronger than hope that all would go right.

"Yes," he thought, "she cares for me, and even if she does not, why, after all I am not so badly off." He decided almost at once that he would get a letter or note from her at the two o'clock delivery. And then he considered, with delight thrilling through every nerve, how she would word her confession. For she had yielded to him; he had felt her body move towards him, and had seen the surrender in her eyes. And as he thus mused passion woke in him, and with passion impatience.

"Only half-past six o'clock," he said to himself, thrusting his watch back again under the pillow; "eight hours to wait before mail time. Eight hours. . . . What a plague!"

His own irritation annoyed him, and so he willingly took up again the silken threads of his languorous reverie. "What a radiant face she had, what fine nervefulness in the slim fingers, what softness in the full throat!" If she was not perfect, he, at least, could find no flaw in the absolute seduction of her beauty. And then memories came to him, which brought the blood to his cheeks and made his temples throb. He thought of certain incidents in his youth before he studied for the ministry, and as these recollections grew vivid they in turn became a torment. And so he forced his mind to dwell upon the incidents of his "conversion," and of his sudden resolve to live a new life and to give himself up altogether to the service of his Divine Master. His yoke was not easy. Oh, no! He remembered well the contests ever recurring which he had waged with his rebellious flesh, contests in which he was never victorious for more than a few hours or days at a time, but wherein, at least in the first flush of new enthusiasm, he had fought resolutely.

Then he thought of his student days, earnest days of study; mornings and evenings filled with passionate and high emotions, where ever new companionships had re-inspired him almost continuously with fresh enthusiasm. Yes, his college days were the best of his life. Then he had really striven, as few strive, to deserve the prize of his high calling. During those years, it seemed to him, he had really lived in the presence of God. He remembered, too, with pride the prizes he had won for Biblical knowledge and for Greek, and those, later, more easily gained rewards for rhetoric. And so he went on to the first years of his ministry and his first successes as a pulpit orator. How he had moved his flock again and again to tears! No wonder he had got on. Those first successes, and the pleasures which they

brought with them of gratified vanity, had turned him from a Christian into an orator. Dimly he understood this, but he thrust aside the unwelcome thought with the reflection that his triumphs in the pulpit really dated from the time when he began consciously to treat preaching as an art. After all, was he not there to win souls to Christ, and had not Christ himself praised the wisdom of the serpent? Then came the "call" from Pleasant Hill, from obscurity and narrow living to Kansas City and luxury. Had he not been wise in avoiding that girl in Pleasant Hill? And he smiled contemptuously as he thought of her dress, and her manners, and her speech. And yet she was pretty, very pretty, and she had cared for him undoubtedly, but still he had done right. He thought with pride of his intuitive knowledge that there were finer girls than she in the world to be won. He had not fettered himself foolishly through pity or weakness. He remembered, also, that throughout those ten years of student life and early ministry he had been perfectly chaste. At first his fervour of faith and enthusiasm had saved him, and later habit and circumstances. And then he recalled his first meeting with Mrs. Hooper. He had not thought so much of her at first, he remembered, although she had always appeared to him to be pretty and perfectly dressed. She had come before him as an embodiment of daintiness and luxury, and her charm had grown in him as he noticed, almost in spite of himself, the peculiarities of her loveliness.

And as he recollected how the fascination which she exercised over him had grown and grown until his desire so possessed him that he spoke to her plainly, he groaned aloud. If only she had not been married! What a fatality! How helpless man was, tossed hither and thither by the waves of trivial circumstance! . . . She had encouraged him, there was no doubt of that; she had been flattered by his admiration, and had sought to call it forth. But, at least in the beginning, he had struggled against the temptation. He had prayed for help in the sore conflict, how often and how earnestly, but no help had come! Heaven had been deaf to his entreatings. And soon he had realized that struggling in this instance was of no avail. He loved her; he desired her with every nerve of his body.

There was hardly any use in trying to fight against such a passion as that, he thought. But yet, in the depths of his soul, he was conscious that his religious enthusiasm, the admiration he had for the ideal life and his reverence for Christ's example, would bring about at least one supreme battle in which his passion might well be overcome. He dreaded the struggle, which he could not but foresee would be decisive for his whole life. He tried to put it away from him, to let himself slide quietly down the slope; but all the time he knew that something in him would fight desperately before he surrendered his hopes of Heaven. And Hell! How he dreaded

that thought! Impatiently he strove to put it away from him, but it would not be denied. His early habits of self-analysis reasserted themselves. Might not his very impatience of the thought of Hell be that one sin against the Holy Ghost which could never be forgiven? . . . And so he thought of Hell, tried to picture it to himself, and the soft self-indulgent nature of the man shuddered as he realized the meaning of the word. At length the torture grew too acute. He would not think any longer; he could not; he would strive to do the right. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, as he slipped out of bed on to his knees, "Oh, Christ! help Thy servant! Help! Help! Pity me, and aid!" And yet, even as the words broke from his lips in agonized appeal, he knew that in reality he did not want to be helped. Sullenly at last he rose from his knees. Already the physical vigour which he had enjoyed at his waking had left him; the last few minutes' thought had tired him; and so plagued and vexed in mind, he turned and began to dress. But as he dressed and moved about in the sunlight, he gradually came to think of other things, and as he left his room he felt again physically and mentally strong.

After a short walk he sat down in his cool study and read the paper, and then he turned to a book, and so the time came for dinner. He dined, and then read again, this time a new book of travels, and it was only the intense heat which at length making him uncomfortable, reminded him that, although it was now past two, he had received no letter from Mrs. Hooper. But he was resolved not to think about her, for thoughts of her, he knew, would lead to those other thoughts, and he was not going to fight with himself perpetually. No; she had not had a chance of writing last night with the Deacon at her elbow all the time. And so he read on, and the day gradually slipped past. It was not until the evening that he remembered that he owed an immediate answer to the letter from Chicago. After a few moments of reflection, he sat down and wrote as follows:

"DEAR BROTHERS IN CHRIST,

"Your letter has just reached me. Needless to say, it has touched me deeply. You call me to a wider ministry and more arduous duties. And the very munificence of the remuneration which you offer me, leads me to doubt my own fitness for so high a post. You must bear with me a little, and grant me a few days for reflection. The 'call,' as you know, must be answered from within, from the depths of my soul, before I can be certain that it comes from Above. And the Divine assurance has not yet been vouchsafed to me.

"I was born and brought up here in Missouri, where I am now labouring, not without—to Jesus be the praise!—some small measure of success. I have many ties here, and many dear friends and fellow-workers in Christ's vineyard, from whom I could not part without great pain. But I shall prayerfully consider your request. I shall seek for guidance where alone it is to be found, at the foot of the Great White Throne, and within a week or so at most I hope to be able to answer you with a full and joyous assurance of the Divine blessing.

"In the meantime, believe that I thank you, dear Brethren, deeply for your goodness to me; and that I shall pray in Jesus' Name that the blessing of the Holy Ghost may be with you abundantly now and for evermore.

"Your loving Servant in Christ,

"JOHN P. LETGOOD."

This letter pleased Mr. Letgood the more the oftener he read it, and he read it accordingly a great many times. It committed him to nothing; it was dignified and yet sufficiently grateful, and the piety which seemed to him to inform it pleased him even more than the alliteration of the words "born and brought up." He had at first written "born and reared"; but in spite of the fear lest "brought up" should strike the good deacons of the Second Baptist Church in Chicago as unfamiliar and far-fetched, he could not resist the assonance. After directing the letter he went upstairs to bed, and his prayers that night were more sincere than was usual with him of late—perhaps because he avoided the dangerous topic. Still, he went to bed calmed and strengthened, and slept soundly.

In the morning when he awoke his mood had changed. The day was cloudy; a thunderstorm was evidently brewing, and it seemed to have affected Mr. Letgood's temper. As soon as he opened his eyes he was aware of the fact that Mrs. Hooper had not written to him, even on Tuesday morning when she must have been free, for the Deacon always went early to his dry-goods store. The consciousness of this neglect irritated him intensely. So he set himself to think of Chicago and the people connected with the Second Baptist Church there. Perhaps, he argued, they were as much ahead of the people in Kansas City as Mrs. Hooper was above any woman whom he had previously known. But on this way of thought he could not go far. The houses in Chicago were no doubt finer, the furniture more elegant; the eating, too, in Chicago was perhaps better, although he could not imagine how that could be; nay, there might be cleverer and handsomer women in Chicago than Mrs. Hooper; but certainly there was no one in Chicago or anywhere else in the world whose beauty could move him so intensely as hers did. She was fashioned to his taste; made to his order—that was certain. And as he recalled her beauty again his blood grew heated, and his anger with her became keener. Why did she not write? How cruel she was! How tantalizing! How could he come to a decision before he knew certainly whether she loved him or not? He felt aggrieved and angered at the same time. . . . Well, he would show her that he was a man. He would never again ask her to write, nor would he try to see her until she did. Not under any circumstances!

After dinner and mail time his thoughts ran into another channel. In reality she was not anything so wonderful. Most men, he knew, did not think her more than pretty; "pretty Mrs. Hooper" was what she was usually called—nothing more. No one ever dreamed

of thinking her beautiful or lovely. No; she was pretty and that was all. He was the only person in Kansas City or perhaps in the world to whom she was altogether and perfectly desirable. Therefore she had no reason to be so conceited or to presume on her power over him. If she were the wonder she evidently thought herself she would surely have married someone better than old Hooper, with his lank form and his grey hairs and his Yankee twang. And so he went on torturing himself by trying to look at his idol dispassionately. . . . For this was the exasperating dilemma; either she had not written out of coquetry or because she did not really care for him. If the former were the true reason, then she was cruel; if the latter, then she ought to let him know it at once, and he would strive to forget her. Certainly on no hypothesis was she justified in leaving him without a word. Thus, with rage and fear gnawing at his heart-strings, he paced up and down his study all the day long. Now he resolved to go and see her, and forthwith he grew calm, as if that were what his nature desired. But the man in him refused to be so servile. He had told her that she must write; to that he would hold, whatever it cost him. And then he broke out in bitter blame of her.

Again he made up his mind that he would forget her, give her up, and turn to his work. For a moment this seemed feasible to him. But the thought came that perhaps she really cared for him, really loved him as he loved her, and in that case if he left Kansas City she would be miserable, as wretched as he knew that he himself would be. How cruel then it was of her to leave him without a plain answer, when he could not help thinking of her happiness. Oh, the shallow-hearted coquette!

Later still, after trying to think calmly, he came to the conclusion—the only reasonable one as it seemed to him—that she did not love him. He had read enough about women and seen enough of them to think that they never torture or torment the man they really love. He would give her up and forget her. That was certainly possible. But then the thought came that she was married, and must naturally see that she was risking her position, everything in the world, by declaring her love. Again he was tossed by the waves of doubt and uncertainty.

He was glad when supper was ready, for that brought, at least for half an hour, surcease of suspense. After the meal was finished he realised that he was very weary of it all. And then the storm broke, and the flashing of the lightning and roaring of the thunder, and the falling sheets of rain were a relief to him. As the storm passed away he went to bed and slept heavily.

On the Thursday morning he awoke refreshed, and at once set himself to think no more of Mrs. Hooper. It needed but real

resolution, he said to himself, to forget her entirely. And her manifest contempt of him should be answered by that resolve. Quietly he took up his Bible and set himself to read in the Gospels. That wonderful story (the most beautiful surely ever written) soon began to exercise its charm over his impressionable nature, and after a couple of hours' reading he closed the book comforted, refreshed, and full of peace. He fell on his knees and thanked God for this crowning mercy. From his heart he prayed as he had not prayed for some months. The life of his Man of Sorrows had brought him peace. Glory be to His Holy Name! His whole life should now be devoted to setting forth the wonders of His grace. So he prayed, and when he rose he felt at peace with himself and full of goodwill to everyone. He could even think of Mrs. Hooper now without excitement, but with quiet pity and kindness.

After his midday dinner and a short walk—he paid no attention to the mail time—Mr. Letgood sat down to write the sermon which he intended to preach as his farewell on the next Sunday. For he had now determined to accept the call and go to Chicago. But as soon as he sat down to think of what he should say, he became aware of difficulties. He could talk and write of accepting the "call" because it gave him "a larger field of work," and so forth, but then the ugly fact obtruded itself that he left five thousand dollars a year to accept ten, and he was acutely, painfully conscious that this would be uppermost in the minds of his hearers. Most men in Mr. Letgood's position would have thrust this obstacle on one side, or quickly, even proudly, have surmounted it. Nine men out of ten play the hypocrite well. But it was characteristic of Mr. Letgood to exaggerate the importance of this difficulty. He dearly loved to play what the French call *le beau rôle*—even at the expense of his self-interest. Of a quickly-impressionable, artistic nature, Mr. Letgood had nourished his mind for years and years with good books. He had always striven, too, to set before his hearers high ideals of life and conduct. His nature now was subdued to the stuff he had worked in. It is not easy for a lover of the beautiful to produce consciously a thing of absolute ugliness. And, therefore, as an artist, an orator, it was difficult for Mr. Letgood to justify what must seem like sordid selfishness. Uneasily he moved about in his chair, and strove to look at the subject from a new point of view. "Ten thousand dollars a year instead of five," that was to be his subject. The first way out of the difficulty which chanced to suggest itself to him was to express a lofty disdain of any such base material considerations, but no sooner did this thought occur to him than he was fain to reject it. He felt acutely that this congregation in Kansas City would refuse to accept that even as "high falutin' bunkum!" Then he thought of a text in order to ease for a few minutes the

strain upon his reflective faculties. Soon "Feed my sheep" suggested itself to him. "Yes, the largest flock possible, of course. . . ." But no, that was only the old cant in new words. As he thought, he came to feel that there was no noble way out of the difficulty. He felt this the more keenly because he had, before sitting down to think of his sermon, immersed himself as it were in the fountain-head of self-sacrificing enthusiasm. The Master had known nothing of the advantages which ten thousand dollars a year have over five. At last, but very reluctantly, Mr. Letgood came to the conclusion that his acceptance of the call made a fine sermon an utter impossibility. He must say as little about the main point as possible, glide quickly, in fact, over the thin ice. But his disappointment was none the less keen; there was no splendid peroration to write; there would be no eyes gazing up at him through a mist of tears. He felt as an actor feels with an altogether uncongenial and stupid part.

At supper time he abandoned the attempt even to think of what he should say. Some words would come to him at the time; that he knew well. But after supper, when he was preparing for bed, a new thought suddenly presented itself to his over-excited mind. Might not his dislike of that sermon be a snare set by the devil to induce him to regret the call and stay in Kansas City? After considering this new idea for a long time, he found the question impossible to decide, and so, after praying humbly for guidance and enlightenment, at length he went to bed, and dropped off to sleep.

On the Friday morning Mr. Letgood rose from his knees sorrowfully. The kindly light had not illumined the darkness of his doubtings. And yet he was conscious of an entire sincerity in his desires and in his prayers. Suddenly the thought occurred to him that, when in a pure frame of mind, he had only considered the acceptance of the call. Surely, in order to be guided, he must abandon himself entirely to God's directing. And so forthwith, but yet sincerely, he began to think of the sermon he could deliver if he resolved to reject the call and stay in Kansas City. Ah! that sermon needed scant consideration. With that decision to announce, he felt that he could carry his hearers with him to heights of which they knew nothing. Their very vulgarity and sordidness of nature would here help instead of hindering him. No one in Kansas City would dream of doubting for a moment the sincerity of self-sacrifice involved in rejecting ten thousand dollars a year for five. That sermon could be preached with effect from any text. "Feed my sheep" even would do. He thrilled in anticipation, as a great actor thrills when reading a part which will allow him to discover all his powers, and in which he is certain to "bring down the house." And so, completely carried away, Mr. Letgood sat down to consider

this sermon. And first of all he sought for a text; not this one, nor that one, but a few words breathing the very spirit of Christ's self-abnegation. And soon he found what he wanted:—

"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it."

The unearthly beauty of the sentiment and the divine simplicity of the words seemed to inspire him. As he saw that strange figure in Galilee, and seemed to hear the words drop like pearls from His lips, so he saw himself in the pulpit, and imagined the effect of his own eloquence. Enthralled by the vision, he sat down and wrote and re-wrote the peroration. Every other part he felt he could trust to his own powers and to the inspiration of the theme, but the peroration he meant to make finer even than his apostrophe on the cultivation of character, which hitherto had been the high-water mark of his achievement.

At last he finished his task, but not before sunset, and he felt weary and hungry. He ate and rested. Then in the relaxation of mental effort, he suddenly understood what he had done. He had decided to stay. But to stay meant to meet Mrs. Hooper day after day, to be thrown together with her even by her foolishly honest husband; it meant perpetual temptation; it meant a fall! And yet God had guided him to choose that sermon rather than the other! He had abandoned himself passively to His guidance, and could *that* lead to the brink of the pit? . . . Suddenly he cried out as one in extreme pain. He had found the explanation. God cared for no half-victories. Flight to Chicago must seem to Him but veriest cowardice. God meant him to stay in Kansas City and conquer the awful temptation face to face. As he realized this, Mr. Letgood fell on his knees and prayed as he had never prayed in all his life before. If entreated humbly, God would surely temper the wind to the shorn lamb; He knew His servant's weakness. "*Lead me not into temptation,*" he cried again and again, for the first time in his life comprehending what now seemed to him the awful significance of words which he had never before clearly understood. "*Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*" So he cried, and wrestled, and wept. But even when, mentally and physically exhausted, he rose from his knees, he had found no comfort. Like a child, with streaming eyes and quivering features, he staggered upstairs to bed and fell asleep, repeating over and over again mechanically the prayer that *the cup might pass from him*.

On the Saturday morning Mr. Letgood awoke as in a spasm of pain. He did not need to think in order to know what oppressed him so fearfully. The full consciousness of his terrible duty weighed upon him. He felt tired out and ill. After lying so for some time drinking, as it seemed to him, the cup of bitterness to the

very dregs, he rose, and as soon as he came downstairs he sat down to read the Bible. Alas! even that brought him no relief. Often, for minutes together, his wearied brain refused to understand the sense of what he was reading. And so in utter misery and helplessness the servant found him when she went to tell him, that "the dinner was gettin' cold."

The food seemed to restore him, and during the first two hours of digestion he was comparatively peaceful in being able to live without thinking; but then the body being refreshed, the mind grew active once again, and the self-torture recommenced. For some hours—he never knew how many—Mr. Letgood suffered in this way; then of a sudden he grew calm. Was it the Divine help which came at last, or was it despair? Down on his knees he went and prayed once more, but this time his prayer consisted merely in placing before his Heavenly Father the exact state of the case. . . . He was powerless; God should do with him what He willed, only he felt unable to resist if the temptation came up against him. Christ, of course, could remove the temptation if He willed in many ways. He put himself in His hands.

After continuing in this strain for some time he rose slowly, quiet but still unsatisfied. After a pause of exhaustion he took up the Bible and began to read it; but of a sudden he put it down, and throwing his outspread arms on the table and bowing his head upon them he cried—

"Oh, God, forgive me; I cannot see Thee or feel Thy presence. I can only see her face and feel her body."

And then hardened as by the consciousness of unforgivable blaspheming, he rose with set face, took up his candle, and went to bed.

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With Mrs. Hooper and the Deacon the week had passed much as usual. On the Tuesday he had seen most of his brother deacons and found that they thought as he did. All agreed that something should be done to testify to their gratitude, if indeed Mr. Letgood refused the "call." In the evening, after supper, Mr. Hooper narrated to his wife all that he had done and all the others had said to him. When her turn came to speak she approved of her husband's efforts. But a little later she suddenly turned to him and asked, "Why doesn't Mr. Letgood marry?" And as she spoke she laid down her work. With a tender smile the Deacon drew her over on to his knees in the armchair, and pushing up his spectacles (he had been reading a dissertation on the meaning of the Greek verb *παρτίζω*) he said to her with infinite, playful tenderness in his voice:

"Tain't every one can find a wife like you, my dear," for

which flattering phrase he was rewarded with a little slap on the cheek. And then he added meditatively—

"Tain't every one either that wants to take care of a wife. Some folk hain't got much affection in 'em, I guess; . . . perhaps Mr. Letgood hain't." To the which Mrs. Hooper answered not in words, but her lips curved into what one might have called a smile, a contented smile as from the heights of superior knowledge.

* * * * *

Mr. Letgood's state of mind on the Sunday morning almost defies analysis: he did not attempt to analyse it. He felt that he had told God the whole truth without any attempt at reservation. He had thereby placed himself in His hands and was no longer chiefly responsible. He would not even think of what he was about to do, further than that he intended to refuse the call and to preach the ~~sermon~~ the peroration of which he had so carefully prepared. After dressing he sat down in his study and committed this to memory. Then he dwelt with keen pleasure upon the effect it would surely produce upon his hearers. When Pete came to tell him the buggy was ready to take him to church he rose almost cheerfully and went out into the air.

The weather was delightful, as it is in the beginning of the Indian summer in that part of the Western States. There was a suspicion of coldness in the air, and a haze, which was almost a mist, fringed the horizon. From midday until about four o'clock the temperature of midsummer obtained, but in the morning the air was light and keen, and to breathe it exhilarated one like drinking champagne. As they drove to church Mr. Letgood's spirits rose. He chatted with Pete almost gaily, and even took the reins once for a few hundred yards. But as they drew near to the church his gaiety seemed to forsake him. At any rate he stopped talking, and seemed a little preoccupied. Now and then he courteously greeted one of his flock on the sidewalk: but that was all. When they reached the church, the Partons were drawing up at the same moment, and of course Mr. Letgood had to speak to them. After the usual conventional remarks and shaking of hands, Mr. Letgood turned up the sidewalk which led to the vestry. He had not, however, taken more than four or five steps in this direction before he stopped suddenly as if he had forgotten something and looked up the street. He shrugged his shoulders at his own folly, as he again turned and went on to the vestry. "Of course she couldn't send a messenger with a note on that day. The Deacon was with her. . . ."

* As he opened the vestry door, and stepped into the little room, he stopped as if struck with paralysis. Mrs. Hooper was there, moving towards him with outstretched hand and radiant smile.

"You see, Mr. Letgood, all the Deacons are here to meet you, and

they let me come, too; because I was the first to whom you told the news, and because I'm sure you're not goin' to leave us . . . and besides I wanted to come."

For a second Mr. Letgood looked at her as he took her hand and bowed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hooper!" Then as if not trusting himself further he began to shake hands with the assembled elders. In answer to one who expressed the hope that they weren't going to lose him: he said slowly and gravely—

"I always trust something to the inspiration of the moment, but I confess, I am greatly moved to refuse the 'call.'"

"That's what I said," broke in Mr. Hooper, looking round triumphantly, "and I said, too, there were mighty few like you, and I meant it. But we don't want you to ~~act~~ against yourself, although we'd be mighty glad to hev you stay."

A chorus of "Yes, indeed! Yes, sir! That's so!" went round the room in warm approval, and then, as Mr. Letgood did not answer save with an abstracted, wintry smile, the Deacons began to file into the church. Curiously enough Mrs. Hooper had moved away from the door during this scene and was now, necessarily as it seemed, the last to leave the room. As she passed him, Mr. Letgood bent towards her and in a low tone asked:

"And my answer?"

Mrs. Hooper stopped as if surprised, and her smile broadened to a laugh as she answered—

"Oh! ain't you men stupid!" and then in a low tone as she swept past him—"What *did* I come here for?"

That sermon of Mr. Letgood's is still remembered by many in Kansas City. To the majority indeed of his hearers he appeared on that day to be inspired. And, in truth, as an artistic performance it was admirable. Standing by the desk, after a long pause during which he seemed to be immersed in thought, he began in the quietest tone to read the letter from the Deacons of the Second Baptist Church in Chicago. Afterwards he read his answer, begging them to give him time to consider their request. Then he told his hearers that he would read to them the passage of Holy Scripture which had inspired him with the answer he was about to send to Chicago. Again he paused—and the rustling of frocks ceased and silence seemed to render the air heavy as in a higher key he suddenly began the verse, "For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it."

As the violinist knows when his instrument is perfectly attuned, so Mr. Letgood knew as he repeated the text that his hearers had surrendered themselves to him to be played upon. It would be useless here to reproduce the sermon, which lasted for nearly an hour, and

altogether impossible to give any account of the preacher's gestures or dramatic pauses, or of the modulations and inflections of his voice, which now seemed to be freighted with a strange earnestness, now quivered in pathetic appeal, and then again grew musical in the "dying fall" of some poetic phrase. The effect was marvellous. Even while Mr. Letgood was speaking simply of the text as embodying the very soul of the message in which Christ first delivered to the world the Gospel of Gladdest Tidings, not a few women were quietly weeping. It was impossible, they felt, to listen unmoved to that voice.

But when he went on to speak of the necessity of renunciation as the first step towards the perfecting of character, even the hard, keen, faces of the men before him began to relax and change expression. In turn he dwelt upon the strange novelty of Christ's teaching and its singular success; then he spoke of the shortness of human life, the vanity of human efforts, and the ultimate reward of those who gave their life for men as Christ had given His and out of the same divine spirit of love. And so he came at length to the peroration. After a pause, he began it in a conversational tone. His duty in the present case was a plain one, for the necessity was absolute. All over the United States the besetting sin of the people was the desire of wealth. With graphic touches he pictured the effects of this ignoble struggle in the degradation of character, in the debased tone of public and private life. And if the necessity was thus imperative, surely *his* duty was clear. More even than other men he was pledged and bound to resist the evil tendency of the time. In some ways, no doubt, he was as weak and faulty as any of his hearers, but to fail in such a case as this would be, he thought, to prove himself unworthy of his position. For a servant of Christ in the nineteenth century to seek wealth, or even to allow it to influence his conduct, seemed to him to be much the same unpardonable fault as cowardice in a soldier or dishonesty in a man of business. As a minister he could do but little to show what the words of his text meant to him, but this he could do and would do joyously. He would write to the good deacons in Chicago to tell them that he intended to stay in Kansas City, and to labour on here among the people whom he knew and loved, and some of whom, he believed, knew and loved him. He would not be tempted by the greater position offered to him or by the larger salary. "*For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it.*"

As the voice broke over the last words, there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Many of the women were sobbing audibly, and Mrs. Hooper had long ago given up the attempt "to pull her tears down the back way." She expressed the general sentiment of

her sex when she said afterwards, "It was just too lovely for anything."

And the men were scarcely less affected, although they were better able to control their emotion. The quiet tone, the joyous renunciation of five thousand extra dollars a year struck these hard men of business as something almost uncanny. In an ordinary man they would have considered it the acme of folly, but in a preacher, they felt in a vague way that it was admirable. As Deacon Hooper met his brother deacons before the platform where the collection-plates were kept, he whispered significantly, "The meetin' is at my house at three o'clock. Be prompt!" His tone was decided, as were also the nods which answered the invitation.

After the service Mr. Letgood withdrew quietly, without going down among his congregation as he usually did. And this pleased even Mrs. Parton, whose husband was a judge of ~~the same~~. She said: "It was elegant of him." "Elegant" was a new word in the West, its meaning doubtful; but Mrs. Parton used it evidently to express high approbation.

At three o'clock that day the twelve deacons assembled punctually in Mr. Hooper's drawing-room. Mr. Hooper received them, and when the latest comer was seated he began:

"I guess there ain't no need for me to tell you, brethren, why I asked you all to come round here this afternoon. I guess after that sermon this mornin' we're all sot upon showin' Mr. Letgood that we appreciate him. There are mighty few men with five thousand dollars a year who'd give up ten thousand. . . . It seems to me a pretty good proof that a man's Christian ef he'll do that. 'Taint being merely a Christian: it's Christ-like. . . . And I guess that's a man we ought to keep right here. If they come from Chicago after him now, they'll be coming from New York next, and he shouldn't be exposed to sich big temptations. Now I allow that we kin raise the pew-rents from the 1st of January to bring in another two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and I propose, therefore, that we deacons should just put our hands deep down in our pockets and give Mr. Letgood that much any way for this year, and promise the same for the future. I'm willing, as senior Deacon, although not the richest, to start the list with three hundred dollars."

In five minutes the money was subscribed, and it was agreed that each man should pay in his quota to the name of Mr. Hooper at the First National Bank next day; then Mr. Hooper could draw his cheque for the sum.

"Wall," said the Deacon, again getting up; "that's settled, but I've drawn that cheque already. Mrs. Hooper and me talked the thing over," he added half apologetically, and as if to explain his

